

The Rose

inviting Wisdom into our lives & churches

Emmanuel Church ■ Athens, Georgia

Winter-Spring 2006 ■ Issue 9

Dreams and a Living Relationship with Christ

I came into this whole business of interior journey naturally. I was involved in my own interior journey for a couple of years before I figured out that it was a journey, and then I was given the wonderful gift to discover that there were other people on the same journey. I didn't know that I had become, as one of my parishioners told me, a "Jungian," because I had never really heard much about Carl Jung. Her comment launched a study on my part to try to understand what I had become. And it was true, I had become a Jungian.

The journey inward seldom begins until midlife, and so it was with me. This experience has made me sensitive to the need for teachers, for even though the journey comes naturally to those of us who have reached midlife, it does not always get very far unless there is someone there to teach and enable. I was fortunate enough to have some people around

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SPECIAL EDITION

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SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE 2005*

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Cover illustration: Rose window, Strasbourg Cathedral, France. Pencil drawing by Adrienne Lynch.

A Word from Emmanuel

LIFE IS FUNNY. Unexpected things happen at inconvenient times, usually in the most inconvenient manner. As we begin 2006, my life bears limited resemblance to life at the beginning of 2005. My parish is nearing the end of an interim period that we had not yet embarked upon a year ago. Emmanuel is looking forward to new leadership, and I am looking forward to a new ministry, which has yet to reveal itself fully. To make my sense of transition complete, I sold my house in August, put my stuff in storage, and moved in with friends. But as a temporary situation looked less and less so, I moved again into a rental unit. And in the midst of all the moving, my dog was diagnosed with cancer, and so we have been dealing with the effects of radiation and a guarded prognosis.

It is amazing and amusing to me that God has chosen this period of extended upheaval to bless me with wisdom from within. After not remembering my dreams for a season, I have had several "epic" dreams, as a friend calls them. Images of snakes and overflowing pools speak of coming change and transformation and deep wells of renewal and refreshment.

I do not know what the future holds for Emmanuel or for me. But I do know that the One who holds the future is the same One with the power to transform and renew. Thanks be to God!

Wishing you a blessed, transformative, and renewing year.

The Very Rev. Mandy Brady, Priest in Charge

Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Athens, GA

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

What is *THE ROSE*?

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

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

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



Submissions Policy

Articles range from 100 to 2000 words. Digital submission is preferred, though non-digital, hard copy is acceptable. Material should be appropriate to the mission of *THE ROSE*. Send submissions to:

rosewisdom@mindspring.com

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

The deadline for the next issue is March 31, 2006. This includes articles announcing conferences that will take place August 2006–February 2007. Bare bones announcements (date and contact information) will be accepted through May 15.

A Note from the Editor...

WE HAVE A TREAT in store for you in this special issue of *THE ROSE*. All of the articles here are excerpted from lectures given last year at the Haden Institute's third annual SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE at Kanuga, the Episcopal conference center near Hendersonville, NC. This conference is too good to keep all to ourselves. Every year we are blown away—staff and participants alike—by the many energies moving to bring dreamwork into Christianity that converge in this spot for five days.

Unlike the usual conference format that offers a new lineup of speakers each year, the SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE has a strong faculty that returns year after year, always presenting new material, its members inspired and challenged by each other and by the participants. The faculty members work closely together to make the conference a valuable experience for those engaged in dreamwork at every level, including the beginning level.

Not only do all the articles in this issue come from the 2005 conference, but so, too, do almost all of the images. *THE ROSE* has adapted these from color photos taken by Diana McKendree on her pilgrimage to southern France and shown in her conference presentation "Magdalene Pilgrimage."

So here is a taste of the SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE. Enjoy the banquet! If you would like to partake of the next one in real time, the conference announcement is on page 30.

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.

We did it!
100 Monkeys!

Money Business

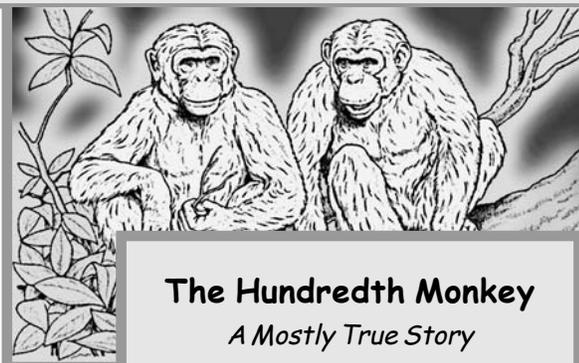
THE *ROSE* YOU ARE HOLDING IN YOUR HANDS comes to you free of charge. If you have friends who would enjoy *THE ROSE*, we will gladly add them to our mailing list, which now numbers almost 2,300. (Our total circulation, as of this issue, is 4,000.) It is our firm desire that *THE ROSE* move freely through 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. **If *THE ROSE* is of value to you, we can use your support.**

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. *As of this issue, our troop numbers 101 (A), up from 96 at the time of ROSE 8.* 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–\$25 per issue, totaling \$30–\$50 per year.

This Monkey business works quite well. Please note, however, that **we depend 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 10) 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.*

From now on we will be the "Hundred-Plus Monkeys," since we will always need more Monkeys to help us finance our constantly growing mailing list. **If you would like to join our troop, we need you.** Please fill out the form on page 31 and send it in.

Many thanks to everyone who contributed time and money to *ROSE 9*. As you read these pages, please keep in mind that you personally had a hand in bringing them into the world.



The Hundredth Monkey A Mostly True Story

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

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

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

Dreams and a Living Relationship with Christ

(continued from page 1)

This article is excerpted from a lecture given at the Haden Institute's **SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE**, Kanuga Conference Center, June 26–July 1, 2005.

me who recognized that I had begun that journey, even though I did not have the language for it and I did not know that anyone else was on the journey. So all of this has come as a gift to me.

THOSE OF US who take at all seriously the inner life revealed in dreams know that the language of the dream is entirely symbolic. The dreamer, every one of us, has a unique and remarkable store of images that come from our experiences, some remembered and many not remembered. Our psyches can draw from this store to produce the rich images in our dreams. Sleeping or awake, we live in a world of symbols.

Symbols are like bridges, bridges between what we can see and touch and, on the other hand, that which comes from the interior life to give meaning to what we can see and touch. That is what a symbol is. It allows, if you will, God and me to meet on this bridge, and those exterior things that I experience are somehow made meaningful by this meeting.

As I look out, for example, on the tree-lined street outside my study at home, which I did when I was writing this talk, it is very familiar and it is very welcoming and it is green; I know the neighbors who have done the landscaping, and I know the neighbors who have not; and I know the sense of belonging there. And as I look out at this, a sense of belonging is evoked, a sense of being happy and of being glad that we live where we live. Now, regardless of whether or not I had language, which is a symbol, I would feel the same thing, I would experience the same thing as I looked out on this scene. But because I have this language, I have a symbol, a bridge, which provides me a way of claiming what I am experiencing as I look out. Language itself is nothing more than arbitrary sounds—consonants and

vowels—but when we string them together, we come up with these words, these symbols, that can begin to identify those things that would not be identified if we did not have the language.

All of this to say simply that we live immersed in a world of symbols. It is not surprising, therefore, that the dream world is all symbolic. Much of what we do while we are awake is also symbolic. The catechism that is found in *The Book of Common Prayer* partly defines the symbol of sacrament as an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. I think this is true of all symbols: a symbol is an outward and visible sign of something that is going on inside. This is particularly true of religious symbols, if they are alive. Religious symbols are windows, if you will, windows to the numinous. They are bridges on which my spirit and the spirit of God can meet, so that what I'm experiencing inwardly is not simply a vague, unknown experience but one that can be spoken. They are outward signs that awaken the grace that is already in me. That is the job of a symbol. It wakes up the grace that is already there.

I make a point of saying that *if* religious symbols are alive, they can do this. I make a point of saying this because many religious symbols are no longer alive for many people. A cross, for example, is a profound symbol for many of us, but for many others, perhaps for the majority of people in our own culture, a cross simply signifies that the building it adorns is more than likely some sort of religious building. So too, when we see a cross that is worn as jewelry, it may or may not be a symbol for the person who is wearing it.

Carl Jung once diagnosed modern humanity as suffering from a spiritual malnutrition brought on by a starvation for symbols. His was a constant call for us to recover the symbolic life that has largely been abandoned in favor of a one-sided, literal, rational approach to religion. You perhaps recall that when someone once asked Jung if there was any hope for the world, he replied something like, "It depends upon how many people will do their inner work." That is how important, in his understanding of the world, symbols are. To be out of touch with the symbolic of our life puts

the whole world in jeopardy.

Most people in the United States, if not in the Western hemisphere, are doing precious little inner work. The reason for this is that we live in a culture that has elevated the rational and the material and the literal and the visible. In other words, our culture is one that is badly tilted in the direction of the Masculine. The deeply symbolic, inner, invisible spiritual life—the Feminine—is malnourished, just as Jung thought it was. It is even denigrated and thought of as nonproductive of anything measurable. The overbalanced masculine energy under which we live requires that everything be concrete and clear and measurable.

I believe that much of the excitement felt at this kind of gathering—the excitement of discovering dreamwork and discovering others who are involved in this same journey—comes from a deep inner wisdom that none of us created, that is just there: a deep inner wisdom that knows that the health of men and women depends upon whether or not there will ever be a balance between feminine and masculine energies. And somehow we know, in that deepest wisdom, that when we continue to live out of balance, with a tilt in either direction, what is produced often becomes demonic.

THERE ARE so many problems that can be traced to this heavy masculine energy that pervades most of life as I experience it, as I observe it. One of those problems is in the world I most directly inhabit—the Church and religion. The question I bring before you is this: What happens to religious symbols when they become infused with masculine energy without the balance of the Feminine? Now, simply stated, any symbol, religious or otherwise, finds its power and its meaning in the Feminine. And when the Feminine becomes malnourished, as Jung put it, the symbol can hardly be experienced, much less known at any depth. This is because the symbol has to be experienced in the dark and hidden recesses of the soul. The symbol is experienced in mystery. And when that is malnourished, the symbol is simply not experienced.

It is the job of religion to reconnect the created

with the Creator. The word “religion” itself implies that. It comes from the same Latin root from which “ligament” and “ligature” come. Religion is supposed to bring that reconnection that holds the material and the spiritual in tension. The task of religion is to keep the energy alive—the energy that is produced by the tension between what we can see and touch and what can only come to meaning through symbol. Tilted as we are toward the Masculine, another way has had to be substituted for the authentic way of reconnection, because the Masculine simply will not abide mystery, whether it is religious mystery or any other kind. In this other way, religion has been reduced to regulations and rules, it has become literal and absolutely concrete, and any deviation from what has been agreed upon as “the faith” is seen as faithless and, in my part of the world, un-Christian.

Fundamentalism thrives in masculine energy. Fundamentalists today live in constant danger of becoming our own class of Pharisees. And who were the Pharisees? They were, after all, the religious leaders of their own day. I always want to give the Pharisees their fair shake. They were good men—back in those days, of course, religious leaders were all men—who believed with all their heart that God would only be pleased with right behavior and that no one could approach God if he or she were somehow disconnected from obedience to the Law. In other words, the Pharisees thrived in the midst of masculine energy. At that time, perhaps, it was the only energy available to them. But there is no mystery in the system of the Pharisees. You either believe or you don’t believe, you behave or you don’t behave, but what is on the line is your acceptability to God. So, too, with fundamentalism. Look anywhere on this planet today where there are fundamentalists wreaking havoc—and not only religious fundamentalists, but political fundamentalists, any kind of fundamentalists—wherever you find fundamentalists wreaking havoc, you are going to find an overbalanced masculine energy and a *seriously* malnourished feminine energy.

One of the byproducts of concretized thinking is

the split that occurs when we are led to believe—as many, many faithful people have been led to believe—that God no longer dwells within each of the created, but that God dwells apart, that God is out there somewhere, and that our religious life is designed to bring us constantly closer to God, who is separate. God becomes wholly other, intent, evidently, on observing our behavior. Which could be interesting, I suppose. If there is any mystery in this—and we all, even Pharisees, have to admit that there is mystery—it is merely the mystery that says that God cannot be understood in human terms. Which is true, but this is not the kind of mystery we need to talk about; it is not the kind of mystery that says, “What happens when we meet God on the bridge of symbol?” That is real mystery, because I cannot answer that for you—you have your own bridge, and the meaning will be very personal. Mystery must be “deep calling to deep,” as the psalmist puts it: the deep within us calling to the deep of God.

Whenever I ask new Episcopalians why they chose the Episcopal Church, almost to a person they say, “It’s the liturgy.” Of course! Because it is the liturgy that invites them to discover God who is already in their spirit, God whom their souls already know, God who is not removed somewhere but is as close as breathing in and breathing out. Liturgy allows us to experience God in that magnificent mystery. Good liturgy, by the way, which I have told our clergy many times, is a wonderful blending of Masculine and Feminine. Good liturgy is planned. It has been given some thought. It is followed. It is clear. It probably even has a service leaflet. All that is very masculine. But then you let it go—you let it live as it will. That is the feminine side, which doesn’t try to explain it all away. So good liturgy becomes that place where Masculine and Feminine come together for the benefit of all of us.

WE HAVE LOOKED at the place of symbols in our lives and the impact of unbalanced masculine energy on religious symbols, and all of this leads us, finally, to the topic at hand, dreams and a living

relationship with Christ. First of all, it seems clear to me that we need to speak of Jesus as both historical and symbolic if we are going to understand this relationship between our dreams and the Christ.

There was a man from Nazareth who lived. He lived his own history. Some of that history, though not much of it, has been captured in the Gospel narratives. This was a real person who lived in his real place. But then there is also the Christ who became the symbol of God participating in the world, participating for all time. As Christians, it won’t surprise you—it is a basic tenet of the Christian faith—that this man from Nazareth was God taking on flesh and blood, that somehow Jesus was God incarnate, Emmanuel, God with us.

Now the view through the masculine tilt of which I’ve been speaking, and which keeps me awake at night, a view that heavily influences much of American Christianity, does not have any difficulty at all understanding the historical Jesus. In that system the Gospel narratives are simply seen as primarily biographical, explaining the who and the where and the why and the how of Jesus’ ministry. Jesus’ death is seen as a ransom that paid the price of the sins of the world, and the resurrection is seen as the physical return of the executed Jesus. And I can tell you from experience, if you ever try to claim any of that as symbol, you are going to offend most evangelicals today, because in their understanding of the world, it is concrete, it is clear, it is visible—and symbol, for them, is none of that.

Yet for increasing numbers of other Christians, there is a very real difficulty in having a relationship with someone who died two thousand years ago, returned, and then ascended back into heaven. Jesus, like God—or perhaps we can say as God—once again became separate and apart. The masculine tilt requires this. If Christ remains apart from us, either as a historical figure to be emulated or as an external object to be worshiped, that allows us to stay in the dominant masculine energy, which can handle both of these approaches quite well. That is, it allows us to emulate Jesus, asking the question “What would Jesus do?”

or it simply encourages us to worship Jesus as an external object of our devotion. We can do both of these in our masculine energy. But what if the symbol of Christ—not the historical Christ, at this point, but the *symbol* of Christ, the bridge that is Christ—what if that symbol was not and is not and never has been separate from each of us? What if one of the central declarations of the Eucharistic prayer in my tradition is true when we say that we meet at that holy table so that he may dwell in us and we in him? That indwelling is not about an exterior personage.

IT SEEMS increasingly likely to me that the historical Jesus of Nazareth so constellated true and holy reality—what Jung would call the Self—that he was experienced even in his own day as the meeting place of divine and human, and it was this which gave rise for centuries to the Christological argument of, “Is Jesus human or divine?” If Jesus in his own day constellated true essential life, then he presented in his very person a place where human and divine met. That would help explain the profound impact that he had on the people of his time. It was as if they saw Jesus, and in the face of Jesus they knew they were somehow seeing God. In the face of this man from Nazareth, they were in the presence of God.

And yet, how do you do that? How do you see the Divine? It was Paul himself who said we are dependent upon the Spirit within our spirit to even know how to pray. It is the Spirit within us that bears witness, says Paul. Not the Spirit out there, but the Spirit within us. So we approach the Divine through that which is already resident in our souls, not through something that we have to appropriate from the outside and bring in.

Was there not something *within* these early followers of Jesus that was stirred to life simply by coming into Jesus’ presence? This would not have been something that Jesus brought and planted in them, but something that came to life by being in the presence of this Self. Jung’s understanding of this is that the Self, or the Christ, is present in everyone, *a priori*, but as a rule it is in an unconscious condition to begin

with. Then there is a definite experience of later life when this fact becomes conscious. It is only real when it *happens*, and it can only happen when we withdraw our projections from the historical or metaphysical Jesus and wake up the Christ, which is within.

Churches that are in the grip of unbalanced masculine energy are not about to teach that, because the only Jesus of which they can be certain is the historical Jesus, the one they can open the book and read about and say that this is how we have to behave, and if we don’t behave this way, we are not being faithful. And yet, in order to come to know the Christ who is already within us, who dwells within us and has always dwelt within us, we must stop projecting onto the historical Jesus. When that happens, it brings us into a strange and awesome new place. This Christ within is the one who, from the very beginning of creation, keeps drawing us closer and closer and closer to the God of mystery and the God of true salvation—not the God out there whom we are constantly trying to coax to come in closer, but the God who is already within.

The Christ within us is not our work to achieve. It is not something that we make happen. But, by grace, it is not something that we *have* to make happen. Just as the essence of the artist is infused in every piece of art, the Christ within was left in each one of us by the Artist. We, too, are the place where the human and the divine meet. As we make a place for that meeting through our own religious symbols and through our dreams and through our prayers and meditations, I think we do it to the delight of the angels, because we are becoming the person God had in mind, the one God created from the beginning. This is what Jungians call individuation. I simply call it the fulfillment of God’s own dream.

Little Rock, AR **The Rt. Rev. Larry E. Maze**

Larry Maze was ordained in the Episcopal Church 33 years ago and has served as the Bishop of Arkansas for the past 12 years. His first vocation was teaching, and he has a passion for teaching anything that he can first understand—or even almost understand. He and his wife, Beth, and their daughters, live in Little Rock in a much loved 90-year-old house.

Dream Recall, Repression, and Projection

“Anything offered by my dreams to which I say, ‘I don’t want to hear about it,’ I will hear about, only instead of hearing about it as an internal reality, I will run into it in the world.”

This article is excerpted from a much longer lecture given at the Haden Institute’s SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE, Kanuga Conference Center, June 26–July 1, 2005.

WHAT AM I PREPARED to remember from my dreams? What am I not prepared to remember? To some extent that is a conscious question. If the information presented in a dream runs so counter to my deeply held and cherished beliefs, some part of me, at the moment of awakening, may say, figuratively and literally, “Forget it. I don’t want to know. This is so contrary to my conscious beliefs, I don’t even want to hear about it.” That experience deserves the name repression, because there is a conscious edge to it. It is a decision that I make. The dream is there, but I don’t want to look at it, I don’t want to hear about it. That is repression.

The main problem with repression from a practical point of view—a problem which points to the profound spiritual significance of remembering dreams—is that repression is inevitably linked to an unconscious process known as “projection.” Anything that I repress will ultimately, in the act of repression, begin to distort my perception, so that the very things that I am denying in myself will begin to be hallucinated by me as existing outside of myself in other people. Anything offered by my dreams to which I say, “I don’t want to hear about it,” I will hear about, only instead of hearing about it as an internal reality, I will run into it in the world.

Repression and projection are difficult to talk about, because in many circles, particularly Jungian circles, projection is the closest thing to sin that you are going to find. But looking at it only from the perspective of sin is much too limiting a view. In fact, for all of us when we are children and for virtually all of us when we are adults, we catch the first glimpse of unknown parts of ourselves in projected form. It’s the way it happens. Most of us are not capable of turning our attention inward and seeing new things. We catch the first glimpse of them unconsciously outside ourselves as projections on other people.

We common, garden-variety neurotics project where there are hooks to hang it on. We project beauty on

people who really are gorgeous, all on their own before we met them. Presumably, after they leave, they will go on being beautiful. But they show up in our lives, they demonstrate how beautiful they are, and in that moment, automatically—because it is unconscious—we give them credit not only for the beauty they actually have, but for all our own unconscious, disowned, unembraced beauty. As a species we are notorious for not recognizing our own beauty, and as denizens of post-industrial North America it has become policy to deny one’s beauty. So we get it from all sides. We project beauty, and we usually project it on people who are authentically gorgeous all on their own.

The same is true across the board, whether our projections be positive or negative. We project intelligence on people who really are smart. We project nastiness on people who really are jerks. If I and my circle of friends are in agreement that some other person is a jerk, and the only disagreement among us is that I want to kill that person and my friends simply want to avoid sitting at the same table with him at lunch if that’s possible, then the difference between my antipathy toward this person and the antipathy of my friends toward this person is made up of projection. The desire to kill comes from tremendous fear and repugnance toward this part of myself. This person has the bad taste to look symbolically like the thing in myself that I am repressing and denying, and therefore the urge to kill gets mistakenly literalized and focused on this person.

We human beings are little projection machines. We are hardwired to project. I do not believe that it is possible to not project. The upper range of achievable possibility seems to me to be to recognize consciously that we are projecting in the midst of life. There is a Hindu prayer practice that promotes this understanding in a dramatic way. One trains oneself to say this prayer without thinking, whenever anything happens in the waking world that touches or moves one to any degree at all, no matter what it is. At that moment one automatically says: “I am that also.” I can say from personal experience that the practice of this prayer changes the way we move through the world. It enhances the constant recognition that we are always projecting.

Fairfield, CA **The Rev. Jeremy Taylor**

Jeremy Taylor is a Unitarian Universalist minister who has worked with his own and other people’s dreams for over 35 years. He has worked with students, faculty, doctors, nurses, teachers, prisoners, business people, artists, religious and lay people, adults, and children all over the world and has found that we all speak the same language in our dreams. He continues to be utterly fascinated by the way we integrate ourselves through our nighttime dreams. Jeremy lives near the Napa Valley, with Kathy, his wife of 40 years.



Jeremy is the author of *Dream Work, Where People Fly and Water Runs Uphill*, and *The Living Labyrinth*—all about dreams and archetypes.

Dreams of Everlasting Life

The Gospel According to the Paraclete

This article is excerpted from a much longer lecture given at the Haden Institute's SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE, Kanuga Conference Center, June 26–July 1, 2005.

IN HIS FAREWELL DISCOURSE at the Last Supper, Jesus promised to send us the Paraclete to expand the gospel message. He said, “I still have many things to tell you, but you are not ready yet to hear them. But when the Spirit of Truth comes, he will guide you into all truth” (John 16: 12–13). My own experience ratifies this promise. The most basic of the gospel revelations is the good news of everlasting life, and I have to say that when you compare the four gospels to what the Paraclete has taught me in my dreams about everlasting life, the details about this that are given in the four gospels are rather skimpy.

I recently went back through twenty years of dreams and found about a dozen having to do with everlasting life. As it turns out, the very first dream I ever recorded, in July, 1984, was on this subject. At that time I did not know about Jungian psychology and the value of dreams. I simply wrote this dream in my journal as something interesting that happened to me and gave no more thought to it. My mother at that time had had cancer for about five years and had been through surgeries, chemotherapy, and radiation. The cancer was in remission, but we knew it would return. Here is the dream as I recorded it:

I dreamed that my mother's cancer had come back and she had been put into the hospital for the last time. She would never come out again. She was going to die this time. I cried and cried because she was going to be gone from This Side. But at the same time I knew she would be going to the Other Side and that her dying was all right because everyone has to die. It did make me very sad, though.



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Now, what is most interesting to me about this dream is how little it says. If you had asked me in waking life what I thought about my mother dying, I probably would have said just about this. If the dream gave me anything, it was that I was a little sadder than I realized. But the fact is that I was not in dialogue with my dreams at this time, and therefore my dreams were not saying very much.

That was in July. The following January I discovered Carl Jung and began to read his works. In February I began to write down my dreams on a regular basis and analyze them. By the next August I was really cooking—my dreams had come alive, and they were talking to me. This next dream was recorded at that time, barely a year after the first dream.

I dreamed deep meaning without images. Things were very clear to me as this meaning was coming through, but on waking it was more elusive. It went something like this: When we are young, in the first half of life, we think that our individual lives are the whole point of our existence in this world of space and time. But then we come to see that our life here is but a small part of a much larger existence and that the point of our being here is not our lives themselves but what our lives contribute to the whole. We are to offer our life to the totality, not try to gather it to ourselves, because this life is such a small part of our total existence—a brief interlude—a job we are given to do for a very short time.

This dream became part of my personal gnosis. It is gospel from the Paraclete for me. With this dream I began to know very deeply and very surely that our life here on earth is just a little side activity, and therefore I do not need to be greatly upset about the fact that there is a lot of unhappiness in it. The point, says the Paraclete, is not that we be happy here. Enough happiness comes.

I have since found that the Paraclete is right about this. And the more we get on this track, the happier we become, since most unhappiness comes from the fact that we are not happy. Think about it! So this dream was the first dream that said to me, this is just a little sideshow, so don't get so distressed when things aren't going well, and especially don't try to gather your life to you. The dream explicitly conveyed—I didn't write this part down, but I still remember it—that we should not try to get a secure hold on all the material support we will ever need nor on all the love we will ever need. Those needs will always be sufficiently met if we will just tend to making our contribution to the totality.

Danielsville, GA *Joyce Rockwood Hudson*

Sophia Gives Us Strength to Surrender to the Self

“When the ego is being infused with new life and new energy and new ideas from the Self, then life stays very juicy and interesting and alive—even sometimes scary and sometimes in the unknown—but not dull and not boring for a moment.”

This article is excerpted from a lecture given at the Haden Institute’s SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE, Kanuga Conference Center, June 26–July 1, 2005.

SOPHIA GIVES us strength to surrender to the Self. And in that surrendering process there are some interesting things that happen related to sacrifice.

The individuation journey is always surprising. I listen to the Divine through dreams and meditation and music, and I get guidance: “Okay, we want you to live *this way*.” Whenever I understand that I am supposed to be living *this way*, I then have to sacrifice all the other ways that don’t fit with this new direction that God is showing me. I have to take them to an altar and surrender them, and this takes a lot of energy and a lot of strength. And so it is always surprising when, just as I get this new train going in what I think is the correct direction, or I live into what I feel I have been called to live into, all of a sudden the Self—the Divine—communicates through Sophia: “We are now ready to transform you again, Susan.”

Having been on this individuation journey for a while, I have gotten used to the idea that I am being digested, in the best sense of the word. I have come to know that as Christ digests me and transforms me and enables me to reflect more of his light and his love, I have become stronger inside; I am able to send out more light, more love, and my energy is less caught up in what I, or anyone else, once thought I should be doing with my life.

The Self

THE SELF is the place of our central connection to the Divine. It is a huge center of consciousness that knows everything about our conscious minds and everything about our unconscious. When we have been called into a certain way of living and being, and we have made the necessary sacrifices to take the next step on our journey, we then think: “Okay, I’m doing it! Yay! This is it!

This is what God told me to do and I am doing it!” Little do we remember in those moments of glory that the Self is always back there, out there, in there, seeing an even bigger picture, seeing even more of us that Christ wants to have surrendered to wholeness and to beauty and to love and to life.

In the individuation journey the Self comes to us through the Feminine. Now, it can come in other ways. The Self can communicate through the Masculine, but that is not our focus here. In my own journey the Self often communicates with me through the Feminine, through Sophia, and brings up ideas of things for me to do, things for me not to do, ways for me to think, ways for me to be that I would never have imagined in a million years. So the Self communicates through the intuitive, through the Feminine—this would include the body, synchronistic events, dreams, our feelings about things.

The Self is the *big* energy inside us, outside us, including God, including our highest selves, that understands our conscious minds, knows everything that is in our unconscious, and, I believe, knows agreements that each of us made with God before we were born about who we were going to serve and what we were going to be about. That is the Self.

The Ego

THE DECISION MAKER in the human personality is the conscious, aware ego. The ego is the CEO of the conscious life. The healthy ego is the part of us that gets up in the morning and decides, “I am going to do this. I am not going to do that.” When the ego is being infused with new life and new energy and new ideas from the Self, then life stays very juicy and interesting and alive—even sometimes scary and sometimes in the unknown—but not dull and not boring for a moment.

The Self comes through Sophia, through the feminine side of God, communicating to the ego, the little everyday decider. The ego is the part of me that carries my daytimer around, and I get up and look in the daytimer to see what I’m going to do today. I love Joyce Rockwood Hudson’s phrase: “I like to read the inner news before I read the outer news.” The inner news is what Sophia has said to me in the night. The most delicious of mornings are those in which there is enough quiet to stay in the bed, to see what dreams have washed up on the edge of the shore. I’m at the beach, I’m pulling those fish, those dreams, in out of the ocean, and I’m looking at that beautiful fish that God has given me in the

night. I'm preparing it, I'm doing my dreamwork so that I can eat the fish, digest the fish, and be fed by the fish.

There are some among us who are new at this and don't quite know yet how to get that hook out in the ocean to catch the dream. Some know how to catch the dream, how to get it on the hook and land it on the beach, but don't yet know how to prepare it. And who wants to eat a big old slimy fish first thing in the morning? We have to have a way to prepare the food so that we can decode the dream and digest it and be transformed by it. This is some of what we'll be teaching during the course of this conference.

Individuation is the process of becoming the whole person God created us to be. When Sophia brings guidance from the Self, it is the everyday ego that has to have enough strength and health to cooperate with the Self, to sacrifice its own agenda and go instead in the direction of the Self.

The Vulnerable Child

THERE IS ANOTHER, more hidden, character who plays a role in individuation, and that is the vulnerable child within us. I am not speaking about the soul child, or the inner Christ child, or the new life that shows up as a child in dreams. I am talking about our scared little kid. I used to think I could have enough therapy or enough religion to get rid of this scared little kid, but now I know this can never be. We carry our vulnerability with us throughout life for many delicious reasons, as well as for some reasons that are not so delicious.

The vulnerable child has two main issues. It doesn't want to be abandoned, and it wants to know that there is enough money. If it knows it is going to have its basic food, shelter, clothing, and money needs met, and it's going to have some buddies, we can get away with almost anything with our vulnerable child. We have to assure it: "We are going to feed you and give you folks' hands to hold." But we cannot railroad it. In the individuation process we are sometimes asked to do things that the vulnerable child doesn't like. Then we have to slow the process down long enough to work with our inner child, to comfort it, raise it, and be near it. We don't have to let it stop us, but we have to slow down long enough to allow it be part of the process.

Anxiety

A HEALTHY, AWARE EGO holds the tension of opposites and knows that we are made up of many opposites within the personality. When the ego first begins this spiritual journey, it has more anxiety than it is going to have later. The first time the big Self energy comes in through dreams and the body and synchronicity and asks us to do something very different from what we thought we might be doing, our ego is terrified. This is what we mean when we talk about the death of the ego. The ego is much more afraid in the beginning, and the inner child is also more afraid in the beginning. But after we have been on the journey long enough to accumulate a track record and a history of these exchanges between ourselves and the Self, between ourselves and Sophia, the ego sometimes even gets curious when the Self comes near, and it says things like: "Oh, my gosh! *This* new thing is coming in? And *this* is being suggested? How interesting! I wonder where in the world that is going to go!"

In a recent meditation I heard the sentence, "You have not yet begun to know the flowering of your call." My little everyday ego has been thinking, "How many years to retirement?"

Then the Self gives me this meditation sentence, which comes from the same place as dreams. And now I'm thinking, "What in the world do you have in mind?" So the ego has its plan, and the Self has its own plan. Because my ego has a relatively happy track record with following along with what the Self has asked of me, I am not saying, as I once would have, "Oh, no, the flowering of my call—that sounds exhausting!" Instead, my little human ego is saying, "Really? I wonder what you guys in heaven are thinking? What's up, Dude?" I don't know yet. I have no idea what that meditation sentence means. But instead of being terrified of the death of my plan for early retirement, I am at least borderline curious about: "What's up? What is God thinking up?"

So when the Self comes in the beginning stages and tells us to do something that we absolutely have no confidence in, it is more unnerving than when we have done it and done it and done it. Once we have had some experience with the Self, we can look back in our history and



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say, "Not that it was easy, but something good almost always came out of it." So the ego gets more comfortable with the guidance of the Divine. It never becomes totally accepting of it, but it does get more comfortable. And so, too, do we learn more ways to work with the vulnerable child and to include it in the process as we go.

Sophia

IN THE OLD TESTAMENT the wisdom aspect of God is referred to as Sophia, a term which is feminine in gender. The Old Testament is loaded with the beautiful word of Sophia as the wisdom side of God, possessing the power to co-create with God. In this work, we use the term Sophia to talk about the side of God that comes in through listening to the body, to dreams, intuition, and synchronicity—through listening to nature. When people bat around the concept of Sophia in a group like this, it refers to the mystery, the depth, the darkness, the new insights coming out of the basement, out of the earth, out of the body, out of the intuition side of God.

Unconscious Sacrifice

WE HAVE TALKED about surrendering to what the Self asks us to do. This requires sacrifice. But let us be clear about the type of sacrifice it does *not* require. There is a type of sacrifice in conventional Christianity that drives me crazy. This is the unconscious, immature, anxiety-ridden, neurotic sacrifice done in the service of lies that we have believed from the Church, from the culture, or from our families. "Be a good girl" used to equal "Be a Christian." These days, when I catch myself being a good girl, I say that instead of being a Christian, I'm just being a chicken! My vulnerable child has gotten too afraid for me to be me. So "good girl" is not very appealing to me anymore. Part of what has to be sacrificed, then, is the idea of what sacrifice means on the individuation journey.

I was a therapist for twenty-five years before I became a priest, and many years ago I had a client whom I adored. He was in the habit of always putting himself last. I thought, "Gosh, I'm going to spend ten years of psychotherapy with this guy trying to get him to include himself." It just went on and on. Then finally he did a

little piece of work around his dad, and it came out that at every Sunday dinner there was a huge platter of fried chicken, and his father would only eat the wings of the chicken. So for the whole twenty years in which this kid was growing up, the dad, the leader of the house, was modeling sacrifice around chicken wings. Take only the tiniest piece of chicken, and then you are the best Christian.

The type of sacrifice that requires us to say yes to ourselves and yes to Sophia is a bigger sacrifice than only eating chicken wings to prove how unselfish we are, which has very little to do with the individuation journey. Most

of us Christians are programmed to be nice, be good, take the smallest piece of the pie. If all I had to do in my life to individuate was to take the smallest piece of the pie, it would be much easier than some of the other things I've had to sacrifice. Taking the smallest piece is not the kind of sacrifice I am talking about. That is merely a control device so that we don't have to feel anxious and our little kid doesn't have to feel anxious.

Conscious Sacrifice

MANY OF US have been raised to believe that if we participate in the Church's "vaguely spiritual social service agency" and just go around helping people, then we

have done it: that is what it is to be a Christian. But on *this* journey we give the whole of our lives in surrender to the purposes of the Self. We become digested by light and by love and transformed in a never ending sacrifice of attitudes, behaviors, substances, relationships, and all else that keeps us from being our whole selves. When we lay all of that on the table, that's a much tougher job than volunteering at the soup kitchen every week. Service is an important part of the Christian journey, but it is only a part. We are called to healing, wholeness, light, and life. And as we listen more and more to Sophia, we are given the specific places and people we are to serve. Part of what we have to sacrifice is this generic idea that we have to help every last person in the world who needs help. Instead, we must individuate enough to be guided to the specific situations and people we are actually called to serve.

The sacrifice in individuation is not about being a good girl or boy and going by Mama's rules and the Church's rules and doing volunteer work and helping people. That is a level of Christianity we can flat get stuck in. But once



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we enter into this living, breathing, wiggling, hot-off-the-press relationship with the Feminine and with our dreams and with our unconscious, we are shown night after night: “I need to sacrifice this behavior”; “I need to sacrifice this belief”; “I need to let go of that relationship”; “I need to let go of this substance”; and “I’m being called to something more, to something so much bigger.” Sometimes we don’t even know what it is until we have made the sacrifice and let go of what was in the way.

God is always making a space for more wholeness, and this requires very specific sacrifices. This is part of the beauty of the dream process. Each of us will be told specifically what to surrender. And the ego gets stronger and stronger, just like a muscle. Instead of putting up so much resistance, it begins to say, “Okay, this sounds really hard, but I’ve tried it before. My little kid and I have lived through it, and something so fabulous has always come from it. So I’m going to dive off that diving board and try it again.”

Listening

WHILE WE DO NOT WANT to just go out blindly to do volunteer work, this does not mean we would never be called to volunteer work. We are not talking about getting rid of helping poor people or of never again going to the soup kitchen. We are talking about letting go of the kind of sacrifice in which I get my self-esteem by checking it off on my list that I helped poor people this week and so now I can feel that I am a good Christian. This is what we are called to sacrifice. In its place we must listen for our individual call. Some of us are going to be sent to help poor people. We will feel it in our bones, in the cells of our bodies, in synchronistic events. You can be sure that Sophia is going to send some folks to help poor people this week. And She is going to send other folks on a silent retreat. It is all in the listening. We must have freedom from compulsive do-gooding in order to be able to listen and then to respond.

The process of listening is constant. We listen for guidance, and then we try to find a way to live it out and make the sacrifices we are called to make. This is individuation. Fortunately, individuation is not only about sacrifice. It is also about blessing. Sophia will come in synchronistic events. She will come in physical symptoms: “If I do too much, I’ll have pain in this hip.” She will come through dreams, like one of mine that said to me: “You need to build a smaller house.” She will come in meditation—there are millions of opportunities in meditation. Sophia will come by releasing a kind of joy and an energy that cannot even be imagined: the sweet, sweet energy of Sophia that comes when the ego is strong

Christianity and Individuation

CHRISTIANITY holds at its core a symbol which has for its content the individual way of life of a man, the Son of Man, and even regards this individuation process as the incarnation and revelation of God himself. Hence the development of the self acquires a significance whose full implications have hardly begun to be appreciated, because too much attention to externals blocks the way to immediate inner experience.

So much is at stake and so much depends on the psychological constitution of modern man. Does he know that he is on the point of losing the life-preserving myth of the inner man which Christianity has treasured up for him? Does he realize what lies in store should this catastrophe ever befall him? Does the individual know that *he* is the make-weight that tips the scales?

C. G. Jung, *The Undiscovered Self*

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enough to say yes to what the Self is asking. Confidence comes; history comes; a track record comes. We begin to trust the process more and more. We find enough impersonal energy to be able to tolerate the discomfort of other people not liking it. We find ways to take care of the inner child and more mature ways to communicate our hearts to other people. We find a community of fellow journeyers to support us as we go. We learn ways to set our boundaries, to live the lives that God is calling us to live. We learn how to sit on the lap of Sophia, on the lap of the Mother, through the joy of nature, through meditation, through dreams, through quiet, through everyday events—filled up, fed, guided, strengthened, and transformed.

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

Susan Sims-Smith is an Episcopal priest in the Diocese of Arkansas, where she directs the SeedWork project, which offers practical tools for spiritual growth. She is deeply involved in meditation and the world of the quiet mystics. Currently, she is exploring the spiritual principles of service, humility, and reciprocity through work from The Invisible Garment by Connie Kaplan. Susan lives with her husband Rick, a psychiatrist, who has been her friend, lover, and companion for 35 years. They live on the banks of the Arkansas River in a house they built after a series of dreams showed Susan how to do it. They have an adult daughter who blesses their life. Her name is Rose.

Negotiating the Inner Peace Treaty

"It was not my thought patterns that were giving me trouble, it was the inner relationships and the parts of me that were at war with one another for control and for territory."

This article is excerpted from a much longer lecture given at the Haden Institute's SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE, Kanuga Conference Center, June 26–July 1, 2005.

I WAS A JUNGIAN long before I ever knew what that meant. My interest in symbols and metaphor and mystery stretch back deep into my childhood. It is part of my soulprint. Recently someone commented to me that I seem to be very peaceful for someone who has so much going on. I replied that I really am quite peaceful these days, but I have not always been this way.

About ten years ago I underwent a deep personal crisis that activated old issues in me that I thought had long been put to rest. I found myself immobilized by guilt, grief, and fear. Following the recommendation of a friend of mine, I began seeing a well-known cognitive psychologist in the area. During session number six he commented cheerfully that I was doing very well and could now be confident that my depression was behind me. My Inner Pleaser smiled: I had pleased my therapist! A deeper, darker part of me did not smile. I felt strangely uneasy at this proclamation.

Later on I came to realize that there were parts of me that had not even participated in therapy. They were not interested in "thought distortions." They didn't use language. They were just sitting there on the sidelines watching. I knew I was stable for the present time, but I had the distinct impression that there were latent things living in me that could potentially derail my whole world.

I went home that day and thought about the spectrum of feelings I had had in my life, all the times I had been pulled by dark moods and destructive impulses. I began to list all the little pushes and pulls inside of me as if they were actual personalities. I gave them names. There was the Lady of the Manor, the Artist Bohemian, the Frustrated Parent, the Heretic Martyr, the Teacher-Healer, the Pathfinder, the Team Leader, the Destructive Nihilist, the Intellectual Articulate, the Mystic, the Detached Observer. On and on it went. They were all co-conscious, living in me, and they were not getting along

very well. It was not my thought patterns that were giving me trouble, it was the inner relationships and the parts of me that were at war with one another for control and for territory.

I ended my therapy and began to journal about these inner selves, asking them questions to find out more about them. Whenever I began to experience some random mood or free-floating anxiety, I would check in on my inner world, and instead of asking "What's wrong?" I began to ask, "Who's upset and why?" At some point I created a roundtable around which various inner characters could gather and express, onto the pages of my journal, what was going on with them and what they thought and felt about how I was living my outer life.

I had no idea how Jungian this was. When I finally encountered Carl Jung as a brief footnote in graduate school, I knew that I had found my theoretical underpinnings and my path, a realm where this inner work I had developed would not be viewed as some sort of manifestation of a multiple personality disorder.

When I incorporated dreamwork into the process, the whole thing kicked into high gear, for it was at that point that I began to uncover my more unconscious shadow characters. As they surfaced in my dreams, I was able to begin even deeper work,

owning and integrating these dark energies that had stalked me my whole life. I began to experience a peace that surpassed anything I had ever known. I found a quiet place at the center of the hurricane of my life.

Over time I began to work with other people utilizing the idea of this inner roundtable around which all of the pieces and parts of a person could gather, working out their conflicts and contributing their gifts. I frequently heard myself saying that the real solution to life comes from negotiating an inner peace treaty among these warring parts. That phrase—negotiating the inner peace treaty—eventually became the title for the work that I do.

Hendersonville, NC *Chelsea Wakefield*

Chelsea Wakefield is a lifelong spiritual pilgrim, soulful psychotherapist, dreamworker, and retreat leader. She works with individuals, clergy, groups, churches, and organizations to facilitate process, wholeness, and community. Her inner work method, "Negotiating the Inner Peace Treaty™," has transformed the lives of many people previously at war with themselves. Her work is tied to her own faith journey and influenced by the Jungian oriented practitioners and theologians. Chelsea can be reached at chelseaw@bellsouth.net.



Diana McKendree

Magdalene Pilgrimage

This article is excerpted from a much longer lecture given at the Haden Institute's SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE, Kanuga Conference Center, June 26–July 1, 2005.

WHEN I WAS A CHILD, around age seven, I began to ask questions about Mary Magdalene. My father was Catholic, my mother was not, so I was brought up in a couple of churches at the same time. Mary Magdalene would pop up periodically, and I would say, “Who is she, this other Mary?” My father, being an outrageous Irish



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Catholic who believed in fairies and gave me mystical thinking, said, “That’s Jesus’ best friend.” So I grew up feeling a connection between Mary Magdalene, the best friend, and myself, a child growing up amid repeated moves between Canada and the United States. I went to twenty-seven schools by grade twelve. The only constant for me was Jesus. Wherever we went, he seemed to be there: I

didn’t have my toys, but Jesus was there! It was cool. And if Jesus was consistent, I believed his best friend was consistent. So in my imagination I could be Mary Magdalene—best friends with Jesus. I had a friend wherever I moved. That began my journey with the Magdalene, and I have loved her dearly.

About a year ago I decided to go to the South of France to visit the Magdalene’s pilgrimage sites. I had read *The Da Vinci Code*, along with numerous other books about Mary Magdalene—some of them very academic, some of them channeled—you name it, it’s out there. There is a ton of information about Mary Magdalene having lived in France. Going over there, I had all these facts. I was going to prove that all of it was true: that she was there, she lived there, she had been Jesus’ wife, and that their daughter, Sarah, was real, that the blood line continues.

But you know what? You can’t prove it. So I don’t know. But I can say this. It feels right. It seems right. What I saw validated my feelings. The people live it, and have done for hundreds—maybe thousands—of years. There are

symbols everywhere you go. And it’s not that it’s talked about the way we talk about it here, like a big debate. It’s just a part of daily life. “Well, of course the Magdalene was



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here.” And if you talk to any Romanian Gypsies, you learn that they have adopted Sarah as their saint—they love her. They celebrate her.

So, what is real? Right now, I’ll go with my experience of Mary Magdalene at her pilgrimage sites. Because she can be a best friend. She can be a symbol of the embodied archetypal feminine wholeness we crave. I think we are so hungry for that balance, for that dance that honors both the Masculine and the Feminine. The dance has always been there, but never in our evolution have we honored it consciously, only unconsciously. We need to honor the dance, we need to honor it consciously. I’m not talking about men and women; I’m talking about masculine and feminine energy. Men and women have both—they must embody, balance, and dance both—both must be alive.

Hendersonville, NC *The Rev. Diana McKendree*

Diana’s passion is working with the dream. She has been fascinated with images for as long as she can remember. This has led her to explore a variety of professions, from graphic design to iconography. A Jungian therapist and senior faculty member at the Haden Institute, Diana works internationally as a keynote speaker, consultant, and leader of women’s pilgrimages. Recently ordained an Interfaith Minister, she continues to search for the common threads that weave humanity and soul together. She lives with her husband, Fran, and their four-legged companions in the NC mountains, where she loves to knit, read, and write icons.



Diana McKendree

The Second Wave

WHERE IS THE BEST PLACE these days to learn how to interpret dreams as a Christian discipline? Or to find guidance for starting a dream group in your church? Or to get together with others to celebrate and strengthen the growing Christian dreamwork movement? The answer, with little doubt, is the SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE, held each June in the cool, green North Carolina mountains at Kanuga, the Episcopal Church's largest conference center. Launched in 2003 by the Haden Institute, the SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE appears to be on the gathering crest of the second wave of the Christian dreamwork movement.

The first wave began in 1968 with the publication of *Dreams: God's Forgotten Language*, by Episcopal priest and Jungian analyst John Sanford. Through the 1970s, '80s, and '90s, Sanford, along with priest and Jungian analyst Morton Kelsey and Jungian analyst Robert Johnson, authored books and lectured around the country on the importance of dreamwork for the Christian goal of divinely guided growth and transformation.

The pioneers of the first wave of the Christian dreamwork movement have now run their race. Morton Kelsey and John Sanford are deceased. Robert Johnson, well into his eighties, has retired. On their heels the second wave is rising. Several of these new leaders come together each June to form the faculty of the SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE. They include the Rt. Rev. Larry Maze, bishop of Arkansas, who has fostered the widespread development of dream groups in his diocese; the Rev. Bob Haden, former parish priest and director of the Haden Institute; the Rev. Jeremy Taylor, Unitarian Universalist minister, founding member and past president of the International Association for the Study of Dreams, and author of *Where People Fly and Water Runs Uphill*; the Rev. Susan Sims-Smith, Canon for Special Ministries for the Diocese of Arkansas and founder of the dreamwork program in that diocese; Joyce Rockwood Hudson, author of *Natural Spirituality* and editor of *THE ROSE*; and the Rev. Diana McKendree, psychotherapist and senior faculty member at the Haden Institute.

The SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE always begins on a Sunday evening and ends with breakfast on the following Friday. The time between is taken up with lectures, workshops, dream groups, Eucharists, silent meditations, and labyrinth walks. The conference provides basic orientation for dreamwork novices as well as new perspectives and cutting-edge ideas for experienced dreamers. It offers guidance for those who want to start dream groups in their home churches and support for dream groups already in place. Its aim is to be a portal through which modern-day Christians can enter the new world of Christian dreamwork and learn how to establish this crucial spiritual practice in their own lives and in their local churches.

 **NEXT CONFERENCE:** June 11–16, 2006. See pg. 30 for more information.

Natural Spirituality

LISTED HERE FOR PURPOSES OF NETWORKING are the natural spirituality programs of this time. This list includes programs that are only in the study group format. These programs are not stamped from the same mold—each is organized by a different person. **THE ROSE** knows of their existence. If there is no group in your area, contact the person listed for more 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
Coffeeshouse Group (nondenom.) [501/758-3825] LR
Pulaski Hgts. United Meth. Church, Little Rock
*St. James United Methodist Church, Little Rock
St. Margaret's Episcopal Church, Little Rock
St. Michael's Episcopal Church, Little Rock
Trinity Episcopal Cathedral, Little Rock
All Saints Episcopal Church, Russellville

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. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, Atlanta
St. Timothy's Episcopal Church, Calhoun
Good Shepherd Episcopal Church, Covington
St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Milledgeville
St. Augustine's Episcopal Church, Morrow

What Is Natural Spirituality?

THE TERM NATURAL SPIRITUALITY and healing of the Holy Spirit through the natural individual through the natural biblical tradition, this realization of Wisdom. Natural spirituality programs consisting of one-on-one or "journey groups"—such as classes which teach the program as tools for a deeper understanding.

Natural spirituality was pioneered at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Georgia in 1991. Joyce Rockwood Hudson, initial teacher in that understanding, wrote a book, *Natural Wisdom Tradition in Christianity* (2000), which contains the theory class and a descriptive program. With the publication of churches began starting natural programs of their own, structuring them as study groups centered on the program.

Natural spirituality programs are available and wide. The strongest growth so far is in Arkansas, where Canon for Special Ministries for the Diocese of Arkansas, works several programs of inner work, including:

 **NATURAL SPIRITUALITY**
Available from amazon.com bookstores by special online price, go to www.jrhpub.com (be sure to type in the search box)

 **WWW.SEEDWORK.COM**
☐ **Natural Spirituality download and print,**
☐ **Back issues of The Rose**
☐ **Kanuga Summer Dreamwork Selected Lectures: list of speakers or order CDs by mail**
☐ P.O. Box 164668, Little Rock, AR 72216-6668
501/372-2168 ext. 2030;

Quality Programs

Quality programs (dream groups based in churches) that we know about at group phase as well as those with established dream groups. These in its own way. **Groups that are not on the list are invited to let** your area, consider starting one: see www.seedwork.org for list since the last issue of *THE ROSE*.

Quality Spirituality?

Quality refers to the teaching of the Spirit that come to each natural processes of life. In the realm of the Spirit is called quality is also a tag for church or more dream groups—supported by introductory principles of Jungian psycho-Christian journey.

As a church program was Episcopal Church in Athens, Lockwood Hudson was the undertaking, and she eventually *Spirituality: Recovering the Tradition* (JRH Publications), contents of the introduction of the Emmanuel position of this book, other natural spirituality programs their introductory classes on the book.

Programs are spreading far geographical concentration the Rev. Susan Sims-Smith, lies for the Episcopal Diocese specifically to support parish including dreamwork.

QUALITY BOOK

www.barnesandnoble.com; [b&n.com](http://www.barnesandnoble.com); local order. For the best www.amazon.com/shops/ in the entire URL).

SEEDWORK.ORG

Group Resources:

or order by mail

use: view and print

team Conference

en; download and save;

Rock, AR 72216-4668;

seedwork@seedwork.org

FLORIDA

*St. Peter the Fisherman Epis. Church, New Smyrna
St. Christopher's Episcopal Church, Pensacola
Cokesbury Methodist Church, Pensacola
Faith Presbyterian Church, Tallahassee

ILLINOIS

Grace Episcopal Church, River Forest

KENTUCKY

Christ Church Cathedral (Episcopal), Lexington

MICHIGAN

Grace Episcopal Church, Traverse City

MISSISSIPPI

St. James Episcopal Church, Jackson

NORTH CAROLINA

First Baptist Church, Elkin
First United Methodist Church, Elkin

TENNESSEE

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

TEXAS

St. David's Episcopal Church, Austin
St. Christopher's Episcopal Church, Lubbock
*Nondenom. [ph. 210/348-6226], San Antonio

VIRGINIA

Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Virginia Beach

FRANCE

American Cathedral (Episcopal), Paris



If your listed group is no longer active, please let us know.

Photo by Diana McKendree

Haden Institute Training Programs



Two-Year Dream-Group Leader Training

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

Upcoming Dream Training Intensive Dates:

Mar 9–13, 2006 / Aug 24–28, 2006 / Nov 30–Dec 4, 2006

Susan Sims-Smith, Canon to the Bishop of Arkansas, 25-year Jungian-oriented psychotherapist, and priest, will be the keynoter for the March intensive of the Dream-Group Leader Training program.

Two-Year Spiritual Direction Training

Three 4-day weekend intensives per year in residence at Kanuga Conference Center, Hendersonville, NC; or two 7-day intensives at Mt. Carmel Spiritual Centre in Niagara Falls, Ontario. The remainder is distance learning. Registration deadlines for Kanuga are March 1 and September 1 of each year. For Canada the next starting time is October, 2006: register now.

Upcoming Spiritual Direction Intensive Dates:

Kanuga: Apr 20–24, 2006 / Sept 14–18, 2006 / Jan 18–22, 2007
Canada: Next opening: October, 2006. Register now.

Bruce Baker, Director of the Mt. Carmel Spiritual Centre in Ontario, Canada, and Carmelite friar, will be the keynoter for the April intensive of the Spiritual Direction Training program at Kanuga.

Find Out More

Website: www.hadeninstitute.com

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

Phone: 828/693-9292

Email: office@hadeninstitute.com

Fax: 828/693-1919

Flat Rock, NC The Rev. Bob Haden

Three Prophetic Dreams, 1890

“When Olive Schreiner went into the desert, she came out with a prophetic, empowering understanding of the resurrection of the Feminine, of the return of the Mother.”

This article is excerpted from a lecture given at the Haden Institute’s SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE, Kanuga Conference Center, June 26–July 1, 2005.

IN A VERY SYNCHRONISTIC WAY, a little book came into my hands. I have a friend who doesn’t do much with dreams at all, doesn’t really cotton to the dream world, but she knows that I am into dreams. So when she was in a bookstore in New England, an old bookstore where they just have old books, she found this little book, published back in 1890, about dreams. She thought that I might like that, so she bought it and gave it to me. And lo and behold, it contains the dreams of a South African woman named Olive Schreiner. I started reading these dreams of hers and found that they speak very, very deeply. They are filled with what Cathy Smith Bowers would call abiding images.

I have since learned a little bit about Olive Schreiner, who lived from 1855 to 1920. She was born in Basutoland, in South Africa, of missionary parents. Her father was Lutheran, her mother was Evangelical, and they were sent to Africa by the London Missionary Society. In her early years she lived in a house with mud floors. At the age of six her family had to move twenty-six miles away, and they took their things by oxcart. At nine she suffered the death of a sister. Of the twelve children in her family, she was one of seven who lived to grow up. That’s the way it was where she was living in that day and time.

So she grew up in poverty. And then her father lost his job. The London Missionary Society at that time was very strict and said you could not have any other job if you were going to be a missionary. Well, this family was poor, they didn’t have enough for food, so her father went and got himself a little job on the side. The Missionary Society fired him. This meant that Olive, at the tender age of eleven, had to go live with her brother in another town in South Africa. At age fifteen she took a job as a governess and continued in that line of work for many years. She had no formal education, but, like Joseph Campbell, she just read and read and read.

Olive went to England for several years and got very

involved in women’s suffrage and in the labor movement for women. She wrote books on that, and she started the Man and Woman’s Club in London—before that they only had men’s clubs. After returning to South Africa, she became a friend of Cecil Rhodes, who was the prime minister. Though she remained a very close friend of Rhodes, when the Boer War was going on, she would have campaigns and bring people to march against him. Her brother William later became prime minister.

So Olive Schreiner had quite a breadth to her life. She wrote many things, but what I want to read to you this morning is this set of dreams that she published under the title, “Three Dreams in a Desert: Under a Mimosa Tree.”

Three Dreams in a Desert *Under a Mimosa Tree*

AS I TRAVELED across an African plain, the sun shone down hotly. Then I drew my horse up under a mimosa tree, and I took the saddle from him and left him to feed among the parched bushes. And all to right and to left stretched the brown earth. And I sat down under the tree, because the heat beat fiercely, and all along the horizon the air throbbed. And after a while a heavy drowsiness came over me, and I laid my head down against my saddle, and I fell asleep there. And, in my sleep, I had a curious dream.

I thought I stood on the border of a great desert, and the sand blew about everywhere. And I thought I saw two great figures like beasts of burden of the desert, and one lay upon the sand with its neck stretched out, and one stood by it. And I looked curiously at the one that lay upon the ground, for it had a great burden on its back, and the sand was thick about it so that it seemed to have piled over it for centuries.

And I looked very curiously at it. And there stood one beside me watching. And I said to him, “What is this huge creature who lies here on the sand?”

And he said, “This is woman; she that bears men in her body.”

And I said, “Why does she lie here motionless with the sand piled round her?”

And he answered, “Listen, I will tell you! Ages and ages long she has lain here, and the wind has blown over her. The oldest, oldest, oldest

man living has never seen her move; the oldest, oldest book records that she lay here then, as she lies here now, with the sand about her. But listen! Older than the oldest book, older than the oldest recorded memory of man, on the Rocks of Language, on the hard-baked clay of Ancient Customs, now crumbling to decay, are found the marks of her footsteps! Side by side with his who stands beside her you may trace them; and you know that she who now lies there once wandered free over the rocks with him."

And I said, "Why does she lie there now?"

And he said, "I take it, ages ago the Age-of-dominance-of-muscular-force found her, and when she stooped low to give suck to her young, and her back was broad, he put his burden of subjection onto it, and tied it on with the broad band of Inevitable Necessity. Then she looked at the earth and the sky and knew there was no hope for her; and she lay down on the sand with the burden she could not loosen. Ever since, she has lain here. And the ages have come, and the ages have gone, but the band of Inevitable Necessity has not been cut."

And I looked and saw in her eyes the terrible patience of the centuries; the ground was wet with her tears, and her nostrils blew up the sand.

And I said, "Has she ever tried to move?"

And he said, "Sometimes a limb has quivered. But she is wise; she knows she cannot rise with the burden on her."

And I said, "Why does not he who stands by her leave her and go on?"

And He said, "He cannot. Look—"

And I saw a broad band passing along the ground from one to the other, and it bound them together.

He said, "While she lies there he must stand and look across the desert."

And I said, "Does he know why he cannot move?"

And he said, "No."

And I heard a sound of something cracking, and I looked, and I saw the band that bound the burden onto her back broken asunder; and the burden rolled onto the ground.

And I said, "What is this?"

And he said, "The Age-of-muscular-force is dead. The Age-of-nervous-force has killed him with the knife he holds in his hand; and silently and invisibly he has crept up to the woman, and with that knife of Mechanical Invention he has cut the band that bound the burden to her back. The Inevitable Necessity is broken. She might rise now."

And I saw that she still lay motionless on the sand, with her eyes open and her neck stretched out. And she seemed to look for something on the far-off border of the desert that never came. And I wondered if

she were awake or asleep. And as I looked, her body quivered, and a light came into her eyes, like when a sunbeam breaks into a dark room.

I said, "What is it?"

He whispered, "Hush! The thought has come to her, 'Might I not rise?'"

And I looked. And she raised her head from the sand, and I saw the dent where her neck had lain so long. And she looked at the earth, and she looked at the sky, and she looked at him who stood by her; but he looked out across the desert.

And I saw her body quiver; and she pressed her front knees to the earth, and veins stood out; and I cried, "She is going to rise!"

But only her sides heaved, and she lay still where she was.

But her head she held up; she did not lay it down again. And he beside me said, "She is very weak. See, her legs have been crushed under her so long."

And I saw the creature struggle; and the drops stood out on her.

And I said, "Surely he who stands beside her will help her?"

And he beside me answered, "He cannot help her; she must help herself. Let her struggle till she is strong."

And I cried, "At least he will not hinder her! See, he moves farther from her, and tightens the cord between them, and he drags her down."

And he answered, "He does not understand.

When she moves, she draws the band that binds them, and hurts him, and he moves farther from her. The day will come when he will understand and will know what she is doing. Let her once stagger onto her knees. In that day he will stand close to her, and look into her eyes with sympathy."

And she stretched her neck, and the drops fell from her. And the creature rose an inch from the earth and sank back.

And I cried, "Oh, she is too weak! She cannot walk! The long years have taken all her strength from her. Can she never move?"

And he answered me, "See the light in her eyes!"

And slowly the creature staggered onto its knees.

AND I AWOKE; and all to the east and to the west stretched the barren earth, with the dry bushes on it. The ants ran up and down in the red sand, and the heat beat fiercely. I looked up through the thin branches of the tree at the blue sky overhead. I stretched myself, and I mused over the dream I had had. And I fell asleep again, with my head on my saddle. And in the fierce heat I had another dream.

I saw a desert and I saw a woman coming out of it. And she came to the bank of a dark river; and the bank was steep and high. And on it an old man met her, who had a long white beard; and a stick that curled



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was in his hand, and on it was written Reason. And he asked her what it was she wanted; and she said, "I am woman; and I am seeking for the land of Freedom."

And he said, "It is before you."

And she said, "I see nothing before me but a dark flowing river, and a bank steep and high, and cuttings here and there with heavy sand in them."

And he said, "And beyond that?"

She said, "I see nothing, but sometimes, when I shade my eyes with my hand, I think I see on the further bank trees and hills, and the sun shining on them!"

He said, "That is the Land of Freedom."

She said, "How am I to get there?"

He said, "There is one way, and one only. Down the banks of Labor, through the water of Suffering. There is no other."

She said, "Is there no bridge?"

He answered, "None."

She said, "Is the water deep?"

He said, "Deep."

She said, "Is the floor worn?"

He said, "It is. Your foot may slip at any time, and you may be lost."

She said, "Have any crossed already?"

He said, "Some have tried!"

She said, "Is there a track to show where the best fording is?"

He said, "It has to be made."

She shaded her eyes with her hand; and she said, "I will go."

And he said, "You must take off the clothes you wore in the desert; they are dragged down by them who go into the water so clothed."

And she threw from her gladly the mantle of Ancient-received-opinions she wore, for it was worn full of holes. And she took the girdle from her waist that she had treasured so long, and the moths flew out of it in a cloud. And he said, "Take the shoes of Dependence off your feet."

And she stood there naked but for one white garment that clung close to her.

And he said, "That you may keep. So they wear clothes in the land of Freedom. In the water it buoys; it always swims."

And I saw on its breast was written Truth; and it was white; the sun had not often shone on it; the other clothes had covered it up. And he said, "Take this stick; hold it fast. In that day when it slips from your hand you are lost. Put it down before you; feel your way; where it cannot find a bottom do not set your foot."

And she said, "I am ready; let me go."

And he said, "No—but stay; what is that—in your breast?"

She was silent.

He said, "Open it, and let me see."

And she opened it. And against her breast was a tiny thing, who drank from it, and the yellow curls above his forehead pressed against

it; and his knees were drawn up to her, and he held her breast fast with his hands.

And Reason said, "Who is he, and what is he doing here?"

And she said, "See his little wings—"

And Reason said, "Put him down."

And she said, "He is asleep, and he is drinking! I will carry him to the Land of Freedom. He has been a child so long; so long, I have carried him. In the land of Freedom he will be a man. We will walk together there, and his great white wings will overshadow me. He has lisped one word only to me in the desert—'Passion!' I have dreamed he might learn to say 'Friendship' in that land."

And Reason said, "Put him down!"

And she said, "I will carry him so—with one arm, and with the other I will fight the water."

He said, "Lay him down on the ground. When you are in the water you will forget to fight, you will think only of him. Lay him down." He said, "He will not die. When he finds you have left him alone he will open his wings and fly. He will be in the Land of Freedom before you. Those who reach the Land of Freedom, the first hand they see stretching down the bank to help them shall be Love's. He will be a man then, not a child. In your breast he cannot thrive; put him down that he may grow."

And she took her bosom from his mouth, and he bit her, so that the blood ran down onto the ground. And she laid him down on the earth; and she covered her wound. And she bent and stroked his wings. And I saw the hair on her forehead turned white as snow, and she had changed from youth to age.

And she stood far off on the bank of the river. And she said, "For what do I go to this far land which no one has ever reached? Oh, I am alone! I am utterly alone!"

And Reason, that old man, said to her, "Silence! What do you hear?"

And she listened intently, and she said, "I hear the sound of feet, a thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, and they beat this way!"

He said, "They are the feet of those that shall follow you. Lead on! Make a track to the water's edge! Where you stand now the ground will be beaten flat by ten thousand times ten thousand feet." And he said, "Have you seen the locusts how they cross a stream? First one comes down to the water's edge, and it is swept away, and then another comes and then another, and then another, and at last with their bodies piled up a bridge is built and the rest pass over."

She said, "And, of those that come first, some are swept away, and are heard of no more; their bodies do not even build the bridge?"

"And are swept away, and are heard of no more—and what of that?" he said.



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"And what of that—" she said.

"They make a track to the water's edge."

"They make a track to the water's edge—" And she said, "Over that bridge which shall be built with our bodies, who will pass?"

He said, "The entire human race."

And the woman grasped her staff. And I saw her turn down that dark path to the river.

AND I AWOKE; and all about me was the yellow afternoon light; the sinking sun lit up the fingers of the milk bushes; and my horse stood by me quietly feeding. And I turned on my side, and I watched the ants run by thousands in the red sand. I thought I would go on my way now—the afternoon was cooler. Then a drowsiness crept over me again, and I laid back my head and fell asleep.

And I dreamed a dream.

I dreamed I saw a land. And on the hills walked brave women and brave men, hand in hand. And they looked into each other's eyes, and they were not afraid.

And I saw the women also hold each other's hands.

And I said to him beside me, "What place is this?"

And he said, "This is heaven."

And I said, "Where is it?"

And he answered, "On earth."

And I said, "When shall these things be?"

And he answered, "IN THE FUTURE."

AND I AWOKE, and all about me was the sunset light; and on the low hills the sun lay, and a delicious coolness had crept over everything; and the ants were going slowly home. And I walked toward my horse, who stood quietly feeding. Then the sun passed down behind the hills; but I knew that the next day he would arise again.

THESE CERTAINLY ARE prophetic dreams. They deal with the past, the present, and the future. Olive Schreiner's biographer states that Olive had been preoccupied for a long time with dreaming. She felt that dreams had more power than fiction or scientific data to transform humanity. She preferred the cadence of a parable to the logical detail of an argument.

This series of three dreams was probably a lucid dream. The reason I say this is because her biographer tells us that she would get herself into a trance-like state during a twenty-four hour period in which she would neither eat nor talk. In this she had discovered the wisdom of the ancients. By inducing a trance-like state, or lucid dreaming, just as through regular dreaming, one is put in touch with the collective unconscious, through which the Divine speaks.

The setting of these dreams is the desert. When I think of the desert, I think of wilderness, I think of John the Baptist, Jesus, St. Anthony, the Desert Mothers and Fathers. And in the desert is the horse—sexual, instinc-

tual psychic energy that gets us moving each day, that gets us moving from place to place. This energy has taken her to the desert, but when she gets to the desert, she gets off her horse in order to go into the unconscious. So the place of the dream is the place where we get off of our horse, where we slow the active world down enough to let us hear the inner voices.

The desert, like Kanuga, is a place of incubation. In these special places, like the desert and Kanuga and other thin places, dreams and contact with the collective unconscious are incubated. When John the Baptist went into the desert, he had a radical encounter with metanoia, with repentance—turn your whole way of living around!—and he began to preach that. When Jesus went into the desert, he dealt with the demonic forces within him so that he could then go about his mission unwaveringly. When Olive Schreiner went into the desert, she came out with a prophetic, empowering understanding of the resurrection of the Feminine, of the return of the Mother.

There are a multitude of abiding images in these three dreams. For me the most powerful is: on the backs of each other, like locusts crossing a river. *I hear the sound of feet, a thousand times ten thousand. . . . Lead on! Make a track to the water's edge! Where you stand now the ground will be beaten flat by ten thousand times ten thousand feet. . . . Have you seen the locusts, how they cross a stream? First one comes down to the water's edge, and it is swept away, and then another. . . . and at last, with their bodies piled up a bridge is built and the rest pass over.* I think of Olive Schreiner and all of the women who have struggled toward that shore, and I think of Jesus, and I think of Ghandi—I think of Martin Luther King, the Philadelphia, Mississippi three, Mandela, Tutu—all of them with their way of nonviolent love, on the backs of each other, like locusts crossing a river.

Olive Schreiner was known as a seer beyond her age and as one of South Africa's best writers. As one literary critic put it so very well, "Her words seem to chant themselves to a music we do not hear."

Flat Rock, NC **The Rev. Bob Haden**

Bob has traveled the world, but he is a mountain boy at heart. He has explored many religions but is a Jesus-at-the-center Christian. His typology is ENFP, but it is silence that takes him to his Center. He loves kidding and joking and laughter, but straightforward intimacy also touches him deeply. Because he is dyslectic, he has a complex about reading and reads all the time. The love of his life is Mary Anne and his boys—and a hundred other women and a few men. Like John the Baptist he has always been a forerunner, but now he is satisfied with walking.



Bob is a former parish priest and the director of the Haden Institute.

Adam and Eve and the Masculine/Feminine Split

“Was it not God who said, ‘Let us create them in our image’? So the idea of becoming like God did not first come with Adam and Eve’s decision to eat of the fruit.”

This article is excerpted from a much longer lecture given at the Haden Institute’s SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE, Kanuga Conference Center, June 26–July 1, 2005.

THE ADAM AND EVE ACCOUNT in the Garden begins with an unconscious wholeness that blends masculine and feminine energy perfectly together. Then comes the Serpent and the Fall. In most traditional religious interpretations, the Fall is seen as the intrusion of sin into the world, the sin of disobedience, the sin of wanting to be like God. We were just fine until we decided that we were going to become like God and take on that act of disobedience.

There is a little flaw here. Was it not God who said, “Let us create them in our image” (Gen 1:26)? So the idea of becoming like God did not first come with Adam and Eve’s decision to eat of the fruit and gain consciousness of good and evil. They were created from the beginning to be like God, who is conscious, in all God’s divinity. So the seed of the Fall was sown by God, not by disobedient human beings.

This is why I prefer to take another track and talk about the Fall of humankind not as our decision to become disobedient, or as our weakness to be tempted by the evil Serpent, but as an awakening—an awakening of consciousness. In this view it is not the evil Serpent who brings about the change, but rather, perhaps, it is the Serpent as the symbol of Wisdom saying, “If you will be like God, which God intended from the beginning, you may eat from the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, and then you will become like God.” What is revealed in this primordial story is the awakening of us, of humankind, into consciousness, which is the only way that we will ever become what God had in mind for us.

Now, if we take the traditional view, that eating from the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil is the Fall of humankind and everything goes to hell from that point

on, then what is redemption? Redemption in that view requires a payment for the sin. It requires that someone step in and break the cycle of evil that we brought on ourselves by listening to the Serpent. And then Jesus becomes the victim for our sin.

But what if we are on this other track? Then there is an awakening that comes with our taking of the fruit of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, and from that time on humankind indeed has a much more complicated life. It is very telling that when Adam and Eve eat of the fruit, there is an immediate death of unconsciousness and a birth of the need for consciousness, characterized by the reality that suddenly they see themselves as separate. Before the awakening, Adam and Eve are just Adam and Eve, and God is simply God, and there is no division, there is no awareness that anybody is separate. Adam and Eve and God are all in perfect union.

The price of that first step out of unconsciousness toward consciousness is the sudden realization that there is a man who is separate from a woman, and they are both separate from God. There is a split between Masculine and Feminine. Their energies, which had been together, are suddenly separated. And then God comes strolling through the Garden, and they hide, symbolic of the fact that now even God is separate. This primordial story captures for us the original, archetypal split of masculine and feminine energy. The story began in a remarkable unity of perfection—except

the unity was unconscious. So now begins the long journey to bring the unity into consciousness.

What would redemption look like on this track? If this is an awakening of consciousness, rather than simply a fall from grace, then redemption will look like the coming together of that which has been split. Redemption begins to look like masculine and feminine energy coming back together in perfect wholeness, only now it will be perfect wholeness in consciousness. The journey is from wholeness to wholeness. We are brought into creation in unconscious wholeness, and the ideal that we strive for is to reach this same wholeness by the end of our lives, having arrived there this time in the image of God, which is in full awareness and full consciousness. Redemption on this track is the Christ within, which is the power of God to bring back together what was split in us primordially. It is the Christ within who is constantly bringing together polarized and shattered humanity.

Little Rock, AR The Rt. Rev. Larry E. Maze



Diana McKendree

Children's Nightmares

This article is excerpted from a much longer lecture given at the Haden Institute's SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE, Kanuga Conference Center, June 26–July 1, 2005.

THE VERY FACT that children are spontaneously inclined to dream about death as death in association with the achievement of developmental milestones is compelling evidence that this is an archetypal form. What is true for children is true for adults as well. If I have a dream in which death appears in the manifest content—not in a symbolic form, but nameable as death—it is almost a one-hundred-percent certainty that some important level of that dream is celebrating a process of growth and change and evolution and development in me that is so profound that only the death of who I used to be, or the death of some aspect of who I used to think I was, is an adequate symbol for the profundity of the process in which I am engaged. This is true no matter how distressing the dream might be.

There are effective ways to deal with the distressing emotional residues that often are left in children by these essentially positive nightmares. I was a Head Start director in Marin County, California, for five years, and it was one of my goals to persuade my staff and my parent-policy councils to pay regular attention to the kids' dreams. Oftentimes children would come into the program in the morning with very distressing dreams. The standard policy was to begin the day with a group in which the kids shared their dreams with one another. The strategy to get them to share was to begin in the art corner and have them draw pictures of their dreams and then to use the pictures as the discussion prompters for sharing the dreams. This is the best way to do dreamwork with children, especially with very young children. The younger the child, the less point there is in verbal, if-this-were-my-dream sort of chat. It is the *experience* of the dream that needs to be directly addressed.

One of the important things about making a drawing, whether it is articulated verbally or not, is that it changes the dreamer's relationship to the experience of the dream, particularly if it is a nightmare. If the child comes in all distressed by the memory of a nightmare, the act of rendering that experience onto the page—even if it looks

like a set of random, black-crayon, scratch marks—alters the child's relation to the feeling. The child is now giving expression to the feeling instead of being at the mercy of it. The relationship has become one of creative relationship rather than oppression. Most of the time, simply having the kid draw a picture of the nightmare before it is shared will dispel much of the distressing emotional residue of the dream.

When that is not enough, when the kid is still roiled up and filled with distress, a second step is to encourage the child to make a mask of the most distressing element in the dream, which of necessity is going to be a shadow element. If you encourage the child to hold the mask up in front of his or her face and playfully act that character out, ninety-nine times out of a hundred that will then dispel the residue of distress. Making the mask and acting it out is an amped up version of making the drawing. The sense of being menaced and at risk from the memory of the shadow figure in the dream is transformed by the child taking control of how this figure is presented in the world. Even more, it is transformed by the contact with playful creative energy, which in my experience is the most healing energy we have at our disposal. The shadow figure becomes integrated, it becomes accepted through the play. This is the beginning of the individuation process in young children.



Diana McKendree

Occasionally, in very distressing situations, even making the mask and acting out the distressing figure in the dream will not work. The kid will continue to be upset. There is a third step you can take, and I, personally, have never seen it fail. You can help the child burn the mask. The important thing here is that the child has to hold the mask and has to hold the fire and has to bring the two together. It can all be done with a guiding adult hand, but the child has to have the sense of doing it himself. It is important to burn the *whole* mask. If you leave little unburned chunks around, the effect will not be nearly as positive. If the child is encouraged and helped to burn the mask, even the most distressing dream will ebb away into some kind of normalcy, even in schizophrenic and autistic kids. It is the use of fire—the primal symbol of transformation and irrevocable change—that is the primary, archetypal, symbolic source of the healing in this ceremonial, ritual context.

Fairfield, CA The Rev. Jeremy Taylor

Why Dreams? Why Us? Why Now?

Exploring the Popularity of The Da Vinci Code

“Why would the greater culture of our day respond so powerfully to a mediocre novel with such a crackpot view of the history of Christianity and Western Civilization?”

This article is excerpted from a lecture given at the Haden Institute’s SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE, Kanuga Conference Center, June 26–July 1, 2005.

ONE THING you learn quickly when you begin doing dreamwork in a Christian context is that you are not one of a large group. Therefore, all of us who are doing dreamwork in the Church today have moments when we ask ourselves, “What are we doing?” For most of us, our parents did not do dreamwork. Our grandparents did not do dreamwork. Nor, except in the very earliest Christian era, did any of our Christian ancestors regard dreamwork as a regular Christian discipline. So why suddenly in our time has dreamwork arisen as something that many of us feel to be crucially important not only for ourselves but for the future life of the Church? Why dreams? Why us? Why now? Is this just a passing enthusiasm, or are we caught up in something bigger?

This question began to be resolved for me when *The Da Vinci Code* hit the bestseller list in 2003. People started telling me that I should read this book. It is about the sacred Feminine, they said. This was amazing: the popular culture was talking about the sacred Feminine! So I got the book and read it.

The story, as you probably know, is rather bizarre. A curator of the Louvre is murdered, and at his death scene he leaves mysterious clues having to do with Leonardo da Vinci. A so-called symbologist, the hero of the story, is called to the scene and becomes caught in an unfolding mystery of secret symbols and codes centered around what a New York Times book reviewer called “the lost sacred feminine essence.”

Here are some pieces included in the mystery. Jesus was married to Mary Magdalene. After Jesus’ crucifixion, Mary Magdalene fled to France, where she gave birth to his daughter, Sarah. At the time of the Crusades, hard evidence of the marriage of Jesus and Mary Magdalene was discovered in Jerusalem, and a secret society arose, called the Priory of Sion, to protect this great secret and to guard and preserve the bloodline of Jesus. The Holy Grail is all about Jesus’ bloodline, with

Mary Magdalene having been the original Holy Grail carrying, literally, the blood of Christ. Leonardo, as a member of the Priory of Sion, knew all about all of this and conveyed it in his painting of the Last Supper, where, for example, the feminine-looking Apostle John is actually Mary Magdalene. The Priory of Sion, in protecting these secrets through the centuries, understands itself to be preserving the sacred Feminine, and its plan all along has been to reveal these secrets at the turn of the twenty-first century. Pitted against the Priory of Sion from the start, and on up to the present day, is the Church, which has sought to squelch the sacred Feminine and keep all spiritual power in the hands of men. The deepest inner circle of the Church knows about the Priory’s plan to go public and thus has redoubled its effort to crush it. And somewhere in all of this is the answer to the murder in the Louvre.

THAT IS THE STORY that has captured public interest for more than two years. *The Da Vinci Code* has remained on the bestseller list for all this time, which is very unusual for any book. Many other books have now been written to address the issues in this book, and there have been several TV documentaries about it. It has been a huge cultural phenomenon. And yet, *The Da Vinci Code*, as literature, is of no better quality than a summer beach book. And it is poor history. Real history tells us nothing more about Mary Magdalene than what we have in the New Testament—additional information in the Gnostic texts was recorded later and is much less reliable. The Apostle John figure in Leonardo’s Last Supper really is the Apostle John—art historians can explain this convincingly. There actually is an organization called the Priory of Sion, but it was only established in the 1950s. It’s a weird little group that is trying to bring back the monarchy to France, and it has no particular interest in Jesus and Mary Magdalene.

So the question before us is this: Why would the greater culture of our day respond so powerfully to a mediocre novel with such a crackpot view of the history of Christianity and Western Civilization? The answer would have to be that this book catches something that is very close to the surface of the broad collective consciousness of our time. And that something, of course, is the emerging realization that there is such a thing as the sacred Feminine. In this regard there are at least three major points made by this book that are basically true, even though they are not true in the way in which they are portrayed in the story: 1) there *is* such a thing as the sacred Feminine; 2) the sacred Feminine *has* been repressed by the institutional Church; and 3) the sacred

Feminine was *not* repressed by Jesus.

Let's look at these one by one.

THERE REALLY IS **such a thing as the sacred Feminine.** But what is it? Is it what the novel says it is? Is it Mary Magdalene? Is she the sacred Feminine that we have lost? Is it her teachings? Is it that she was married to Jesus? Is it that she and Jesus had children? And/or: Will we find the sacred Feminine by reconnecting to the ancient goddess religions, to the cult of Diana or of Aphrodite or to the mystery rites of Isis? Is Gnosticism the key to the sacred Feminine? Is that what is in the lost gospels discovered at Nag Hammadi? Or have we had it all along in the Wisdom scriptures? And what about the Holy Grail—either the Jesus' bloodline version or the King Arthur version? Will we find the sacred Feminine by studying the Grail legend? Or is it something that we bring back when we ordain women? Or when we ban masculine imagery for God, no more Lord and King, no more masculine pronouns? Does that bring back the sacred Feminine?

In *The Da Vinci Code* there is no suggestion that the sacred Feminine is anything more than all of these elements stitched together. Nor in the regular channels of institutional Christianity is there the slightest breath of suggestion of what the sacred Feminine might be beyond some of these possibilities. Not even in academia, in departments of religion and schools of theology, is there an established understanding that the sacred Feminine is more than some version of some of these possibilities.

The fact is that while all these ingredients *do indeed* have something to do with the sacred Feminine, none of them is central to it: not Mary Magdalene, not the Holy Grail, not Gnosticism, not the ordination of women. What is central to the sacred Feminine is *a natural transformative process hidden in the unconscious of every human being.* The goal of this process is to transform a human being who has two warring parts—the reality of life, on the one hand, and high ideals, on the other—into a human being in whom these two parts are unified and at one. The struggle within each of us between these two sides, between life and ideals, is the war of the opposites.

The transformation of human life from one in which the opposites clash to one in which the opposites dance

together cannot be accomplished by high ideals and strong will alone, although that is the first way we try to do it, and it is the right way to begin. Some of the givens of life can indeed be made more ideal through will alone. We can, for example, change our speech from uncultivated to cultivated. We can change our store of knowledge by schooling ourselves. We can change our standard of morality by choosing and embracing a higher one. But we cannot change our instincts and drives, our deeply rooted natural reactions, feelings, and impulses. These are driven by a life force whose engine room is beyond our reach. We can contain them and restrain them by our will, but even this we can only do to a certain extent. And the

mere containment of these life forces does not transform them. They are always waiting to break out again, and they take every opportunity to *leak* out in unconscious ways.

Our instincts and drives, our natural reactions, feelings, and impulses are *life*. Because they are life, they change by a process of natural growth and transformation, not by the work of our will. Life, growth, and transformation belong to the feminine side of our existence and are rooted in the unconscious. Ideas, ideals, and the strong will of the ego belong to our masculine side, and they are rooted in consciousness. All of us have both sides within us.



Diana McKendree

LET'S LOOK at these two sides of human life as they develop in an individual. When we first come into life, we live primarily in the motherworld. The natural process of physical growth and physical transformation is front and center. Ideas, ideals, and the will of the ego are present at first as mere potential and then as weak structures, but physical life, which is the elemental Feminine, predominates.

After puberty, ideas, ideals, and the will of the ego become much stronger. This is the masculine principle, and in order for it now to grow to its full strength and potential, it *must* push back against natural life; it *must* distance itself from it, rise above it, free itself for a life of the mind and for the pursuit of ideals that are higher than the endless round of natural life. If a sixteen-year-old girl gets pregnant in high school, or a sixteen-year-old boy drops out and joins a gang, they have gone back to the natural round. To avoid this they *have* to push against their instincts. They *have* to put down the unconscious,

elemental Feminine and let conscious masculine ideals rise in their lives.

But this development is not the end of the story. The more successful the ego is through the years in cutting free from the unconscious natural round and establishing its own kingdom in the realm of consciousness, the closer it draws to its own Armageddon. The further consciousness goes while out of relationship to the unconscious, the more it begins to extend itself beyond what underlying life can support. Not that this is an inherently bad thing. The state in which purely conscious development has gone too far is simply the end-time of the second stage of human life, which is the stage of one-sided masculine development. This stage is never going to stop short of overreaching. It is always going to push on to this point; and then it is time for the correction.

WHEN WE REACH this end-time as individuals—usually we are in our forties and we call it the midlife crisis—we have three choices for how we will respond. Our first choice is *super-repression*. We can hang on to our high ideals and pile up all the furniture in our inner house against that door of the

unconscious that is trying to open, that is bulging with the life force that wants to break out and restore equilibrium. This will produce a tight and distorted individual life that darkens the other life around it. Think Darth Vader, “Dark Father,” the character in *Star Wars*: he is almost a machine, so much life has been repressed in him.

The second choice is to do a *flip-flop*. Jung has a long word for this, “*enantiodromia*.” It means that something flips over and the other side comes up. This is a very common way in which people deal with the unconscious. Just flip it over and do the opposite. In this alternative, the person caves in to the emerging life force without applying consciousness to the situation. The ego’s ideals and principles are completely overthrown as the repressed life force rushes in. This is the preacher who runs off with his secretary.

The third alternative is *transformation*. In this the person hangs on to ego consciousness and high ideals and at the same time allows the door of the unconscious to open. He courageously faces what flows out, using all his ego strength to recognize and understand what he is experiencing. Within that flow of life that is now being

consciously faced are troublesome forces, like the in-love feeling that the preacher has for his secretary and other things that we would call the shadow. But also in that same flow is the hidden instinct for wholeness that is the sacred Feminine. This is *a natural process imbued with divinity that is there to help us resolve the tension between ego ideals and the troublesome forces of life—and to resolve that tension in a God-centered way that preserves and strengthens love and creates wholeness*.

WHY IS the sacred Feminine, the instinct for wholeness, hidden? Or to use the language of *The Da Vinci Code*, why is it a secret? It is said to be hidden because it *seems* to be hidden, not because it really is hidden.

It is actually right in front of us all the time, but it takes a strongly developed consciousness to see it. It is important to note the pattern here: unless the Masculine puts down the elemental Feminine in the second stage of life and gets strong on its own, it will not be strong enough in the third stage of life to open the door and face what is going to come out of the unconscious. For this we need an ego consciousness that has enough strength

to stand before the free flow of the life force and really look at it and really seek to understand it. We need an ego consciousness that is strong enough not to run in fear when it sees in the flow of life an intelligence and purpose and creative ability that exceeds the ego’s own conscious understanding.

By standing and facing this truth, the ego has to acknowledge that the ego itself is not the most powerful force in its own personality. For the ego, who up until now has been king, this is death, death as the master of its own realm. But because it dies, and *only* because it dies, it can be reborn as a new kind of ego that bows its head to the greater master who lives within its own house, not up in heaven but here on earth, in the things that happen both inside and outside.

So *The Da Vinci Code* is right: there really is such a thing as the sacred Feminine. And yet nowhere in the book is there so much as a clue that the sacred Feminine is the author of this death and rebirth, this transformation of the ego that happens when the secret of the sacred Feminine becomes known. Nor, of course, is there any clue that this powerful inner event can only



Diana McKendree

happen individual by individual, as one by one each person's ego becomes strong enough to face it.

THE SECOND TRUE POINT made by *The Da Vinci Code* is that the sacred Feminine has been repressed by the institutional Church. This is obvious on the face of it. The institutional Church, on the whole, does not even know about the transformative process of the sacred Feminine as I have just described it, much less does it teach about it or help people find their way to it. But before we attribute this omission to a diabolical plot by the Church against the Feminine, let us look at it in the greater context of Western Civilization.

If we take a quick tour of the prehistory and history of the Western world, we can see that it follows the same stages of growing consciousness that we see in individual life. In the earliest days of human life in the West, before the rise of civilization, the balance of life and idea, of Feminine and Masculine, was heavily weighted toward the Feminine. For early man the challenges of basic physical life overshadowed and dominated any ideas that arose. This was the heyday of the elemental Feminine. The goddess religions arose and grew great during this time, especially toward the end of this period.

It was only with the invention of writing that the idea side of life, the masculine side, could start to gain some ground. Without writing there is no way to compare anything and no way to conserve and amass knowledge. Writing was invented around 3000 BC, and with that civilization took off and began to go. By the time of Christ, widespread consciousness was beginning to make real progress. The Greek philosophers were in full swing; we already had Aristotle and Plato. In tandem with this development, and directly related to it, the goddess religions were fading in strength, and monotheism was rising to highlight and support the masculine principle of ego consciousness and the high ideal. As this development moved on through the early centuries of the Christian era, the great human project was to rise above mere instinctual life and free the human for reflection and thoughtfulness. This meant a campaign of suppression of the elemental feminine principle throughout the Western world so that the human ego could grow strong and high ideals could be sought. The Church played an important role in this campaign by stressing the importance of the individual and by preaching high ideals.

Two thousand years later, the Church is still playing the role it has always played, and this traditional role still helps many people who are at the stage of trying to rise above the downward pull of elemental, instinctual life. This may be, in large part, why Christianity thrives so today in

GUIDELINES FOR CENTERING PRAYER

1. Choose a sacred word (or simple attention to your breath) 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 attention to breath) 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 attention to breath).
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.

One needs a willingness to be exposed to the unconscious. This requires some courage and persistence.

Thomas Keating, *The Human Condition*

Diana McKendree

the Third World, where literacy is just now becoming widespread and the chance for ego development is only just now appearing. But in the Western world, the stage of one-sided development of the masculine principle has gone on for a long time, and it has begun to create more problems than it can solve. Western ego development has grown so strong and become so disconnected from the reality of life that it has produced a number of dire, planet-wide crises, such as global warming and the ever present nuclear threat. The magnitude of these problems is enough to indicate that one-sided masculine ego development in Western civilization has reached a stage that is comparable to the midlife crisis in an individual.

As a culture, we now have the same three choices that an individual would have. We can go into super-repression, and some people are going this route: this is

the rise of fundamentalism. We can flip-flop, and many are going this route: this is the rise of hedonism and the growing deterioration of the social order. Or we can choose transformation, and a small but increasing number of people are feeling their way along this route: this is where the rising interest in dreams and inner work comes from, both in the culture at large and within the Church.

THIS BRINGS us to the third true point made by *The Da Vinci Code*, which is that Jesus himself did not repress the sacred Feminine. There are many ways I could make this case, but I will focus on the argument that seems to me to be most simple and clear. For this we will look not at Jesus per se but at Christianity at the moment of its birth.

From the absolute very beginning of Christianity and on up to the present day, there has been an enduring constant among all the variants of this religion. That enduring constant is that in order to be a Christian, a person must be baptized. Now, what is it that makes baptism so important? According to the words of Paul, recorded in our very earliest Christian documents, one becomes a Christian in baptism by going down beneath the water and dying there with Christ and then rising up again, re-born with Christ, transformed, just as Christ was transformed in rising from the tomb. Both the tomb and the water are understood to be a kind of womb from which new life is born after death has been suffered.

Let us look very closely at exactly what the image of this ritual is saying to us. Water is universally a symbol of the unconscious, and the unconscious is the feminine realm. So to become a Christian we must go down into the unconscious, into the feminine realm, and die. The symbolic death in baptism obviously represents the death of the original, ego-centered ego, and the symbolism of rising transformed to new life obviously represents the emerging of the new ego that has bowed its head to the greater master in its own house. As Paul himself puts it, "It is no longer I who lives, but Christ who lives in me." The "I" who no longer lives would be the original ego.

So at the forefront of Christianity for all this time we have carried, hidden in plain view, the secret of the sacred Feminine. But before we could see it and recognize it for what it is, we had to need it. It had to be relevant. And for many of us now, we *do* need it—it is relevant. For many of us, the mere ritual of baptism is not enough anymore. We need more than the image, more than the idea, more than the unconscious action. We need the actual experience of immersion and death in the waters of the unconscious and the actual resurrection as transformed human beings. We need the fifteen-year

version of baptism, not the fifteen-minute version.

That is not to say that the ritual version of baptism is without value. It has very great value, and the Church must keep offering it. Like a dream that is not analyzed, the ritual does do a certain amount of good for the individual on an unconscious level—all ritual does, if it is good ritual. For broad collective consciousness, the baptism ritual carries a crucial image of the underlying reality that it symbolizes. It has kept that image before the Christian community for 2000 years, and it must continue to keep it before us. But at the same time, the Church needs to open its eyes to the deeper implications of the baptism ritual and claim that territory for its own. It is the territory of the Church. And the recognition of this is beginning to stir.

SO, WHY DREAMS? Why us? Why now? I hope it has become a little clearer what we are up to in this small but growing movement of Christian dreamwork.

Why dreams? Because dreams are, to quote Freud, "the royal road to the unconscious." They are our most direct portal to the living voice of the sacred Feminine. As Carl Jung put it, "Every night a Eucharist."

Why us? Because we are Christians, and our religion is dedicated at its very heart to transformation through the sacred Feminine.

Why now? Because the old era of one-sided devotion to the masculine principle is drawing to an end in our part of the world. A transition in consciousness is on the horizon. The reality of this transition is beginning to penetrate the collective consciousness of our time, galvanizing the imaginations of millions of readers of a second-rate novel that catches, barely catches, a glimmer of the emerging truth. It is this major shift in human consciousness that has gathered us here today. This sacred Feminine thing wants to happen. It is happening to us. It is grabbing us up one by one and gradually winning us over in our devotion to its transformative action in each of our lives.

Danielsville, GA *Joyce Rockwood Hudson*

☐ The idea of the hidden aspect of the Feminine and the need for advanced ego consciousness in order to see it comes from C. G. Jung's *Flying Saucers*. The idea of two levels of feminine reality, the elemental and the transformative, is from Erich Neumann's *The Great Mother*.

Joyce Hudson is the author of NATURAL SPIRITUALITY and the editor of THE ROSE. As she heads toward the end of her fifties, her monkish tendencies are intensifying. She dreams of great stretches of solitude, of time to read and to write. Husband, dog, and cat do not count as interrupters of solitude—fellow monks all. Sunday afternoon dream group at Emmanuel Church in Athens doesn't count either—what would she do without it? And she loves the dream conferences. But beyond that . . .

Dreams and Addiction

This article is excerpted from a much longer lecture given at the Haden Institute's SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE, Kanuga Conference Center, June 26–July 1, 2005.

“Our struggle is against the forces of evil in heavenly places.”

Ephesians 6:12

IN THE LETTERS between Bill W., founder of Alcoholics Anonymous, and Carl Jung, whom Bill W. credits with helping him with the first step of the Twelve Steps, Jung writes:

The craving for alcohol is the equivalent on a low level of our spiritual thirst for wholeness. I am strongly convinced that the evil principle in this world leads the unrecognized spiritual need into perdition if it is not counteracted, whether by real religious insight and experience or by the protective wall of human community. An ordinary man not protected by an action from above or isolated in society cannot resist the power of evil.

What is true for alcohol is true for all addictive substances and behaviors. I am a recovering food addict. The addiction started in my teens, forty years ago. I work with women who are recovering cocaine, methamphetamine, heroin, and alcohol addicts—women, in this case, who are pregnant or have just given birth. They live in a residential treatment facility called Arkansas Cares, run by the Department of Psychiatry at the medical school of the University of Arkansas. We have dream groups there. My dreams are helping heal me. Their dreams are helping heal them. Priest and prostitute, therapist and stripper, addicts all: the ego leveled to the ground with failure in addiction.

My cost in this, and my pattern, was that I would gain fifteen pounds and I would diet it off, gain fifteen pounds, diet it off. That sounds like an innocuous pattern common to many women in this culture. But you should see the pictures from my dreams that show how the soul feels about having its energy tied

up in extra eating and dieting. You should see the violent images of how that is *actually* experienced by the soul. The costs to the women at Arkansas Cares, many of whom are prostitutes and strippers, *their* costs: murder, jail, rape, loss of children to the courts, and on and on. Their dreams: “I am at my own funeral.”

The brain literally changes in addiction. A year or two ago, before I knew of the new research that supports this, I had a dream that said, “The brain is scratched in addiction.” I took that dream message as a reminder to myself that there is something so fundamentally changed and damaged in addiction that I need to be very aware, as a recovering addict, that my brain will occasionally tell me to do something that I absolutely do not need to do.

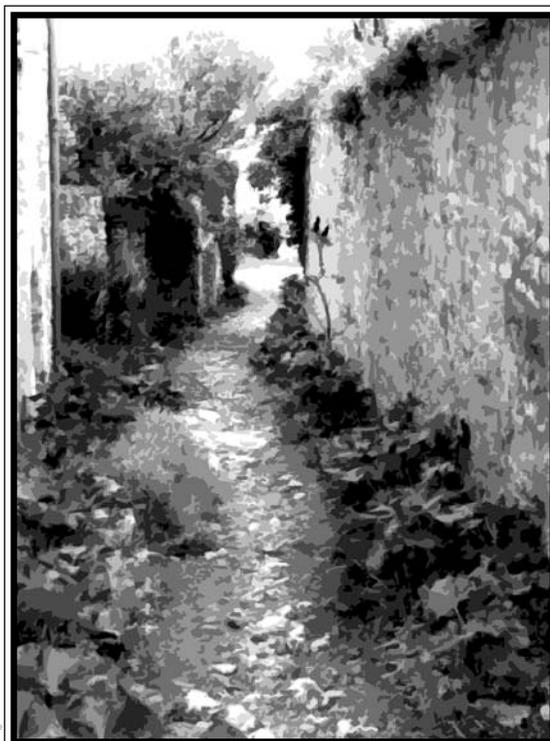
“Our struggle is against evil in heavenly places.” In addiction the ego cannot surrender to the Self. The Self may be saying again and again, “This is what I want from you—no excess food, no drug use,” but the addict’s ego is not able to act on these directives. Dreams, however, are loyal, hardworking, never ending angels to addicts. Dreams for addicts serve many functions, and it is so fabulous to watch God working for us through these dreams.

Sometimes the dreams of addicts simply serve the function of saying, “You’re addicted, you’re addicted.” An early dream of a woman in the Arkansas Cares program, for example, was of a man who kept breaking into her house and stealing her stuff, stealing her stuff. That is a symbol of the addiction, of the energy that is repeatedly breaking in and taking the goodies out of the addict’s life. It gives the addict a heads up about addiction. Further dreams will show a fuller picture. And then the dreams

will give practical ideas about how to get out of the addiction. Now how *way cool* is that? God makes movies for us that say, “Caught by evil, caught by evil,” and, “This is what it looks like,” and, “This is the price you are paying”—and then, “Here’s a way out, here’s a way out.”

Accept with compassion that the brain is scratched in addiction. But also know that the light shines in the darkness, and it can lead you and others on an amazing journey.

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



SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE

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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 souls. We are now seeing a resurgence of respect and honor for this forgotten language of God.

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



KEY PRESENTATIONS 2006: Six Magic Questions for Working Dreams: *Hoss* ♦ Unlocking Dream Images: *McKendree* ♦ Dreams That Help Set Boundaries: *Sims-Smith* ♦ A Christian Toolkit for the 21st Century: *Hudson* ♦ Dream Exploration Through Expressive Arts: *Taylor* ♦ Dante's Divine Comedy & Individuation: *Haden* ♦ Dreams and Our Need for Story: *Hudson* ♦ Color in Dreams: *Hoss* ♦ Dream Theatre: *McKendree* ♦ Dreams and Metaphysics: *Sims-Smith* ♦ Church Dream Groups: *Haden and Hudson*

For more information, contact the Haden Institute: 828/693-9292 / office@hadeninstitute.com

CD Sets: Selected Lectures from the Haden Institute's SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE

THESE CD SETS are available from SeedWork, a program of the Episcopal Diocese of Arkansas. **Prices include shipping.** To order, send a check or money order payable to **SeedWork**, P.O. Box 164668, Little Rock, AR 72216. (Phone: 501/372-2168 ext. 2030.)

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 - 4. Three Church Dream Group Movements (Panel Discussion), *Haden, Hudson, Sims-Smith*
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 - 6. Dreams and Life After Death, *Susan Sims-Smith*
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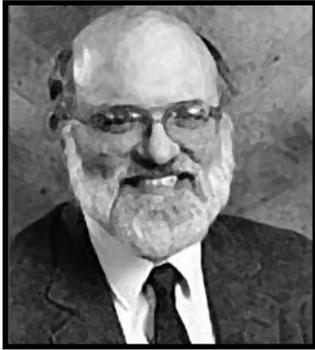
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- 4. Sophia Provides Strength to Surrender to the Self, *Susan Sims-Smith*
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- 7. Masculine and Feminine: Split in the Garden, Healed by Christ, *Larry Maze*
- 8. Dreams and Addiction, *Susan Sims-Smith*
- 9. Children's Dreams and Nightmares, *Jeremy Taylor*
- 10. Dreams of Everlasting Life: The Gospel According to the Paraclete, *Joyce Rockwood Hudson*

Jeremy Taylor on the Importance of the Summer Dream Conference . . .

Excerpted from a lecture given at the Haden Institute's **SUMMER DREAM CONFERENCE**, Kanuga Conference Center, June 26–July 1, 2005.



AS A SPECIES we are grotesquely unconscious, even in our most creative and clear moments. It is our unconsciousness that is driving us like lemmings toward the cliff of disaster.

I do not personally believe that the leaders of world political units and industries get together on

secret conference calls and emails every morning to see how their conspiracy to destroy the planet's ability to support complex life is coming along. But, you know what? They might as well. Because that is the consequence of the unconsciousness of our world leaders. This is no longer a theoretical issue. This is a survival issue for us as a species, this issue of what we are prepared to be conscious about and what we are not prepared to be conscious about.

This is one of the reasons why I am so grateful to Bob Haden for allowing me to come and participate each year in this wonderful conference. Everything I know says that what we are doing here is more important for the salvation of the world than virtually any other activity. That may sound totally strange, but everything I know says this is true. The ability to gather together in community and to withdraw projections on one another and to look, from a consciously spiritual perspective, at the gifts of experience that the dream world offers to us is, I think, the most important act we can perform toward the preservation of the planet and the species as a whole. I know that we are all in much more intimate—we can call it telepathic, for lack of a better word—connection with one another than it appears to be when we are awake. So when people actually get together and begin to do this work, to succeed in it, I believe it echoes back into the unconscious in the same way that the archetypes of the unconscious echo forward into our waking lives. By doing what we are doing, we have a profound effect.

Fairfield, CA *The Rev. Jeremy Taylor*



Jeremy is the author of *Dream Work*, *Where People Fly and Water Runs Uphill*, and *The Living Labyrinth*.

Natural Spirituality Regional Gathering

February 10–12, 2006 (or come for Feb. 11 only)

Mikell Camp and Conference Center, Toccoa, Georgia

OVER 100 PEOPLE ATTENDED the 2005 Gathering. Come join us for the next one. This two-tiered event—a one-day conference within a larger weekend conference—is aimed at natural spirituality veterans and inquirers alike. There will be lectures, workshops, small-group dreamwork, discussions of natural spirituality program issues, introductory sessions for inquirers, meditative movement and contemplative prayer opportunities, worship, and time for relaxation and fellowship. Staff includes **Bob Haden, Joyce Rockwood Hudson, and Jerry Wright.**

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.

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

Weekend fees: ~~\$145~~—dorm [filled] • ~~\$195~~—sgt [filled] • \$95—dorm ("barracks" bed and bath: Spartan but adequate) • \$80—on your own for lodging (includes all meals and activities) • A \$50 reduction in the dorm fee (to \$45) is available upon request to anyone who cannot otherwise attend the conference.



To register, phone Agnes Parker: 706/742-2530

or email Wren Howard: vwrenh@aol.com

Registration deadline: January 27, 2006



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details.*

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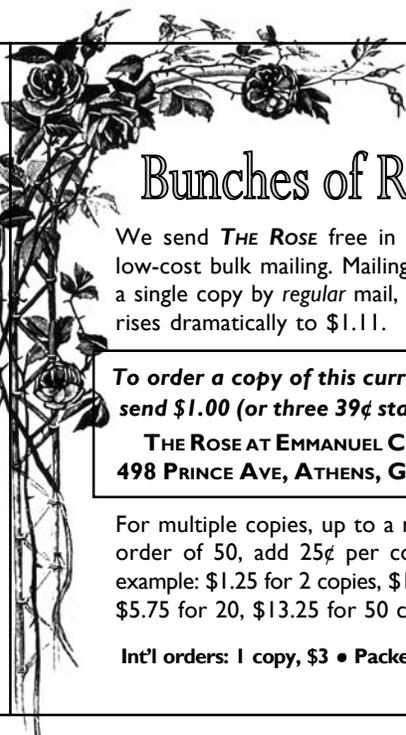
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☐ **Summer Dream Conference, June 11–16, 2006, Hendersonville, NC,** Kanuga
Conference Center. Key Presenters: **Bob Haden, Robert Hoss, Joyce Rockwood
Hudson, Diana McKendree, Susan Sims-Smith, Jeremy Taylor.** For beginning
and advanced journeyers. *See p. 30 for more details.*

☐ **Dream Leadership Training. Next entry deadline: February 1, 2006.** Next
intensive, Kanuga Conference Center, Hendersonville, NC, March 9–13, 2006;
special faculty: **Susan Sims-Smith,** Canon to the Bishop of Arkansas, 25-year Jungian-
oriented psychotherapist, and priest. *See p. 17 for more dates.*

☐ **Spiritual Direction Training. Next entry deadline: March 1, 2006.** Next
intensive, Kanuga Conference Center, Hendersonville, NC, April 20–24, 2006; spe-
cial faculty: **Bruce Baker,** Director of the Mt. Carmel Spiritual Centre, Ontario, and
Carmelite friar. Canada Intensive, Mt. Carmel Spirituality Centre, Niagra Falls, Ontario:
next starting time is October, 2006—register now. *See p. 17 for more dates.*



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