

Spring ~ Vol. 30 No. 1

Dreams, Religion and the Divine

Dream Network Journal

Exploring the Mystery of Our Dreams

Since 1982



Whale Speaks ~ Brenda Ferrimani

Musings on the Dream Circle ~ Russell A. Lockhart

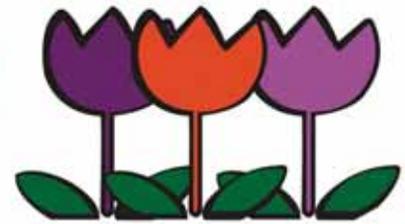
Drum Dance & Dream for Peace 2011 ~ Jean Campbell

How Dreams Are Helpful to Me as a Priest ~ Rev. Bob Haden

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Divinely Intended Tension

A Meditation on Oneness and Dreams

Informed and Inspired by Susan Simm-Smith

On February 3, 2011 by Greg Little

Drawn to Oneness
To a new being
Creature and Creator
The shadow journey
To be cleaned and to clean
The Map unrolls before us revealing
One seal at a time
The Personal
The Cultural
The Archetypal
And Beyond
The Cosmos appears
The rules that were once secure
No longer apply.
That which is
Moves to the Oneness.
The voices call me back
To the old rules.
The Oneness encroaches
On my comfortable self.
The old rules
Resist the New Way.
The content changes
The process remains.
The Ego moves
And awareness grows.
Ego listens to opposites
And honors each.
The lies and half-truths;
The rules and regulations;
The voices of seduction
Drone on against the Oneness,
Dead branches removed
Living ones pruned
The rough path made smooth
Valleys and hills
Made straight.
The drone of the voices
Recede into silence.

Statement of Purpose

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Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture ~ Since 1982

Our purpose is to raise individual and cultural appreciation for the value of dreams by making available information that will assist and empower you in taking responsibility for your personal/physical, emotional, psychological and spiritual well-being, with the help of dreams.

Our goals are to unite and serve individuals who respect dreams, to empower dreamers in demystifying dreamwork and to assist with the integration of dreamsharing into our everyday lives and 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 on many levels: personal, cultural and global.

Recalling a dream is a signal that we are ready to begin understanding the information that has been presented. Helping you to learn to understand the meaning of your dream—by journaling, studying, sharing your dreams with others one-on-one or in groups—is our primary mission and the purpose of membership in our esoteric organization. Enacting or manifesting the dream's hint can bring healing and personal empowerment.

We seek to provide a balance and to give all cultures/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 that which is surfacing, given the limited space in the print and Online Journal. The emphasis will change over time to allow for a wide range of ideas and opinions to be explored and expressed. We invite you to indicate areas of interest and questions you would like to see explored on our website and in future issues.

Dream Network

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Upcoming Focus

for SUMMER ~ Vol. 30 No. 2

DREAMS & MONEY

What does money
symbolize in your dreams?
Share your dreams in which
money was significant.

Lifeline: 4 Weeks after
you receive this issue.

About Our Cover Artist Brenda Ferrimani

Brenda Ferrimani has been a painter of dreams since 1999, when she left commercial art behind in order to dedicate her time to creating art with personal meaning and power.

Dream images captivate her imagination and provide an unending source of visions and inspiration. Her dream paintings express the mystery of the psyche's inner world and the power of dreams to impact and change our lives.

She's currently building a body of work called "Amazing Women's Dreams," sharing the dreams through art and inspiring stories of women of our time.

She co-host a monthly dream group incubation on every Full Moon.

You're invited to join in the fun!
www.dreamingglobalillumination.com

Follow her Face Book page :
Dream Art by Brenda Ferrimani

Brenda's personal website:
www.brendaferrimanidreamart.com

MY DECISION TO FOCUS THIS ISSUE ON *DREAMS, RELIGION AND THE DIVINE*, came about as a result of watching the Reverend Bob Haden's excellent DVD set, *A Dream Workshop Series*. This is a video of one of his dream teaching and training seminars at the Haden Institute. In the series, 'Reverend Bob' discusses dreams in the Bible, the history of dream evolution in the contemporary western world, and he teaches how to work with dreams, both individually and in groups. His work brings dreams back into the Christian community. Bravo, Bob!

Now, I have to admit that 'religion' in the sense of organized religion, is a touchy subject for many of us in this day and age . . . for many reasons. Greg Little says it well in his meaningful poem, *Divinely Intended Tension* (see Page 3).

Everyone, I believe, is engaged in the 'birthing' or transformational process taking place at this time. Like it or not, Big Change is underway and there's no holding it back!

As I was working on this issue, what kept coming up on my computer were the words: "The Keys to the Kingdom are in our Dreams."

This phrase essentially sums up my own religious attitude. Following my dreams, and living each day in the Here-and-Now to the best of my ability, have become my way of navigating through this life. I was raised from birth in the Catholic Church and determined to move away from that religion in my early teens, for many reasons. I remained in a 'limbo' of sorts for quite a number of busy teenage years. Then, in my early 20s, I decided I was an 'atheist.' That didn't last very long, for reasons I don't remember. Perhaps that attitude created an inner tension that was too great? Soon I changed my label to 'agnostic.' In the mid-1960s, I learned that Maharishi Mahesh Yogi would be

talking in a nearby location and I made my way into his presence. That was a life-changing event in many ways. I began searching among various spiritual traditions, beliefs and religions to find my way. Ultimately, by the mid-1970s, I began having and remembering an awesome series of dreams. The visions, images and stories I received in this most extraordinary and personal way propelled me onto this dream-path, where I have found my religious home. Here is where my spiritual needs are met: my dreams. All of which reminds me of a recent dream:

A large hand reaches down from the sky and gives me a package. The wrapping paper is plain, sky blue. On one side of the package three golden keys dangle. They are all linked together.

I wonder what is inside, and turn the package over. On the other side is the word "Miracles," composed in white cloud-shaped letters.

The feeling of 'electricity' and other-worldliness that accompanied the entire dream awakened me before I opened the package. I will open it someday . . . in a dream.

When I first took responsibility for this publication, it was entitled *Dream Network Bulletin*. After much consideration, I changed the title to *Dream Network Journal*. Up until recently, *Journal* did not appear on the cover page. Now, as you may have noticed, it has been restored! We are, henceforth, the *Dream Network Journal*.

You will also see changes in formatting on the inside, as well as other changes that we hope will result in a more attractive and error-free publication.

All this is the result of recommendations made by a committed group of supportive individuals who have been working with me over the past several months. But our efforts would

have been in vain without the heart-lifting—even soul-lifting—responses from many of you to a fund-raising request we sent out in January. **Thank You!** We are committed to keeping DNJ in print.

There are more fund-raising efforts in process, for instance:

A Dream Circle is forming, now boasting 34 members with a goal of reaching 100. There are and will be a number of benefits for membership, including access to our expanding Members Only area on our website, discounts for fund-raising events and special online gatherings, beginning with Russell Lockhart's unique dream-inspired offering (see Page 23). Russell has also offered to send a copy of Marc Hudson's book of poems, *Journal for an Injured Son*, published by The Lockhart Press, to each *Dream Circle* donor.

In Santa Fe, Uma Markus and Sabine Lucas will be showing Uma's DVD, *Drawing the Dream Awake*, as well as David Blum's DVD, *Appointment with a Wise Old Dog: Dream Images in a Time of Crisis*, in several venues. Discussions, facilitated by a panel of dream-workers, will follow the viewings. Thanks to Linda Anson, who has shared a treasure chest of creative fundraising ideas, for sparking these events.

These are but a few of the benefits *Dream Circle* members will enjoy. More to unfold.

But this gratifying response is just the beginning. We still need your help. In truth, the only way to grow to a sustainable level is with your help. Become a member of the *Dream Circle*. Schedule a fund-raising event in your area, similar to the ones coming up in Santa Fe, NM. Share the importance and uniqueness of DNJ with your friends, family, clients, members of your dream group . . . and by all means, encourage them to subscribe.

"If we build it, they will come." ~ RO

Letters, Questions

Soul Crunch During Transitional Times

DNJ faces big challenges. I think it's important for all of us—readers, helpers, advisors and yourself—to recognize that a major transition is taking place. If only because of technological and financial upheavals around the world, DNJ finds itself duly challenged. In fact, publishers in general are in turmoil. Businesses large and small, far and wide, are floundering or failing.

As we all navigate the turbulence ahead, I think it's worth pondering what the larger psyche itself wants to come out of all this and whether the efforts we're all making on behalf of DNJ are part of some larger pattern that is taking shape—a pattern greater than any one individual.

Does the larger psyche have a place for a small-niche dream magazine, or are large corporations sufficient unto the day? Occasionally I and others will have a dream which suggests that "something else" is needed, something other than the corporate machine and its values. Hopefully we can all rise to the challenges implicit in our dreams, to end up in a better place of which we can all be proud.

Your tenacity over the years is remarkable, Roberta. I owe you a debt of gratitude.

Paco Mitchell, Santa Fe, NM

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Responding to "It's What You Don't See"

I was interested to read Marlene King's article, "It's What You Don't See" in the Winter issue of DNJ. She asks "when will our current lifestyle invade dream content?" and suggests that she rarely hears of people

dreaming about current technology. This is surprising, since I know that Richard Wilkerson has been collecting people's computer-related dreams for many years. I have been using computers for over 30 years, and I am certainly not in the "20-something" generation! I checked my own database of over 9,000 dreams over the past 14 years, and found the following numbers of dream references:

computers: 217 (actually my 73rd most common dream symbol)

printers: 16

cell phones: 12
(and I don't ordinarily use one!)

xerox machines: 11

Powerpoint projectors: 10
(including one I shared in my article in the last issue of DNJ)

scanners: 9

fax machines: 3

So far, no Bluetooth or MP3 players but I don't use those, either.

Curt Hoffman, Ashland MA

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Is Lucidity Concept Sliding into Common Knowledge?

I wonder if any readers are finding that the 'lucidity concept' is beginning to slide into common knowledge? I have been meaning to write to authors of books focused on lucid dreaming—like Robert Waggoner's *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway into the Inner Self*—about this phenomena I seem to be perceiving.

Many thanks for all your years of dedicated work for what Graham Greene calls his "other world" in his memoir consisting only of selected dreams.

Edith Gilmore, Bedford, MA

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

More 'Online' vs. Print Debate

As far as the 'on-line' vs. paper debate, I'm alarmed at the ever escalating digitalizing of our world. I've had dreams that advised me to be more 'atavistic' and to "use a cell phone only for emergencies," etc.

I'm amazed by how the challenge of e-waste is glossed over. At one time, California's congressman, Mike Thompson, had a bill that would disallow our E-waste to be disposed of to other countries, like India. The toxic impact is worth considering. I would be perfectly happy to have *Dream Network Journal* published on newsprint. The verbal material is far more precious to me than the glossy cover and even much of the artwork. I did, though, really love the art of the *I Am Salmon* cover in the Autumn issue.

Last week I read the quarterly journal from the university in the town where I live: Humboldt State. It's a publication of the journalism department, a student production. The young editor apologized yet another issue on paper and for the wasteful use of paper. Making me wonder if the issue of e-waste is ever addressed in the study of journalism. And Humboldt State is best known for its curriculum in environmental studies.

There is much more I'd like to share but for another letter. Meanwhile, I thank you all for your dedication and devotion.

I FEEL the depth of your work.

Janice Fetzer, Arcata, CA

Please send your response/
letters and questions to:

LETTERS % Dream Network
PO Box 1026 Moab, UT 84532
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Publisher@DreamNetwork.net



How Dreams Are Helpful To Me as a Priest, Pastoral Counselor and Spiritual Director

by Bob Haden, Director
The Haden Institute

INTRODUCTION

One of the things that hooked me in the beginning of this dream path was Carl Jung saying he had a deep and abiding fear that the church was losing the experience of the Divine. If the church loses the experience of the Divine, the church will go down the drain. If the church goes down the drain, western civilization would go down the drain as well. When I read that, I knew I had a purpose and a partner on the journey.

Karen Armstrong, author of *Battle for God*, says that religion from the beginning was composed of both *logos* (reason) and *mythos* (mystery). Then, during the scientific era and the Enlightenment, we dropped *mythos*. We are all trying to recover *mythos*. The discovery of silence, meditation, dreams, and Jung has re-awakened *mythos* and the experience of the Divine for me. *God does come to me in silence, and dreams truly are "God's forgotten language."* I would like to share some of that journey with you, as it intersects with spiritual experience.

My First Remembered Dream

I ONLY REMEMBER ONE DREAM BEFORE I WAS 40. Since then, I have remembered and journaled well over a thousand dreams. What made the difference? The difference was that, at age 40, I began to take dreams seriously and therefore, they took me seriously.

The first dream took place after my first vestry meeting as a new "wet-behind-the-ears" 26-year-old priest in charge of an Episcopal Mission in The Diocese of Western North Carolina.

Drowning in a Cave Dream

The dream takes place in a cave where, all of a sudden, I realize that a close friend is in some deep water in the cave and is drowning. I dive in to rescue him, going down, down, down. Then I realize I am down so far I might not be able to get back up. I am drowning and struggling to get back up top.

I did not know what to do with this dream until 14 years later. One layer of the dream was the revelation that I was, unknowingly, repressing all kinds of feelings at my first vestry meeting. There were things I wanted to say and things I wanted to respond to rather strongly but I kept my mouth shut. The dream was drawing a picture of something of which I was completely unaware: my *shadow-self* (the close friend in this dream) was drowning. My *ego* (my conscious self, all that I think of when I say "I") went to help but then I (my dream ego) began to drown also. I was struggling for air; I could not breathe. I was learning that when I try to help by repressing, I begin to drown also. At age 26, I just felt the feeling. At age 40, I felt the feeling and became conscious of what was happening.

Another layer of the dream came when I learned later that the actual "close friend" who appeared in the dream was in deep psychological trouble. He was a missionary in Africa and was about to go under, psychologically drowning. Luckily, he got the help he needed and is now fine.

This dream illustrates two levels of a dream: one about me personally, and another about things happening half way around the world. I was learning that dreams are a whole 'other' world.

VESTRY DREAMS

You Are Stepping On My Toes

A vestry-woman comes up to me at church and says, "I dreamt last night that you and I are dancing and you are stepping on my toes."

That certainly gave me a clue and caused me to be alert as to how I was "stepping on her toes" in vestry meetings. I was stepping on her "standpoint," because legs, feet and toes are what we stand on, our standpoint in life. I began to ponder that and—because of the dream—she was able to tell me a critical thing which I needed to hear to facilitate our communication, friendship and working together.

Snake in a Cave

I never would have realized that the "snake in a circle in a cave" dream was also about the vestry. When I took this dream to my analyst, she immediately said, "Is there a snake on your vestry?" Being naïve at the time, I said, "No, there's no snake on my vestry." I learned two weeks later there very definitely *was* a 'snake.' I asked my analyst why she asked that question and she said, "In ancient times, the council of the tribe met in a circle in a cave... and your council is the vestry."

Now the snake on the vestry became very apparent. He was a big manipulator and did all kinds of sneaky things behind the scenes. I got so angry with him! In fact, I became overly mad. Luckily, I had learned that if I get that angry with someone, there is something of the same thing going on in me. So I asked myself, "How do I manipulate?" I responded, "I would never manipulate. It is a high quality with me." Finally, after asking myself five times, I said, "Oh, I am very sophisticated in the way I manipulate." As Jesus says, "First take the log out of your own eye and then you

will see clearly how to take the speck out of your neighbor's eye." The snake of a vestry person was also my shadow. Robert Johnson says one of the highest moral acts we can undertake is to make friends with our own shadow. The reason I did not recognize the vestry person's shadow was that I was not acquainted with my own shadow.

Two Alligators

Another vestry dream from the archetypal level:

Two alligators come around either side of a pond to get me and there is no escape.

Alligators don't eat you up right away. First, they take you down and drown you. At the time, the vestry and I were at odds and I was slowly drowning.

I Ching

This was the one time that I threw the I Ching (a Chinese book of wisdom), seeking Divine wisdom and guidance. The reading that came up was "Stalemate." It talked about the *goodness of stalemate*. I realized that both the vestry and I had the goods to destroy each other but in the process, the parish would be destroyed. I swallowed my pride and remained in the goodness of stalemate.

So many of the vestry dreams were simple and straight forward, giving me clues for everyday responses, while others were deep and life-changing. Some were from the *Personal Unconscious*, while others were from the *Collective Unconscious*. All of them, in my understanding, were from God through the unconscious to me.

SPIRITUAL DREAMS

God in a Box Dream

God comes to us directly and indirectly in dreams. God came to me directly as I was sleeping in the rectory of St. John's Church, Charlotte, NC.

In the dream:

I know God is in my bedroom, I can feel God's presence. I notice that the bathroom door is closed but the hall door is open. I do not want God to escape so, on tip-toe, I close the hall door to keep God in the bedroom. When I do, the bathroom door opens, then when I close the bathroom door, the hall door opens. After this happens several times, God goes into the closet. I said, "Now I've got Him!" (God was "Him" in those days). As soon as I shut the closet door, this glowing psychedelic light became bigger and bigger... and even bigger, until it finally went puff! ~ and these words form: "You are not going to put me in a box."

I was in the era of my ministry where I felt I had to have all the answers, especially all the answers about God. This dream had a dual effect on me. I really *felt* God's presence and I also realized, again, that I will never know God completely. Certainly, I can never put God in a box. I can relax. I don't have to know it all.

Two Monks

Just Looking at Each Other

One night I had a simple dream:

Two monks sit at a table, just looking at one another.

There was nothing going on. A few hours after I woke up from that dream, it suddenly hit me! There was "nothing going on" in my spiritual life. If the Bishop had said that to me, I would have become defensive. The thing I love about dreams is that you can hear a stark truth in a way that allows you to accept and do something about it. If you don't, the dream-maker will paint another picture in a future dream. Dreams will also tell us when we are on and off of our path of *Individuation*.

When I first discovered the reality of the dream world, I was so excited I

was telling everybody my personal dreams. When I went to see my analyst she said, "Dreams are like your private prayers; you are sharing them too much too soon with too many." The dream I shared with her that session gave her the information to confirm that this was, in fact, what was going on. This was a big dream for me.

Maltese Cross

I see the front page of a church paper where I am on the staff. A priest friend is in a picture on the front page, kneeling down saying his prayers and holding a Maltese cross. My immediate response is to cringe and say, "He shouldn't be doing that in front of everybody."

My analyst pointed out that was exactly what I was doing with my dreams. The other clergyman in the dream was, again in Jungian terms, my *shadow*.

There was also a much deeper level to this dream, which my analyst sparked by asking, "What is the Maltese Cross to you?" I said, "I don't have any association, but I have been attracted to it all my life." She replied, "Well, if it were me, I would want to find out what is the Maltese Cross." The next morning I woke up at 4 AM and looked up Maltese Cross in my encyclopedia.

The Maltese Cross took me to the *Hospitallers* in Jerusalem during the crusades, whose patron saint was John; that took me to *John of God* who was *Teresa of Avila's* spiritual director. Teresa of Avila mentored John of the Cross. I never would have gotten to John of the Cross' *Dark Night of the Soul* or Teresa of Avila's *Interior Castle* without this dream leading me there. I knew nothing of the medieval saints and now I run a school for spiritual direction in the U.S. and Canada at a Carmelite Spiritual Centre; when I had this dream, I was

Rector of St. John's Church on Carmel Road. The encyclopedia said that Teresa was mystical, but also a realist and very active. That's what I wanted! I also read that John of the Cross' spiritual director said to him at the age of 40, "You are sharing too much of your private prayer life." How old was I? 40.

Three Snakes on a Paten

This next-dream comes from the deep *Collective Unconscious*. I told my analyst, "There's not much to this dream. It is short and simple."

On the front lawn of the church there are three non-poisonous snakes crawling over a paten, i.e., a bread plate in communion.

She asked "Are there three snakes in the grass at your church?" I said, "Yes. I made a controversial statement the other day and three parishioners have been snapping at me, but it doesn't hurt like it used to." The snakes were non-poisonous. This question evoked the *Personal Unconscious*. Then she took me to the *Collective Unconscious* when she said, "I am going to take you to a deeper level of the dream. The Gnostics, an early Christian sect, purposely had non-poisonous snakes crawl over the consecrated bread in communion. The snakes represented Divine Wisdom. If you, as a priest, will allow yourself, you can be conscious of the Divine Wisdom passing through you as you offer the bread at the communion rail."

PASTORAL CARE, HEALING AND DEATH DREAMS

The Black Wisdom Woman

I have found dreams a very helpful guide in church pastoral situations. One day I got word that a 19-year-old girl in our parish had died of cancer. I went immediately to see the family. That night I had a dream:

A black woman stands behind me

as I sit at the desk in my office. It takes awhile, but all of a sudden it hits me: the black woman represents soul to me.

I had not had soul time with that family. So, I went back out to the house and sat on the floor in the girl's room and cried with her mother.

High School Girl

My Youth Minister walked into the office one day and described a frightening experience during the youth beach trip. "One of our senior girls was in the corner of the dormitory room in a fetal position screaming. She'd been having nightmares." I said to bring her in so we could talk about it. I asked the girl to share her nightmare.

I am holding a big boulder. There is someone on the ground below me.

I can't hold it any longer and I am afraid the boulder will crush her.

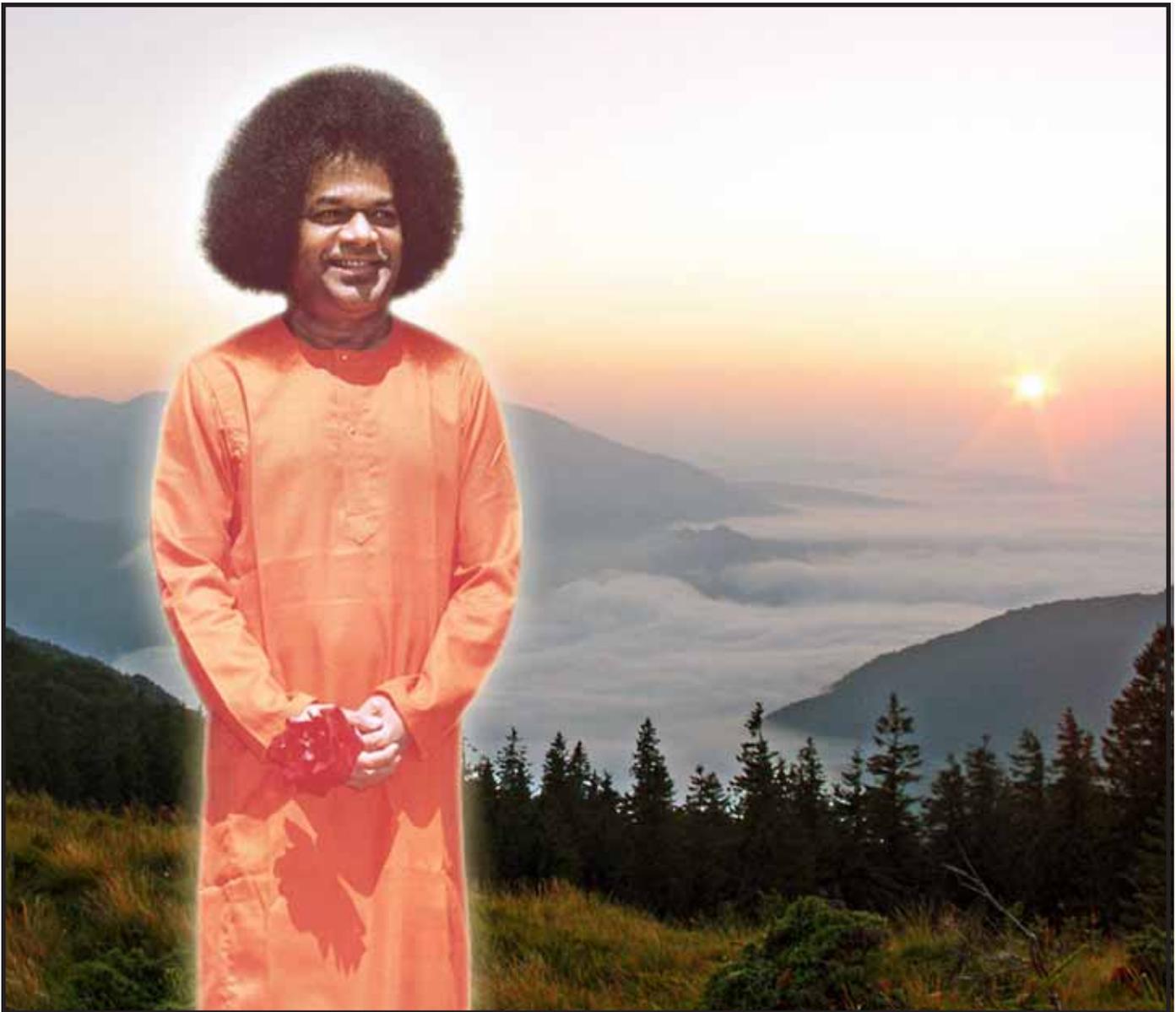
After empathizing that this was a scary nightmare, I asked her who was on the ground. "It looks a little bit like my sister and a little bit like me." "Tell me about your sister." "My sister has been retarded since birth. I have been her primary care taker. My mom and dad don't care for her the way I do and now I am going off to college." I became very directive and said, "Tell your parents they have to become the primary caretakers now. The dream is telling us that if you don't do this, the boulder will not only fall on your sister, but also on you."

Dream Before and After My Dad's Death

Two weeks before my dad's death I dreamt:

The whole family is in a car headed for the airport. We drive under the airport and go on down the road. I nonchalantly notice that everyone is still in the car, except for my father.

(Continued on Page 38)



Finding Truth In Our Dreams

by Arthur Strock, Ph.D.

IF WE DESIRE TO LEAD A MORE SPIRITUAL LIFE, dreams can function as a positioning device to let us know where we are on our spiritual journeys. As with any trip, it's easy to make a wrong turn. Most of us have had the experience of driving the wrong way on a one-way street or getting on the interstate going in the wrong direction.

Wrong turns on the spiritual journey can be more difficult to notice. Because the purpose of vehicles is to

get us from one place to another, we can often move forward on our spiritual journeys by paying attention to our various dream vehicles. After interpreting how a bicycle, car, boat, or a train relates to our every day living, we can look for a spiritual meaning as well. For example, if we fall off a bike in a dream, it might mean that we've lost our spiritual balance. Allowing someone else to drive our car may indicate that we're letting someone else choose our

spiritual direction. If we fall off a boat, it might mean that we've gone overboard on a non-spiritual activity.

Dreams of trains can be especially revealing. They may include reference to tracks. You may find that you are: on track, jumping the track, on the wrong side of the track, or even off track. I recently dreamed of a train that disappeared. The tracks appeared neglected and difficult to see. Other parts of the dream called attention to my shopping activities. As a result of



Arthur Strock, Ph.D.

the dream, I threw out a mail order catalog from which I'd been compulsively buying new stuff that was keeping me away from spiritual activities.

Some dreams, however, are more than guiding influences. They are dynamic spiritual experiences. A recent rereading of Jean Flory's inspiring book, *The Wisdom Teachings of Archangel Michael* helped inspire such a dream. A section of the book entitled "Come to the Infinite Temple of Truth" had a description of the Temple of Truth as a "real place ...a place of love, wisdom and light." In addition, it was said to be available to "...all who desire to feel the ultimate truth of their being in the Christ Light." The description was followed with the recommendation to "Seek the Temple in your meditations."

Although not a particularly religious person, the beauty of the invitation prompted me to jot down the words "Temple of Truth" on a file card, which I set aside on my bureau as a reminder to seek the Temple in my dreams. After a while however, I forgot why the card was there.

Some time later, at my church, I became upset by disputes between friends about an upcoming emo-

tionally charged change in choir personnel. I liked and respected the people involved, but was told unpleasant and conflicting accounts that included blame about what was occurring. One evening after returning home, feeling confused about which of the stories was really true, I looked at the "Temple of Truth" file card with the intention of facilitating a dream explanation. In order to increase the possibility of obtaining guidance, I placed vibhutti, a sacred ash that had been materialized by the avatar Sai Baba, on the tip of my tongue just before going to sleep.

That night I had a dream like no other dream I've ever had. The super clarity of the images and sound was absolutely perfect, not one speck of dust to mar the entire experience. The dream made 3D movies seem hazy. In the dream...

I am near the top of a mountain. The place is very still as I look behind a building where a narrow flagstone path is being built. I then look out across beautiful clean-cut vistas of rolling terraced mountains covered with rich vegetation, colored in the loveliest shades of green. I then hear what is the most heavenly sounding choir I could imagine singing the musical phrase, "In the body that makes the truth." Looking down a path, I see a dark-skinned man wearing a blue robe with a gold filigree collar. Intuitively I know that he is very important. As he approaches, I greet him. He says that he might walk up the road behind the center.

I casually say to him that he might block others, since there is only room for one person at a time. He mentions that I don't have to be con-

cerned. I suddenly notice a \$10 bill in his hand, which I had not seen previously. I feel confused and make an embarrassingly immature and inappropriate attempt to fill an awkward silence by asking if the ten dollars is a tip. He simply ignores me as he continues walking up the path.

The dream closes as...

I realize that the man may be Sai Baba, who is known for materializing things, often with a sense of humor.

That morning I meditated immediately after getting up. In my meditation, I re-entered the dream and followed the man as he walked up the mountain. Although he disappeared, I continued walking. A moment later I was in awe to see—on the peak of the mountain—the dark starkness of Christ on the cross illuminated from behind by a clear sky.

The dream was leading me to a better understanding of truth. The experience was a reminder that dreamwork is an ongoing learning process that is enhanced by inspired teachings and meditation. I realized that none of the stories of my church members could have been the real truth. Truth contains elements of love, wisdom and light, none of which were present in their stories.

After writing an account of the dream along with new insights, I felt quite pleased and chuckled out loud at my own conclusions. I then repeatedly questioned myself as to whether I had really made progress in understanding the differences between facts, stories and truth. Before I knew it, I had shifted from feeling happy to knowing that I was on a spiritual path to feeling quite disheartened. I was caught in a disparaging, critical web of self-judgment. I had been listening to my false self, which is something we need to avoid doing... and that's the truth! ∞

An Easter-Time Dream

A Dream Reading

by Charles M. De Beer

KARS VIA WELLNET SUBMITTED THE FOLLOWING DREAM TO ME:

I am living in a community much like a cluster home complex which happens to have a school attached. It is a very friendly community and I feel very content within my environment. At no time in my dream do I ever feel fear. It began... I wake up and walk down a passage to open the door that inter-leads to the lounge (the layout of the house is the same as my ex husband's who is still my partner but we don't live together). I open the door and realize that something is behind it, so push harder and when the door is open I notice that there are a whole lot of people sleeping in the lounge: one on the floor and one on the couch stand out the most (both male) Later in my dream... I find out that the man on the couch is named Iain. There are also six little dogs, possibly Maltese poodles; 3 are black and 3 are white. Later in the dream... I comment that if I am going to take any of the puppies I will take the three black because they are much prettier and have very shiny coats. I walk into the lounge and turn towards the kitchen; sitting at the kitchen table wrapped in blankets is a young girl between the age of 13 - 15. I know her very well and she is very attached to me, but she is not my child.. She comes running to me and



hugs me. I ask her if her mother knows whether she is here. She says "no," so I say I must 'phone her mother to tell her that she is safe, although I do not actually make the call during the dream I knew that at some point I had phoned her mother

The young girl's name is Annie Milner (I point out that I do not know anyone by this name nor by the name Iain). At this point Annie Milner and Iain leave together in a car. I have the feeling they are involved romantically and I do feel a slight but strong pang of jealousy.

My dream then changes... I am walking along a dirt road by the school with a friend called Debbie, who is walking on the grass beside me. Although this appears to be my actual friend, Debbie, she does look completely

different. Debbie stops and asks me to tie the scarf around her eyes properly, because she is temporarily blind and prefers to cover her eyes. I do so, tying the knot at the back of the head securely. We then start talking about Annie Milner and Debbie says: "Oh you mean Lucifer," and I reply that I like her very much and do not understand why people refer to her as Lucifer.

My dream then changed again... I am standing outside my house and there are a lot of people around the streets—all happy and content—when two men come up to my pavement (which has rich soil on it and no grass) and the one man urinates in the soil. Without anger, I walk over and start to kick soil over the spot he had urinated on and tell him that I do not like him urinating on my pavement. He is apologetic and we continue having a conversation about other things.

Then I awakened.

Reading:

A beautiful, three-tier, clearly remembered dream.

The cluster community represents mankind on earth, incarnating to learn the way back to the Deity whence we came, hence the school shown attached to the community.

Waking up and going to the lounge shows this process in action. We have to become aware of the purpose for which we incarnated: to live a conscious (inner) life.

This is not so easy, we really have to set our mind to it—shown by the fact the dreamer has to push hard to open the door.

It is hard to live consciously because, at the outset, all our higher, spiritual, faculties are fast asleep. We are not taught to seek the path to inner development and so we have to find it for ourselves. All the people in the lounge (a whole 'lot,' meaning one unit) represents those higher faculties we have to awaken in ourselves.

The 'layout of the house' is known, we just have to LIVE it. We are all children of God, as Paul stated in his first letter to the Corinthians:

"What, know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, and that you are not your own, for you were bought at a price.

Therefore glorify God in your body and in your Spirit, which are God's."

It is the glorifying of God in our daily life that will lead us back to the Fount whence we came. But we come in innocence (garden of Eden) and have to toil in the world outside of it, to 'find it back' in full consciousness.

Find "it" back is beautifully symbolized in the dream by the ex husband, who is still a partner... but the dreamer does not live with him. Exactly. We have forgotten or we have not been taught to live with God who, yet, is our partner. When I say "We have not been taught," I mean that religion—in general terms—speaks of a God out there, whereas in fact we have 'God' WITHIN us, we are part and parcel of the Deity. Our purpose in life is to awaken ourselves to that one-ness, to reintegrate consciously what is there all along... albeit unconsciously.

The dreamer goes to the kitchen, where, symbolically, we prepare our spiritual food, which is where the dreamer finds her soul waiting for her in the person of the young girl all wrapped up in blankets, meaning still

covered up, not yet warmly embraced, not yet brought alive, consciously, in the dreamer's life.

Such is the law, that if we make one step towards 'God,' 'God' will take one or more steps toward us... and the dreamer finds her soul ("very attached to her'!) 'running to her and hugging her.'

The dreamer notes that the girl (her soul) is not her child. As it is soul life that will lead us back to the Deity, soul is the very essence of our being, very much our child, once we recognize it as such. Until we do just that, the mother, that is the dreamer, does not know that the soul is in her. She must awaken to that fact, she must telephone herself!

Iain, the man that was asleep on the couch, I see as the dreamer's intellect, who now joins the young girl, the dreamer's soul, in a car. The motor car I always see as the dreamer's incarnation, in which he/she goes through life time/space wise. The dreamer, having awakened her intellect and her soul, now has these two faculties joining forces. I think that the short, slight pang of jealousy she remembers feeling stems from the lower mind, now 'out of a job'; the lower mind is only in control of the five senses and does not deal with the real, spiritual, aspect of life.

In the dream this is represented in the second part, by the friend "Debbie." who is blind to the higher faculties. She, in fact, does not want to see and wants the blindfold securely fastened over her eyes!

Now we come to the third part of the dream, the lowest part, where this same lower faculty is shown urinating on the rich soil that the dreamer now has 'on her pavement.' I believe this 'rich soil and pavement' has great potential for spiritual growth, which the lower mind would invalidate if it could. This action does not upset the dreamer, now securely on her way to

inner development; the lower mind can only tender apologies and attend to its own worldly, activities.

The white and black little dogs, point to duality present even in the Trinity, for once there is manifestation, there IS duality. Choosing the black puppies is a wise choice, as it is only through trial and tribulation that we can reach and achieve Wisdom.

I have no comments on the name Annie Milner. The name Iain might be wrongly remembered, and could have been I AM, which is the intellect's 'motto,' which, when harmonized with soul life, turns into 'I am THAT I am, the human entity now recognizing its 'one-ness' with the spiritual source of which we are all part and parcel.

My copy of the *Dictionary of all Scriptures and Myths*, (Gaskell) states:

"I AM – A symbol of the self-conscious "I" of the Self, reflected on the plane of the mind as the individuality enthroned in the causal vehicle."

For soul and body (the young girl and the dreamer herself) Gaskell states:

"Symbolic of spirit and matter in relation to the Divine process of manifestation, Involution and then Evolution."

About dreams of the Supreme, Gaskell states :

"A symbol of pre-perception, or fore-ordination, of the Divine scheme of the universe and the soul.

This is, I submit, what Kars' dream represents: a dream for her... but equally for the whole of mankind and more especially for those who are searching for meaning in their own lives.

I am grateful to 'Kars' for submitting her dream to me.

This 'Reading' was completed on the day before Good Friday and Easter, commemorating the Crucifixion and the Resurrection. ∞

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

by Janice Baylis, Ph.D.

This unforgettable personal experience is extraordinary but it did happen.

My marriage was breaking up after twenty-nine years.

My three sons were grown and were out of the house.

I was so depressed I was considering suicide. In the depths of this despair, one night I cried myself to sleep and I dreamt...

"Hallelujah, Hallelujah"

An invisible choir of angel voices are singing The Hallelujah Chorus!

The sound was definitely not of this earthly world.

It was soul inspiring, unforgettable...

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah! TRIUMPHANT."

I awakened KNEW that there is more to life than our earthly struggles.

I KNEW that I had to go on so that sometime in the future

I could hear that sound and feel that vibration again, somewhere.

The effect has been ever-lasting, I cannot doubt its reality, that it's real.

So, I thank my Inner Self Helper for putting me in touch. When I came

across the BBC video, "Face to Face" with John Freeman interviewing

Professor. Carl Jung I felt validated. In the video, Freeman said: "Did you

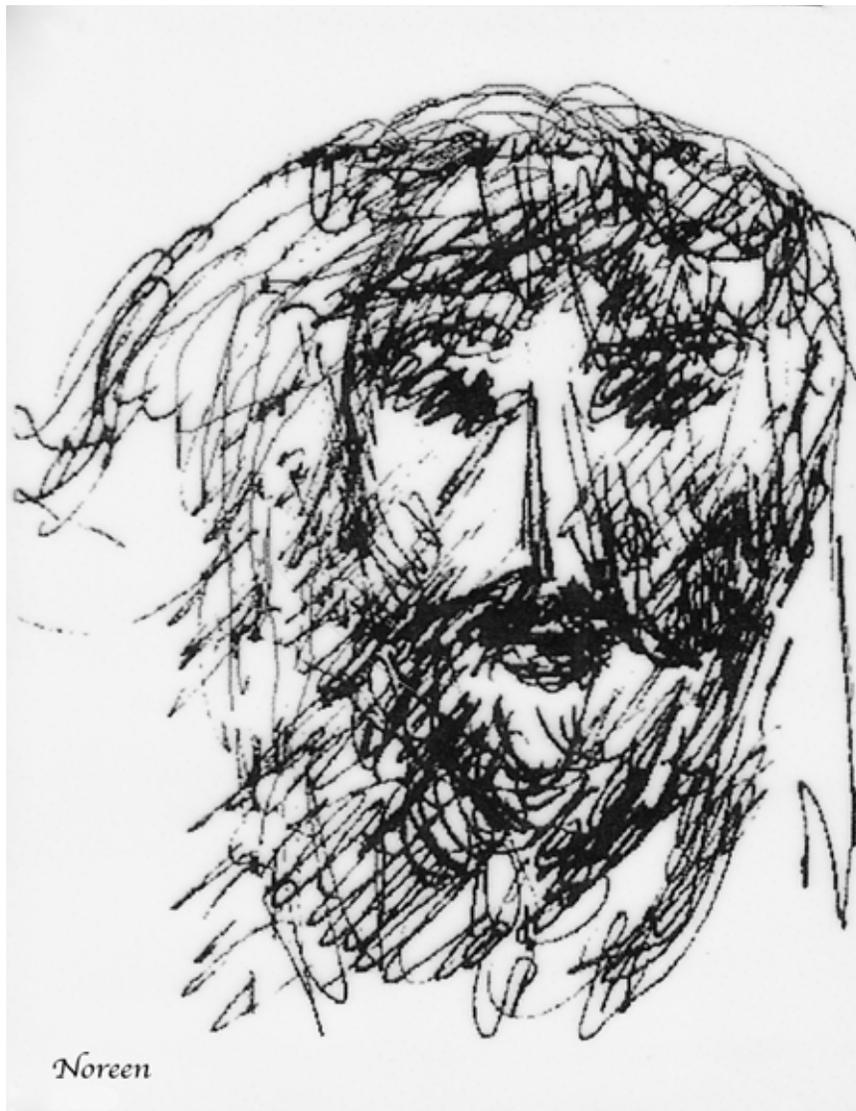
go to church as a child?" Jung: "Oh yes, everyone went to church on

Sundays." Freeman: "Did you believe in God?" Jung: "Oh Yes." Free-

man: "And Now, do you believe in God?" Jung: "Now? That's not difficult

to answer.

I know! I don't need to believe, I know, I know!"



On Seeing Jesus' Face on the Sidewalk in Terrace Park: *Revelation on a Friday Bike Ride*

by Noreen Wessling

BACK IN TIME A BIT.

My good friend Jim and I enjoy biking along the tranquil Little Miami River to the Schoolhouse Restaurant where Abe Lincoln is said to have visited while it was still an authentic schoolhouse! We wanted to enjoy a delightful dinner. This is an occasional and pleasant ritual.

To avoid scurrying home on our bikes after dark and with full bellies, we drive to the Schoolhouse, park and have our ride before we eat, usually arriving back

at the restaurant in the twilight and leaving after dark. On this particular evening as we're making our biking loop, we see for a brief moment a beautiful red fox crossing our path. Auspicious!

Later we park our car near a charming Episcopal church in the pleasant suburb of Terrace Park. The idea: to walk a bit to aid our digestion after the supper we had just devoured and to have the pleasure of an early evening walk.

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“What does it remind you of?” I ask, all the time silently thinking it looked like Jesus but still too shy on that subject to admit it... even to Jim.

“Jesus,” says Jim, without hesitation.

We amble along the quiet, empty streets with their wide pavements. This is a good place to walk and flex our bike legs. The sun has set; evening is upon us. Quaint, old-fashioned street lamps light the tree-lined sidewalks. Then something unusual catches my attention.

I stop suddenly and say to Jim, “Did you see something on the sidewalk just back there?” I pointed behind me.

“I think so,” replies Jim, as he steps back a bit.

“What does it remind you of?” I ask, all the time silently thinking it looked like Jesus but still too shy on that subject to admit it even to Jim.

“Jesus,” says Jim, without hesitation.

We stand transfixed in this timeless moment gazing at the image, both of us wondering how this apparition could have evolved.

As I come out of my trance, I remember the notebook and purple pen I usually carry in my jacket pocket and make a sketch of the actual face still visible and looking up at us from the sidewalk.

Later, we discuss this event. How could it have happened?

“Well,” Jim says. “I suppose it must be the street light filtered through the leaves of the trees... I suppose.”

This whole experience seems what I call a ‘waking dream,’ especially as the incident is most surreal!

A year passes. The memory fades a bit but never disappears. Again we walk along the streets of Terrace Park after dark and after a bike ride.

As we walk, I remember the image of the year before. Even as this notion drifts through my mind, Jim says, “Was this the street?”

Ah! So he’s thinking the same thing! “Maybe,” I say.

And then there it is! The dark shadowy image of a bearded face surrounded by that loose mass of long hair!

Is this a dream?

No, not exactly, But how else may we interpret it? As I said earlier, it functions as a waking dream—an event isolated from reality and comprehensible by the meaning imposed upon it by my/our brain.

More time passes and I decide to create my *Dream Treasure Cards*—my deck of 50 cards of images I’ve drawn from dreams and visions. On the back of each card I add a message relevant to the image.

I use the sketch I made at my first encounter with the ‘Face of Jesus’ for one of my cards and understand the following for this image:

Face of Jesus
Offers
Divine Intervention
* * * * *
Images on a path,
My Jesus asked to be sketched.
Your divine source speaks.

I now regularly use these cards as a part of my altar and as a source for contemplation—sometimes picking a card, other times drawing a card at random and considering both image and the cognized mindful ‘message’ associated with it.

This surreal ‘waking dream’ both strengthens and confirms my religious beliefs and opens me to much wider perspectives. It stretches me beyond ‘Christianity’ to the essence of all religion, which I now believe rests in the oneness of ALL.

It is the *CHRIST SPIRIT* which quickens in my awareness.

What a gift! ∞

I wait for whales

upon the undulating sea
waves rise and fall like a breath
hills, valleys
the sea a meditation
I will not sink as Jonah who was swallowed into dark night
the sea is elastic, sinuous
the webbing froth a hammock that holds me
front side, back side
a great bed of subterranean layers
curious, I cannot penetrate the murky depths
but ride alight and superficial upon the water
lifted up as a bead of dew is poised upon a leaf
I wait for whales
know they are near
a hologram of stars, like fallen constellations, rise from the depths
from the haloed heads of whales
the surface dense as milk how it hisses and vibrates
oscillates to fine white froth
I imagine magnificent cavernous bellies that rise and fall beneath me
great pallid ghosts sunk in slumber
I imagine melon rind skins that blister the surface as great glass globes
that never rupture the perfect tension
I explore darkness that is not absolute
but fractured clouds and sea
the sky a peony of waxen petals that show bits of light
as a candle lit behind a curtain.
Gram flower moon
I wait

Somewhere between waking day and the flood of lunar night lay a place that is neither sleeping nor waking. It is the twilight of a fleeting liminal place of startling images and luminosity.



Lisa Valentine has kept written and illustrated records and journals of her dreams for over a decade and she frequently draws upon her dreams for creative inspiration in her poetry writing.



Whale Speaks

by Brenda Ferrimani

The painting “*Whale Speaks*” is inspired by a dream titled in my journal...

“A Whale Tries to Communicate”

There’s a program on television about a whale which tries to come out of the ocean to communicate. It pushes against Christianity to do this. I am very interested in watching this documentary. Now as I watch the whale, I begin to experience being simultaneously in the ocean as though I am the whale. I move through the deep waters.

Before I awaken, I hear there’s a job available; the Superintendent of Schools has left his job open and a woman offers it to me!

I am so happy, I kiss her right on the mouth!

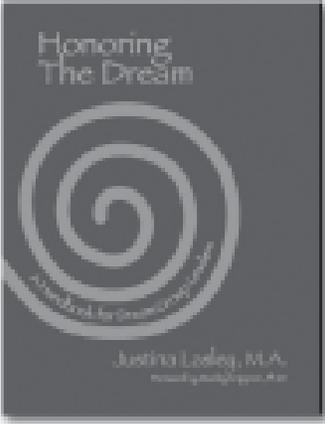
ONCE A TEACHER WALKED THIS EARTH who taught compassion and forgiveness. He spoke of oneness with God and oneness with one another. He taught people how to center themselves in peace and contentment. His words were gentle, his touch was healing. After 2,000 years, what is left of the spiritual landscape Christ created? In my dream painting it is obviously in ruins, it looks as though there's been a war, it's dark and despairing. There are refugees on the shore looking up. A huge messenger from the deep is speaking, and the sun is shining through the storm clouds spotlighting the whale as he speaks. The lights above his head indicate the message is from a divine source. In the background a stained glass window is lit up, and in the center, a white dove. Could this be a message of hope? What is my dream telling me about my inner/outer world and it's spiritual condition? Where is healing and wholeness?

You may have noticed the difference in the emotions of the dream and the dream painting. In the dream there's excitement and interest, while the painting seems dark and brooding. While I painted, I focused more on the Whale's "pushing against Christianity," and what I relived was pain, conflict and wounding. As a child, some of my earliest memories are of adults arguing about religious beliefs. The conflicts tore my family apart. As I grew up, I was to realize that it was the religion itself, the dogma, the patriarchy and intolerance that I could no longer accept. I questioned, I doubted, I pushed! —I finally left my religion. It was frightening and lonely in the dark place of not knowing. My experience of Christianity left me lifeless, souless, wrecked.

Through this dark time something deep inside was stirring, my dreams were always there leading me to a

Honoring The Dream

A Handbook for Dream Group Leaders



Justina Lasley, M.A.
Foreword by Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.

"Justina Lasley has put together an absolutely outstanding resource for practical work with dreams. Whether you're new to the joys of dream sharing or an experienced veteran, Honoring the Dream will provide you with the key methods, helpful techniques, and useful information. Highly recommended!" — Kelly Bulkeley, Ph.D., Author

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new realization. I was to find new life connecting with my inner voice. In the depths of my soul, I felt at home in the divine mystery of all life. What was important was feeling connected and at one with all living things. Mystery, beingness, connectedness are feminine qualities. I was discovering for the first time the divine feminine, the inner god... and there I felt a deep healing.

As a fractal of my world, how does my experience relate to the collective? In my waking world, nations are torn apart by religious conflicts. There are injustices everywhere, especially to women. Materialism and rational thought removes all heart and soul, with little regard for the poor and other life on our planet. While I was painting "Whale Speaks" the Gulf waters were being poisoned in the largest oil disaster ever! All the suffering souls! Where is the harmony and compassion Jesus taught?

On the brighter side, the healing that has occurred within me I believe is also happening within the collective. More Christians and people everywhere are listening to their dreams. They are seeing their Bible in a new

way, through the language of metaphor. There's great interest in Mary Magdalene, the Sophia that was hidden in texts as the Holy Spirit, is now being talked about and embraced. The divine feminine is having a big comeback in many spheres! New schools of thought that harmonize and balance the masculine and feminine, that hold and honor the mystical, are arising. I'm very blessed and happy to be a visionary teacher in this movement!

As the "Super-intend-ent of Schools," swimming with many fish, I feel strangely at home. The dream seems to offer a spin on Jesus' words to Peter, "Come I'll make you a fisher of men." I love the obvious blending of my past experience with my current dream honoring way.

If I could reenter my dream, what would Whale say? He might say,

"The way to the Father is through the Mother. Stop looking up and look instead into the deep reaches of your hearts. Everything you long to know about the cosmos is revealed in your humanity and oneness with all life here. Heal yourselves and all will be healed."∞



Dreams From Around The World

by John Woodcock Ph.D.

Inaugural Edition from Australia

DREAM NETWORK JOURNAL IS GOING INTERNATIONAL! Welcome to the first column devoted exclusively to submissions from around the world. Each year a Guest Editor will solicit 'home grown' articles that will offer all of our readers rare insight into the cultural inflections that inevitably infuse dreaming and dream-related musings.

This year, 2011, I will seek Australian contributors who will show us what "Dreaming Down Under" is like. So, readers from Australia reading this, email your submissions to jwoodcock@lighthouseunder.com.

I am also calling for potential Guest Editors from other parts of the world for 2012 and beyond. Please write me at the same email address for information if you're interested.

For this inaugural article as Guest Editor I will tell you a story of my own dream life here in Australia. In future years, each Guest Editor could also choose to begin the year's international column with her/his own personal contribution.

I was about two years old when my parents immigrated to Australia from England. My mother re-married an Australian man and I was subsequently raised in two distinctly different 'cultures.' My mother insisted I speak properly and 'have manners' while my step-father simply lived his rough Australian ways. One curious outcome for me was that I tended to speak the 'Queen's English' unless I became emotional, at which point a broad Australian accent complete with Aussie swear words would erupt.

I spent a lot of time alone in childhood and that meant I went 'bush.' I wandered in the dense Australian bush, meeting all sorts of strange animals and equally strange plants. Nowadays, thanks to TV, we all probably are

familiar with the echidna, platypus, funnel web, bidgee, fire ant, blue bottle, frilly, the Great Outback, Woop Woop, and Back o' Bourke... but to meet them or to be here in Australis is quite different.

Whether one is an immigrant or not, a very interesting 'soul fact' is that one starts to dream the local landscape, the local flora and fauna. And so I dreamed in the early 80's:

The country is out of water. I meet an old man who is thirsty and says they are charging \$1 for a glass of water. I suggest that I and two women go on an expedition into the desert to find water.

We know where there may be some—a little pool of water in a cliff where you can jump into the sea. I also whisper that if we don't find any, it will hasten the old man's death.

We pass a pet shop. It seems deserted but all the birds are in their cages. I want to set them free but have qualms about it. These bidgees have been in cages a long time.

I notice some small platypuses in cages and I do rescue them. I get some water to keep them going. They burrow back underground.

The landscape of Australia—its deserts, its dryness and its animals—had found their way into my inner life. I also had dreams of being initiated by aboriginal shamans and by 'animal powers,' such as the snake and eagle. At the time of these dreams I was—and I remain—a thoroughly Westernized modern white man, whose reality is economics and technology. I live within those landscapes, which determines my perspective as to how—as a modern dreamer—to comprehend such a dream.

One of the conceptual errors made by some modern dreamers is to conclude that having a dream of initiation by aboriginal elders, or a

(Continued on page 39)

Musings on The Dream Circle

by Russell Arthur Lockhart, Ph.D.

THE INITIAL IMPETUS FOR ESTABLISHING *THE DREAM CIRCLE* was to gather together enough people who would be willing to contribute \$100 annually to insure the continued publication of *Dream Network Journal* in a printed edition. It was promised that members of *The Dream Circle* would receive "bonuses" in recognition of their support. This was a straightforward fund-raising appeal for a long-standing publishing venture (since 1982), in financial distress.

As time went on, I began to muse on whether there might be a "deeper" purpose in forming *The Dream Circle*. Was there "something else" that was calling, aside from the financial stability of the journal? A dream seemed responsive to my musings. In the dream, *there is a patch of grass and on it a sign with the words "Ceilidh of Dreams." A hand icon points to a path off to the right into some trees. Ceilidh* (pronounced kay-leah) refers to a kind of Scots-Irish party with a seriousness of purpose. Such a party entails music, song, dancing, story telling, poetry, and all manner of 'tellings,' and are seen as community bonding rituals, whether in the center of cities or the furthest reaches of rural highlands.

I like the image of a party of dreams.

In my own travels in Scotland, I was fortunate to attend a number of *ceilidhs*, from very simple affairs at local gatherings in small towns to much grander fare in castles. What struck me at all of these gatherings was the degree of spontaneity and what I came to call "engendered expression." What I mean is that when someone, for example, sang a song, the song itself induced someone to offer up a poem, and that in turn engendered another to break out in a dance. There was no "program." The events unfolding were wholly extemporaneous, yet the participants were definitely being linked together—hence the community bonding—by

unseen, but nevertheless palpable connections from one spontaneity to another.

I have had experience in doing something like this with dream images. A group, for example, might sit around a table with eyes closed and someone begins by speaking out an image from a dream. That image would call forth dream images in others and when these in turn were spoken out, something began to happen. There is nothing 'interpretive' about this. There is no search for meaning. There is simply the round and round of images and the creation or engendering of an 'atmosphere,' as if one became enveloped inside a globe of some kind.

I wonder what might happen if members of *The Dream Circle* were to gather together in a modern form of community, online... making use of social technology in this way.

Not emailing, texting, or posting messages on walls... but being together, live, at the same time. This could be in the form of a private chat room, complete with audiovisual connections. I'm not thinking of the usual formal classes, lectures or teaching modes but, as in my dream, a party of dreams, a party of dreamers, a *ceilidh* of dreams. Is such a thing possible? Could we discover what might come of such an online gathering? Maybe a lot. Maybe nothing. The whole strange idea might exemplify Leonardo da Vinci's principle of *sfumato*: being able to tolerate uncertainty, ambiguity and paradox by letting these things become the ground from which dreams speak and from which one speaks dreams. Would you like to be part of this discovery process? See you there! ∞

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If you are not yet a member of *The Dream Circle*, join now. Send \$100 to Dream Network Journal, P.O. Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532, or go to PayPal, and send funds to [publisher@dreamnetwork.net](mailto:publisher@dreamnetwork.net).



# Getting Ready for the Big Production

by Susan Dingsor, M.A.  
Expressive Art Therapist & Mental Health Counselor

**T**WICE THIS WEEK I found myself dreaming of big productions. In one dream, *I am the stage set designer.* In the other, *I am to produce a large banner for center stage.* What were these dreams trying to tell me?

## Set Designer

*Stage set up has me working from early morning until well into the afternoon, perhaps even evening. The young performers take a break shortly after noon while I continue to work. I have all kinds of stage pieces, large and small: some ready-made pieces (like a kayak), as well as pieces of wood to create new things. The kids return from their break for more practice. It's approaching performance date, perhaps the cast is preparing for dress rehearsal and the director appreciates all my hard work... but really doesn't expect it just yet.*

*I am pushing myself harder than necessary. From one rehearsal to another, I cart materials back and forth to the performance center in my car, probably my Subaru Forester. Some pieces are rather large and heavy to be carting back and forth. One would think it would be more logical to store some of the larger stuff. Not only am I carting the*

*stuff back and forth, but it involves carting materials up a flight of stairs to ground level or down into the production room.*

*During the kids break-time, the director/producer asks, "What is your favorite thing to do?"*

*Pastels, I reply. Then the producer proceeds to show me another very interesting form of art I haven't seen before: wire overlaid with netting then dipping it in paint.*

Interpreting the dream, I wonder what the new art form was about. The netting of all this may be instructing me to give a little more focus on my love and enjoyment for pastels and back off on pushing so hard, e.g., stage craft done ahead of expected time. Performance time perhaps translates to my own waking production: my work in the world, my new career as an art therapist.

The second dream on another night:

## Producing the Banner

*There's a large banner I have to make for a production occurring that very night. This night's performance is to be at 7 pm. I need to get busy if the banner is going to be ready before show time. After all, it is already after*

*noon. I am in the director/producer's home, a very large but cluttered space. The room on the first floor is almost as large as a warehouse with tables and tables of 'stuff,' much like a thrift store. The talk among the performance crew and director is about how to make a banner with large letters greater than 5 inches each that reads, *The House Cutters*. The production itself is a comedy about home life.*

*As I look through felts, foam crafts, fabrics, stuff under some of the tables, I find a large panel like a street scene in Bethlehem, PA, with a beautiful brick home on a main street with soft street lights on the top of posts. The panel must be about two yards wide and 45 inches high. I can use this panel for above the stage and put 5 inch letters across the top and bottom of the panel. This feels like a pretty nice idea. I want to get the director's opinion before I proceed but she is too busy multi-tasking with other crewmembers... so I ask another crew member what he thinks. He agrees the idea is good. But he also offers some inappropriate, cumbersome verbiage for a narrative. I respond that we*

have a title and need to keep it brief in order that the words can be large and clear for the audience. He accepts my suggestion saying, "Oh, okay." That was the end of that.

Finally, for a brief moment, I have the director's attention. She responds halfheartedly that the panel banner will be fine. I don't feel acknowledged. But she is busy and time is running out. So I go ahead with it.

I find it fascinating that within just a few days, I had two dreams of big productions! Each dream involves consultation with directors. Perhaps the directors represent my higher self from which I sought approval. After all, I am pursuing a new career in art therapy after two years as a full-time graduate student. Excellent grades and performance in the school would indicate that I have the tools to go out and 'produce.' This is what I was doing within each dream: producing. However, I lack self-confidence or assurance that what I'm doing is 'good or good enough.'

It's no surprise that both dreams involve creative productions. My home, in waking life, is a bit of a scattered mess as I juggle part-time work, additional resourcing, networking and interviewing for a full-time position. Simply put, I am all over the place and needing a clear direction in my life... from my own higher authority. The 5 inch letters may relate to the 5th chakra (voice and being heard). I need to take time with my own higher authority/director to more clearly determine what it is that I want, instead of spreading myself thin where it is not yet essential. The production represents my ideal job: my own production. All I need do is to recognize my own inner authority and determine a clear intention. Set the clear intention for what I want and go for it! ∞

## My Problem-Solving Dream

by Allen Flagg

I WAS READING *The World of Dreams*, edited by Ralph L. Woods, when I came upon a little dream poem:

Walker with one eye  
Walker with two  
Something to live for  
And nothing to do.

The author of the article, Edward Carpenter, commented that even though the poetry produced was not of a very high order, still, one must feel that the ideal of 'something to live for and nothing to do' was a very blessed and beautiful one in its way.

Further in the volume I read an article by Frederik Van Eeden, who began in 1898 to keep a separate account of his lucid dreams. He said: "*I can move and float in all directions; yet I know that my body is at the same time dead tired and fast asleep. Sometimes I conceive of what appears as a symbol, warning, consoling, approving. A cloud gathers or the light brightens. Only once could I see the disc of the sun.*"

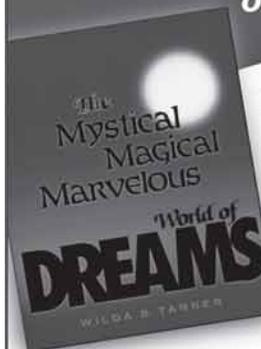
That night I had the following dream:

*I'm walking toward low hills on the horizon, as the sun is going down behind them. I put my left hand over my eye and see the sun's disc with my right eye, behind the hills to my right; I put my right hand over my other eye and see the sun's disc with my left eye, behind the hills to my left.*

The dream had not only solved Carpenter's problem of understanding the poem as being more than blessed and beautiful; it also revealed my unconscious problem-solving abilities by out-doing Van Eeden and manifesting two discs of the sun!

I have a Noetic Insight: I have nothing to do; my Deep Self enlivens me! ∞

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# Entrained with the Heartbeat of the Earth



Larger than life drums created by Willem Fermont

## Drum, Dance and Dream for Peace 2011

by Jean Campbell

**D**URING 2011 WE, ALL OF US, have been offered the opportunity of a lifetime. *Drum Dance and Dream for Peace* will provide the closing ceremony—*A Ceremony for the Future of the World's Children* and a drum circle for all on the Mall—as the finale of the *World Children's Festival* on the National Mall in Washington, D.C., Sunday, June 19, 2011 from three to five p.m.

Additionally, between June 18 and June 28, there will be drumming circles held globally, concluding with a drumming ceremony at the 28th Annual Conference of the International Association for the Study of Dreams in Kerkrade, the Netherlands.

Let me see if I can explain to you, dreamers, why I believe *Drum Dance and Dream for Peace 2011* is so important and what I feel we might do together.

A few weeks short of ten years ago, in September of 2001, I wrote to a group of fifty precognitive dreamers, saying: "So, if you believe that we can dream the future and you believe that the future is not fixed, but that we might be dreaming it up as we go along, how would you like to join me in dreaming up some world peace?"

The result was the World Dreams Peace Bridge, an Internet-based, global group of dream adventurers who have shared their lives and their dreams. In 2003, the Bridge dreamed the children of Iraq, and since then have raised nearly \$100,000 in aid for Iraqi refugees. In 2009, dreamsharing may have saved the life of an Iranian member who joined protestors in the streets of Tehran.

Through long practice, members of the World Dreams Peace Bridge have recognized the amazing synergy created by sharing dreams... both

through telling them and by honoring the group dream through action.

*Drum Dance and Dream for Peace* was created as the result of a dream. When Mary Whitefeather Joyce dreamed in 2006 of a *huge drumming circle, composed mostly of children*, she began asking when we were going to *do* something, but it was not until February of the next year—when International Child Art Foundation Director, Dr. Ashfaq Ishaq, asked us to "create the world's largest drumming circle: for the children" at the World Children's Festival—that we began to understand.

In 2007, the Peace Bridge organized the first Drum Dance and Dream for Peace. Buoyed by our dreams, we created a "Ceremony for the Future of the World's Children" as part of the World Children's Festival on the National Mall in Washington. This included a Pipe Ceremony and

children sharing their own dreams for the world as they scattered grain and water on the Earth, as well as a drumming circle open to everyone who passed by. The event was a global one as well, inviting everyone who could come together to drum anywhere in the world, to drum for the children.

Immediately after *Drum Dance and Dream for Peace 2007*, I experienced a night of dreaming lucidly, waking, returning to sleep, always with the same dream: *Each of the photos of the children that had been taken in Washington appeared, hovering over a grid surrounding the Capitol building on the Mall where the Festival had taken place. As I watched in my dream, the photos hovered, then settled gently, pixel by pixel, into the Earth.*

Only a metaphor? Of course. But dreamers understand the importance of setting one's intention. It is no fiction that we can ask our dreaming self for information and receive it. Individually, multitudes of dreamers ask each year for healing and guidance from dreams. Yet seldom do we attempt such healing on a planetary level.

*Drum Dance and Dream for Peace 2011* will allow us to share an intention: the creation of a peaceful world, a peaceful future for the children of the Earth. With *Drum Dance and Dream for Peace 2011*, the World Dreams Peace Bridge is inviting all dreamers to set their intention. We are inviting dreamers to begin now by listening to the heartbeat of the Earth itself. Change begins with listening. We are asking dreamers to listen to their dreams.

During the Summer Solstice, a time of global awakening, we are asking people all over the world to join us in drumming and dancing up a little peace.

Anyone can hold a drumming circle. Do it for the children. Do it for the child in yourself and the fun you will have. If you don't have a drum, bang a pot or plastic tub; invite children to participate. Think of the others around the world who are doing the same thing.

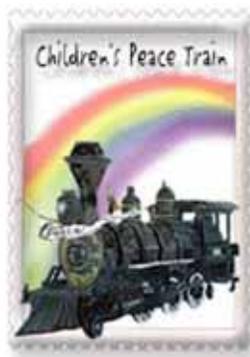
Between the closing of the World Children's Festival on the National Mall in Washington, D.C. on June 19 and

the final event of *Drum Dance and Dream for Peace* at the 28<sup>th</sup> Annual Conference of the International Association for the Study of Dreams in Kerkrade, the Netherlands on June 26, we invite global participation in this experiment in dreaming a peaceful world.

What could happen if for one week, for one *day* dreamers of the world set their hearts on providing a peaceful world and believed, as children do, that their dreams might come true?

After thirty years of research in the area of group or shared dreams, what I can say with certainty is this: many times dreamers doubt and become frightened by the implications of their own dreams. Healing is possible; change is possible; deep sharing is possible. Dreaming together is a way of acknowledging the world dream. There is power for human change in dreams.

For all of these reasons, I hope that you will support *Drum Dance and Dream for Peace 2011* in any way you can. ∞



### Activities Already Planned:

**Sharon Silverstein** of Living at Peace will again lead the drumming circle.

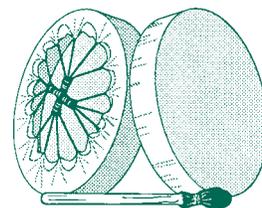
**Jeremy Seligson**, who first dreamed the Peace Train in 2001, will attend from South Korea, with his seventeen-year-old daughter Elioisa to present a Peace Train Workshop.

**Our Iraqi Family** supported by the Peace Bridge through resettlement in the US in 2009 will attend.

### In The Netherlands

IASD Conference Host Willem Fermont created the larger-than-life-

sized instruments that will provide a stage for the closing ceremony of Drum Dance and Dream for Peace 2011 at the 28<sup>th</sup> Annual IASD Conference at the Monastery of Rolduc. Peace Bridge member Lana Nasser will lead the dancing and drumming there.



### Global Regions Represented during Drum Dance and Dream in 2007

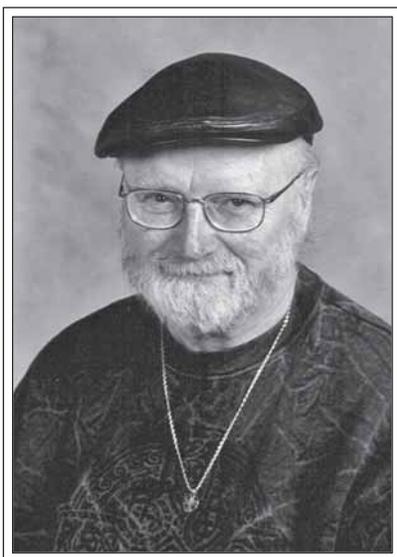
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  - Norfolk, Virginia
  - Ontario, Canada
  - Seul, South Korea
  - San Diego, California
  - Virginia Beach, Virginia
  - Warwick, Rhode Island
- WILL YOU JOIN THIS LIST IN 2011?

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Jean Campbell is CEO of the iMAGE Project, a 501(c)3 nonprofit organization which sponsors the World Dreams Peace Bridge. She is the author of numerous books and articles on dreams, including *Group Dreaming: Dreams to the Tenth Power* (2006, Wordminder Press). She has served on the Board of the International Association for the Study of Dreams since 2003, including terms as both President and Chair of the Board. Her work with IASD involves hosting the popular annual PsiberDreaming Online Conference, which provides cutting-edge research involving dreams and consciousness.

www.worlddreamspacebridge.org/drumming2011

DREAMS IN THE NEWS



by Russell Arthur Lockhart, Ph.D.

When the dream becomes a poem and the poem begins to dream

IN A RECENT INTERVIEW, KIM ROSEN was asked, "What do you say to a person who tells you, 'Poetry makes me feel dumb, like some puzzle that I can't figure out. I don't see that it has any relevance to my life?'"¹

Dreams, like poems, also can make us feel dumb, engage us in trying to solve the "meaning" puzzle, often without success, often leading to just turning our backs on the whole idea. Even if we sense some relevance, untying the meaning knot remains elusive. Bits of meaning we catch hold of are unsatisfying, as if there is always a lurking and restless question: "Isn't there more to it?"

Part of the difficulty is that we approach the dream with typical modes of understanding, as if a dream were a problem to be solved, a message to be deciphered, a hidden

meaning to unveil. In the face of the inventiveness, inarticulateness and precision of the dream imagery itself, we are impoverished in our capacity to respond. Hence the effort to grasp, comprehend, understand. We don't seem to have much luck with the dream (or poem) itself on its own ground.

Rosen's advice was to latch on to poem that effects you in some way, whether you "understand" it or not. And then *memorize* it. But not "just" memorize it like a school assignment. Get the poem into your bones, she says, referring to the old storyteller's way of learning a story "by heart." Once in your bones, the poem becomes a "presence," and once the poem becomes alive in this way it begins to have powerful impacts on your psyche as well as measurable and healthy effects on your brain.

I think the same thing may be true of a dream. Take any dream, and *instead* of trying to "figure it out," get it into your bones. Tell it to yourself, and most particularly *tell it out loud* over and over again. This is one of the most effective ways of "staying with" a dream. Once you have it in your bones, you will experience that "presence" quality. You will begin to feel the dream as comrade rather than as adversary. Pay attention to what comes into your experience as you are telling the dream in this way. I mean *both* your inner and outer experience. A dream that becomes alive to you in this way begins to *animate* the atmosphere as you breathe out, as you breathe in.

Tell the dream to your partner or whoever you tell dreams to... but tell it from your bones. You will find that

anyone who hears the dream told this way will begin to have *experiences* that are *not* trying to figure out your dream, but are more likely dreams, or stories, or poems, or imaginal uprisings of one sort or another, as if your dream set up a call, not only to things in yourself, but in the other as well. There is gold in the mutuality of this "presence" phenomenon.

Humans told dreams and stories and poems from in-the-bone memory for hundreds of thousands of years before writing was invented. Culture was stored in the bones of memory and the route there was through the heart. Once writing "took over," this function of memory began to fade, as if it lost its evolutionary value. Part of the value of memory in this sense was undoubtedly human bonding of a kind that has gone missing. Our browser-based social bonding seems a poor substitute.

Words suffer much the same fate. We "know" what memory is, but we do not know what the *bones* of the word are, that "cemetery of dead metaphors" as Hermann Paul called it. The word *memory* comes from the root(s) *mer*, meaning "re-member." Note the "re" part of this member, a hint of the repetition, actually the *ritual* of againness, at work here and the sense of member as if joining something. Our English word *mourn* (to remember sorrowfully) comes from this root as does the name Mimir, the Old Norse giant guarding the well of wisdom. Hidden in this word as well is the goddess of memory, Mnemosyne, the mother of the muses, a reminder of the creative potentiality of memory in the bones. This is what Rosen found when she was "saved by a poem."²

A person reports this dream following the diagnosis of leukemia.

*I saw a rose.
It was bleeding.
All of a sudden I felt a terrible
sadness and emptiness.*

*I reached out,
cupped my hands and began
collecting the blood. I don't
know why I was doing this.
Then I began to drink it.
I was trembling and frightened.
It felt terribly important.*

When the dreamer woke up, he was disgusted and nauseated by the image of drinking blood but he felt the dream was saying something about his condition. When I heard this dream, what happened in my experience besides all the usual stuff, was a fully presented poem, not something at which I consciously worked. So, I told him back his dream in the poem the dream had set loose in me:

*Reaching out
with hands as cup
catching drops
of dripping blood
drinking from a bleeding rose
drinking it down
to quench a deeper thirst
for the very first time.*

The dreamer cried, as did I and we held one another. The waking dreamer was disgusted with the dream image, but the dreaming dreamer was engaged in a deep ritual called forth by his life-threatening diagnosis. By responding with the spontaneous poem (rather than the armamentarium of traditional ways of working the dream), a healing moment occurred. I'm not referring to healing his leukemia, but to the *poetic engendering* the dream brought forth, the dream becoming a poem that "got through."

Poems appear in the oddest places. A person reports a dream which was only a voice: "*Your safe deposit box is empty.*" This dream so upset this man of great wealth that he rushed to check his various safe deposit boxes. Nothing was amiss. "Must be some inner values," he mused, finally able to brush the dream aside. I

mused back that his values didn't seem to be inner at all. That, as the dream voice announced, his inner safe deposit box was *empty*. This word "empty" struck me so strongly I reached for the dictionary and read *out loud* to him the listed meanings found there. Not where we usually think of looking for a poem, but look at this:

Void of content
Containing nothing
No occupants, no inhabitants
No load, no cargo
Lacking purpose,
lacking substance
Idle
Needing nourishment
Hungry
Devoid and destitute
Empty

These words pierced the dreamer and brought forth tears. He was stung to the bones by this 'poem' of dictionary meanings.

The relation between dreams and poems has yet to be fully essayed, but no essay is going to supplant the dream and the poem that goes deep.

Get a poem in your bones. Take it to bed with you and before you drift off say it *out loud*. Let the poem dream in you! ∞

¹Alison Luterman, "Written on the Bones: Kim Rosen On Reclaiming The Ancient Power of Poetry." *The Sun*, December 2020, Issue 420, p. 4-11.

²Kim Rosen, "Saved By A Poem." Hayhouse, Inc. 2009.

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Russell would love to learn of any *Dreams in the News* worthy of note in this column. He invites your response to always. Email: [ral@ralockhart.com](mailto:ral@ralockhart.com)



Paco Mitchell, M. A.

# In the Moon That Is Always Rising

THE TITLE OF THIS COLUMN—*DREAMING PLANET*—derives from a simple premise. Namely, that dreams are an expression of the same evolutionary processes that gave rise to the universe in its entirety—to stars, galaxies and planets—as well as to the living forms of our biosphere here on Earth. This implies that, regardless of any conclusions we might ultimately reach about the relationship between mind and matter, we cannot separate ourselves from the evolving cosmic context in which we are embedded. Simply put, everything in the universe is a result of... the universe.

We have learned that the heavier elements in our bodies were compounded within the hearts of stars. We thus have star-memories coursing through our veins, traces of distant suns coagulating in our bones. But our participation in cosmic evolution is not limited to elemental star-bodies. For the human psyche, in all its indeterminate vastness, also participates in this grand, evolving pageant. Along with the fellow animals who have shared the planetary cradle, the human psyche itself manifests its own evolutionary traces and longings, in large part, through dreams.

In this straightforward but generally neglected context, then, I would like to entertain a peculiar idea that grows out of my Dreaming Planet premise. For this work we will need a few scientific building blocks and lots of imaginative mortar to hold them

together. The resulting structure will not be scientific, nor will it be pure fantasy. It will be an imaginative hodge-podge of scientific fact, intuition, feeling and fantasy—a strange amalgam indeed. Nevertheless, I think it's worth the intellectual risk and the mental effort. In the end, I work with the materials and tools given to me by stars and mud, water and sun.

### How Many Dreams Does the Earth Produce?

Our modern view holds that the Earth spins on its axis while orbiting the Sun. And because the Sun is a relatively fixed source of light for us, the globular body of the Earth casts its own shadow upon itself. One half of the planet stands in the light, so to speak, while the other half lies bathed in its own shadow, its "umbra." The shadow gives rise to what we call *night*, a cone-shaped cup of darkness that sits on the planet like a party hat or wizard's cap. But this shadow-cap of night is not fixed: it slides over the surface of the revolving globe, always pointing away from the Sun, shooting out into space for thousands of miles. The night-cap has been attached to Earth for as long as there has been an Earth—say, 4.5 billion years. Thus, night has *always* been happening, ever since there was life of any sort on Earth—the light-dark boundary advancing or retreating, *always* moving, *never* stopping. When Dylan Thomas speaks of "the moon that is

always rising" and "the sun born over and over," he is chanting out his poet's recognition of this cosmic condition of all earthly existence.

It should be no surprise, then, that most life on Earth is saturated to the core with day-ness and night-ness. For most living things, including many plants, this means waking and sleeping, in one form or another. For humans and many animals, it also means *dreaming*, which is necessary to our integrity and well-being.

Now let's conduct a thought experiment. *How many dreams has the Earth produced in the course of its existence?* Well, this might be too ambitious an undertaking, so let's scale down the question: *How many dreams does the Earth produce on a nightly, weekly and annual basis?* This is definitely more manageable.

We start with the fact that *everybody dreams*. But how often? The answer is: *Every night, several times*. How many times? Let's say most people average *around five dreams a night*. (I once recorded fifteen.)

Estimates will vary, of course, but five dreams per night is a reasonable average and the number 5 is easier to multiply than 4.3.

Next question: *How many humans are there on the planet at present?* By most accounts there are nearly seven billion of us. But let's be conservative and say six billion.

Now we are ready for our first

calculation: Six billion humans, multiplied by five dreams each, equals thirty billion (30,000,000,000) dreams every twenty-four hours. Not bad for a biotic rock in space.

Since there are seven days in a week, we can multiply thirty billion by seven and find that, every week, the earth just might produce as many as two hundred and ten billion dreams (210,000,000,000). Multiply that by fifty-two weeks in a year and we have approximately ten trillion, nine hundred and twenty billion dreams per year (10,920,000,000,000)—give or take a few billion.

Now, we know that the total population of humans has been increasing geometrically over time, finally reaching the six billion mark about ten years ago. Let's say we passed that milestone during the year 2000. We then multiply our above figure (10,920,000,000,000) by a mere *ten years*. This would give us an estimate for the number of dreams, more or less, that have occurred *among humans alone* since the year 2000. (We're not counting the dreams of animals.)

We thus arrive at this figure: 109,200,000,000,000 dreams. One hundred and nine quadrillion, two hundred trillion dreams over the last ten years.

Now, if we really wanted to estimate the total number of human dreams Earth has *ever* produced—for the last million years, for example—we would have to readjust our multiplier to follow the population curve downward. In 1945, in other words, there were about three billion dreamers. In 1800 there were perhaps one billion dreamers, and so on.

Every ten years we would be multiplying the number of dreams by a progressively smaller number of humans—though the number of years themselves, across which we would be multiplying, would soon reach

immense numbers.

This whole exercise can be considered 'junk science,' I know. I wouldn't care to present these numbers at a CERN conference in Geneva. It's not really science at all, although I did apply some simple reasoning and basic arithmetic. Remember, this is an exercise in intuitive imagining. Science may provide some of the bricks, but as I said, intuition provides the mortar that holds it all together. As for the blueprint for what we are building, perhaps that is a given with the human imagination in this particular cosmos.

The point is that these numbers, whether "imaginary" or not, suggest that when we consider dreams from a planetary perspective, we are up against truly and utterly *astronomical* figures because dreams *really do belong to the universe* in which they occur. To run these calculations is almost like asking yourself how many breaths of air you take in over the course of a lifetime. It always results in 'astronomical' numbers. Why? Because this is the way of the cosmos.

### The Dream Wave

Now we are in a position to name one peculiar consequence of all this dreaming: I call it "the Dream Wave."

As we saw above, we humans dream and spin our way through the nightcap of the Earth's *umbra*, collectively generating a tremendous tsunami of dreams—a Dream Wave—that perpetually circles the planet, along with the Earth's shadow.

In this way the Dreaming Planet pumps out dreams in the trillions, quadrillions, sextillions. The numbers easily overwhelm us. Like astronomers, we would have to use shorthand measures—the mysterious 'powers of ten'—if we wanted to keep tabs on *this planet's power to dream*.

Of course it is an impossible task to count all the dreams that occur on

Earth over any period of time. But are my numbers unreasonable in their magnitude? Perhaps someone else can come up with a better estimate. Yet if my own estimate is anywhere close to the mark, reflecting the actual phenomenon, then my exercise in junk science may serve some purpose. And what purpose is that?

For one thing, to give skeptics who deny the importance of dreams something to chew on. If dreams are so much "balderdash," as a friend of mine has said, why does nature promote them so lavishly, to the tune of gazillions of dreams? You might as well say that birds are balderdash.

For those of us who celebrate dreams, the prodigious numbers and simple scientific facts of my experiment reveal that there really is something we can rightly call the Dream Wave, which in its obscure majesty reveals to us something of the proper scope and dignity of our arcane interest. Dreams are embedded in nature. Seen collectively for the cosmic phenomenon they ultimately are, they rise up to tower over us in the form of the Dream Wave.

Walt Whitman once wrote, "A mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels." But we could write our own variation, thus: "A dream is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of skeptics." Or we could reverse it and say, "If sextillions of dreams are not miracle enough to stagger one skeptic, then maybe there's something wrong with the skeptic."

But I would be happy to leave the skeptics behind, happy if a handful of dream-seekers carried this notion of a Dream Wave with them into "the moon that is always rising," and the "the sun born over and over." Happy if they carried the idea, shall we say, like a lodestone, in their search to find and maintain their bearings in a world that too often casts aside the cosmic treasures that we know as *dreams*.∞

# Dreams, Bones and the Future

## Part IX



A Dialogue Between  
Russell Lockhart and Paco Mitchell



**Paco.** Recently I came upon a passage from Mircea Eliade's published journal, *Souvenirs*. I wrote it down because I recognized something in it that I was sure was connected in some way to our dialogue.

That 'recognition' is one way I experience intuition. I look at something and instantly see a pattern in it, a "pattern that connects," to use Gregory Bateson's phrase. If I am moved to follow up on the implications of the intuition—especially if that follow-up is directed toward a written exposition of what seemed so important in the first place—then I often find myself torn between incommensurables—two factors which lack a common measure, or which possess an irrational ratio.

On one side there is what I saw in a flash. On the other side, there is the mountain of labor required to render that same flash intelligible—in words—to others. I suspect most intuitives will recognize this problem.

One part of the difficulty lies in the fact that the intuitive flash is so condensed as to be virtually endless in its potential ramifications. Another part is that the "rendering" process usually requires something like a translation between one language and another—between Chinese ideograms, for example, and English prose.

It seems to me that this difficulty is very similar, in its basics, to trying to describe a dream upon waking. Images whose implications were perfectly clear in the dream state, suddenly defy articulation in daily speech.

I dwell on this dilemma because when I first set out to present Eliade's quote in this dialogue, I immediately ran into the problem of incommensurability. But let me shift gears now and approach what has so perplexed me.

Eliade had been gathering research material on Bacchic rituals and what he called the "Dionysiac ecstasies," in preparation for a course he was teaching.

As he combed through the material, he pondered what might have been the purpose and effect of those strange and ancient rites, for example the maenads, whose ceremonies involved running intoxicated and ecstatic through the Grecian forests, catching wild animals, tearing them apart and eating the raw flesh.

This ritual dismemberment was considered sacramental.

Here is the passage from Eliade's journal:

*Whence this attraction, this mystery: to eat raw flesh, the flesh of the pursued animal, trapped and torn*

*apart with the nails? Isn't it probably a regression to a very archaic stage, perhaps even pre-human? The wild stage? This unfathomable fall into the world of animals of prey can constitute a spiritual and physical shock that is extremely creative. A feeling of freedom: you feel that you are no longer a man, no longer subject to laws, to prohibitions. There is even more: you relive a primordial stage, you rediscover a world that was thought to be lost, you are immersed in the time of purely zoological existence, a time thought to have been abolished. The Dionysiac ecstasies: to rediscover the time from before the world, when time was only presence without beginning or end (that is how I picture, more or less, the experience of time among animals).*

As I began to draw forth the connections, the associations, that this unusual quote provoked in me, it was not long before I had accumulated the following partial and burgeoning list: Vampire movies; the Christian Mass, tribal cannibalism; Hannibal Lecter; the Devil; the cave paintings of Lascaux; Abraham and Isaac; Aztecs;

the Paschal Lamb; the Garden of Eden; Halloween costumes; kamakazi pilots; samurai swordsmen; Siberian shamans; Buddha; animals in dreams; active imagination; fiction writing; our parallel dialogue of *Fex and Coo*; and a good chianti.

This is only a brief and partial list, but perhaps it gives a feeling for the unwieldy piling up of associated contents streaming from the passage which, after all, was simply a brief observation that Eliade penned in his journal one night. But in its depth it is like a powerful dream.

The basic thread running through my entire list of associations has to do with the nature of sacramental ecstasies, their degradation in modern times, and the need for a process of reclamation, or 're-valorization,' as Eliade often put it. The aim of the original ecstasies was always to re-connect the human psyche with the animal psyche—to restore Adam and Eve's place in the Garden of Eden, if only for a moment. Such a project of finding ways to re-claim aspects of the animal psyche, of course, would have profound implications for the ways we think about the appearance of animals in our dreams.

A few towering questions present themselves: How do we make ourselves available to a sacramental experience of 'regression'... without regressing? How can such a regression be creative? Is there any relationship between psychosis and sacrament? What is the relation between the experience of timelessness and the experience of divinity? Where do we connect with psychological Oneness today? Have we lost the connection altogether? Can we ever reclaim those Grecian intensities without losing ourselves and all our precious history? Should we?

You can see that the list of questions will easily keep pace with the list of associations.

When Eliade struck his staff against that desert rock, it was a deep source he tapped into, a hidden spring from which the waters continue to gush forth.

**Russell.** Big questions and big answers, have a way of always being on the other side of the river. The view is engaging, always fascinates, excites speculations. In this I am reminded of a conversation I had in some misty long ago with Sir Laurens van der Post. We were talking about his experience in the primitive settings of the Bushmen. He told me this was where he learned the "power of the small." If your attention is consumed by worrying about the tiger or the jackal, you will most likely miss the premonitory warnings: in the grass, in the air, in the scurrying about of much smaller critters, in some 'animation' of the surround that is palpable. You will miss, too, the little premonitory and subtle hints of your intuition. And, as he noted, this may cost you your life.

The smaller step, is always the necessary next, but it is not often clear, when we are so taken up with the big idea or big vision across the river. You must find the first step across, he said, whether it be a bridge, a stone, or the river itself (which, as he noted, is always going in a different direction than what so engages one). A 'hint' that the way through is often at an odd angle to one's intention, as we have exhibited in this dialogue in a number of ways. So what I am saying here is not new, but it is good to be reminded.

Such 'small steps' often present themselves innocently enough. *Fex & Coo* started in 'not seeing' as a condition of looking at what was there. A tug of memory can be it. The inchoateness of a lost dream image. An irrational flicker across one's visual field. A sound. A hitch in the breath. Subtle stuff to be sure. We are never

taught to tend in this way; we must learn it. If we do not, there is always a cost, even if we are unaware of it.

As you enumerated the piling up of associations, images and questions, the clunk that got me was the phrase 'gush forth.' I could easily go in many directions with the wealth of things you bring up. But trying to 'tend' the small kept me hooked to that 'gush forth' long enough for its significance to emerge from my memory (which these days is slow and spotty). It relates to an image that Jung carved on a wall at his tower, and one I focused on in *Psyche Speaks*: a woman on her knees, reaching for the milk-filled teats of a mare. Into the horse's side Jung carved the words "May the light arise, which I have borne in my body." Behind the horse, Jung carved the expression, "Pegasus leaping forth—a consecrating gush of the water carrier."

I did not have this association directly—only the clunk of that phrase, 'gush forth' from your words. When psyche 'speaks' in this way, it pays to listen. The Greek word Jung carved was 'con' and this is a word that meant 'consecrating gush' and referred only to libations and toasts at funerals! Celebrating what has died, what is passing, what is now gone. In a sense, your words above are a 'lament' for something lost, something gone, something that seems to have died or is dead to us—particularly, some connection to 'the animal.'

I once had a dream in which *I am telling a poem to an unknown audience, the last line of which is, "where madness is psyche's only nurse."* If we look at Jung's image, of psyche reaching for the mare's milk, Eliade's ruminations on Dionysiac ecstasies, you can see the echoes of "where madness is psyche's only nurse." I want to be clear about this so I will elaborate. Jung called the horse Pegasus, and as we know, Pegasus is

the God of poetry born of Medusa's blood. But, the image that Jung carved is manifestly female. As I noted in *Psyche Speaks*, I think what Jung wrote about the image is not what the image is. Think of this: it was Pegasus who, with a blow of his hoof, caused the fountain of the Muses to gush forth (yes!) from Mount Helicon. The name of that fountain is Hippocrene, meaning the "Fountain of the horse." To drink of Hippocrene was a source of poetic inspiration. That, to be sure, is why Pegasus is a symbol for poetry. But closer, the Goddess of poetry is a mare and her milk was the source of ecstatic inspiration; her name was Aganippe, a name which refers to 'madness' and 'nightmare.'

At bottom, what is being referred to in all of this, is the experience of 'the other,' and through that other being filled with *something else*. Dreams, nightmares, imagination, art of all forms, and much else are some of the threads. Just look at your list. If we take this idea and look at the contemporary scene, so much of our 'browsing hunger' is being filled by connection to "others," but this is not the same as 'other.'

**PM.** Gushing forth—a fitting image for the waters flowing from your own personal Hippocrene, on your own version of Mount Helicon. The images and examples you cite are like charms on a bracelet: a bent spear of grass; the unseen lion lurking; the nervous birds twittering; the scent-laden breeze; the catch in the breath; the lost dream memory; the odd angle to our intention...

You've reminded me that my earliest numinous experiences as a child—I call them 'religious experiences,' even though they all happened *extra ecclesiam*—were all of this nature. And as you say, we're usually not taught to notice these things, at least in modern society. It's something we

have to learn. If we don't learn to pay attention to the small, or the accidental, or the peripheral, then we may end up missing something momentous.

Certainly no one ever taught me to notice the events that were periodically grabbing me by the scruff of the neck and shaking me. But over time, I noticed I had not forgotten them; they stayed with me. I suppose that was a form of learning. Or was it a capitulation to their insistence? Eventually, I realized that something important was investing itself in these little throwaway moments: a trapdoor spider in the dirt outside church when I was five... the smell of orange blossoms in the air as I walked past a grove under irrigation when I was seven... a pheasant's nest in dry grass in the midst of an abandoned orange grove at the age of thirteen... the first Great Blue Heron I ever saw, at the age of thirty, a dark shape looming against the deeper darkness of low tide at night.

I came to regard each of these moments as an epiphany. But perhaps I was not learning fast enough, though, for at a certain point the small epiphany gave way to a big collision:

The cow standing on a Mexican highway, opaque to the headlights of the car in which I slept as it hurtled across the Sonora desert at night. That bovine mass of muscle, bone and hide—agent of the gods—had all the time in the world, while my friend and I, intent on crossing the desert as fast as possible, had no time to spare. The collision tore my face apart, killed the cow and changed my life.

This, too, was a religious experience: the rough hand of fate jostling my cradle, waking me up and introducing me to the stranger that was myself.

In all these experiences and many more, there was indeed something of the Other coming to meet me, calling

me by the name I had not yet learned to recognize. That's one way to think of dreams—a voice calling us back to ourselves, just when we think we're ahead of the game, calling us back to who it is we really are and who we really need to become.

A beetle landed on my left wrist recently. I was taking a break from work, and my intention was to give up intention, to do precisely nothing. As I watched the black beetle, observing the orange stripes running along its perfectly curved, ebony-black wing-casings—its *elytra*, shaped like the hand-hewn lids on a miniature Egyptian coffin—everything fell into place: my life, the universe, the incredible fitness of things.

Had I been lost in my intentness and my doing, I would have brushed away the beetle, and missed the universe.

So, for a few moments I dropped into the Old Gnosis, the primordial way of knowing, an attitude in which I suspect the Bushmen of the Kalahari, if we would just leave them alone, are content to pass their lives.

Agriculture, technology, population pressures are threatening that archaic, primordial form of life, of course, as everywhere else. But traces of the old ways remain.

In one of van der Post's Kalahari books, Sir Laurens tells the story of a group of Bushmen who set out across the desert to hunt and kill an animal. The men went out while the women stayed at the camp with the children. The hunters were gone for a long time—days. But it was only when the men—who still must have been twenty or thirty miles away—had finally subdued the beast they were hunting and were bringing it back to camp, only then did the women begin preparing the camp for a feast. The men still had a long way to travel, carrying the heavy burden, but the women knew when the kill had taken place, and thus could begin their

preparations for the celebratory feast.

*How did they know?*

**RL.** They 'know' because the women are *rhizomically* connected to the men.

This is analogous to the 'action at a distance' problem in modern physics. I don't think this is restricted to more primitive conditions. It happens more than we know but is layered over by so much distraction and intention that moderns rarely experience this level of connection. It is a kind of knowing the body knows how to do, just as the body knows how to dream.

The 'return to the animal' that is at the core of many of the things you describe, including Eliade's reference to the experience of time among the animals, is one way of expressing the fact that our animal body knows much that is still quite a mystery to our normal consciousness.

An overall feature of dream animals and what they 'want,' is respect for what the animal of us knows. I use this word respect in its sense of 're-see' or to 'see again' what our body knows because we get very far away from this with our sense of superior knowledge.

We move still further away when we take the dream and treat it as some sort of puzzle to be solved, or run it through our mills of interpretation and turn out whole cloths of meaning. Our modern approach tends to move away from the dream itself. The body knows what to express. It is not like it is trying to express something else by hiding, disguising, tricking or misleading. Dreams don't do that. So to get closer to the kind of knowing of the women of the Kalahari in your example, we also likely have to get closer to the dream itself.

Re-immersion in the dream experience is, I think, somewhat similar to what Kim Rosen describes in her book, *Saved By A Poem*, when she talks

**Past Life Dreamwork**  
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***Past Life Dreamwork*** Bear & Company: 2008.

**For information go to my website: [www.pastlifedreams.com](http://www.pastlifedreams.com).**



about getting a poem into one's bones. It is not a simple memorization of a poem that works, it is that the poem must become a 'living presence' in one's experience. This living presence becomes a kind of 'animal' in us, and when this goes deep enough it can impact the level I call *rhizomic*.

You can see it as well in your experience with the beetle. Suddenly, without intention, your experience becomes revelatory of interconnectedness that is boundless. In this, time becomes both a moment and an eternity. I think this is what Eliade was hinting at. I don't think it requires tearing apart animals. Being connected with the animal in dream, imagination, poem, or a beetle on one's wrist can take us far.

But too often we just brush away what truly are openings to worlds we could explore. Dreams, too, get brushed away, forgotten. We just are not taught how to be open to the invitation of the irrational. If we were more open to this, then we would begin to connect with the dreaming aspect of all things. As Robert Bringhurst says in his *The Tree of Meaning*, "Poetry is a quality or aspect of existence. It is the thinking of things." It is, as well, all things dreaming. ∞

Dreams are free,  
so free your dreams.

~Astrid Alauda

Dreams are free therapy.  
Consult your inner Healer.

~Grey Livingston

Dreams are free therapy,  
but you can only get  
appointments at night.

~Grey Livingston

In a dream  
you are never eighty.

~Anne Sexton

In dreams, we enter a world  
that's entirely our own.

~Steven Kloves from *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*

I think we dream  
so we don't have to be apart  
so long. If we're in each  
other's dreams, we can  
play together all night.

~Bill Watterson, *Calvin & Hobbes*



### Dreams for the Journal

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www.dreamtimesguide.com

**I** REMEMBER APPROACHING Roberta 15 years ago about the idea of an interactive dream column in DNJ called *Dream Times*. A place where folks could send in their dreams for review and discussion. She was receptive and as they say, the rest is history. It has been a long and rich association of wonderful experiences and dreamsharing that deserves to evolve.

As part of the working group dedicated to keeping this amazing publication alive, I 'dreamed' on the challenges and received a series of dreams—all with the same theme. In almost every dream there was a thread about dieting and losing weight. While I admit I could lose a few pounds and not miss them, I have not been actively trying to diet or lose weight.

Since the 'losing weight' theme was based on dream incubation, I am connecting to the Dream Network Journal dilemma and its apparent need to pare and make changes to existing ways of functioning. One dream was even more specific:

*I am looking at myself  
in my bathroom mirror,  
but only see my naked torso -*

*I'm holding my shirt up and  
don't think I look too bad  
and wonder why  
I am trying to lose weight.*

The torso includes all the vital organs which keep our bodies functioning and in working order, the heart being the most important. For me, it indicated the heart of DNJ is fine the way it is, but the head (or practical, linear, rational 'in-the-world-at-large' part) is not part of its 'being,' nor are the limbs which transport the publication into manifestation. Rather, Dream Network Journal is operating on a heart level without the benefit of balance from other 'body parts.'

Let's take a closer look at some meanings regarding the mirror and torso. Many fairytales such as Alice in Wonderland and Snow White "use the mirror as a magical object to impart 'impartial truth'; [it is] regarded as a mystical gateway into another world." Further, in the Buddhist Mirror of Dharma, "the mirror symbolizes truth, but also enlightenment."<sup>1</sup> Also, mirrors can allow one to step apart from reality to gain perspective and reflect on the way things really are.<sup>2</sup> It is interesting that the dream chose my bathroom mirror—a place for cleaning up, elimination and preparation for the day or night.

In regard to the torso, the fact that it is unclothed, indicates vulnerability. If the heart, lungs (its breath of life) are unprotected, then it is open to harm or destruction. The torso also contains the stomach and since this dream has to do with a diet theme, it

may emphasize this organ. The stomach holds nourishment and there may be something the I can't stomach or need to digest. It may be an inability to assimilate that which is new.<sup>3</sup> Change (especially at an internal level) is difficult for all of us, and this may be a clue that upcoming challenges will need to be digested but also nourished.

Therefore, the changes that will be upon us are ones that can be analyzed and pared down while maintaining the 'heart' of the publication, assuring that Dream Network Journal's spirit and energy will remain, even if its mode of distribution, appearance, et al. gets a facelift and transforms. We can all take a look at what needs to change and what does not and see how we can 'digest' something new.

In any case, transformation is afoot and being prepared through our dreams is a valuable way to transport us into our new incarnation with inspiration and safety.

Join us on the journey; incubate your dreams for a new vision with the same heart for this beloved publication.∞

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1 *Secret Signs and Symbols*, Adele Nozedar, 2008, p. 145.

2 *The Secret Language of Signs*, Denise Linn, 1996, p. 200.

3 *Ibid.*, p. 263.



by Ann Sayre Wiseman

Childhood Dream Messages That Direct Our Life's Work

AS I CHAT WITH STRANGERS and mention my interest in dreams, I am given wonderful stories.

This one is from a woman I'd never met before who said her life's work was given to her in a dream when she was 10 years old.

Hi Ann,

When I was 10 years old, I was invited to my friend's dance recital; she always came to mine so of course, I went to hers.

Just as the curtain went up, a child was wheeled into the theater. She had braces on her legs and that wheelchair really got to me. I never saw the dancing, I just kept watching this girl.

A few weeks later this recurring dream began.

*I am asleep in my bed.
I dream my room is full of
Children of all ages they come
into my bedroom in wheelchairs,
with braces, on crutches.
They smile at me, remove all
aids and walk out of my room
laughing, smiling and waving.*

I got up, turned on the light... but of

course, there was nothing left on the floor. I worried about this dream, as it kept recurring throughout childhood. I feared I might become lame. But instead it directed my life's work. I've been an Art Therapist for 58 years and didn't make this dream connection until you asked about my childhood dreams.

This woman, Barb Pierce, has taught pottery and occupational therapy skills to developmentally disabled, blind, deaf and psychiatric populations all over Denver, Co. She says her life has been tremendously rewarding... "... especially knowing now that since age ten I've known what I was put on this Earth to do. I love these children."

I'm sure many of you can find a connection between a childhood dream and your life work. If so, I am putting out a call for more *Life Directed Dreams*.

If you'd like to add your story to my collection of dreams, please send an email to Ansayre@aol.com or to Children's Dream Column c/o DNJ: publisher@dreamnetwork.net

The Art of Hugging For Parents

I DREAM OFTEN THAT MY ARMS ARE CRYING FOR CONTACT WITH MY BABIES. I wake up realizing I did not hold my little boys enough, didn't allow enough time for touching when we were all so young and busy.

There was an article in *Psychology Today* entitled "Close Encounters" by Stephen Thayer. In it, Thayer shares that in 1960 Sidney Jourard—sitting in different coffee houses—counted the cultural differences in physical contact involving touching. He came up with these figures:

Touching between Coffee shop couples around the world: In San Juan, Puerto Rico, was 180 times per hour, In Paris 110 times an hour. In Gainesville, Florida 2

times an hour and 0 times an hour in London.

This is an interesting subject for parents to think about. Due to my dreams, I've been giving it some thought. When I try to hug my mother at 84 she simply allows it—she does not engage or respond, physical contact is dignified. Hugging my youngest son for instance, is a special treat because he enters into it, like a dance partner. My friend MG's hug is the full body clutch and twist, and my friend Maurie said he wished he could change places with my dog in order to get the love he saw in my hands when I stroked my dogs velvet ears.

How many of us even know what it is like to be touched well? I remember my first massage at Esalen Institute in Big Sur California. My body was shocked to feel such gentle caresses with no emotional or mental reason to "deserve" it. I never treated my body that way nor allowed it to receive such care without protest or the need for emotional pay-back to my partner. Duty, embarrassment, and pay-back would race in to interrupt my full pleasure. I could never just be the docile recipient.

Who has touched you well? I can name 3 friends and 2 lovers over the years that I still remember for their great hugs. Then there are the easy spontaneous puppy dog huggers, the open arms, quick friendship throw-away hugs that say to me, "Here's a gold star so you can like me." My oldest son's hug says OK I'll stand still if you make it quick. My father never hugged me, just kissed me on the cheek. One day I taught Mother how to hug, and it caused her embarrassment and nervous laughter, but I think she enjoyed the folly despite having to overcome her loss of dignity.

Please think more about the art of hugging while your children are young, remembering they learn to give back what they were given. ∞

Reverend Bob Haden Cont'd from page 11

I felt this dream was preparing me for his impending death.

Two months after I had this dream, Dad died.

Crucifixion Dream

Some dreams seem sexual when they are not about sex at all. I hesitate to share the following dream but it is a sacred dream to me. At a time when I felt like I was being crucified in the parish, I dreamt:

I hang on the crucifix while two nuns caress my genitals.

The dream was deeply healing. My masculine principle had been hurt. The feminine Divine was the route for healing this hurt.

GUIDANCE DREAMS

I had two dreams telling me that three particular calls were not for me. One was a call to a large parish: *A friend, who became Rector of that church, appears in my dream inside the fence of that church.* The other two dreams took place while I was in the process of being elected a Bishop: *I see a station wagon with four flat tires.* There was something comforting about receiving this message from a dream. It had the essence of "This is not what you are meant to do. Your path is elsewhere."

Baby Crib for the Church

By having dreams which said, essentially, "No," I believed all the more the "Yes" dream when it came. I was in Washington D.C. for four days with a vocational consultant; he asked me to come in after the weekend with the plan for the rest of my life. (Sure!) I was quickly writing my plan on Sunday afternoon when I decided to go to Church. The Washington Cathedral was next door. When I entered the Cathedral, I realized that the Labyrinth from Grace Cathedral, San Francisco was having its first

"There has been guidance all along the way but it was only after I took dreams seriously that they took me seriously and became a guide for me. Some dreams have healed my soul and some have given me some very practical advice."

appearance at Washington Cathedral. I saw Lauren Artress, Seminary Professor at General Seminary, NY, Canon at Grace Cathedral, San Francisco and Founder of *Veriditas*, which is responsible for the amazing spread of the Labyrinth in the United States and Canada. She said: "We haven't seen each other for three years, but let's walk the labyrinth first before we visit." On that walk I had a conversion experience, inspiring me to start what is now the Haden Institute. In the center of the labyrinth I said, "Jesus, let's do it."

That night I dreamt:

A doctor and his wife give me \$4,000 for a baby crib for the church. I say I can get a baby crib for less than \$4,000.

Upon awaking, I had confidence that this would be a new birth for the church and that there was the proper container for this baby. This dream gave me the courage to take the risk and set the plan in motion that resulted in the The Haden Institute.

Mrs. Jung's House

I had a dream earlier that spoke about this *calling* in broader terms, revealing who I am. The dream took place in Mrs. Jung's house:

There are three rooms in the house. The first room is the cafeteria and is full of analysts. I want to sit down there, but there are no seats. I pass through the middle room,

which has only a few people in it, to the third room, which is half-full of theologians. I sit down and enjoy it for awhile, but then become bored. I return to the middle room where I feel very comfortable and at home.

I get my sustenance from psychology and I enjoy theology but my real place is as a broker between the two. One of the purposes of The Haden Institute is to integrate Jungian psychology and spirituality.

Five Camels

Another earlier dream spelled out yet another piece of finding my identity. It is my favorite dream. In the dream:

I am handed a machine gun and told this is just a dream, so I can shoot anyone in the parish I want to shoot. I shoot one lady in the mouth because she talks too much and another in the stomach because I cannot stomach her. A certain man is not even worth shooting. So, I just write "SOB" in the sand with the machine gun. Then, I'm at a church service where I dance with a liturgical dancer. There is a choir of 40 male voices singing. My family joins me in the dance. We dance out the front door of the church, get on five camels and go up I-85 to Kanuga Conference Center.

Launching the Haden Institute was the next step after the time I was Program Director at Kanuga.

Alan Jones and the Pope-Mobile

I had a funny dream the night of my first event as the Haden Institute.

The Dean of Grace Cathedral is on a round roller skate in his liturgical cape skating down the street in front of the Cathedral.

This is funny enough but the Pope-Mobile on his head is even funnier. In front of him is a rough and tough Spanish nun,

also on a round roller skate.

*I find myself jumping
on her back for the ride.*

In my first outing at the Haden Institute I was trying to be too erudite. That is not me. I now travel more naturally on the common sense, down-to-earth feminine.

Two Airplanes and Six People

Guidance continues. One dream saved the Institute and me. If I had not listened to it, the Institute would not be and I would have had another wreck, ended up in the hospital, financially broke. I dream:

There are two small airplanes and six people. The idea in the dream is to go three-and-three.

My oldest son, who is very intuitive and fun, is the pilot of one of the planes. All six of us decide to go with him. He decides to take off on the beach rather than the runway.

A voice says, "Someone tried that yesterday and crashed."

When, upon awakening, I heard the word "crash," I knew I had better listen to this dream because it was a warning that I was about to 'crash.' Upon reflection, I realized that I was about to launch six new projects and if I did that, I would 'crash.' The dream gave the clue to divide the projects three and three. I put three projects on the back burner and the Institute began to sail.

CONCLUSION

There has been guidance all along the way but it was only after I took dreams seriously that they took me seriously and became a guide for me. Some dreams have healed my soul and some have given me some very practical advice. All of this wisdom is coming from an autonomous source that is beyond me, but speaks in me, to me. This Mystical Presence speaks in a metaphorical voice, the language of God, the language of dreams. ∞



dream of meeting the 'animal powers,' is the same as going through such initiations, literally. This error leads to many modern 'false shamanic practices' which try to simulate ancient ways.

If I stick a little closer to my dream phenomenology, I have to conclude that there was a gulf between my outer modern living and my 'inner world of animal powers and living nature,' which were radiant presences of the once living goddess. In other words, it appears we have a depository of past wisdom that can emerge in the 'garments' of the natural landscape in which we grow up and in which we physically live. Having such dreams, therefore, connects us with the wisdom of the past as it is presented in our psyches. Such a connection is felt, 'lived' and thus can be transformative to a modern ego that falsely imagines itself to be 'self-born.' With no ties to the past, completely free... with all the anxiety that such mistaken ideas induce in us today.

Instead, we can come to comprehend that we have emerged from a wisdom-saturated past, to which we thus owe a debt of gratitude in the form of remembrance. For example, remember Hillman who taught us that the gods want to be remembered?

But is this all? Are all such dreams simply the presence within of what is now outwardly past and obsolete?

Here is where a very important aspect of dreamwork comes into play: the *feeling* function! It is only a developed feeling function (in the sense that Jung meant it) that can apperceive or feel another presence deeper than in the first appraisal of a dream.

In my dream, I thus sensed that 'something else' was being said, something that was not a re-enactment of the past but rather an intimation of a future.

The image of a country without water, being charged \$1 a glass for water; the 'old man' thirsty for water; the search for water animated by the feminine spirit, the anima.

I remember Jung's favorite story of the living spirit and how what was given human beings freely now becomes a commodity and we are pressed into service, looking for new springs, fresh emanations of the living spirit. This aspect of my dream does not 'belong' to my own psyche or my version of the depository of past treasures. No, this aspect belongs to the modern soul which presses us into engagement with the unfolding into its own future... not ours in a personalistic sense.

All these considerations bring me to the present, to my new role as Guest Editor for the new International column in the *Dream Network Journal*.

This is a new form, perhaps the beginning of a new spring or pool of water. Pool of water—Yes—how Aquarian! In my dream I search for a pool of water!

Aquarius is my sun sign and the Constellation of the future whose central image is that of 'pouring' our psychic resources into the collective pool, made freely available to all. Could this be why I wanted to set the budgies free in my dream... in order to augur?

May this column inaugurate a flow of dreams, poetry or word smithy from around the world! ∞

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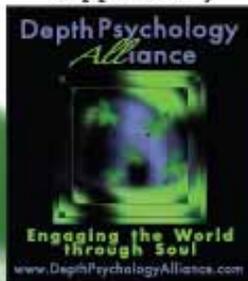
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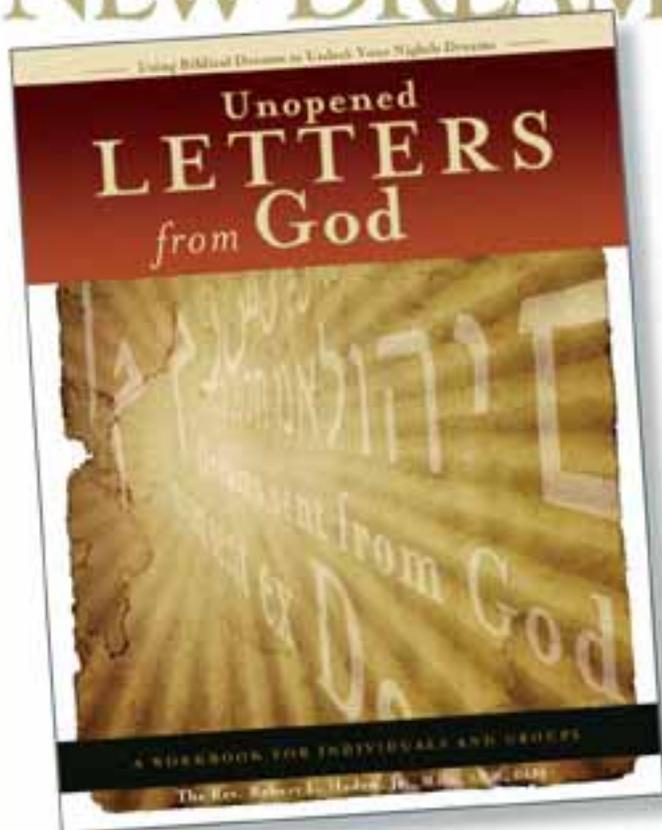
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