

Dreams & Religion

Since 1982

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Dream Network

A Journal Exploring Dreams & Mythology



I had to chuckle a bit at the Focus for this issue because I had this dream just a few days before I got the latest issue of *Dream Network*. I am a Unitarian Universalist minister and can trace the effect of dreams in my own life and in the lives of those with whom I have shared a dream ministry. Most of the people I have taught have had very little understanding of the impact of dreams on their own or on the world's history, although many are aware on an intellectual level. It amazes me how many people can know "about" dreams, without really knowing them in their own lives.

In light of the chosen topic, I thought I should share the dream with you.

By the way, I have been taking belly-dancing lessons for the last six months and have found it to be a means for spiritual expression. It is "body language" in its best form.



Religious Celebration

*"I am at a huge religious celebration.
It is hosted by Western religions,
but a group of Tibetan Buddhist monks
have been invited to participate.*

It is being held in a huge indoor amphitheater.

*The monks invite belly dancers in the crowd
to participate in the service. They have costumes for them,
full-length robes in bright pink and black. They say they have
about twenty robes and that many belly dancers may
participate. I think to myself that I am not skilled enough to
be one of the twenty, but I'd really love to dance this dance.
I am seated high up on the right side of the theater. Several
women get up—the belly dancers.*

*They are laughing and talking and are of a variety of shapes,
sizes and ages. There are many more than twenty, but they
don't seem to be paying attention to the limit,
so I go ahead and get up too. Now we are dancing.*

*There is a large semi-circle of belly dancers and Buddhist
monks moving around the floor. Some of the belly dancers are
dressed in street clothes, others in the robes the Buddhists
provided and some in traditional belly dance costumes.*

*Leading the dance, in which the dancers are all clasping hands
and moving across the floor,*

*is a very large woman in traditional belly dance dress.
Despite her size, no undue fat spills out over her hip girdle—
she is as solid as a rock and having a great time. We all are."*

Statement of Purpose

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Dream Network

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Our purpose is to raise individual and cultural appreciation for the value of dreams and to disseminate information that will assist and empower us in taking responsibility for our cultural, emotional and spiritual well-being with the help of dreams & mythology. Our goals are to unite and serve those who respect dreams, to empower dreamers in demystifying dreamwork and to assist with the integration of dreamsharing into our culture, in whatever ways of integrity are shown and given us.

We believe that dreams are agents for change and often reveal important new insights about the life of the dreamer, both personal and cultural. Recalling a dream is a signal that we are ready to understand the information that has been presented. Enacting the dream's hint can bring personal empowerment.

We seek to provide a balance and to give all nations, voices and schools of thought an opportunity to be heard.

There will be times when a particular area of interest will be given greater emphasis than another because of the limited space in the Journal and that which is surfacing that is of interest to the readership.

The emphasis will change over time to allow for a wide range of opinions and areas of interest to be explored and expressed.

You are welcome and invited to indicate areas of interest and questions you would like to see explored in future issues.

Dream Network

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Upcoming Focus

for Volume 19 No.4

SHAMANISM

What is the
 relationship between
 Dreams & Shamanism?

Lifeline: 4 Weeks after your
 receipt of this issue.

About Our Cover Artist

The images and visions of artist Ben Schnirel display an obsessive urge to communicate through the mind's eye. Dreamscapes are explored and other-worldly forms unfold within the creative process.

Drawing upon the endless beauty and variety of the desert southwest, Ben recreates the landscape on canvas with a touch of the mystical. He lives and paints full time in a spectacular area along the Colorado River near Moab, Utah.

A professional artist for over ten years, he is the winner of many awards, including the prestigious "Arts for the Parks" competition.

"I have always had very colorful and vivid dreams. They inspire me in many ways to revisit through my paintings the magical places that I see and feel in them."

Ben is available for commissioned works. For further information, contact Mr. Schnirel at
 PO Box 311, Moab, UT 84532.
 Phone (435) 259-2386



Editorial

Many Paths to God, Within

This is one of the most culturally important issues I've participated in manifesting. Being raised in the Catholic church and having gone through many of the processes articulated by Suzanne Nadon in her article *Befriending the Institution* (pg.11), I find the variety of expressions, perceptions and perspectives contained herein to be both inspiring and... contradictory. I actually hope this issue creates a peaceful dialogue, as there is dramatic need for more discussion about dreams and their intrinsic and collective value within and among Christian communities. We have a distinct advantage, given how much we have learned and know about one another, to practice respect and tolerance. Here, we desire for those of various faiths to continue to communicate their views in an open spirit, respecting the many and varied paths to God, within.

To Father Joseph Sedley, Sandy Sela-Smith, Reverends Jeremy Taylor and Daniel Pretchel and all contributors to this focus on Dreams & Religion, I speak for all readers in thanking each of you for having the courage and willingness to speak your truth. I know the dreams and experience you share represent gigantic strides in our quest to evolve a dream cherishing culture. ♥

My Lion Dream, Revisited

In the editorial Volume 19 No. 1, *Dream Network*, I shared a very significant dream and the painting gifted me unexpectedly, as one surprising manifestation of the dream. If you recall, in the early part of the dream, I was hiking with my daughter, who soon disappeared from the dreamscape. Then a Lion-Man appeared... Since it's brief, I'll share it again:

"I am out hiking in redrock country with my daughter. She and I have no exchanges in the dream; she is only 'witness' in the early part of the dream, then leaves the scene. We climb up onto a ledge about 3'-4' wide and immediately, a LION jumps up onto the ledge behind me. As I turn and see him, I immediately think, "I must not feel fear, or he will sense it." So, I put my fear in check and the Lion comes to me, stands on his hind legs and puts his front paws upon my shoulders. We are face-to-face... I am overwhelmed with the beauty and magnificence of this creature! Shortly, he trembles... and transforms into a very handsome man. The man looks me straight in the eye for an extended time, opens his arms and embraces, then kisses me. It was an encounter of Compassion, rather than passion.

Then, there is a 'call' from a distance and he releases me, backs away and (check this!) reaches into his pocket, withdraws a handful of money and hands it to me... then trembles, transforms again into a Lion and runs off in the direction of the 'call.' (end of dream)

Recently, through a series of unfortunate circumstances, my daughter has temporarily 'faded out' of our immediate lives, leaving us with the care of my grandchildren. I had no idea at the time.... Shortly after I had the dream, I wrote Robert Moss,

requesting that he write a letter commending *Dream Network* for a proposal in process. What you see as the first entry in our 'Letters' column (page 7) is his response. He is, in my reality, the Lion-Man in my dream!

I bless the joy and pain of this dreams' manifestations; through both I am deepened and gifted.

Some of you have responded to Robert's letter; your help keeps the candle glowing, is heartfelt and deeply appreciated. I would like to offer you—and anyone moved to respond to this appeal for help—an equivalent number of Gift Subscriptions to *Dream Network* by way of reciprocity. Just one way; there will be others. Please forward names and addresses in time for the Holidays.

This 'fund raiser' is and will be used for creating broader awareness of *Dream Network's* existence and commitment via marketing, and has already provided much needed in-house assistance.

With Gratitude, & In Memory

Two significant passings have occurred since we last published... two individuals who have made exceptional contributions to dream appreciation in our culture have left Earth for greater pastures:

Barbara Shor—a member of the original New York Dream Community initiated by Bill Stimson back in the early '80s, served us as an advisor, and who contributed regularly to *Dream Network* over the years—passed over peacefully two months ago. Wilda Tanner, best known for authoring/channeling *The Mystical, Magical, Marvelous World of Dreams* died just a few weeks ago. Her book continues to be a best seller. She had just completed a ten year project before she passed over, a new book entitled *Mystical, Magical, Marvelous YOU!* Watch for it in the near future

Bessed adventuring, beloved ladies and friends. ♥

Responses

Questions, Dreams & Letters

♥ From ↔ YOU! ♥

WHY WE NEED TO SUPPORT DREAM NETWORK

Dream Network magazine is a treasure, a gift to dreamers everywhere. It is the only magazine I know in North America, and one of the few anywhere on the planet that is wholly devoted to sharing and celebrating the fruits of individual dreamers' experiences. What flows from this, in every issue, are vital and original keys to self-healing and self-understanding, paths for creative living, and fresh and inspiring visions of what humanity may become in the 21st century.

Roberta Ossana, our editor and publisher of *Dream Network*, is a treasure in herself. Her spirit and courage and dedication to dreaming humanity's path have kept this beacon alight through storms and adversities. She needs help in tending the flame. We need to reach deep into our pockets, now, to provide the funds that are urgently needed to keep *Dream Network* in publication. If we reach deep enough, we can do better than that: we can provide the resources to improve the production quality and bring it to many more readers and grow the dream of the rebirth of a dream-cherishing culture.

I am sending a contribution of \$100 to *Dream Network* with this letter. Won't you help too?

May your best dreams come true!
Robert Moss, Troy, NY

(I just HAD to include this piece, albeit not specifically dream related. Editor)

Actual prayers of children

Dear God:

I went to this wedding and they kissed right in church. Is that okay?
Neil

Dear God:

I didn't think orange went with purple until I saw the sunset you made on Tuesday. That was cool!
Eugene

Dear God:

Did you mean for the giraffe to look like that or was it an accident?
Norma

Dear God:

Thank you for my baby brother, but what I prayed for was a puppy.
Joyce

Dear God:

It rained for our whole vacation and is my father mad! He said some things about you that we are not supposed to say, but I hope you will not hurt him anyway. *Your friend, (but I am not going to tell you who I am)*

Dear God:

Please send me a pony. I never asked for anything before; you can look it up.
Bruce

Dear God:

I want to be just like daddy when I get big, but not with so much hair all over.
Sam

Dear God:

I think about you sometimes, even when I'm not praying.
Elliott

Dear God:

I bet it is very hard for you to love all the people in the world. There are only four people in our family and I can never do it.
Dan

Dear God:

Of all the people who worked for you, I like Noah and David the best.
Rob

Dear God:

My brothers told me about being born, but it doesn't sound right. They are just kidding, aren't they?
Marsha

Dear God:

If you watch me in church Sunday, I'll show you my new shoes.
Mickey

Do Children 'Inherit' Recurring Dreams from their Parents?

There is one area of dreaming that I am particularly interested in. Recurring Dreams. Not in a general sense but in another sense. Several people I know, once they discover that I am writing this book, have volunteered the information that they have had a recurring dream since they were a child but that their own child has then had and continues to have the same recurring dream.

For instance, my friend, Ginny, has a friend, as you will see who had the same dream as her mother. She says the following:

"My daughter, Emily, now can't remember her dream but one morning I woke her up and while she was surfacing she said that she had had a bad dream and described the recurring dream that I had as a child. *There were pirates sailing round on top of a tall grey tower* (she clearly described Eastbourne gas works, which is what I saw in my dream, but Emily wouldn't have known that!) *firing at her and others* (she could not sense who, but thought it was family) *with canon balls!! The atmosphere was dark and smoky and terrifying.* It was only a short dream but I had it over and over again and now Emily has had it too. She has not yet had it again, but I feel sure she will! When I mentioned this to my friend here, Lucy Colman, she said that she had the same dream as her mother. I can't remember the details but when I see her again I will ask her."

Ginny's friend Laura is also happy to share a recurring dream which she has had.

Laura shares the same birthday as her mother and the same name and they look very alike although

emotionally they are unlike. Laura has had her dream about 50 times over 25 years and so has her mother. *It is all about moving from a house that she really, really loves to somewhere that she does not want to move to.* She experiences overwhelming feelings of grief to leave this house and to move to a new one. The styles of house differ enormously from Victorian to wooden cabins, to glass and chrome. The style of the house is never consistent but the despair at leaving it is.

Can the only explanation be genetic? Or would you explain it in any other way?

Looking forward enormously to hearing your readers' response to this unusual phenomena.

Caroline Kidd, Somerset, England

Dream Software and Cosmic Hardware Updated

First, thank you for publishing "From Within the Womb of a Dream" (*Dream Network* Vol. 19 Number 2, page 11). The artwork chosen was just right! Since this dream, my spiritual software has been updated and the cosmic hardware has been upgraded.

The issue on Sexuality (Vol. 19 No. 2) was very informative. The article "The Archetype of Incest" was well written and explored the taboo, incest in a refreshing manner. The front and back cover artwork is pleasant to look at and the colors in it well suggest the yin and yang of sexual spirituality.

I remember in one issue, *Dream Network* explored the presence of animals in our dreams. The other afternoon, I was power napping and had an overwhelming dream of insect-human morphing. I immediately wrote it down and of course decided to send it to you. I hope you enjoy it and possibly

utilize it in DN.

Have a pleasant summer all, what's left of it and remember to keep breaking through dreams' revolving doors.

*Robert Jude Foresee,
The Bronx, NY*

Surprise

What a surprise it was to find my letter in *Dream Network!* What a treat. Perhaps I'll get some feedback; I'll keep you posted.

My inner work here continues and it is truly remarkable. I have only three months left here before I'll be sent to the halfway house in Austin. The psychologist here is working Hal Stone's *Voice Dialogue* with me, then he will work with my dreams for my last six weeks. I have been given a great gift with all these experiences.

*Thank you! Love and Peace,
Gregg Echols*

The Bible: A Good 'Teacher' for Dreams

I was an army brat and was raised all over the world, so I have had a culture as well as a grammar problem in my choice of words and spellings of English. All throughout my school years, I never made over a "D" in the subject. I am 38 and still can't tell a noun, verb, or pronoun and do lack severely in my spelling ability. This is why I became a Handyman. I can do just about any thing you can imagine except write or communicate. I try to keep my words very small and simple. This inhibits me and what I want to say at times.

I hope this will help in opening our communications.... letting you

know my shortcomings. I have a need to tell what I know and I really don't want to lose credit for it now. I just want to tell people that what I now know is a fact not a theory any more.

Since 1993-94, I have studied dreams on my own and without any help from books or the like. I have documented my dreams and I have learned that the symbols we see are a direct link to events we are going to experience one way or another in the future. After making the discoveries that I have made, I have experimented a lot on my dreams to make more sense of them. I also have many friends share their dreams with me. I started as a non-religious person and had no real ties to God. After a few events, I am now totally convinced there is really a God and He does talk to us. Although what He says is not as clear as I would like it to be, he has taught me a lot about how dreams work. Now please understand this is not the topic (religion) but in the end there is only one book that made sense in full and I now use it to assist me in helping others understand what their dreams are telling them. This assistance actually came from the Holy Bible. It is not, in my experience, like what you would hear in a church. A church does not teach what I now know about the Bible and the real true meaning of what is being said.

This book is only one of many I had researched for information on dreams and visions. I looked to find a foundation and documented facts on dreams and how they worked after certain events had happened to me, so as to put my mind at ease as to what, why and how come. I wanted to know why I was receiving visions as well as dreams and why these visions and dreams linked to my a waking state of mind.

If you have a dream diary and can remember events from your life, and go back re-read your past dreams and the events that have happened to you, then overlay the dreams on the personal events, you will see the events were told in a dream beforehand. When I have talked to people about their dreams, I have not missed an event. Yet at first they all thought I was a nut case. My ability to tell someone just what to look for in their lives has so far been over 90% right. As I try to tell my friends, I am not able to tell you exactly what is going to happen; I can tell what to look for and they are finding the events to match closely to what they had seen in the dream.

I have learned that in recording a dream on paper, people often miss how they felt, or an event was missed and this is what sometimes makes the 'reading' a partial miss. If a dream can be recounted in all the areas, like how people treated you, what the environment was like, and what the persons actions were like, I can without fear say what might happen to them.

After learning the dream realm, I had to find proof that what I now know is a fact; I just could not have been the first one to do this. So in my research, I was led to many books, religions and considerable information on dreams. The best one—after a long process of looking for flaws in the information I was unearthing—is the Bible. I found it to be so extensive that it was mind-boggling. I feel that even in the Christian communities, they do not see it for what it really is.

I am involved in the Christian faith now, but not as they would like me to be. I will show them proof one day that in their Bible, Christ was showing people how it was done without actually saying it out front. His choice of wording

was hard to understand for me when I was growing up. But now, after I have learned just what dreams are made of and how they work, I can say without fear that no matter what someone says about God or how He talks, I know that if we listen to Him our knowledge is increased and our understanding is great.

I would like you to know I am not trying to preach, but no matter how I write, it makes me look like I am trying to preach a religion or a faith. This again is not the case. I refer to the bible only because it has the clearest facts on dreams and how they work for me.

I have found over 172 references in the Bible relating to dreams and visions. I have been to many churches telling pastors and ministers and teachers of the Bible and am rejected most of the time... but this does not and will not stop me from telling people what I know. With dreams, I can tell what a person is like inside and what they are going to live through by the events told in a dream.

For now, I will close and I hope some of this makes sense to you. I am in need of friends and I hope and pray you see the heart in what I am doing and wanting to do for people as well as for my self.

Until the next time PEACE,
EMERALD
alphastaromega@hotmail.com

* ❁ * ❁ *

Little Response & Heartsick

I wanted to write you last month to thank you for sending me Charles De Beer's book, Dreams: Allegorical Stories of Mystical Import. I gratefully appreciated it.

The reason I had waited so long was so that I could make this letter a double thank you. When I received the last issue of the *Dream Network*, I was really surprised to

see that my letter had been published. After I read the letter a second time, a realization came upon me that I may not have enough envelopes to deal with all the letters I would have to write in response to all the letters that I would receive. I anticipated the letters to start rolling in about a week after I had received the DNJ, and my excitement grew.

As of this writing, not one DNJ reader out there, besides those I mentioned in my last letter, had written me. I was expecting an outpouring of compassion and encouragement and I received nothing but the same cold rejection that I have received in the 37 years that I have been living.

I understand completely that it is not your fault or your problem and I do thank you for publishing my letter. I'm just disappointed that my faith in people has to take one more devastating blow. You would think that a group of people who are interested in transforming the world and their lives would jump at an opportunity to help uplift one of life's downtrodden. Not even one letter! If you could only know how barren that makes me feel. I have since given up on receiving any letters from any DN readers and I will choke down one more of life's disappointments.

The only question I have is: will the experience make me a stronger person or help push me into a cold hard person? I don't know. Time will tell.

Where is the compassion in spiritual seekers? Once again, I thank you for all you have done for me and apologize for writing such a distressful letter... but I do need some kind of outlet for my dismay so that it does not overwhelm me.

Edward Huggler #241225 M.C.I.
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Columbia, SC 29230-3173

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Gratitude

Just writing to thank you for sending the Charles de Beer books, described in a recent *Dream Network* article. I'm grateful that you had it published!

I'm new to *Dream Network* and also this dream recording and studying, so I really appreciate your display ads about dream related books and other products and services. Also value the Book Review section.

In the last issue of *Dream Network*, I especially liked the article by Jeremy Taylor. I would like to hear more about dream groups. Overall, a terrific issue! Lots of creative art work and articles. Matter of fact, I read each issue over several times within the quarter. Again, thank you.

Fred Hastert, Escondido, CA



Thoughts from a Catholic Priest on Dreams

I'd like to share some of my thoughts and feelings on dreams and dreamwork. Dreamwork has always been a special place to meet God in most ethnic and religious traditions from the Ancient Egyptians, Native Americans, the world of the Bible, and most certainly in mainstream Christianity.

If you want me to do another article, I'd like to do it on dreams in the lives of the saints in the Catholic Christian Tradition, because it is this with which I am most familiar.

I often meet Christians, Catholics, who know nothing of our great Traditions in dream work. And I meet others—and this ignorance pains me terribly—who believe the Catholic Church forbids dreamwork.

They probably got that from a narrow-minded and/or ignorant clergyman or someone who was supposed to represent our tradition.

Whatever... dreamwork has been a special gift of God in my life. And it came to me through our Catholic/Christian tradition while studying at Notre Dame in Indiana some 25 years ago. I can't take responsibility for others' ignorance. I can only deal with my own issues and follow the lights I have, which mainly come from the riches of my Catholic/Christian tradition. That's not to say there isn't a dark side to that tradition. I have found that wherever human beings are—even in the best of circumstances—there is a dark side.

I meet with cynicism, incredulity most often not from religious areas but from the rationalistic, product-efficiency oriented, mechanistic, materialistic, success-oriented, fast-paced, non-spiritual, highly extroverted society and culture we live in. A culture, incidentally, which I love. I enjoy its benefits but love it enough to look at it also with a critical eye.

Affectionately, Father Joseph Sedley



Our 'Response' column is the place to ask your questions, state your perspectives, share your inspirations and dreams or even create controversy!

We DESIRE to meet your needs and Urge You to Give Suggestions, Critique, Share Dreams and Ideas for Future Issues!

Please send one or all of the above to: **LETTERS % DNJ**
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Befriending the Institution

The Christian Tradition & Dreamwork

©2000 By Suzanne Nadon

I woke up this morning from a frightening dream:

My brother has joined the army. When he tells me this I grieve deeply for him, for his family, for how I will miss him as my neighbor, as my lifelong friend. It feels as if he has sold his soul to the devil. His death feels imminent. Only later in the dream do I ask him "WHY, why have you given in to the institution?"

My brother is a 44 year old creative genius, an inventor, an engineer with ecological consciousness, a craftsman who lately has built houses and beautiful things with wood. He's always done "his own thing," a new age model of self-actualization. In short, he's the last person on earth I would have imagined interested in army life.

The strains of "Why?" echo in my soul, and through my tears, I listen for his answer. "It is time now to bring everything I have learned into the world. In the army, when you join in mid-life, you are assigned to do the work that you have achieved mastery in so far. With the army, I will be designing and building houses all over the world, for people who need them and who will appreciate their ergonomic, economic and ecological design." By "joining the army" he was rejoining the collective world, but with the consciousness and creativity of an emancipated soul. He was promised that by joining up, his creativity would be recognized, used and promoted by his new "employer."

Dreamwork with my partner this morning yielded many insights. I too have rejoined the collective, by choosing to enter Christian seminary after a 15 year start

to my adult life as an atheist, and another 15 year exploration of Aboriginal religion, Goddess spirituality, spiritual dreamwork and creation spirituality as it is practiced the world around. I studied and practiced a syncretistic faith including all the above mentioned, plus Buddhism, tantra-ism, spiritualism and more. I dove into Jung. I read tarot cards, and consult the I Ching regularly. I, too, shocked many in my community, when I chose to offer myself for ordination in the Christian faith. It was seen by some as a return to the faith of my childhood, by others a sad regression, by yet others as a step forward in the actualization of my spiritual work.

In this dream, my soul was telling me that I am still not totally comfortable in the "institution" (both the army and the church) whose historical legacy includes death. This view of the institution is not new to my naturally anti-authoritarian personality, there must be a deeper meaning. The more uncomfortable message that this dream was begging me to hear was that the institution, for an emancipated soul, CAN and WILL be the vehicle for the manifestation of a new world.

When we are in touch with God's personal voice and with our own creativity, when we have begun and completed some of the healing of earliest wounds, and are not subject to the winds and vagaries of the power-based systems of the institution, it becomes the vehicle of transformation for the community.

What can I say? I felt called to the Church. It feels right to be there. A dream twelve years ago called me to consider myself a "United Church Shaman." It was

promising me that I could best continue my dreamwork, my spiritual counseling, my teaching and my learning within traditional ministry. Since then, I continue to meet many people still uncomfortable with the working of dreams in the context of a Christian life.

When one looks at the tradition on the whole, this fear (of dreams and the mystical) is revealed as purely man-made. There is a long and rich tradition of dreamwork in the Judeo-Christian scriptures. Yet especially since the iconoclastic reformation, dreamwork has fallen out of practice, has become stigmatized, has fallen out of favor with 'Church fathers.' We see this today in the fear some people have of doing dreamwork as if it is the tool of the devil. The shadow of our past is still upon many.

I remember seeing a client for spiritual counseling who consistently brought me her dreams which were rich with metaphor about the life transitions she was facing, yet she feared "believing in them" in case they were of the devil. She is like the person who is starving even while facing a banquet table laden with rich and delicious foods, fresh and ripe for the taking, free for the asking. Would she choose to stand there and starve?

The fires of the inquisition burn powerfully in the superego of many Christians today. Our hearts still bear an inquisitorial injunction against soothsayers, diviners, sorcerers, fortune tellers who are linked with dream workers most explicitly in some passages of the earliest scriptures. In Daniel, for instance, it is the diviners that bring the dreams to the court (Daniel 4:7). In the story of Joseph, the Pharaoh of Egypt sends for the "magicians and wise men" to find an interpreter of his dreams (Genesis 41:8). Though kings and prophets were revered as those to whom God would speak in dreams, what we remember today is likelier to be the warning against diviners and dream believers: "Do not suffer a magician (sorcerer, witch, soothsayer, diviner, ergo dreamworker) to live" Genesis 22:14.

Increasingly, however, in small

oases of renewal in the Christian Church, the light of a new dreamwork is casting out the dark shadow of the inquisition's fear of the supernatural. Along with a more mystical appreciation of life, working dreams is gaining favor among the faithful. The whole human race is evolving, quickening, drawing from higher levels of conscious thinking and being. The Church is no exception. Many of us, each in our individual faith journey, have mirrored the three main movements in the history of the people of God: 1) from ancient, primitive, mythopoetic and 'superstitious' mind sets, to 2) rational 'common sense revolution' scientific-era modern thinking (when dreamwork suffered its darkest fate), and more recently, 3) for some we are beginning a foray into a pluralistic post-modern time of re-enchantment within our spiritual traditions.

It is with a post-modern mind set that we learn to evolve a dream cherishing culture. This new era appreciates dreams, tolerates the chaos inherent in the spiritual journey as it takes us through our depths, seeks enchantment by valuing the mystical as the flesh over the dry bones of science and reason. It draws from the mystical and the supernatural in a totally new way, through the vehicle of symbolism, thanks to the emergence of spiritual and depth psychology. It yields a greater tolerance for pluralistic influences and the intermarriage of various traditions.

A post-modern mind is likelier to speak of dreams as the voice of the Holy Spirit, a message from God, being touched by an angel. Have we regressed to the primitive mythopoetic mind set of the ancients? Not really. The psychologically astute mind of the 21st century understands the metaphorical and symbolic import of the language we find in scriptures. I am more comfortable today with angels on account of my understanding of archetypes; I hear the voice of God as that of the transcendent Self in our lives; I appreciate Christ as the imminent presence of the "new human" within me seeking

manifestation in my daily life; when I read about the Devil, I understand it as the personification of our collective shadow. The journey of individuation has taught me to speak to the Divine which resides deep within me, not just to adhere to the words of a priest or dogma which lives outside myself as "objective truth."

Individuation and the healing journey takes us out of the puppet stage where we are pulled this way and that by the strings of our complexes and early life traumas, and ushers us into life as a puppeteer who follows a script written by a loving God. What is the script, you ask? It is wisdom, Sophia, Truth itself as it was revealed to our prophets, in the life of Jesus, in each and every one of our lives too.

Today the spiritual travelers who take the journey seriously will most likely meditate on their dreams, seek God's will for their life, and give thanks for the message seeping up from the subconscious mind and emerging into consciousness. You'll know the signs of this life in the Spirit by its fruit: peace, gentleness, generosity, healing, creativity, service to others.

Since to most practicing Christians, scripture is a voice of authority, it is important to note that with reference to dreams in particular, (and not sorcery, divination, or other 'offshoots' of mystical shamanism in the early Jewish-Babylonian culture) dreams are very clear voices of the Divine, inspiring kings and ordinary people to seek God with all their heart, soul and strength, and to serve and love their neighbor as themselves. There are 113 references to dreams, dreamers, dreaming, or dreamed in the NRSV1 Bible, and at least a hundred more if you include "visions." There are very few derogatory words about dreams themselves in scriptures. Dreams guide, inspire, warn, plead, speak of the deeds of the past, predict the outcome of certain events if the dreamer does not heed the message of the dream. Today we understand how scriptures themselves are the collective dream of

Christians yielding story after story of our deliverance from alienation and despair into our destiny in a community of love.

God regularly comes to prophets and kings in dreams. The young Joseph was gifted with the ability to interpret dreams. He was summoned out of the bowels of the Pharaoh's prisons when the ruler heard of his extraordinary gift. Joseph says to the Pharaoh: "It is not I [who interprets dreams]; God will give Pharaoh the answer." The answer to dream interpretation is a gift from the transcendent realm, from outside ourselves, from God, from what Jungians call the Self (not the personality based self). If we worked this biblical story as a dream, we can say that out of our connection to God, our acceptance of each of our God-given gifts, we too will be lifted out of the dungeon through our creativity, and brought into the companionable presence of the King.

Another Joseph, the earthly father of Jesus, is told in a dream to take Mary to be his wife, even though she has already conceived. "Trust that the Spirit is at work in this conception" he is asked to believe. Later he is warned to flee his native land, to travel to Egypt to escape Herod's wrath against the newborn "king of the Jews." God repeatedly protects life through the intermediary of dreams. How many times have we been asked to accept in our lives what the world would condemn? This story teaches us to accept that some things are "conceived by God" in a way that does not fit our human pictures of what is valuable and what is not. Even if the world seeks to condemn us for following "the way," God is with us, we are not alone. I have made radical changes in my life at times, favoring simplicity over corporate ladder climbing, poverty over wealth, obedience over mastery, and

peace over the excitement of interesting liaisons, strengthened by this promise.

The whole of the book of revelations is a dream, by the Apostle John, speaking of the apocalypse and decline of human power, and an emergence of a new age when "God is within" a new people. Life in a new heaven and a new earth is experienced by survivors of early trauma,

conscious mind. Jungians speak of Christ as the embodiment of the ordering principle in the cosmos, the summa tota of the ethical human, the enlightened one, compassion and wisdom incarnate.

Spiritual travelers have much to draw from in the Christian tradition to support their natural inclination to work and value their dreams. Life lived within a context of frequent

dreamwork is deep and authentic. Dreams can't help but blast through the dogmatic layers of the collective culture, and reach deeper and deeper, beyond the minds of men, into the very mind of God. If life is a journey towards God, dreams are the signposts on the way to this Self-actualization. Today, with dreamwork tools and techniques at hand, dreams are the mediators of the divine in each and every one of us.

My hope and prayer is that the sorry practice of the Church with respect to mystical dreamwork in the last 400 years will be forgiven, seen in context with the whole of the rich tradi-

tion of Christian Mystical appreciation. May the light of God reveal to each of us the beauty, relevance and power of dreams as the voice of wisdom, as the breath of the Holy Spirit which animates all of Creation. ✨



Suzanne is a writer, a muse, an adult educator, a counselor and pastor who lives and practices a "spiritually earthy" psycho-spirituality. Suzanne draws deeply from Jungian Psychology, Creation Spirituality, Feminist thought, Christian Mysticism and teachings from Aboriginal cultures around the world in her work. She has authored four books about her experience of a renewed earth-based culture and published numerous articles in Canadian and American magazines and grass-roots newsletters which focus on transpersonal psychology and a renewed earth centered awareness. She is presently a candidate for ordained ministry in the United Church of Canada. She is married with seven children in a blended family living in Owen Sound, Ontario.



when the past is eventually left behind, the painful healing journey seems a more distant memory, and one's own values are now in line with an inner voice. In my tradition, it is by the grace of God that I have been lifted out of my past, forgiven, cherished and delivered into the blessed present. My spiritual journey has left me without doubt of the presence in the here and now of a God that loves me and ushers me into a new world.

Taken as a whole, the scriptural message about dreams seems to be that there is a reality greater than we can understand which coexists with us in our daily and very ordinary lives. Today, new age philosophy has come to think of this as life in the subtle body, or the etheric realm. Jungians are likelier to speak of the interpenetration of the subconscious collective world with the natural con-

Thirteen Commandments for a Creation Centered Spirituality in the Twenty-First Century

by Suzanne Nadon

Via Positiva

I Beauty Feeds the Soul.

When you are tired, hungry, longing, wishful, or just for the fun of it, feast on something beautiful.

II All beings are Godseed.

The rocks and trees, the plants and animals, the seven continents and the four races of humankind are all growing into greater and greater circles of Godness.

III Time is the greatest commodity (not money, power, fame, or even works of service).

One is rich and experiences abundance in direct measure with the amount of time one has to spend in willfully chosen activities.

Via Negativa

IV To live creatively and passionately is to accept frequent spiritual birth.

Sometimes it's confusing, it's chaotic, it hurts, it isn't fair, and we are very often cold and alone. But if we don't go backwards, there will be loving arms, warm milk and a soft blanket to comfort us.

V There is light at the end of every tunnel.

Our destiny is to know the dark and to choose to live in the light. Paradox is the Mother of Truth.

VI Peace is the still small voice of heaven on earth.

When in doubt choose the stillest way. Don't just do something, sit there.

Via Creativa

VII God is a holy trinity of Father, Mother and their Child.

God is Yang, Yin and Wholeness; or Spirit, Matter and Creativity. God is not one of three, but all three in one. What one does with any of these three, one does unto God.

VIII As within, so without.

Whatever we refuse or are unable to work out spiritually will manifest externally as fate. Whatever vision one lives by spiritually will manifest externally as well. Always act "as if." The Universe is dying to unfold through us. To evolve it has no choice.

IX The Cosmic God seeks and rewards aesthetically pleasing work with satisfaction, peace and happiness.

Via Transformativa

X Care of the Soul leads to care of the Universe.

XI Perfection and Acceptance must be in balance.

Striving for perfection in self and others (transcendence) needs to be balanced with acceptance of ourselves and each other as we are (immanence), in the faith that we are all created in God's image.

XII Children are our greatest treasure, they are the responsibility of all.

XIII Love is the only thing we can take with us when we leave this planet.

Gods in a Mirror

by Sandy Sela-Smith, M.A., IMHC, CHT

Stanley Krippner, investigator of consciousness, researcher of dreams and myths, author, professor, teacher, and mentor, had much to say about personal mythology. A forward to the 1988 book Krippner co-authored with David Feinstein entitled *Personal Mythology: Using Ritual, Dreams, and Imagination to Discover your Inner Story*, included the following statement written by June Singer:

“Personal myths structure our awareness and point us in the direction that becomes our path. If we are unacquainted with the contents of our personal mythology, we are carried by it unconsciously, with the result that we confuse what exists objectively in the world with the image of the world supplied to us by our own distorted lenses.” (p. xi)

It is not uncommon for a dream to inform the dreamer of some personal myth that is leading him or her down a path not in the best interest of the dreamer or the species. Core beliefs, which combine to make what Singer calls the “vibrant infrastructure that informs our lives,” are perhaps the most entrenched and as such, so difficult to transform. Each person’s sense of identity is so intricately interwoven into these core beliefs, that to even consider a change in such a belief feels tantamount to death. A dozen years ago, I had a dream that challenged me to make such a change. Coincidentally, the dream came to me in 1988, the same

year Feinstein & Krippner published their book.

The dream seems to have been going on for some time, but my awareness of it begins in a very dark hallway.

I am walking slowly toward a door at the end of the hall. It is necessary for my arms to be stretched out on either side of me to feel my way by touching the walls as I move forward. I take each step cautiously, carefully testing the floor in front of me before I put my foot down. I am not watching myself as in most of my dreams, but am the dreamer walking toward what seems to be a large room, perhaps an old attic-like room, not well lit but somewhat lighter than the hall. As I enter the room,

I become aware of what seems to be a freestanding, full-length mirror a few feet in front of me, and in the mirror, I see the image of God. He is enormously tall, and is wearing ivory colored robes.

He is carrying an ancient looking leather-bound book, holding it against his left side with his left arm. The book looks very heavy. Though I try,

I cannot see an image of his face. I feel like a lost child who has been wandering the streets in search of something familiar and finally recognizes her home. I am filled with all the emotions of being lost and found interwoven in the same microsecond. I tell the God in the mirror that I have felt so painfully disconnected from him all of my life, though I have believed in him as long as I can remember. I tell him that I have loved him since I was a small child and I want more than anything to dedicate my life to him. In agony, I bow my head and tell God



in the mirror that I have been so lonely for his love. It feels as if a lifetime of longing is pouring from my heart.

Though I have been speaking with profoundly deep emotion, I become aware that nothing seems to be coming from him. He seems fully detached from what I am expressing. I lift my head

from the bowed position and notice that a second mirror has appeared to the left of the first one with another God in it that looks exactly like the God in the first mirror. The two are mirror images of each other, but I know the two are not the same God. As much as I try, I cannot see this God’s face either. A sense of horror fills me that I cannot recognize which God is real and which is false. I call to both of them

telling them that I want to follow the true God and frantically look back and forth between the two searching for some sign that will tell me which God is real. Somehow I know that I must make a decision as to which one I will worship and which one I will reject. I beg the real God to come out of the mirror and let me know who he is. I wait terrified and in silence for one to come toward me, but neither moves. Somehow I know that if I select the wrong God, I will die. I fall to my knees. I can feel a mournful sobbing filling my entire body and plead for help. I cannot understand how God could put me in such an untenable position of having to make such a life-

threatening choice without being given enough information to choose.

I wake in terror.

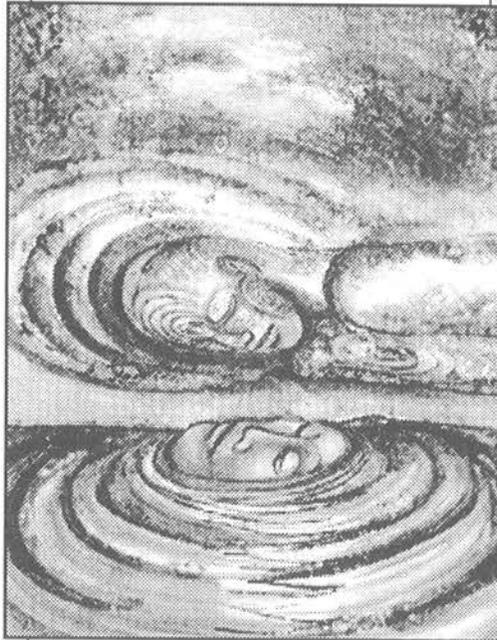
Personal Religious History

I grew up in a small Alaskan fishing town nestled between the foot of majestic Mount Marathon and the shores of magnificent Resurrection Bay. I was raised to believe in Jesus and his love, and to fear God. One of the songs of my childhood Sunday-school experience had a melodic chorus that went something like this: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. All the children go to heaven. When the master rings the bell, all the bad ones go to hell. Another song I learned had these words: If you don't go to Sunday school, you'll grow up to be bad. If you don't go to Sunday school, you'll someday wish you had. If you want the Lord to be proud of you, you'd better start today, cause the ones who miss the Sunday school, are on the downward way. I spent my childhood years afraid that some-how I might be bad and that God would trick me by letting me go to heaven. I would be safe while the bell rang out. But after the seventh ring my badness would be disclosed for all to know because my little hands were not careful enough for what they were doing, or my little feet were not careful enough for where they were going. After all I had heard the warning in another song: Oh be careful little hands what you do. Oh be careful little hands what you do; for the Great God above is looking down with love, so be careful little hands what you do. The Great God who was the God of judgment would see what my hands had done or where my feet had gone and ring the bell and I would go to hell. If I were sent there, I could never return.

The fundamentalist Christianity of my childhood was a religion where God seems to have a split personality. The loving part of him is expressed

in the person of Jesus Christ, God the Son, who came to give me an abundant life, who wanted little children to come to him and who loved all the children. Red or yellow, black or white, all are precious in his sight; Jesus loves the little children of the world.

The other split part of God was the one that ruled creation with cold judgment from a distance. He was the God who had set the date when he



would destroy the wickedness of the world. He was God the father who had already decided when he would come to judge the quick and the dead. On that day, he would spew out of his mouth those who were lukewarm and slay those who were sinners. However, if I believed in Jesus, loved him, and obeyed him, the loving son would stand before me, protecting me from the anger and wrath of his father. There was a subtle suggestion that the validity of my belief in Jesus would be established by my sinless actions for I was to go and sin no more—I was to be holy even as Christ Jesus was holy. But in my child-self's heart, I knew I sinned, and I knew I was not holy. I struggled with the dilemma that if my actions were sinless, I would not need anyone to stand in front to protect me from God

the father. I would need Jesus to stand in front of me if I was sinful but my sinful actions would be proof that I did not believe, love, or obey adequately enough to deserve the son to protect me from the father. As much as I wanted to believe in the God of love, I was terrified of God the father. I was terrified of the bell and of the moment after the seventh ring.

After attending vacation Bible school at a local church when I was still in primary school, I began a practice that lasted for many years. Each night before going to sleep, I carefully placed my shoes in exactly the right position to be able to slip into them in a single movement in case the end of the world would come in the middle of the night. I knew that the end would come when I least expected it, like a thief in the night. I had images of Resurrection Bay churning with boiling steam exploding off its surface and huge burning rocks falling from a blood-red sky and boulders tumbling from Mount Marathon. My only safety would be to run to the mountains and call out to the God of our fathers to save me from destruction. I had gone on hikes up the mountain and knew that there was a whole section that was made

of loose, sharp shale. Running up the mountain would cut bare feet so the shoe placement became the solution to bring some relief to a child frightened to the core.

I knew I was supposed to love the God whose deeds were told in another church song, a God who so loved the world he gave his only son to die on Calvary, from sin to set me free, and I knew that my heart did love God. However, I was terrified of the God who would not only send his own son to die, but could also tell his faithful servant, Abraham, to tie up his little boy, Isaac, butcher him with a knife, and burn him at the stake like a sacrificial animal. He had to do this in order to prove his faithfulness.

I was deeply fearful of a God who killed Job's wife, all their children and his livestock just to prove to the devil

that Job was faithful. The Bible said that Job was rewarded with a new wife and children, but I wondered about the old ones. What made them so expendable, so replaceable? The woman and children must not have mattered at all to God the father if he could kill them for no other reason than to win an argument. It made no sense to my child-self that a God as powerful as the God of our Fathers was supposed to be would have to prove anything to anybody. I knew I was supposed to love God with all my heart, with all my soul, with all my mind. But I didn't know how to love someone for whom I felt such fear. If he could so easily kill his son, and order the death of Abraham's son, and kill all the children of Job, then I figured I didn't have a chance.

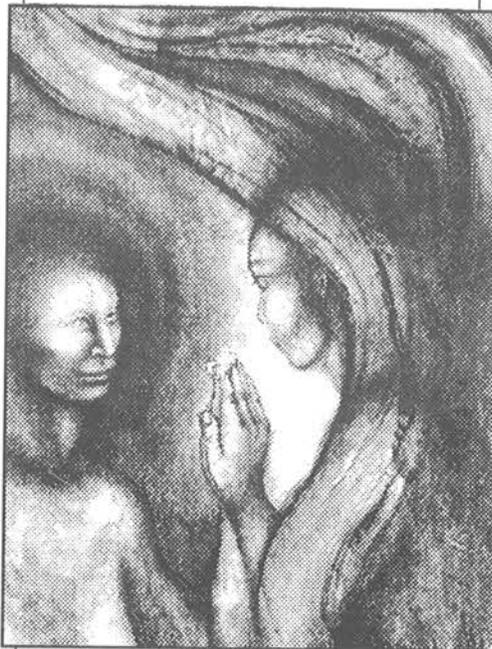
In spite of my fears, for many years I was a faithful servant. I attended church; and became an active member of the church youth group. As an adult, I taught Sunday school and sang in the church choir. But when I was a young adult, I made a promise to God and later broke it. I remembered the warning from the Old Testament that we needed to be wary of making promises to God, for breaking them would mean condemnation, and to me, condemnation meant hell. For a dozen years, I taught in a Christian high school, teaching religious history, leading devotions, and at times giving Chapel presentations all intended to exhort students to seek after the God of our Fathers, all the while believing that I, myself, was already condemned to hell.

Questioning

In the mid-1980s my life began to fall apart and the distant unloving God of my childhood seemed even more distant. The therapist I was working with knew how much my heart longed for connection with the creator of the universe and suggested that I might find a new age church to be a place to heal my heart and find

God. In this setting, I heard about the God of love that more closely matched my sense of the God I sought from childhood. I began to attend regularly and felt as if I had finally found a church home.

From this new perspective of God, there is only God and only good. Everything else is an illusion. When someone lives outside awareness of love, what is created is the experience of hell that is not real.



Other teachings suggest that our thoughts create our reality, so if we are experiencing difficulties, it is our lack of faith in love and our belief in difficulties that cause them to happen.

As I became more involved in the church, it seemed that the judgment of my childhood religion was still present in this new one, and I found that people were as frightened and condemning in one as in the other. Ministers were cheating on their spouses, and the church was suffering from inner conflict and power struggles. I was as sad in the new church as I had been in the old and my heart was still lonely for connection with God. I was also terrified that by questioning my fundamentalist upbringing I had left the God of our Fathers, evidence that I

was already condemned. Though I thought I had found the God I had been seeking, I was to discover that this religion did not possess the God of my search either. It was sometime in 1988, in the middle of this sadness and fear that I dreamed the dream of the Gods in the mirrors.

Lucid Dream: *Transformation of the Gods in the Mirrors*

The dream continued to haunt me. The more I searched, the more disconnected I felt from God, and, yet, the more I felt a deep calling to find the God who created the universe and who loved me. My heart believed in a God of love, but I feared that I had left the God of my Fathers and was chasing after false Gods becoming just another fallen soul paving the way for the Anti-Christ to reap damage on the Earth. The more deeply I investigated my inner world, the more I connected with my psychic abilities, healing energy, shamanic journeying, and multi-leveled dreams that often were prophetic in nature. I saw visions of futures, and dreamed a new path for my life that I took but not without trepidation.

In time, I re-entered the dream and returned to the room with the two mirrors and the images of the two Gods. I stood in front of the Gods in the mirrors and told them that I finally had come to realize that neither was the "true" God. They were both reflections of my own beliefs, and only when I released both would I be able to connect with the One I had been seeking all my life, the One who has loved me from the very beginning. I stood in front of the first image, the one to my right, and asked the part of me that carried the heavy book if she would be willing to put the book down. At first she seemed indignant and even hostile. A child's voice coming out of the God in the right hand mirror began to condemn me pouring out quotations

of wrath from scripture verses I memorized in my childhood. The book was filled with laws and rules that she believed would help her find God. She refused to put the

book down as she continued to chastise me. After listening to her for awhile, I asked her if in all the years she had been carrying the book, following the rules, and judging others as well as herself for breaking the rules, had she found God. She began to sob. Her tears answered my question. I asked her if she would be willing to set the book down now and come to me.

She stepped out of the mirror and collapsed into my arms. I felt such a deep love for this part of me who had been so afraid of breaking the rules that she became the very God she feared. She was the holder of the bell, doing all she could to make it not ring to save me from sure death.

I turned to the image of the God in the second mirror and asked her if she was happy. She smiled and assured me that she was very happy. She told me that she loved me, that she always had. She told me that she loved my father and she understood his agony that led him to do what he had done in his life. She was the personification of innocence and saw the world filled with love.

After careful consideration of her words, I told her that something seemed missing in her belief that there is nothing but good. I asked her what attachment she had to that belief. There was a very long pause. She almost whispered that to see it any other way was to see a universe spinning out of control. If there was both good and bad, and if the God in the other mirror was not the true God with all the answers, the judgment day, and the bell to ring, then it might happen that the bad could win—and all would be destroyed.

She told me that believing only in love felt so much safer. I stood in front of the mirror on the left in silence. This little child had spoken what I had felt for so long but had never had the courage to voice. I had known that to see darkness in the

world would mean that there was darkness in me, and the most frightening thought, darkness in God, which was a thought that had been too devastating to consider. I broke the silence with a simple question. I asked her if it “felt” true that there was no darkness, no badness, no evil. This child part of me began to sob. She had experienced evil being inflicted upon her in the darkness of other people’s fear for her whole childhood and she spent a lifetime blocking awareness of what had happened. The more she understood of everything in our lives being reflections of parts of ourselves, the more she had been able to see her own darkness. She saw within her own actions that goodness could come from a camouflaged need to control and that sacrifice could be subtle manipulation hiding anger. She had wanted so much to believe in her goodness that she too often would not look at the darkness inside. I held out my arms to this part of me reflected in the mirror; she looked into my eyes for what seemed a very long time and stepped out of the mirror.

I held this frightened part of myself close to me and told her that every one of us carries both good and evil from which we can choose, but the more we deny what is in us and in others, the more we become unconscious of what we are choosing. As I rocked her in my arms, I explained that I don’t understand where evil originated, but that I know it exists in the physical world. I told her that I don’t know how to explain God being everything and yet God not being evil. Perhaps when we get to the other side of this life-experience, we will better understand. For now, that is all I could offer to her.

The parts of me reflected as the Gods in the mirrors in my dream had appeared to be so powerful, so demanding, and so sure. They were in such opposition that no matter which I chose, I believed I would surely die. With the embrace of love, the child parts from the mirrors flowed into my heart. As I walked

closer to the mirrors, the two mirrors became one and I saw myself reflected back to me. I looked deeply into my own eyes and saw love and fear, sadness and joy, strength and weakness and the most beautiful light in the heart of my heart, a light that filled me with love so overwhelming that a powerful joyful sound rushed like a geyser from my chest into my throat. It filled my entire body and exploded into the room. I finally was able to see the dwelling place of God, creator of the universe. I knew that the heart of my heart was my eternal connecting place. And more deeply than ever before, I felt God in me. The connection I sought from the time when I was a small child finally happened.

The blackness behind the mirror that had reflected back to me my split images of God began to melt and I watched the image of myself fade away leaving a clear window that became a magnificent opening. It felt as if the weight of thousands of years was lifted off of me. My heart felt so full. Light and love seemed to fill the entire room and flow through the ever-expanding window into the outer-world. I felt love for my years of struggle, for my parents and grandparents, and all those who had formed religions in a hope to find God and all those who rebelled against religions to find God, only to create new images. My heart finally knew that God does not live in religion.

God is not split and does not have a checklist to see if I am good or bad. God did not kill sons, order the death of other people’s sons, or kill wives and children on a whim. The images that had been in the mirrors were two sides of my own beliefs—one inherited from the religion of my Fathers, and the other from a religion formed in reaction to the one I had inherited. I realized that religions and followers of religions have bowed to gods that were images of themselves in their own mirrors, made visible by the darkness behind the glass. For the first time, I felt safe and my child-self realized that she no longer had to put her shoes alongside the bed. ✨

What Does Being a Priest Mean?

I had a date with a girl whom I like a lot. I have very honest intentions towards her and would't do anything to hurt her. Last night, she told me that she would rather remain friends as I was dropping her off, so I didn't get to talk about it or have a reaction. When I got home, I went straight to bed and had this dream.

I am a priest. Outside the church, some members of the congregation and I are having a picnic before a service.

I notice one of my teeth is loose, so I pull it out, and it bleeds everywhere. When I first pull it out it squirts across the whole table.

That's about where I woke up. Normally my dreams are in color, but in this one, the only color was the red blood. I'm also not a religious person, so what could me being a priest mean?

Thanks for your help in understanding my dream,
Travis email: slapnpop@hotmail.com

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The Three Churches

I dream that I am on a street in a small town. There are no houses but in front of me there are three churches side by side.

I am seated outside of the middle church on a bench made of wood and stones. I am waiting for a friend. I am young, in my early 20's and wear a black jacket and red scarf. It is not too cold out but a fresh autumn day with sunshine that is warm. As I wait, I watch people going in the various churches. I am curious as to what is going on inside and why three churches stand side by side. I get up and begin to look inside the middle church. It has large windows in the front like a store and as I take a peek, I see that the interior is filled with foods like a market. People are entering and purchasing food and souvenirs from this church. I find it odd that a church would do such a thing. I watch further and examine people admiring the wealth of products in this church. I begin to walk further to the last or third church on this street. I see that it is old and wooden and boarded up slightly. Not many people are entering it from the front door and I can see that a side door has been opened where people in dark clothes are preparing to enter. Curiosity strikes me once more and I decide to enter this door to see where it leads. As I arrive inside, this church looks more like it has been deconstructed partially and is adjoining something else. I walk down a dark corridor and find myself in some sort of hospital. I enter a room where a man is seated at a large old wooden desk.

He is dressed in black and the room is dim with the window boarded up. This man apparently knows me and tells me to enter through another door. I am not supposed to be in this church and I feel it in my soul. I walk through the next door and find myself in a similar hall to the one that I previously took. As I walk on, I see light at the far end of this narrow corridor. Suddenly a man comes out of a room where I just catch sight of a huge metal vat inside. He is wearing a cloak that seems to be black and crimson in color. He throws his arm around my neck and begins to choke me. I twist myself to be able to better see this attacker fighting him off as best as I can. I call his name out as I am being choked. "ADAM!" I say as loudly as I can. He stops and looks at me, releasing me from the hold. He apologizes to me for mistaking me for someone else and casually walks away. "Adam," I call once again. This time he turns and tells me to go see the first church. He laughs and disappears into a door nearby. I run out of the dark hallway and into the street where the churches were initially. Things are normal here and there appear to be many tourists wandering by. My friend calls out to me and I see her coming up the hill. I explain the events to her as we stroll along. Together we walk to the first church where I look

inside. There are icons in gold and there is a strong smell of incense in the air. I see unusual writing on the wall painted there that looks Greek or perhaps Slavic. I see a sign that says orthodox and I want to enter. As I walk towards the door a man stops me and says "Do you see that sign?" I answer "yes." He says "This will soon be no longer as this place has been bought by another." "There is to be a merging of churches (this was my understanding). He goes on to say that there is a greater power soon to come that will create the third church. I

ask the man how he knows and I see that as I look into his eyes, he is the man from the dark room behind the desk. He is very pale and late in years. As he enters the church in front of me, he turns and blocks the door, locking it before I can enter. I tap on the door but he doesn't allow me an entry and merely says, "go back to the wood and stones." My friend, at this point tells me to follow her. We go back to the middle church and seat ourselves on the bench where my dream began.

Driving by in a red car is Adam. Beside him is the pale man once again, who gestures for me to enter the middle church. I rise and look once again into the window. There is nothing in this church now. It is empty. No one enters it and no one comes out of it. I enter and there is another door that I enter and find myself walking down yet another corridor. This door leads to the endless corridors of the last church. There is destruction here and I hear crying from the many doors I pass.

I look for the room where Adam first came out, but the hallways seem endless and like a maze. At last I find myself at a shipping dock that is open and leads to a nearby alley. There are many people seated around who are young. They look hungry and tired and homeless. I walk out and jump down to the alley. A young man comes up to me and asks me if I have seen Adam. I tell him yes and he asks me why I am still alive? I tell him that I don't know and I ask him why Adam attacked me. The young man will not answer this as he looks around at the others seated with him. He then tells me to go down the alley. I walk along and once again find myself before the three churches on the opposite side of the street. There is no one on the street now but me. I stand before the churches wanting to go once again and look inside them but I cannot cross the road.

There is some kind of force that prevents me from moving forward. Now I am drawn from the view as if I was pulled out of a photograph and find myself standing holding and looking at a rather large picture. I see it is a picture of the bench where I once sat that was made of wood and stone. Behind the bench is nothing at all. My dream ends here. ✨



Art by Rufus Richard

A Christian Reawakening to the Dream

By Daniel Prechtel



Iawaken and find myself on a bunk bed in a dormitory room in Alcatraz Prison. I get up and leave the room while others sleep. The whole place is dark and dismal. I feel desolate and begin wandering aimlessly about the place. I come to a large auditorium and see a woman standing by a lectern. This woman is tall and dressed in a white robe. There is a sense of majesty about her—a numinous quality that does not seem entirely human. I move closer to her and see that she is reading from a large book and says aloud, “May the beauty of the God-seekers be with you.” Then she turns to me and adds, “This is for you.” I feel empowered by those words. I see that there is a stairway and I climb up to a loft. There is a window that is open to the night sky. I remember the words and with a yell that comes from deep within me in response, I leap out the window and fly free.

This dream, coming to me as a young adult, marked the beginning of a yearlong inner journey that reconnected me with my Christian spiritual roots and inner healing. But even more, it initiated a time of learning about the shifting status of dreams and other inner ways of knowing in the western Christianity. I learned that Christianity had once valued dreams for their capacity to reveal the sacred dimension of life. This appreciation gradually eroded after the classical age, and was lost to

the rationalism of the age of the Enlightenment. Finally this spiritual tradition has begun a reawakening to the value of dreams in our time. A quarter of a century has passed since that personal dream plunged me into a new awareness of the reality of the spiritual life and the power of inner symbols to express our deepest truths, fears, and desires. In the intervening years, there has been a slow, cautious movement toward greater mainstream Christian acknowledgment of the value of dreams. We will look at this movement, this reawakening of western Christianity from its great slumber and name some of the ways lay and ordained ministers of this tradition are engaged in creative work with dreams.

The Biblical Tradition

Built into the great narratives of Hebrew scripture are ancient dreams and visions that were regarded by Jewish and Christian faith traditions as revelations of God’s intentions breaking through in human history. In fact, there are far too many dreams and visions of the night in scripture to mention here. In Hebrew scripture we read of dream and visionary numinous encounters with the Holy One by patriarchs, kings, prophets and other special chosen ones. Sometimes, like with Abram’s dream initiating the covenant (Genesis 15) or Jacob’s dream of the ladder to heaven (Gen. 28:10-17), the meaning was directly understood. Other dreams required interpretation because of their symbolism, like Joseph’s two dreams that involved his brothers (Gen. 37:5-11). Some dreams required special assistance from God for their interpretation and Joseph and Daniel appear in Hebrew scripture narratives as gifted in providing special interpretive ability. Warnings occur in various scriptures, though, that discernment is needed in establishing the meaning and value of dreams and visions.

We find fewer direct dream references in the Christian canonical scriptures. In Matthew’s nativity narrative, Joseph has three angelic dreams (1:20-21; 2:13-15; 2:19-20) and the Magi receive a warning in a dream (2:12). When Jesus is about to be crucified, Pilot’s wife has a dream warning against harming Jesus (Mt. 27:19). In the

Pentecost event (Acts 2:16ff.) the apostle Peter saw this as the beginning of a new age where the Holy Spirit will be poured out on people of all nations and dreams and visions will become common, echoing Joel 2:28.

Although few dreams are named as such it is important to recognize that a number of visions also are mentioned in the Christian scripture narratives, like in the Hebrew scriptures, without explanation as to how the revelation was received. So, we can conclude that in biblical tradition there is recognition that dreams can be the medium through which divine revelation is known. Further, it is important to seek discernment of the underlying source of the dream, whether it is truly from God, and discover what meaning the dream holds for the individual or the community.

Classical and Medieval Views

Early Christians of the classical age continued in the approach to dreams that has been discussed from biblical experience. Many of the writers include their own dreams as sources of personal wisdom and knowledge in their narratives as well as comment on biblical dreams. Greek classical cultural influences of Plato and the healing cult of Asclepias supported the understanding that dreams could be a channel of spiritual revelation and health. Aristotle challenged the dominant assumption of the ancient world that dreams came from the gods. His view was that dreams are a natural process. Humans are in contact only with the physical world that is learned about by sensory experience and ordered by use of reason. This theory, not popular in his time, gained respect in the late Middle Ages.

Jerome's (c. 342-420) great contribution of translating the Bible into the Latin Vulgate included a major mistranslation of Deuteronomy 10:18 which turned the law, "You shall not practice augury or witchcraft" into "You shall not practice augury nor observe dreams." This was to negatively influence the valuation of dreams. Gregory the Great (c. 540-604) held in the Dialogues that since "dreams may arise from such a variety of causes, one ought to be very reluctant to put one's faith in them, since it is hard to tell from what source they come. The saints, however, can distinguish true revelations from the voices and images of illusions through an inner sensitivity." In a time of increasing superstition and cultural decline, Gregory's ambivalence and the Vulgate's influence began to erode the value of dreams in Christian thinking and experience. This erosion increased with the rise of Scholasticism in the twelfth century and the appropriation of Aristotelian concepts. Thomas Aquinas' understanding was shaped by Aristotle's view of dreams but also by biblical narratives about dreams as a channel of divine revelation and this ambivalence was expressed in his Summa Theologica. Morton Kelsey summed up Aquinas's approach to dreams: "The general attitude is that dreams are dangerous and rarely

give us an experience of the Divine."

Age of Enlightenment and Rationalism

The emphasis on reason continued until the rationalism of the Enlightenment era left no place for ongoing divine revelation and dreams within that narrow definition of reality. The ascendancy of reason had, to be sure, been a powerful and useful tool in overcoming medieval superstitions. But with rationalism, there was no understanding of the dynamic power of symbols and therefore no room for dreams. There were some leaders, although a minority, who still saw the positive link between religion and dreams. One of England's physicians in the seventeenth century, Sir Thomas Browne, challenged Aristotle's conclusions. John Wesley, the eighteenth century English founder of Methodism, also argued for a spiritual value of dreams that goes beyond the narrow confines of rational explanation.

However, western Christianity had mostly moved away from regarding dreams as a valuable resource in spiritual life. Where the Church had abandoned its legacy, Freud and the development of modern psychology discovered dreams as the royal road to the unconscious. Carl Jung further developed dreamwork as part of depth psychology and postulated archetypal symbols. Jung's own view, in contrast to Freud, was that religion and psychology were not far separated concerns. Sadly, it took until the latter half of the twentieth century for major connections to be made from the Church side between the interface of psychology and spiritual life with dreams as a valued window to the soul and dreamwork as a way of gaining important spiritual insight.

Contemporary Reawakening

In the United States, two Episcopal Church clergy led the way to a reawakening to the value of dreams in spiritual life. John Sanford, a Jungian psychotherapist and clergyman, wrote Dreams: God's Forgotten Language in 1968. He articulated the relationship between a Jungian approach to dreams and biblical and contemporary spiritual insights that dreamwork can provide. This was followed in the same year by the major scholarship of Morton Kelsey, a priest with pastoral experience and faculty member for many years at Notre Dame, into the history of Christian use of dreams and contemporary application in his book Dreams: The Dark Speech of the Spirit (later renamed God, Dreams, and Revelation).

Other developments in the fields of anthropology, dream research, theology, and practical ministry have influenced contemporary dreamwork from a Christian standpoint. From anthropology, we have learned how various cultures, past and present, use dreams creatively. Dream research has given us new information about dream consciousness with lucid dreaming, and

exploration of other dream potentialities. Contemporary Christian theology, particularly in the development of process theology and now with post-modern theologies, has been much more willing to give credence to local and individual experience, and honor the subjective and non-rational dimensions of encountering the sacred Presence in our inner lives as well as in external relationships. And there has been a major movement in the way dreams have been engaged in the practice of ministry.

In the late 1960's, there was the growth of pastoral counseling and pastoral psychotherapy within mainline Christian ministry which brought together psychological frameworks and Christian pastoral theology. However, the Christian population that was primarily served was focused on needs for counseling and therapy. Then in the late 1970's an ecumenical movement in Christian spiritual direction began to spread and is still making strong inroads into the broader Christian community. This interest in receiving trained spiritual guidance from clergy and laity alike on an individual basis or in a small spiritual companionship group was a response to the growing hunger for personal attention to spiritual growth and encounter with the sacred dimension in life.

As an ordained minister and spiritual director I have had the great privilege of serving as a spiritual director and guide to many people in individual and group settings. And as a member of the faculty of an ecumenical Christian training program in spiritual direction, Chicago's Institute of Spiritual Companionship, I have participated in the training and formation of new spiritual companions who serve Christians and non-Christians alike in their spiritual journey. Good training programs for spiritual direction typically include opportunities for students to understand various approaches to dream interpretation and ways of working with dreams. In these roles of pastor, teacher, spiritual guide, and trainer I have invariably found working with dreams a rich resource for exploring inner sacred reality and wisdom. I have often had the feeling that I am 'standing on holy ground' with another person or group as we discovered powerful spiritual, social, and global commentaries that the unconscious symbols generate. Surely such gifts of the deepest dimension of our souls come from the sacred Source.

Exploring the Dreamscape

What might be on the horizon for Christian engagement of the dream? In ancient times, from the eleventh to sixth century BCE, there were prophetic guilds. Various references are made to these guilds or 'sons of the prophets' in the books of Samuel and Kings. Presumably these ancient people were trained in shamanic practices that assisted in discerning God's will. And within Christian history various saints have had dreams and visions that point to divine desires. What if within the wider

Christian community there was more exploration of lucid dreaming and other more limited states of dream consciousness (like Senoi dream control) where the dreamer seeks spiritual wisdom and knowledge—and openness to encountering the Holy One? Would we be reappropriating an ancient practice in the service of ministering to current needs for holy guidance?

There is a growing interest within many Christian churches to reclaim spiritual discernment traditions and find ways of integrating them into the decision-making processes of congregations. Usually the question is initiated by members of governing boards and the clergy who serve the local church by asking, "How can we bring more spirituality into our decisions?" In the process of integrating these spiritual practices into the governing structure the leaders learn more about bringing various ways of prayer, meditation, and use of scripture to bear on the issues, challenges, and invitations that face the community. What would it be like for church and religious communities to experiment in developing 'dream teams' of members that gather and share their dreams and meditations for the community's well being as well as for personal insight? I am aware of one religious community that has explored this possibility. Perhaps there are others. It could be a helpful contribution to communal discernment.

This reawakening to the power and potential of the dream is a shared experience. Western Christianity is beginning to look over the dreamscape and make contributions for the benefit of all. Spiritual guides from other faith traditions, practitioners of the arts, members of the scientific community, healers of body and mind and society, and so many others are making their contributions too. This gift of the dream is something that is deeply human, and deeply sacred. It speaks to us on many levels and invites us to value that which is ancient and leads us to that which is powerfully new, creative, and unifying. ✨



Morton Kelsey, God, Dreams, and Revelation: A Christian Interpretation of Dreams, revised and expanded edition (Minneapolis: Augsburg, 1991) 65-71.

Ibid. 138-139.

Ibid. 142.

Ibid. 153.

Ibid. 157-158.



Reverend Daniel Prechtel is an ordained priest in the Episcopal Church and founding director of Lamb & Lion Spiritual Guidance Ministries (on the web at lministries.com).



Dreams & Christianity

by Jeremy Taylor

The Universality of Dreams Revealing "God's Will"

The sacred narratives of the world are united, and speak with one voice on this question: we human beings are more directly connected and in deeper communion with the Divine in our dreams than in any other regular state of conscious awareness. This archetypal connection between dreaming and communion with the Divine is made in the Jewish and Christian scriptures, just as it is in the sacred narratives of all the other world religions. The Torah, the canonical Old and New Testaments, as well as the Jewish and Christian Apocryphal, all relate compelling stories of "God's Will" being revealed to people in and through their dreams.

The Prohibition Against Dreamwork

And yet, in virtually all contemporary institutional Jewish and Christian religious practice, remembering and exploring dreams is either clearly prohibited, or at least strongly discouraged. On the face of it, this is a very odd state of affairs.

I believe this ironic circumstance is a direct consequence of the fact that *all dreams come in the service of health and wholeness*. It is precisely because the authority of Divine Revelation through dreams is so clearly attested to in Scripture that the institutional churches and synagogues almost always find it necessary to discourage and prohibit dreamwork. If it were not prohibited, it

would be all too possible for *anyone*, the scruffier and more malcontent the better, (since the archetypal figure of the prophet regularly presents an image of scruffiness and malcontentness) to speak up from the back row of any congregation, any Friday night, or any Sunday morning, and say, "I had a Divinely inspired dream last night, and God told me to tell all of you... !" And with that, fueled by the undeniable authority of direct dream inspiration from God enshrined in Scripture, whatever "heresy" was spawned by last night's dreams would be off and running, because no merely human authority in any merely local pulpit would be able to stand against it with equal force.

It is precisely because the scriptural authority of dream inspiration directly from God is so strong that in order to preserve what Presbyterians like to call "decency and good order," it has been seen as necessary, over and over again, in the history of institutional religious practice to disparage and marginalize dreamwork.

The Brief Resurgence of Protestant Dreamwork

At the end of the Middle Ages when the Protestant reformation rejected the traditional episcopal authority of the Bishop of Rome, there was a brief reassertion of seeking direct divine inspiration through dreams as the Bible suggests so clearly, but the various warring bands of Protestants soon discovered what the Roman Catholic

predecessors had already learned - that dreams are the natural enemies of rigidity and dogma, and regular attention to dreams inevitably tends to undermine social arrangements that rely on and perpetuate dogmatic formulations of religious and spiritual truths.

Even when the original spiritual inspiration for a dogmatic formulation comes directly from compelling dreams and waking visions and directly reflects archetypes of the collective unconscious to begin with, subsequent dreams always continue to come in the service of even greater wholeness and spiritual vitality, inevitably pointing out ways in which the dogmatic formulation is prematurely closed and incomplete.

The Archetype of "Willing Sacrifice"

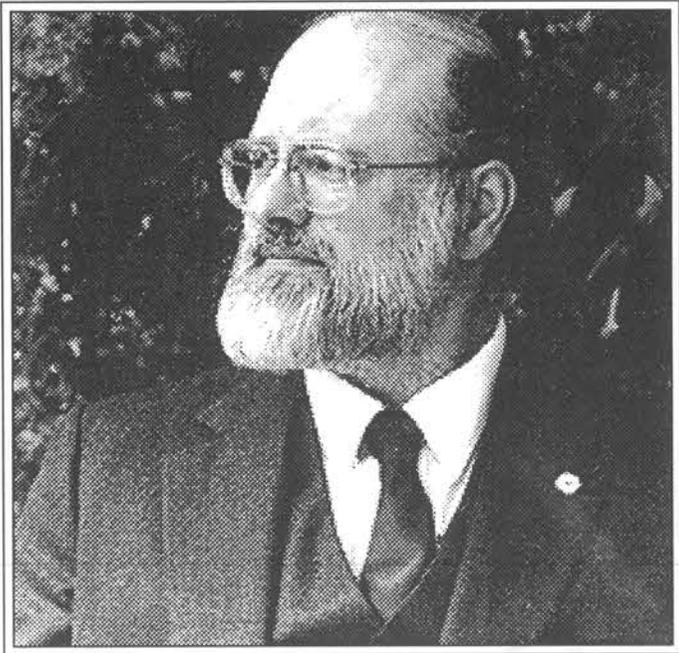
Like dreaming, the archetype of "Willing Sacrifice" is also found at the center of virtually all sacred narratives around the world. Christianity stands among the other world religions, not above them, in giving concrete historical and institutional religious shape to the archetype of "Willing Sacrifice."

From a psychological point of view, "Willing Sacrifice" also reveals the primary structure of the drama of evolution. It reflects the basic symbolic shape of the continuing growth and development of human consciousness, both individual and collective. In order to go on growing and evolving, every person (and every society) must consciously and "willingly" relinquish the hard won achievements of self-image and self-awareness of past experience in order to be truly open to the possibilities of new life and evolving consciousness.

Willing Sacrifice & the Dilemmas of Parenthood

One of the classic dilemmas of parenthood provides a clear example of the existential shape of this archetypal drama. It is generally understood that it is the job of a good parent to protect a young child from inappropriate and premature sexual knowledge and experience, but at some point, that same good parent must "reverse field" completely and provide and promote appropriate sexual information to the growing pre-adolescent whom the young child inevitably becomes. This necessary transformation of previous consciousness, self-definition, and behavior requires the parent to willingly and consciously give up specific ways of "being a good parent" to a small child, in order to cultivate new ideas and behaviors that reflect "being a good parent" to a pre adolescent.

Knowing exactly when this dramatic shift of archetypal parenting responsibilities is appropriate and necessary is one of the most poignant dilemmas and struggles of parenthood. It is also a moment that is always announced well in advance in the dreams of



both parents and children. This is only one example of how cultivating the habit of family dream sharing can be one of the best and most easily available means of successfully overcoming miscommunication and lovingly bridging the "generation gap."

Dreams, Willing Sacrifice, & Individuation

This is only one relatively clear example of the archetypal drama of "Willing Sacrifice" that repeats itself in symbolically similar ways, like an endless spiral, at each stage of developing psycho-spiritual maturity. Carl Jung called this universal process of human development "individuation." At each step of the way, previous achievements of self-awareness must be let go consciously in order for authentic growth and development to take place. The more conscious and self-aware one has become, the more conscious ("willing") this "letting go" (sacrifice) must be, each time it takes place. This is a process of metaphoric death and rebirth that leads to greater and greater psycho-spiritual maturity.

Our dreams come regularly and give compelling symbolic and metaphoric shape to our interior psycho-spiritual unfoldment, and the ever expanding possibilities of communion with the Divine. No matter how complex and challenging their messages may be, we can not afford to ignore them. ✨



Jeremy Taylor is the author of *Dreamwork* (Paulist Press, Mahwah, 1983) *Where People Fly & Water Runs Up Hill* (Warner Books, New York, 1992), and *The Living Labyrinth* (Paulist Press, 1998). He is the co-founder and past president of the Association for the Study of Dreams.

What

Does This Mean?



I dreamed...

...a woman drifts out of a large cloud. The cloud appears to hover. She is suspended in front of the cloud, with her feet not touching the ground. She is wearing a gothic style night gown, and it is blowing in the breeze. Her face is down-cast and extremely gentle looking. Her expression is very humble and meek. She doesn't speak, but is bearing a message. Her arms are outstretched and on her chest is the word BEREGELLES.

I have never spoken a foreign language but I feel that this is a message delivered by an angel, and would love to know what my message is.

Thanks, Jeffery
Please respond to DNJ
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In Dreams, God speaks to us; By Dreamwork, We respond to God

by Rev. Joseph Sedley, C.P.

Dreams are part and parcel of our daily life, whether we remember them or not. Some dreams disturb us; some comfort or resolve issues in our lives and still others catapult us out of our limited ego world into the world of others... and the Other. Dreams are "God's Forgotten Language," as John Sanford would say. They are "A Way to Listen to God," as Morton Kelsey would say.

I would like to present a few of my own dreams to demonstrate how I did dreamwork in the Catholic Christian Tradition through a faith perspective, yet culling from various approaches to dreamwork from other traditions and disciplines.

This type of dreamwork has the key elements of any authentic life giving Spiritual tradition. It is disciplined, has stages of growth, insight and fallow periods. It is highly personal and draws us out of ourselves. It has a numinous transcendent quality about it, yet it is rooted in our every day life.

In other words, it doesn't look for easy answers, quick solutions or instant gratification, but rather demands painstaking work, patience and commitment at times. It takes trust in something beyond oneself and most of all it is intensely relational. As one of my friends said, it is "almost like praying." Dreams are about life and in the Christian Tradition, we believe that God looked on human flesh and lived with us in the person of Jesus of Nazareth.

God speaks to us in dreams and dreamwork is our prayerful response. The following are examples of how my dreams were a prayerful, loving, challenging, life-giving dialogue with the God of my faith Tradition.

When I entered my 40's, I had this recurring dream:

I am riding in a trolley that is going over the Monongahela River from the south side of Pittsburgh to downtown Pittsburgh. I look down between the railroad ties and see the swirling muddy polluted water. I feel fright bordering on terror.

I think how terrible it would be to fall into that water.

I awaken with the affect of someone who had just seen a ghost.

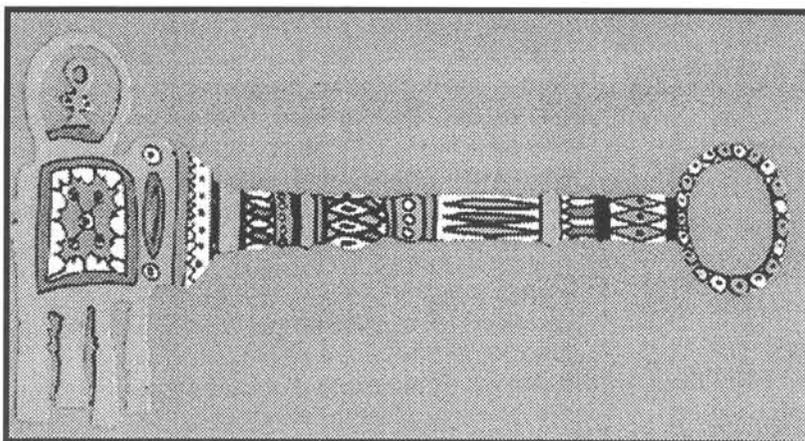
I did some basic dreamwork. For over fifty years or so, the many steel mills along the Monongahela River had dumped their dross and waste material into it and the towns along the river dumped their sewage into it. Only hardy catfish or carp could live in the river. So the water was dark, unclear and not life giving.

I re-entered the dream, taking some deep breaths and centering my psyche and spirit at a time when I would not be interrupted. I invited a holy person to accompany me, The Holy Spirit. I prayed for guidance, self-knowledge, and wisdom. I began to see that the swirling dark and muddy waters of the Monongahela River were a personal archetype of my

psyche at that time. In some way, my inner life was opaque; it was not life giving, but needed purification. Further dreamwork over a long period of time, along with pastoral counseling and spiritual direction, made me aware that I needed to spend more time listening to my heart. Though I didn't think of myself as a cerebral person, I had been living too much in my head. The dream seemed to be calling me to wholeness and integration; it was asking me to develop more fully my affectivity; to turn down the volume on rationality and turn up the volume on feelings, instinct and intuition... all matters of the heart and right side of the brain.

I spent time in meditation and prayer believing this dream was a call from God to new life. My next step was to bring the energy of the dream into everyday life; otherwise I would only be analyzing the dream. I felt that God was speaking loud and clear to me in this dream and I wanted to respond.

I began to nurture relationships, listen to my feelings, and accept my instincts and initial emotional reactions more consciously. I smiled and laughed more. I became more conscious of living in the present / here and now and spent quality time with friends, my community and in prayer with God. I was developing my affectivity. After a period of time, I began to have some confirming dreams in which God was saying to me, "Joe, you're on the right track!"



I dream I walk to the edge of the Monongahela River. I see men fishing out on the rocks. I slowly and gingerly walk out over the river on a misty, foggy pier.

I dream I am with others in a boat going down the Monongahela River. We go under some bridges. I note the water is clean and clear. I see people swimming near the shore. There are many other boats on the river. We come close to hitting one but we don't appear to be in any danger.

I dream I am trying to cross a stream. As I confidently wade into the stream, I am amazed how clean and limpid the water is.

I even see a few rainbow trout swimming about.

I dream I am swimming out in the middle of the Monongahela River. I feel just a little uneasy as I swim about.

In these follow-up dreams, no longer is the river dark and muddy but clean, clear and life giving, symbolized by the fish and the people using the river for recreation. I am no longer afraid. I feel com-fortable on the river.

My outer world reflected the imagery of my inner world. I felt more alive and related to others and God with verve and sprightliness. The new life I experienced was not dramatic or sensational, yet it was deep, real and joyful. I saw it as God lovingly touching me and I, in turn, lovingly touched God.

I felt God's gentle nudge in another recurring dream with similar unappealing images and feelings:

I dream I am driving in a run-down neighborhood late at night. I come to a red traffic light and stop, waiting for it to turn green. I catch sight of a burly huge Afro- American man slowly moving toward me. He's the size of "Mr. T" from the sitcom, The A-Team, or Mohammed Ali. He looks menacing. I quickly try to wind up the Window but it won't go up. I step on the gas but the car won't move. I start to panic. The man moves closer.

I awaken feeling anxious.

I spent some time in meditation and prayer on the dream. I shared it with my dream support group. Then I re-entered the dream at a time when I would not be disturbed, quieting myself down with deep breathing, invited a wisdom or Holy person to accompany me and just focused on the image in the dream that radiated the most energy. And that was most decidedly the Afro- American man. I just kept looking at him allowing him to do whatever he was going to do. After a while, this big hulk of a man began to melt into a tiny figure I named Bo Jangles because he reminded me of the dancer Bo Jangles. He was dressed in a bow tie and tuxedo. Unlike the original man, Mr. Bo Jangles smiled.... He seemed delicate and vulnerable. He danced about with rhythm and grace.

Then I dialogued with Mr. Bo Jangles, asking him, "Mr. Bo Jangles,

what are you doing in my dream and what do you want to tell me?" No matter what questions I asked him, he repeatedly replied, "Go for it, Man!"

"Go for it, Man...." I sensed it was time to take the energy of the dream and scan my outer world life in search of a fit. Where in my life did I need to "go for it"? My "Aha!" experience was profound and un-mistakable.

I was asked to give a series of seminars to a group about which I had misgivings. I thought I didn't have what it takes, that the group would find my presentation lacking. Their background and educational levels intimidated me.

I had a choice: "Go for it," or not. Again I prayed for guidance, wisdom and courage and ultimately chose to "go for it," to facilitate the seminars.

It was one of the best experiences I ever had. I did well. The people were delighted and delightful to be with, hardly the rejecting, intimidating kind my initial reactions indicated they might be. I was so glad I decided to listen to "Mr. Bo Jangles."

The Talmud states that a dream unrelated to is like a letter unopened. I am discovering that dreamwork is one exemplary way to read the letter. In my dreams, I constantly discover a loving God who is eager to communicate with me.

I hope you enjoy this conversation as much as I've enjoyed sharing with you. ✨

Father Joseph Sedley, C.P., is the Novice Director of the Passionists North American Novitiate in Shrewsbury, MA. He leads many dream groups.

Dream Reading

by Charles de Beer

Susan wrote to me with the following two dreams:

Dream No. 1 (one of her more recent ones):

"I am walking alone on a beach, subdued light, lots of gray colors, large granite stone cliffs to my right, on the left the sea. I look up to the cliffs and there are huge stone steps cut into the cliff. I climb up these huge steps and at the top I come upon a stone temple, also huge. I stand at the entrance in awe, and blink; when I open my eyes again the temple is still there, but now it is brighter and there is a turnstile, and it is a museum. I do not go inside at all."

Dream No. 2 (dreamt after writing down dream No. 1 to send to me, but prior to posting it):

"I am in my car and in front of me is a big black horse, very, very angry, and he is running straight for my car. But behind the right side another car overtakes me and hits the horse. The horse flies over the car and as he lands, breaks his back left leg. Now I am sad, because he will have to be shot, because that is what happens."

Reading:— (Dream No. 1)

Basically, we are—each one of us—alone in our journey through life. The 'subdued' light of gray colors is neither 'warm' nor 'cold,' not alluding to the day (sun), nor the night (moon) but rather, denotes a neutral state, which, according to J.E. Cirlot in his A Dictionary of Symbols, may point to egoism, depression, inertia or indifference (derived from the color of ashes). Grays and ochres, Cirlot states, are related to earth (and vegetation). In the context of this dream I would rather think that this subdued light denotes a meditative state, possibly of expectancy.

The sea, at the left hand side, points to soul life, whereas the granite cliffs to the right symbolize the necessity to seek for spiritual attainment. I'll quote from Gaskell's Dictionary of all Scriptures and Myths, where he considers the symbolism of Mount Olympus. He writes: "Is not Christ the mountain up into which the believer goes, and in which he finds the divine idea of himself? As a mountain seems to be the meeting-place of earth and heaven, the place where the bending skies meet the aspiring planet, the place where the sunshine and the cloud keep closest company with the granite and the grass: so Christ is the meeting place of divinity and humanity. He is at once the condescension of divinity and the exaltation of humanity. Man wanting to know God's idea of man, and man wanting to know God's idea of him, must go up to Christ, and he will find it there." I underlined the word granite, as the dreamer mentions this same rock formation in her dream. The whole text quoted here can be seen as applicable to Susan's dream and was found by me by 'chance' while looking for the symbolic meaning of olive oil and the olive tree in connection with another dream. Synchronistic assistance is ever present in my work, and I give thanks to my 'little angels.'

So the dreamer climbs the cliff, (that is: searches for meaning in her life) and finds 'Christ' in the form of a stone temple (Paul to the Corinthians "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, and which ye have of God"). Symbolically, the finding of the temple, means that she finds 'Christ,' in her own being. However, she can not 'hold' that exalted vision, she blinks...and when she opens her eyes the picture has changed. In the Koran we can read that "if you but lose sight of God for the blinking of an eye-lid you are lost." implying that we must faithfully remain centered on God right throughout our life,

without ever doubting his (or hers, or its) presence. Else, the vision will be downgraded to a mirage! In the dream, the temple is transformed into a mere museum, the vision of a place of living worship now only a 'dead' storage place, to be visited for the memory of what once was 'real.'

I do not know of course how close this 'reading' of Susan's first dream may reflect her own inner searching for truth and meaning in her life. As an allegory of the degradation in mankind's present religious life style, or lack of it, it certainly has a valid basis. So many of the dreams submitted to me do, in my opinion, apply to mankind in general, as well as, possibly, to the person having the dream.

Reading—(Dream No. 2)

Susan had this dream whilst she had her letter to me, detailing the first dream, still on her desk, not yet posted. This has happened time and time again: someone wants to write to me, or has a letter ready, and then has another dream which then gets incorporated in the letter to me and, quite often, illustrates – or gives further meaning to – the message ready to be sent. So let us look at the horse dream, keeping the previous one in mind.

Usually I have found that a horse, in dreams, stands for the five physical senses man has to subdue, or train, or discipline, in order to proceed on his path towards Self-realization. We readily speak of 'horse-sense.'

Gaskell, in his above referred to 'Dictionary of all Scriptures and Myths' has much to say on the subject and refers to Revelation vi.

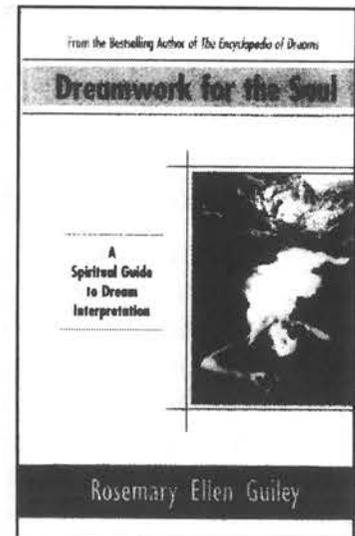
Horse, otherwise undefined, symbolizes 'the higher aspect of the intellect or intelligence, or in its lower aspect, the lower mind subject to the desires and passions.' 'The astral nature of desire and sensation, is opposed to the Spirit and seeks to kill it out.' (The angry horse attacking the car!)

A black horse, however, is a symbol of error or false knowledge,

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Dream Inspired Poetry

My Dream:

"Going to the Shrine"

Mama and I are visiting a shrine. It has a winding road and winding, wide staircases. The car stops at the first level. I get out. Mama is left waiting in the car. A man with a beard approaches me. Another man with him is standing at my back. I am scared. The man with the beard is talking to me. He is telling me about the shrine and its story. The shrine looks like a cave, empty. The man is friendly. My fear is gone. I proceed to the second level. Mama is there by the side where candles, small and long are lighted. It looks as if the cave is extended to this area. Mama is helping the priest next with his purple vestments. He is going to celebrate Mass. I sit inside the car.

The Poem My Dream Inspired:

Peace Begins With Me

Inside the emptiness, gestation waits for me
quiet, sacred stillness
place of the holy and divine

There is no struggle, no rules, no regulations
participation is an individual choice
an invitation to enter the solitude

Listen ... be listened to ...
Ah ... coming home to my Self!
hear my own voice
hear the voice of the divine

Now I have an inner reference
an awakened feminine consciousness
Mother Earth, the Divine Mother,
provides the symbol

The shrine is without AND within
allowing my energy to uncoil
constellations moving within me

There is wonder here and I am at peace.
Let this peace radiate out to all.

Tessie Soriano

Sand Paintings

She dreamed of a chieftain painted in sand
on torn brown paper, his moccasins
made of feathers and no headdress.
Who was she trying to understand
after the divorce? Him? Herself?
Her friends welcomed the dream home
like some part of themselves grafted back,
but she could barely walk around
at all, carefully brushing the words
with a voice that seemed to be writing
from a cold and secret place she owned.
But we knew what she needed to do:
go south like Gauguin to Tahiti,
be one of those strange artists herself
who paints us in the clearest light
even when we scare them off with the past
like parents shrilling for children to live
out elder dreams first and only later,
when they've come back, to pour out,
even if the canvas is torn by then,
their own sand paintings in the mirror.

Steve Carter

A Balkan Crucifixion

They led him out at ten fifteen
And the sunlight made him cry
He was lost in the morning
As they walked hand in hand
towards the broken earth
No fear now
The pain a dull ache
He remembered his mother's eyes
Her hands
How smooth
The lightness of her touch
He saw his father waiting
Weary by the road
The grass was so green
The air tinged with smoke
Never so sweet
The burning beauty pierced him
through and through
Adoration turning his blood to fire
This is all this is everything he said
And turned to face the waiting sky
The soldier saw the lover's smile
Drew back the hammer and closed his eyes.

Peter Hardman-Dodd

Dream Inspired Poetry

The Path Less Traveled

~ And so the cycle goes ~
...I find myself waking from a life-like dream...
I saw myself as I walked along the road of life.
I came upon a fork in the path and wondered,
 "Which way shall I travel...
 and what may lie ahead for me?"
I take a brief moment to glance back upon where I
 had already traveled,
 seeing all my loved ones come and gone,
seeing all my triumphs and accomplishments past,
 seeing all that brought me here.
I peer off to the right and see
 the life layed out for me.
The unchanging, unsurprising,
boring life that has been planned.
Every detail in order, every moment accounted for,
 living to work and working to live,
 with nothing in between.
Now I turn and face ahead of me.
I barely see anything outside a foggy haze,
 the path itself is nearly hidden,
 but yet so easy to find.
I hesitantly travel forward into the unknown,
and for a long while my fear becomes me,
 but as the fog slowly begins to rise,
 I think to myself...
 "Why fear what is bound to happen?"
So... I trudge onward with my head held high
 and my hopes anew.
My heart begins to race with anticipation and
excitement, for I know not what will happen next
 but I welcome it with open arms.
 I no longer let myself be afraid,
 I lead my own way.
Everything seems to be going for the best,
 I have a life of fun and surprises,
 a life of hard work and rewards,
 and a life filled with love and happiness.
But then... I come to an abrupt end in the road,
 I can go no further,
 To the world I am no more...
 or so it seems that way.
My memories, my journeys, my spirit
all quickly fade into the shadows,
and suddenly I am everywhere
 and a part of everything...
 I see my family, friends,
 and all the lives I've touched,
 and I drift onward with them
 as they travel the road of life.
... And so the cycle goes ...

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Book Reviews

by Jaye C. Beldo

The Zelator

by Mark Hedsel

In an age of anything goes spirituality, *The Zelator* is a refreshing reminder of what was once the authentic esoteric western tradition and very well may be again. I recommend that the enlightenment in 30 days crowd not only read but study this impressive work so as to be reminded of just how difficult the spiritual path can be and how a frivolous attitude towards soul development can be overtly dangerous. Fission, the separation of light from dark, spirit from matter is the main phenomena studied in Hedsel's remarkable book. He approaches fission alchemically, aesthetically, musically. The narrative traces the author's quest for fission through the Cathedrals of France, the deserts of California, the mountains of Italy as well as through the eccentric, intelligent souls he encounters en route. Oddly enough he calls himself we, perhaps referring to his ishon, or little man within, or perhaps, a Geminian Doppelganger.

The Zelator is required reading for those interested in the deepest of transformations of the soul via the Fool archetype. Studying the footnotes is a sublime experience in itself. I learned many rare things from studying this fine work.

Available from Weiser Books (www.weiserbooks.com)

Ta Chuan-the Great Treatise

by Stephen Karcher, PhD

The I Ching has always intrigued me because it is such a resilient form of divination, having weathered the onslaught of four or five millennia as intact and viable as the day the tortoise shell cracked into the 64 hexagrams. The Book of

Changes can accommodate and reflect the myriad of circumstances we find ourselves in, in often elusive albeit poetic terms which require us to watch for subtleties that escape the usually inattentive.

The I-Ching often loses the Western reader with what appear to be vagaries and indirections.

However, in Ta Chuan, Karcher makes this system, once again, accessible, even useful in our pedestrian lives. The Ta Chuan originated during a period of disintegration and civil war in China (500-221 B.C.E.), offering a connection to inner life which would surely counter the spiritual and moral degradation at large. The wonderful photographs, subtly letterboxed on the page, hint at possibilities the hexagrams themselves may convey for us today.

Karcher takes care to preserve the integrity of the I-Ching without falling into the trappings of a contrived mystique and inaccessibility. Available from St. Martin's Press

The Secret Behind Secret Societies

by Jon Rappoport

Jon Rappoport is one of the more artistically responsible conspiracy writers at large. He emphasizes the primacy of imagination in terms of warding off the Illuminati, the alleged klatsch of rich and powerful persons bent on achieving world control. A cabal that enralls—if not paralyzes—many conspiracy buffs in a kind of morbid fascination. In *The Secret Behind Secret Societies*, the author first describes how various cults attempt to mind control individuals through

the repetitive implosion of various symbols into the soul of the victim. He describes his own experiences of realizing his own intuitive healing powers and helping others who may have been victimized by cults.

I highly recommend this work for those who feel helpless in the face of the New World Order. We have within ourselves the abilities to ward off if not transform the 'prison warders' into something positive and life affirming. We can do this with our dreams, our imaginations as Rappoport suggests.

Available from: Truth Seeker (<http://truth-seeker.com>)

Father Ernetti's Chronovisor

by Peter Krassa

In this unusual work, the author sets forth to describe Father Ernetti's creation of a time machine. What is more unusual is that the Venetian priest managed to realize the contraption under the wing of the Roman Catholic Church. Yet his machine afforded more than mere travel into the past or future, but rather embodied a kind of living metaphor for our own time. The Father's machine afforded a look at the fallacies of linearity, the Gregorian calendar, perhaps even Bishop Ussher's insistence that the world was created on September 21, 4004 BC, a belief still held by some even in this day of the quantum non-locality.

The author describes other achronological curios such as Baird T. Spalding's Camera of Past Events, Secret School of Whitley Strieber, as well as Edgar Cayce. Also information on Thomas Edison's device to contact the dead is described in this worthwhile volume.

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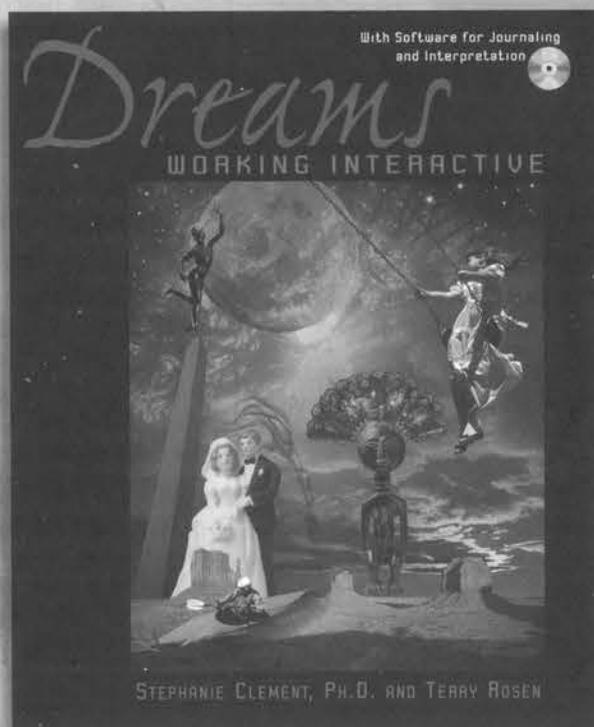
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the doctor for a check up. She had a bladder infection."

A former teacher at my school had recently died of cancer. Just before his death they tried a treatment which made his legs swell up. This became an important association and symbol in a dream I had warning me of my mother's death. My mother had just been sent home from the hospital and my sister took that as a sign it was okay for her to go to Europe on vacation. I was due to go to the Midwest at the same time. Then I had this dream.

"I'm visiting my sick mother. My Dad is seated behind her where she can't see him. He looks at me with despair and says, 'Can you do something for her?' I realize he feels helpless. He just doesn't know what to do. Then, I notice that my mother's legs are very swollen. (In reality, being unable to eat, she was very thin.) I got wet towels and put them on her swollen legs. She smiled to show how good that felt. I was relieved that I had helped both my Mom and Dad."

When I woke, I realized the swollen legs were meant to remind me of the last death I had known personally. Though she'd just been released from the hospital I knew my Mom, aged 80, was dying. I canceled my trip. When she took a turn for the worse, I went to them. She passed away with her head in my arms and with a weak smile. I was so glad I was there to help my parents.

No surprises here, but I still find this mundane aspect of dreams is often overlooked in favor of deep psychological issues. Don't forget to check your dreams for simple clues about relationships.

Next time, children dream about their father. ✨

Janice Baylis is the author of *Sex, Symbols and Dreams*. \$19.⁰⁰ includes postage. Box 2914, Seal Beach, CA 90740



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Dream Poems

by Janet S. Emmons



*"They come in with my cat.
They jump into bed and make themselves at home
They curl up on my crown and reach over my forehead—
Flickers of strange life in my dark death sleep. . ."*

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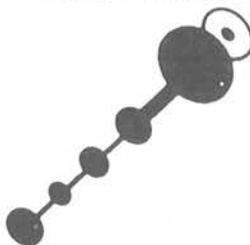
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Mothing, if done properly, is truly among the dearest experiences of our lives. Because it is so important, it has many symbolic connotations. However, since this column deals with dreams of real-time relationships, the symbolic level of mother and mothing will be set aside. These vital, symbolic levels of symbolism are dealt with in many other places.

Young children often dream of their mother as provider of protection, security and moral guidance. Six-year-old Jill dreamed,

"Something unseen was in the dark. I couldn't move or run. It was scary. I called my Mom and she came. She picked me up and I felt it was okay."

Another little girl chose to follow the moral, spiritual guidance of her mother, even though she was tempted by her friend, Candice.

"Mother and I were shopping for a new Sunday School dress for me. Then it was Sunday morning. Candice and I swiped some candy and I got a spot on my new Sunday School dress. Candice said, 'Let's slip in the back door of the church.' I said, 'No, that's sneaky.' I looked around for my Mom and went in through the front door with her."

Then there is the issue and fear of abandonment. Billy was very upset when his parents decided to divorce. He dreamed:

"The whole world was breaking up in a giant earthquake. I fell into a big crack. Mom and Dad were at the top, by the rim. They were arguing. When I hit bottom I was really surprised; it was rubbery. I bounced all the way back to the top. I landed next to my Mom, then I woke up."

Even though it seemed his whole world was shaking and breaking apart, Billy's dream brought him encouragement. He would be able to bounce back and be with his Mom.

All too often, mothing is far from perfect. Susie's mother, cold and intellectual, lacks the emotional warmth that Susie needs. Here is one of Susie's dreams.

"I'm in a hospital, very thirsty. The nurse comes in. I read her name badge, Helen. My mother's name is Helen. I ask the nurse for a drink of water. She goes to the faucet but the cup leaks.

By the time she gets back to me, the water is nearly all gone. She gives me a painful shot and put me in an upper bunk bed.

Susie is a little older and dreams with more sophistication; Her high school math teacher mother gives her intellectual "bunk" when Susie needs emotional support.

Older teenagers arrive at the necessity to break with the mother in order to express more of their own personality. Here's an example from a Los Angeles high school girl.

"Dreamed my mother was in San Francisco and phoned to tell me she was getting remarried. But, she said I wasn't invited. I decided to go to Las Vegas. On my way out of town I stopped and drew \$200.00 out of my account. I felt excited."

She's dreaming ahead to a time when her mother will have a new life without her. She will take a gamble on her own assets and it is exciting.

Sandy is almost an adult but she still lives at home. The dream setting, a sandy beach, is a substitute for her name/identity. She sinks into the ocean, her subconscious mind.

"I'm walking on a wide beach. The sand is rather white. I feel lonely, but happy too. I wade out into the ocean and sink into the sand. I enter a house and the landlady there is having an argument with her daughter. The daughter is nipping on the lady's tits. She turns to me and says. "Too sweet!"

Sandy decided the landlady was her mother and the daughter, then, was Sandy. Sandy sometimes disagrees with her mother/model. Her mother's femininity (tits as a part-for-whole symbol of femininity) is too sweet, too passive and non-assertive for Sandy and her generation.

The break with mother dependency appears to be more complete and more difficult for boys.

"Dreamed I was quarreling with my mother and older brother. The argument was about a picture of Mom and Dad and our car. I said that I was originally in the picture and this one couldn't be real. My older brother, he's married and lives away from home, said, 'No, neither of us was there, it was just Mom and Dad.' Mother agreed with him. I felt confused and frustrated. They put the picture in a frame on the mantle and left the room."

This young man's dream is encouraging him to get the picture that he is no longer in the picture with Mom and Dad.

Eventually the tide turns and older children dream about the mother's failing health and need of their care.

"Dreamed I wrote Mom a check for \$500.00 but I post dated it by a week. Next there was trouble with her cashing it."

"A week after the dream, Mom was having trouble with her elimination system. I had to take her to

GHOST BUSTING

©2000 by Marlene King, M.A. and You!

Witches, ghosts and goblins. All are synonymous with the Halloween season and have been present in many forms and many cultures for hundreds of years. However, the literal, "All Hallows Eve," is derived from the lunar Celtic calendar and celebrates the Samhain with a night time feast: "When the 'crack between the worlds' could open up and let the spirits pass through [and] the ghosts of dead ancestors would join their descendants and give interviews and omens."

The question might be, do they visit us in dreams?

One person submitted the following dream laced with a ghost image and requested some assistance in deciphering the dramatic vignette:

A beautiful ghost in the attic that kept trying to touch me - once touched I was sucked into a nightmare that was like a macabre evil carnival, and the only way to get out of it was to drink from the Bishop's Pool (which turned out to be a fountain with a statue of a churchman). ~M.M.

I was immediately struck with the contrasting mixture of pagan and Christian symbolism, but first wanted to define the term "ghost," so I looked up its dictionary meanings and was surprised to find the wide range of meanings it had:

1. The seat of life or intelligence; soul.
2. Disembodied soul
3. Spirit; demon
4. A faint shadowy [interesting word] trace
5. A false image in a photographic or television screen
6. One who ghostwrites
7. A red blood cell that has lost its hemoglobin²

Any of these could be seized by the unconscious mind and portrayed in a dream. It would be important for the dreamer to note which he identified with most when reading the list, as it would most likely lead him in the direction of how the metaphor pertains to him.

If this were my dream, I would find the description, "beautiful ghost," intriguing, especially since it most usually has a shadowy connotation and is associated with the "dark side." Rarely does one hear the adjective, "beautiful," connected to an underworld image. Perhaps the ghost is beautiful to mask its intent which follows later in the dream, so that the dreamer would touch it more willingly. This icon must carry extraordinary meaning for the dreamer.

Placing the ghost in the attic suggests it has to do with the 'ghost' in the mental realm - that is, the beautiful ghost exists in his mind. I would ask the dreamer, "What is trying to touch you; reach you as something discarnate in your mind?" Since the act took place, and the dreamer was touched by the beautiful ghost, the seduction into the nightmare carnival world seems like it might take on an archetypal flavor of "Eve's fall" in the Garden. Once there, the Eden apple was bitten into, i.e., ghost touched, and the carnal, i.e., root word, 'carnival' world flooded conscious awareness. It might also mean the reference to the spiritual time before Lent in organized religion - the merrymaking before the sacrifice of no meat which occurs during Lent - the masquerading of a false self before the sacrifice.

The drinking of the water (or unconscious part of self) that was in some way blessed/sanctified by the dreamer's spiritual nature seems to be clearly presented as the only

option from the circus world of the carnal and darker shadow aspects of the self and the waking life that surrounds the dreamer. It is evident that there is a choice here which I suspect the dreamer knows about in waking life, as well, and the dream came to underline and draw attention to that fact.

Choosing a "bishop" to represent salvation presents some interesting ideas for the dreamer to work with. Again, in the dictionary, the "bishop" is the supervisor, the overseer, but as a chess piece, it has the power to move diagonally (a masculine more visually aggressive mode) across empty squares or spaces in time. There was a churchman in the form of a statue - a false idol, a representation of the church in the dreamer's personal symbolism schema, at the fountain, pool, which may be the fountain of life, the unconscious. These images delineate strong religious overtones and possibly some unfinished business about conflicted feelings in this genre. Perhaps it is a spiritual game (vs. a strategy game like chess where the bishop appears) that the dreamer is playing with himself.

There may be ghosts in many different guises appearing in your dreams this autumn season, as 'the crack between the worlds,' i.e., the conscious and subconscious, opens up and allows the ancestral ghosts to enter your dreams with messages or omens. Be alert and welcome them to your dream time and you will be able to harvest their wisdom. ✨

1 Walker, Barbara G. The Woman's Dictionary of Symbols and Sacred Objects, 1988.

2 Merriam Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, 1977.

The Second Coming

I'm looking out my dining room window at the sky. There is a cross of light forming in the clouds. I turn my attention towards the television and there's a major news flash on every channel. It's showing celebration, confusion...lots of caos going on around the world. I realize that everyone on the earth can see what I'm seeing out my window.

I turn to look out the window again and this time

I see a golden chalice with the holy eucharist spinning directly above it.

While I'm watching this in awe, I hear one of the newscasters from the television saying, "It's happened. This is the second comeing we've been waiting for for 2000 years."

summer 1998

He Is Real!

This dream made me say, "I think Jesus is calling out to the world."

I'm standing in my back yard with Jesus. we are facing East. Suddenly, we are standing on the seashore, still in the same possition and still facing east. He want's me to take notice of the sunset. It's beautiful.....intense orange-red colors. The sun is quite large in appearence and seems to be spinning or pulsating. I feel that He's trying to tell me something. Suddenly I realize that the sun is setting in the EAST instead of the west.

There are no words spoken but he sort of telepathically says something like, "Do you understand the meaning of this?" I feel that He knows what I think and for some reason He's telling me I was right in my understanding of certain spiritual mysteries...and thats why He is showing me this. I nod yes as if to say, "Oh,yes Jesus. I know...I understand." That's the end of that one...and when I awoke I had the thought, "When you see THAT (meaning the sun setting in the opposite direction) you'll know.

spring 1999

Pennies from Heaven

I'm watching the sky from my bedroom window. It's early evening and the sky is almost fully darkened. The horizon is dimly lit by a deep red glow. I can see the moon which is full and also red. There are family members here with me and some others I don't know. Suddenly, lights in the sky are flashing....We can see bursts of light that resemble stars exploding. There are also sparkling twirls of light darting about. (sorry but i cant explain it any better than this.) We all know that there is something truly spiritual about this. It's from God. Anyway, One sparkling light starts to grow in size and we watch as it forms into a giant apparition of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Everyone starts to cry and pray....I'm crying and telling everyone to get on their knees and have respect. Suddenly, I'm downtown in the city and I'm somehow aware that I'm supposed to go around and tell people what this supernatural spectacle is all about. So I'm walking down Main St. and approaching people. Some give me dirty looks, swear at me or they're too involved with what they're doing to take notice of me or what's happening. I see alot of poverty, drunkenness and fighting. One guy listens and says he 'knows' what I know. I'm trying to tell everyone that this is a sign that an era of peace will soon begin. But I'm also aware that it can't happen while this hell on earth continues. Next, a glass jar of pennies falls from the sky and shatters on the steps of a church. I say, "SEE!" Then that same guy, whom I don't know, holds my hand. I feel love towards him but I'm not sure why....

Then we start to walk home to my house.....

A Visit from Gabriel

by Karen Fall

I am an Egyptian queen with dark hair, heavy eye makeup, and flowing sheer clothes. My marriage to the king has not been a fulfilling one for me. I have no thoughts of divorce, since this was not even a concept then, and I make the best of the situation. I am a woman in command of myself, with an inner peace and centeredness. Because of this inner strength, I am able to remain inwardly unaffected by the king's abusive behavior. I have a black woman servant with whom I feel quite close. Though I don't share a lot of details about my inner life with her, there is an unspoken bond and affection between us. She is witness to the abuse and lack of true affection between the king and I, and she feels sorry for me. The situation between the king and I is quite complex, involving our different attitudes about power. He views power as the ability to rule others. I, on the other hand, view power as being in command of oneself rather than others. This is real power. It is personal power -- rooted in self-control, moral wisdom and self-worth. The king is prone to drink too much, and is generally of low consciousness. He has an unkempt look about him, even though he dons royal garb. He is gruff, frustrated, easily angered and unhappy, and tends to act this out. I have little respect for him, but outwardly I behave as a "good wife." Though this gives the appearance of his being in control of me, the king is completely frustrated with his inability to dominate me emotionally. To add fuel to the fire, I am more popular with the people than he is.

On this evening, I am preparing to retire for the night and my servant helps me to undress. She takes leave of me, and shortly after my getting into bed, the king comes into the room. He's apparently had a few drinks and wants to have sex with me. I don't enjoy sex with him, but must allow it. This is my lot in life, and my duty. The king is animalistic, both in his desire and in his handling of me. This is an occasion where he feels he can finally dominate me and possess me. I submit, but without emotion. He will never touch me deeply. Suddenly I feel his hands around my throat.

Within the dream, I vividly experience all the sensations of having my air cut off. I realize that I am going to die. I become semi-lucid at this point.

I know I have the choice to escape this dream now, by waking, or to continue with it. I decide to stick with it. I am now lying calmly in my bed. My servant pushes back the shutters of an open window at the foot of it. She announces to me, "Here comes Gabriel." I look out the window



into the night sky and see an enormous comet quickly approaching. The comet 'lands' outside my window. I get up from the bed and rush to climb out the window to meet this being. I know it is an important meeting, and I feel reverent. I remember nothing further.

I related this dream to a friend of mine, and when I told him I had no associations to the name Gabriel he informed me that Gabriel is an archangel. I have no religious background, and I didn't know about Gabriel at the time of the dream. I have since done a lot of reading about angels! ✨

Dreams and Spirituality: The Way of the Dream

by Gloria Nye, B.A., N.L.P.

Many people say, "I don't remember my dreams." How many of us also do not remember our spirituality? We are spiritual beings just as we are dreaming beings. Are these connected? And if so, how? I have been studying dreams for many years now and for many years longer, spirituality. I, like so many other people, have searched for my purpose and asked questions like: "Why am I here? Why me? How do I find God?" I have learned that there are many ways to God, One of them is the way of the dream.

What is a dream? We are told that dreams are simply our imagination (as if that is nothing) and that they are just silly random things with no meaning. We are told to forget it and that "you are only dreaming." We get a similar response when we feel the stirrings of the Divine within or when we have an unforgettable and unexplainable experience and are told by scientists and other logical thinkers that it is 'just' our imagination or a silly notion. They will also advise that you can't "prove God" and to "face reality."

So we come back to our senses; we are reasonable and forget the glimmerings of who we are. Fortunately, we are reminded over and over again of who we really are. Things we call coincidences or synchronicity continue to happen. We also remember our dreams, write them down and think about their symbols. We notice that when we pay attention to these things and follow through with our hunches and intuition that we connect with an energy that is unmistakably supportive, loving and joyful. We start to feel whole again. We don't feel alone anymore. We realize and remember that we are all one.

We form our dreams from our so-called unconscious. We call it that because our brain/mind system is unable to hold everything in consciousness at one time and so we have a place to store stuff until we need or want it. Some disciplines use the word subconscious which would put it underneath something. Perhaps Lateral Consciousness would be a better name for where we store our dream stuff which is probably the very place where lateral or creative thinking takes us anyway.

When we let go of the critical, 'reasonable,' rational side of our brain/mind system we enter the dream world of anything is possible and in waking life get into that wonderful "lose track of time" space usually when doing things we love to do. We have entered the lateral thinking/ consciousness place. In this place we are not only connected with each other but with the God, Goddess, All That Is energy. When we are in that space, we are that energy. As we allow ourselves to slide over to that place, we become inspired and connected to universal source. As we realize that we are indeed that energy, we realize we had turned ourselves away from it. We had pulled out our end of the plug. And when the plug is pulled, we are robots. Our awesome body is treated as if it were a machine, having parts replaced or cut out. Dreams remind us of who we are or what we have to do to balance our life. Dreams are love letters we send to ourselves and yet how many of us toss them away unopened or barely read?

We have two meanings for the word dreams. One is what you hope for in your life and the other are those 'silly' nighttime movies that 'mean nothing.' However, since there are no coincidences in life, I say those two meanings are connected. Your night time dreams can help you find and live your waking life dreams.

People and pets that have passed on come back to us in our dreams to comfort us and remind us they have only changed their location. Dreams

are wise counselors that prompt us when to act and when not to. We rehearse different situations in dreams and from this experience make clearer choices. We use dreams to warn us of danger to ourselves or our loved ones. Sometimes we need a forceful awakening and give ourselves a nightmare. These too have much to teach us. All dream work is soul work.

Many years ago I had a lucid dream.

I am sitting in a meadow looking at a clump of wildflowers. They are swaying back and forth and I realize that I am swaying in time with them, or they with me? I decide to try something. I think happy and loving thoughts and the flowers bloom and grow in front of me. Then I think hateful and fearful thoughts and the flowers droop and wilt before my eyes. I return to the positive thoughts and the flowers bloom again. I sit there for some time playing with this idea, amazed at the immediate response of these living organisms to my thoughts.

I awake and lie there remembering vividly the dream which was so real. I write it in my Dream Journal and draw pictures of the flowers. As I am doing this, the realization comes to me that my thoughts influence my reality. I also know that my thoughts are not me. I am the thinker of these thoughts and I can choose which thoughts to think. I entitled this dream "Flower Thoughts" and over the years it has helped me greatly in knowing that I can change my reality if I simply change my thoughts. It also reminds me that I am the thinker and that I choose my thoughts. They don't choose me.

Listen to your dreams. Write them down. Ask them what they mean. Ponder on them. Draw them. Play with them. They are your best friends. They are you talking to you. They are God talking to you. They are your divine soul returning you to yourself so that you can live the life you dream. Dream, dream, dream on. ✨



The Art of Dream Sharing

by Stephanie Clement, Ph.D.

The art of dream sharing begins with trust. This simple statement is the foundation of all sharing, really. With dream sharing, however, there is a paradoxical relationship between or among the people involved.

It is easy to understand that for me to share a dream with you, I must trust you in some way. My dream is a very personal spotlight on my inner life, and as such is something I want to protect and nurture. I will not share with just anyone. I need assurance that when I tell my dream, the gift will be received with respect, and that the other person will honor my expression of the mythic dimension, the ordinary in everyday life, the fears, the joys... whatever my dream contains.

The paradox is this: I must trust myself. I have to trust that my inner voice is expressing something worth understanding. The most profound value of dreams lies in their message to the conscious mind, and I have to trust myself in order for the inner voice to speak clearly. In addition, my inner being has to trust that I will pay attention to the dream.

Many times when I have gone through difficult stretches in my life, my dreams have spoken about the path and its turnings. Sometimes I have had a series of dreams that began in the rather dark, murky depths of emotional turmoil. I have

struggled with them, I have called them nightmares. I have resisted whatever message they might have. I have ignored the message, even when I could understand it. I have even gone so far as to become bored with a series of dreams that seem to be going nowhere.

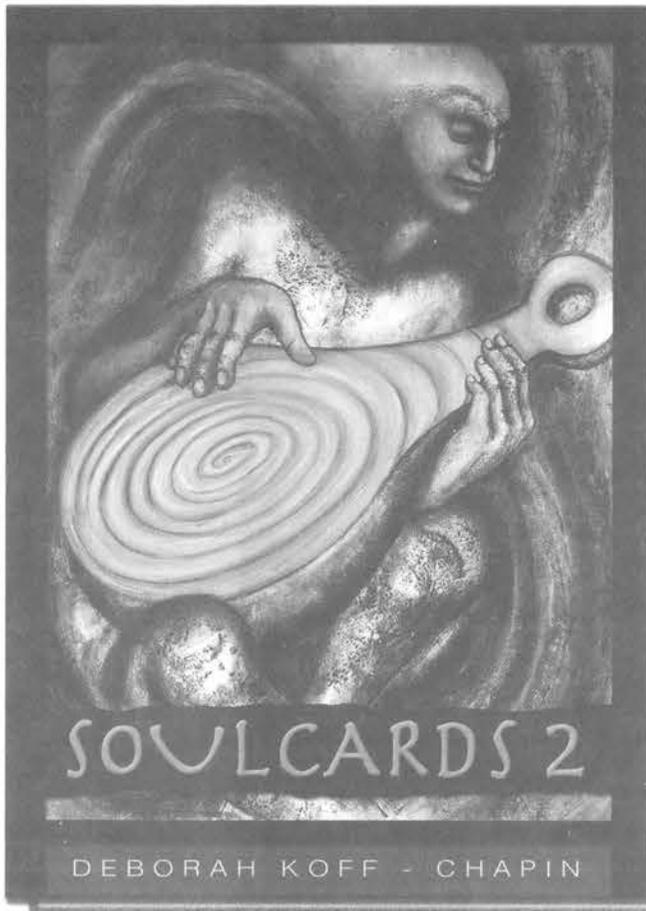
I have to trust my inner self and vice versa. What does this mean? I must consciously trust that my dreams have meaning. This sounds easy, but it is not so simple a task. It means that I have to consider each dream, no matter how dark, how icky, or how clichéd. I have to be willing to say about each dream character, image and event, "What part of me is this thing?" Once we begin to do this, to own each dream element, we will find that our dreams are speaking to us in a multitude of ways.

Even more important is that my dream ego trust me as a conscious, self-aware being. The dream ego is that part of me that censors my dreams while they are in process, editing out content or adding 'stage props' so that the dream will make some sense. The dream ego is like a movie director who must piece together some very compelling scenes with enough intermediate information so that the audience will understand the story. In dreams the story is told by the inner voice—the daimon or spirit within each of us.

There is also a dream ego that sets the stage and directs the dream drama.

How does the dream ego work? If your dreams are about difficult problems, the dream ego may begin with subtle images wrapped in elaborate plot lines. An image of a red cross may be buried in a long, involved story of finding a small church in the Swiss countryside and going inside. The red cross, however, may be the symbol of help you have recently received when you were injured in a car accident. The dream is reminding you that you were vulnerable and that you got the help you needed. However, the dream ego understands that you dislike any suggestion that you are weak. An unrealistic sense of self-importance is not good for you, and the inner voice is offering a subtle message to that effect. Of course, this is not the only possible interpretation of the symbol.

I once had a series of dreams in which I was being chased by some men. It seemed that this occurred at night, but I later realized that these were black and white dreams. I usually dream in color. After several such dreams, one night I simply turned on the gang and shouted, "What do you want?" They skidded to a halt and stammered about how they only wanted to help me and that they were just trying to catch up to me so that we could talk. After that I have had many dreams of being in



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the board room with lawyers or accountants, or in the conference room with groups of co-workers, discussing matters that can be easily related to my daily life. Those men turn out to be very friendly and helpful.

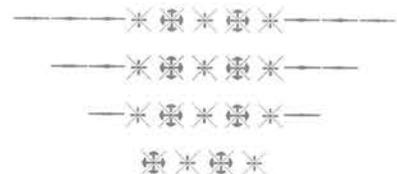
The dreams were black and white. The dream message was black and white as well: we only want to help you. Sometimes my Technicolor dreams offer so much richness that I can't determine the immediate message. They are so complex that the value escapes me when I awake. It is interesting that the chase dreams were even more scary because they seemed to be taking place at night; we don't see colors well at night. Once I determined that they were in black and white, I was able to work with the dream characters the way I would work out any problem in the light of day. I simply asked them to tell me what they wanted. Actually, I had to ask this question many times in a waking state before it occurred

to me to ask it within a dream.

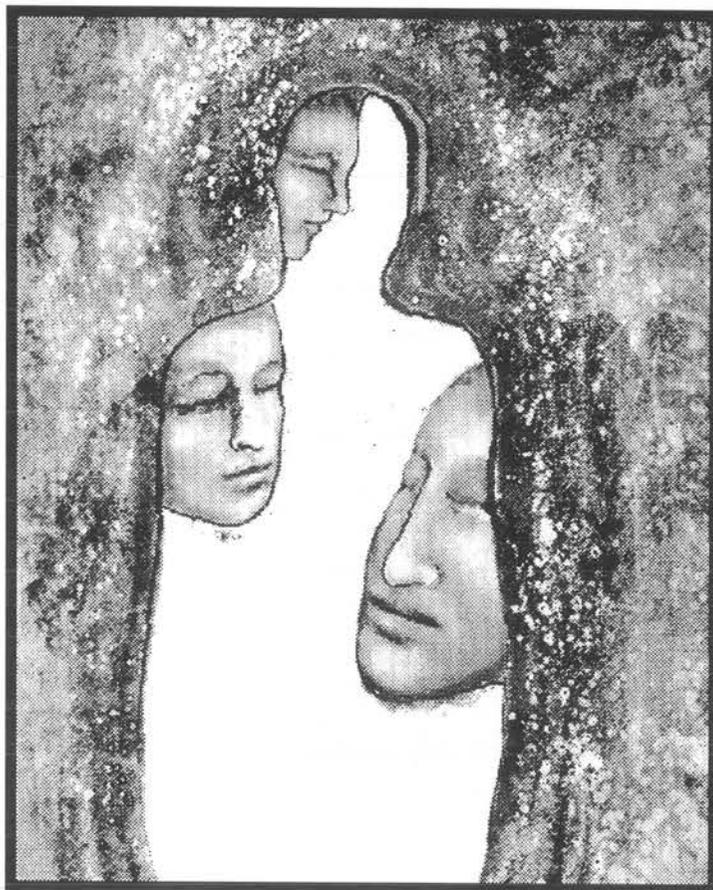
Each of us has an inner voice that never deserts us. Oh, it may be very quiet, but it is there for us to hear. When we dream, the noise of the day is set aside, and the voice can speak. It may simply be a voice, or it may be characters that populate our dreams. This dream voice or spirit is a guide that helps us to follow the path that is most consistent with our ethical and moral values. It is not the same as conscience. It is more like a cheerleader who happens to know the best way for us to win at the game of life. This life, our life. Not someone else's life. This voice steers us away from danger and also steers us away from total security and complacency. It helps us to find the broad middle ground in which we can thrive.

Try looking at each dream as a conversation with trusted life partners, because that is what the dream ego and inner voice are: trusted partners who can help us achieve the highest and best each day of our lives.

In this way the art of dreamsharing takes on a profound internal dimension in addition to the cooperative interpersonal conversation. ✨



Stephanie Clement has a Ph.D. in Transpersonal Psychology, and has been using dreams as a therapeutic tool with clients for over 15 years. Her book and CD-ROM program, *Dreams: Working Interactive*, is available from Llewellyn Worldwide, 1-800-843-6666, on their web site, www.llewellyn.com, or at your local bookstore. You can contact Stephanie concerning your dreams through Llewellyn, P.O. Box 64383, St. Paul, MN 55164, or via email at stephaniec@llewellyn.com.



Dreamwork and Personality Type

Pat Wyman, M.Ed.

As an Inner-child therapist, I utilize many tools, including dreamwork, to help my clients attain greater self-understanding and self-acceptance. Inner-child therapy is intense, right-brained and affective. It is easy to see that dreamwork is well suited to this type of therapy. Inner-child therapy works on at least three levels: first, it deals with actual past events, those things that occurred in a client's history; second, it works on a metaphoric or archetypal level. In both dreamwork and imagery (active imagination); third, on a spiritual level, the client can come to a better

understanding of a higher power and the relationship the client would like to have with that higher power. Charles Whitfield's Healing the Child Within or any of John Bradshaw's books present a good overview of inner-child work.

My work with clients focuses mainly on the first two levels, the historic and metaphoric. Regretfully, when a client reaches the point where the main focus is spirituality, I know our work is about complete and it is time for her or him to work with a spiritual director. I regret that, as a therapist, I am not as deeply involved in this aspect of a

client's recovery, because it is immensely gratifying and of enormous interest to me. I am always delighted when an old client checks in and I have the opportunity to see further spiritual growth and the accompanying peace and serenity.

One of the major tools I use in helping my clients achieve better self-understanding and self-acceptance is personality typing. I use two systems of personality typing, the Myers Briggs Type Indicator (MBTI) and the Enneagram. The "Essential I" or Core Self is profiled by the MBTI. Metaphorically, the child represents this Core Self. The Ennea-

gram profiles the part of personality that is the Defense System. It is often represented metaphorically by some type of container or protection. Cognition—the rational part of personality—is generally represented as an adult. The MBTI system has 16 different personality types. The Enneagram has nine. Within each system, each type has its own set of traits.

When clients enter therapy, the Enneagram defense part of personality is very strong. That stands to reason as they are entering therapy because something in their lives is causing them to be highly defended. As we do healing work in the course of therapy, we can watch the Enneagram Defense System begin to relax and relinquish control to cognition. Imagery and dreamwork help us facilitate and monitor this transition.

Sometimes the traits of the MBTI Core Self are similar to the traits of the Defense System and the two systems operate compatibly. Other times, the traits of the Core Self and the Defense System are very much at odds with one another, causing the client a great deal of internal conflict. Paula is an example of the conflict between these two parts of personality.

Paula is an ENFP on the MBTI. This personality type can be aptly called "The Playful Puppy." It is energetic and fun-loving. Paula also carries the Enneagram Defense System of the Perfectionist (Enneagram 1) which is governed by innumerable rules and incessant shoulds. When Paula first entered therapy, she barely recognized the ENFP 'puppy-like' part of her personality. She had been so

wounded, she lived almost entirely out of her Defense System of the Enneagram 1, the Perfectionist, to the point of being obsessive/compulsive. She was in deep depression, on multiple medications and suicidal.



"... metaphorically the child represents the Core Self.

The Enneagram profiles the part of personality that is the Defense System.

It is often represented metaphorically by some type of container or protection.

Cognition, the rational part of personality, is generally represented as an adult."



After a year of therapy, Paula is no longer suicidal, off medication and beginning to be hopeful about the future. She recently reported this dream:

I am at my old job of teaching at a junior high. I enters my classroom to see a young boy I like with his head half shaved. The side that is shaved is not entirely bare. There are strands of blonde hair at intervals, looking somewhat like hair that has been pulled through a cap to be frosted. I ask the boy about his hair and he smiles warmly at me, telling me it is the new style.

In working with this dream, we immediately determined that the boy represented Paula's inner-child. In describing him, she used words to describe the ENFP part of her personality. She said he was happy, funny, warm, good, caring and that she really liked him. The dream setting is a school, symbolizing therapy where she has been learning a new way of living over the last year. At this point in her therapy, she is establishing the locus of control in the ENFP rather than the Enneagram 1 where it has been all her life. The child is telling her it is her new way of living.

Cindy is an ESFP on the Myers Briggs and an Enneagram 3. There is probably only one MBTI type more playful and fun-loving than Paula's ENFP and that is the ESFP. I believe this type has "I'll never grow up!" as their motto. Cindy is defended as an Enneagram 3, the Performer. This type looks great on the outside: charming, competent and in charge. The Enneagram 3 is quite prone to workaholism as they are more aptly seen as human-doings rather than human beings. Clearly, Cindy is another case of two different types housed in one body. Cindy reports a three-part dream. In the first part, *I am leaning against a blind woman and trying to get nurturing from her.* In the second part, *I am trying to describe to the blind woman how to navigate a narrow path to a three-sided hut in which a very sad little girl is sitting, talking to herself and wishing things were different.* In part three, *a piano is being delivered up a flight of stairs to me.*

Although Cindy felt the blind woman reminded her of her mother, on another level the blind woman can also represent her inability to fully see herself and her own giftedness. The three sides to the hut are a give-away to the Enneagram 3 which is doing its duty as a Defense System by surrounding and protecting the child. Cindy reports spending much of her life performing and doing more and more. The child is obviously in need of protection, because she is hurting and unhappy. The Enneagram 3 type is seen by the rest of the world to be successful, self-assured, charming and accomplished, presenting a wonderful image. Cindy's dream shows the truth. The 3 is presented as a hut. It is not where she wants her child to live. The phoniness and the glitz of the 3 covers the fact that living in her Defense System is not home. Cindy knows she will have a very hard time explaining to the blind woman how to make her way to the hut containing the child. Cindy is a very accomplished pianist and composer. In the third part, the dream delivers a piano up to a higher level, indicating that she can reach a higher level of self-expression and self-understanding if she can follow the path to the child in the hut. I feel the dream is encouraging Cindy to work with the child.

As an Enneagram 3 myself, I have had similar dreams. In one of my dreams, *my brother-in-law's father died and left a large estate to my brother-in-law and his Asian-born, adopted brother.* My brother-in-law, Ron, is an ESFP just like Cindy. His Enneagram is 7 which filters out anything emotionally painful and focuses on the fun in life. He is designed to be a true free spirit. The Asian brother is just the opposite, very business-like and task-oriented. Ron does not want to run the large family business and

considers selling his share. His brother jumps on the chance to buy him out and states that the provisions of the will require Ron to sell to him. If the Asian sibling does buy out my brother-in-law, he will have controlling interest in the family business.

I consider all characters in this dream to be parts of me. The dead father represents the adult or cognitive part of my personality. This dream tells me if I do not have an active "parent" or "adult," then the running of my life is going to be taken over by my success-driven, business-oriented 3 Defense System. When this happens, my spirit part will not have any say in how the organization (me) is run.

I am convinced that understanding personality types and the workings of our own personalities affords the subconscious another method of communicating vital information for our greater good through our dreams and imagery. I would like to see a wider use of personality type in exploring dreams and encourage those interested to explore the topic more fully. ✨

Suggested Reading:

Please Understand Me by David Keirse and Marilyn Bates

Please Understand Me II by David Keirse

The Enneagram by Helen Palmer

The Enneagram in Love and Work by Helen Palmer



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and the illusion of the lower mental plane assails the ego. Same picture as above, the 'horse attacking the car.' Now, as the dreams contained in my two books amply illustrate, the car—in people's dreams—stands for the dreamers' present incarnation in time (movement) space, the dreamer's total BE-ing: physical, mental, emotional, intellectual, spiritual. So it is this total BE-ing that the horse attacks angrily... the lower senses rebelling against the threat of being overshadowed, indeed, 'done away with,' by the Higher self. The God-within seeks union with the Godhead, the Divine totality, whence we emanate: the vision of the stone temple high up on the cliff. It is the blinking of the eye, the momentary loss of sight of that vision that—in the second dream—is symbolized by the angry horse attacking the car. However, the right side, the spiritual side, of the dreamer's BE-ing overtakes the stationary self, and wards off the lower self's endeavor to maintain its control over the ego; thus the lower self will meet its unavoidable demise, "because that is what happens" says the dreamer at the end of her dream.

To illustrate this process I'll quote from The Metaphysical Bible Dictionary where, commenting on the vision of Ezekiel, it is explained that :-

"We may apply this story of Ezekiel's vision to our own development, for it is a symbol of what may happen in anyone's spiritual growth. When we touch the God consciousness, we realize the presence of a mighty power, and at first we fall down; that is, we become inactive, for we feel our insignificance and our inability to do anything but worship. We soon find however, that we must go forth and carry the message to others. We must be busy. We do not always need to preach in order to carry the message. We may become living messages that will be more eloquent in Gods' cause than words could possibly be."

This text, I feel, beautifully illustrates Susan's two dreams and my 'reading' of them. ✨

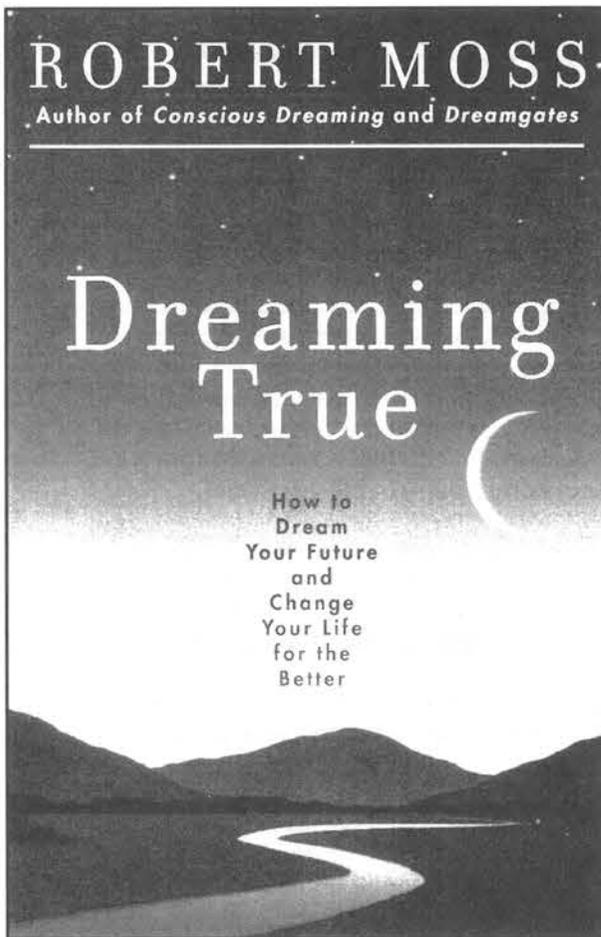
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We invite your **Questions** and accounts of personal experience involving dreams, from workable methods, transformative experience... to informal sharing, synchronicity, or insight gained in groups and therapy.

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We encourage you to list dream groups forming or needing new members, dream related research requests and to notify us of quality dream related events, services or books which would be of interest to the readership.

Related sidebars and quotes are always welcome.

Typewritten double-spaced manuscripts are essential, approximately 2000 words. (We prefer both hard copy and computer disk submissions.) Reproducible black and white original art work & photos are welcome; photocopies are acceptable. Please include SASE with submission and/or request for guidelines.

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