



Money in Dreams: What Does It Symbolize?

# Dream Network Journal

Exploring the Mystery of Dreams Since 1982



"Boat of Plenty" By Artist Orna Ben-Shoshan

**Soul Medicine** *Helen Butlin-Battler, M.Div.*

**Money Matters** *Janice Baylis, Ph.D.*

**Dreaming of Money** *Paco Mitchell, M.A.*



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## *Flowers and Butterflies*

*Every fine word will fall.*

*As a flower withers and is no more.*

*As a bird falls from a poison sky.*

*As a butterfly catches fire and crawls  
without wings to troubled death.*

*The flower is the legs of earth that brought us here  
and weds our destiny to the wind.*

*The bird is the shaman who sees afar.*

*The butterfly, as commonly held, is the story of the soul  
that by some miracle of creation evolved into acts of beauty  
and is tortured by a love of death in the fire-pit of extinction.*

*Every word of poetry that breaks seed,  
blossoms and flies from the wounded heart in a time of peril  
is a rupturing tear that longs to dance.*

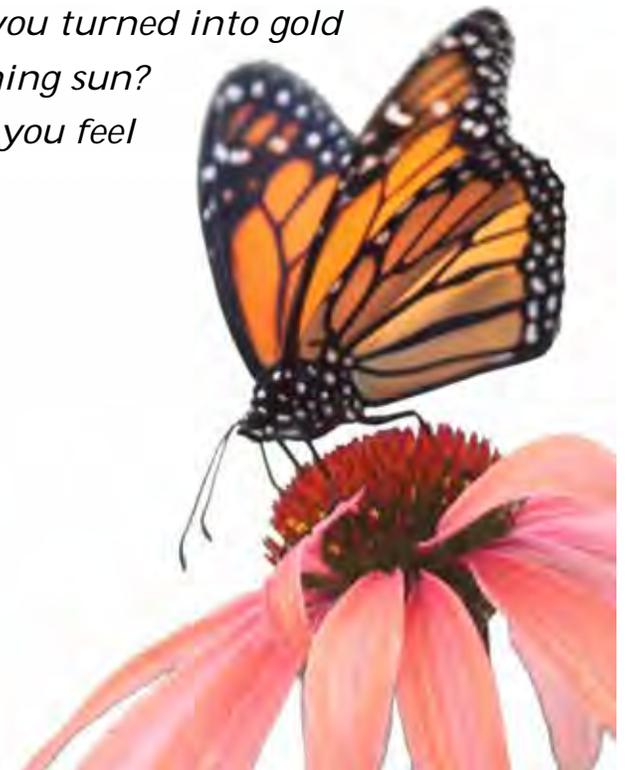
*Tell me:*

*How much emotion have you turned into gold  
in the potlatch of the morning sun?*

*With what connections do you feel  
the throb of pain  
and the balm of healing?*

David Sparenberg

April 2011



# Mission Statement

## Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture

Since 1982

Our purpose is to raise individual and cultural appreciation for the value of dreams. We will provide information that will assist and empower readers.

We hope to aid in the personal development and healing of our physical, emotional, psychological and spiritual responsibility and well-being, with the help of dreams.

We aspire to unite and serve people who respect dreams by aiding the integration of dreamwork into the everyday life of our culture, always mindful of the dreamer's integrity. We believe dreams can become agents of change that often reveal important new insights about the health and developing life of the dreamer.

Recalling a dream is a signal we are ready to begin understanding the information presented. Our primary mission is helping readers glean meaning from dreams through journaling, studying and dreamsharing one-on-one or in groups. Enacting or manifesting your dream's hint can lead to healing and empowerment.

We seek balance, giving all cultures, nations, voices and schools of thought an opportunity to be heard. There will be times when a particular area will be given greater emphasis, depending on what is surfacing. Given the limited print and online space the emphasis will change from time to time. Still, a wide range of ideas and opinions will be explored and expressed.

We invite you to indicate areas of interest and questions you want to explore or pose in future issues. ☺

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Upcoming Focus  
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## Music in Our Dreams

Lifeline: 4 Weeks after you  
receive this issue.

## About Our Cover Artist

### Orna Ben Shoshan

Artist Orna Ben-Shoshan conceives the images she paints through channeling. All of her paintings are completed in her mind before she transfers them onto the canvas.

Her metaphysical work infuses deep spiritual experience with subtle humor. Orna Ben-Shoshan has been an autodidact artist for the past 30 years. Her artwork was exhibited in numerous locations in the USA, Europe and Israel. Her major motivation as a visual artist is to share her visions with others to expand their consciousness and inspire new ways of thinking.

To see more of her artwork, please visit:  
<http://www.ben-shoshan.com>

Orna has implemented her artwork and knowledge of Kabbalah and mysticism into a series of metaphysical, self-guidance divination products. The "72 Names" Cards, the "King Solomon Cards", the "Wheel of Wisdom", "Tokens of Light", artistic Kabbalah amulets, and more. See them at:  
<http://Kabbalahinsights.com>

## Editorial

What an unusual focus for DNJ: *Dreams and Money!* As I was contemplating writing this Editorial, I had several immediate and significant associations on money itself and as it has appeared in my own dreams:

- A fondly recalled dream (abbreviated here): *While out hiking, I am approached by a Lion (scary!). He comes right up to me, raises himself on his hind legs and settles his front paws on my shoulders.... He then transforms into a man and embraces me with such compassion, I know that he is God. Another Lion, out in the faraway, roars and the man steps back, puts his hand in his pocket, pulls out a handful of cash and gives it to me... then transform into the Lion and runs off in the direction of the Call.*

Not long after having and sharing this dream, one of my then Advisors and now respected friend, put his hand in his own pocket, encouraged others to do the same and again DNJ was able to move forward. Such has been the history of this nearly 30-year-old publication... until now!

During this same time, yet another of my dream friends commissioned a painting as a gift for me, without my knowledge. She in St. Louis, MO, the artist in So. Cal. One day I got a yellow slip at the post office, signaling I had a package that was too large to put in my box. At the counter, I am handed a cylinder, along with a note. The note informed me that she, the artist, goes into a meditation before doing her unique work and asks permission from the soul of the recipient of her work to provide an image. After reading the note, I unrolled the painting: *A gentle Lion with head bowed before a woman, who is stroking his mane. I'm looking at that painting right now; goose bumps everywhere. Ever exploring the mystery—and wonder—of my dreams!*

- The many dreams I've had in which money is a symbol... often in strange places, such as *a coal bucket filled with bills under the stairway of my fathers' place of business. I just now got an Aha!* about that one!

- My mother's last words before she left this Earth:

*"The best things in life are free."*

Like our Dreams.

- An episode of Star Trek in which two of the crew had to go back in time to planet Earth to locate a whale (which was in their time, extinct). When they beamed down in the midst of a busy San Francisco street, they remembered: "That's right, they still use money!" In another episode, they were asked, "If you don't use money, what do you do?" One responded, "We simply help one another."

So many associations of my own to add to the cornucopia of dreams, exceptional articles and experience shared by so many of you in these pages. Prosper & Enjoy!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I'm limiting my space on this page in order to emphasize some changes in submission policies we've adopted over the past few months. The important changes are bolded; please take a few minutes to update and/or refresh yourself on the new policies, because... we want to hear from you in our next, very special issue calling your attention to **Music in Dreams**. \* This, in order to ring in the New 2012 Year which—according to those I pay attention to—moves us past the end date of the Mayan calendar and moves humanity into a new and higher level of collective consciousness.

Until then—and with his permission—a dream shared by an exceptional man, to sustain you in the unprecedented days ahead:

*I am standing at my kitchen window observing a powerful windstorm. Trees, barns, roofs are flying about in the sky like birds; people are in chaos, running helter-skelter in all directions. I step outside on the porch to get a closer look to see if there's something I can do. As I stand there, I feel the presence of a spirit-guide behind my shoulder. He commands me to...*

**"Be Still"**

*Roberta Ossana*

\*For those of you who have viewed the DVD *Appointment With A Wise Old Dog* by David Blum, please visit the new **website** constructed to preserve his legacy by his best friend and loving wife, Sara Blum:

## NOTE Regarding Submissions

Individuals from all cultures and walks of life who desire to share are encouraged to submit dream related manuscript, poetry and artwork in consideration for publication.

We invite you to share transformational experience and any insight regarding effective dreamwork and dreamplay techniques.

Feel no need to be restricted in submitting if your desire to share falls outside the scope of the suggested focus or theme. Your article may be appropriate for publication in one of our other regular features, *The Art of Dreamsharing* and *Dream Education*, or *The Mythic Dimension*.

Given the overall synchronicity that shapes the *Dream Network Journal*, your submission is likely to 'fit' perfectly in an upcoming issue. We always love to hear from you in our Letters column; whether you were inspired or infuriated by the latest issue, please let us hear from you!

Typical article length is approx. 1600-2000 words. A photo of yourself and art work to enhance your submission is requested (.pdf, .tif or .jpg files are preferred for text, ads, artwork & photos). Always share your dream(s) **in the present tense**. We prefer that you use **Word.doc** for email submissions, **sent as attachments**. Artists wishing to have their work considered for our covers, please contact the editor: [Publisher@DreamNetwork.net](mailto:Publisher@DreamNetwork.net).

Include SASE with Postal Service queries & submissions. Mail queries & submissions to DNJ PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532. Visit our website for more in-depth Writer, Artist and Poets' Guidelines: <http://DreamNetwork.net>.

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We look forward to hearing from you!

# What Do Dreams Say About the Nature of God?

By Arthur Bernard, Ph.D.

*“Dreams are like stars—you can never touch them but if you follow them, they can lead to your destiny.”—Anonymous*

## Wake-Up Calls

**Y**ou won't believe what I dreamt! C. G. Jung, the great Swiss Psychiatrist, came to me in my dream and told me who God was! His transcendent disclosure opened my mind to a new way of looking at the divine. But before I share that with you, I must reveal a few previous dreams and experiences that clearly set the stage for Jung's revelation.

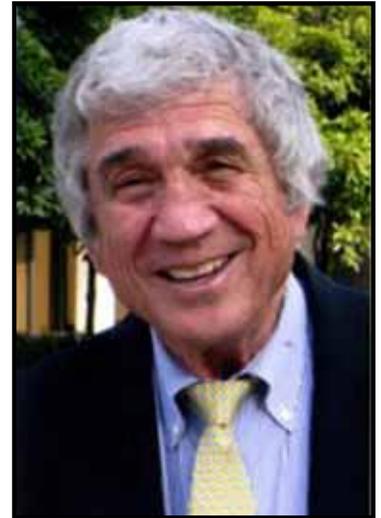
I had a spiritual wake-up call from a dream. Yes, you can just fall asleep and observe how your soul is trying to orchestrate change. This was how my spiritual wake-up call came seven years after I had let go of my teaching job and started a private psychotherapy practice.

If you slumber through life, you will definitely get a wake-up call, even if you don't realize you were unconscious at the wheel. Wake-up calls, like shots across the bow, can bring your life to a standstill. These awakenings are commands to appear before your inner truth. Books and expert authorities are available to all of us... but the keys for new life sources and changes inevitably come from within.

Wake-up calls come in many forms: some are severe, while others are more benign. Health can suddenly fail or other catastrophic incidents—such as job loss, financial crisis or emotional upheaval—can occur. Then there are the gentler ways: the right word at the right moment, a sudden vision or a powerful earthshaking dream. This is how my spiritual wake-up call came.

### You Don't Know Who God is... Yet

*It's nighttime. I am walking down a pitch-black hallway in a strange and unfamiliar building; a female voice calls me by my last name. “Bernard, come in this room; I need to talk to you.” I sense it*



*is important because the voice sounds sincere and honest. I follow the source of the sound since it is too dark to see. I stop at an open door that leads into a plain, bare room, dimly lit at one end. Two glowing candles on a desk illuminate the withered face of an ancient woman. Deep furrows line her face. Her light blue eyes, however, are youthful and seem incongruous in her aged face. These eyes know things, deep things. She looks up at me and says, “Bernard, come closer, I want to tell you something very important.” Eagerly, I walk up to the desk and peer into her venerable face. She raises her arm, points her finger at me and warns, “I could help you become a superb therapist, but I am not going to help you.” Stunned and deeply disappointed, I ask, “Why not?” “Because you do not know who God is—yet.” Her strong implication is that God exists but my ignorance keeps me in the dark.*



Ancient Woman with Two Candles

When I was a young man, religion and spirituality were not subjects of great interest to me. I was much more interested in climbing the ladder of success. After several years as a public school teacher in Los Angeles, I left teaching to become a psychotherapist. I was happily married to Sondra and had two great sons, Joshua and David, but felt a lot of anxiety about my professional and financial future. Teaching had been a secure job. Building a private practice and seminar business had no certainties or assurances, let alone the consistency of the weekly paycheck upon which I had come to depend.

But my dreams attempted to jump-start me into exploring my inner world for answers to nagging and complex spiritual issues. My internal resistances were strong. Daily life was a struggle and finances were a constant issue. My concept of God was vague and impersonal: some colossal bearded old man to pray to when I felt threatened, helpless, or in need of something. A desire to know about God was the furthest thing from my mind, and the idea that it had to do with my success as a therapist seemed even more remote. I resented that idea partly because I knew many atheists and agnostics who were successful and had risen to the heights of their professions. Obviously one can live life without God and do quite well. I knew I had the choice to pursue this invitation or decline it. With some resistance then, I accepted the offer made by the wise old woman in my dream and sought the answer to an issue that has plagued humankind since the dawn of civilization. My search took me down a path where dreams once again were the gateway to enlightenment.

During my first therapy session with Dr. Jay Dunn, he suggested I write down my dreams. Jungian analysts put great emphasis on dreams and frequently allow them to guide the therapy. After a lengthy discussion on the value of dreams, in which Dr. Dunn shared some outstanding, life-changing dreams of a few clients, I was impressed. Understanding dreams could get people started on the road to recovery by leading them to their real talent and ability and above all, their destiny. Dreams could heal! I would never have considered any of this before my first therapy session.

I wondered if I, too, could experience such remarkable dreams and whether they could shed light on my troubled life. That same night, I awoke from a dream that astonished me with its imagery and touched me deeply. I still see it as one of the most memorable experiences of my life, though, at the time, I had no idea what it was trying to convey. It was like hearing the sounds of a rare instrument whose strings had not been plucked for years.

### Inner Treasure and the Sacrifice

*I am walking through the streets of Winthrop Beach, Massachusetts, a seaside town that was my childhood home. There are no buildings, vegetation, or people,*

*only asphalt streets and sidewalks made of liquid gold. They have the consistency of quicksand, and I know if I tried walking on them, I would sink to my death. Feeling so uncomfortable near these walkways, I decide to stroll up the street to the beach, my most cherished realm since childhood.*

*The day is beautiful, with clear skies, a light breeze, and comfortable temperatures. Standing on the shore with small waves lapping at my feet, I look out to sea. For some inexplicable reason, I turn around to look at the sea wall. Much to my surprise, I see a large, imposing, modern home situated on top of a huge rock. I had never seen this house before. In fact, no home had ever been built on the ocean side of the beach because of the severe tides that wracked the area during Northeastern storms.*

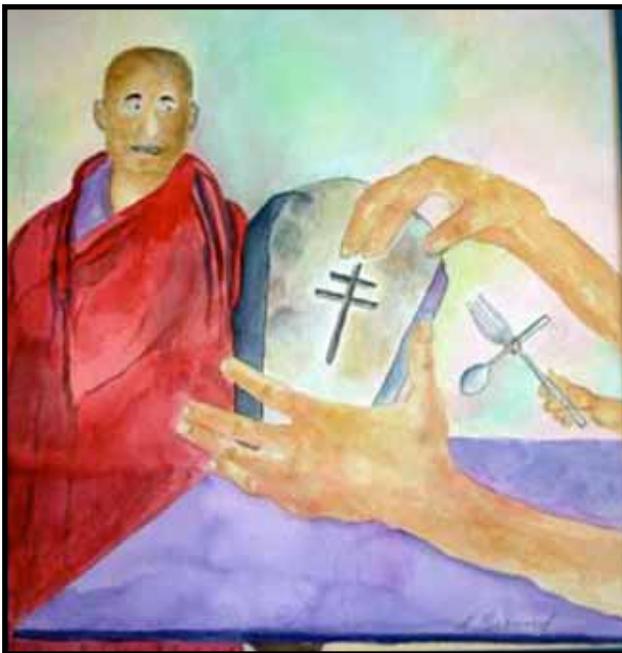
*Carved in the rock below the house is a spiral staircase that leads up to the structure. As I put my foot on the first step to walk up, Dr. Dunn appears, puts his arm around my shoulders, and says, "Come, I'll go up with you." When we reach the top of the stairs, we stop in front of an expansive living room window that spans the width of the house. Just inside the glass is a pedestal, about three feet high, covered with a velvet cloth. On top is a rough stone about the size of a big fist. It has many jagged edges with light and dark surfaces. Deeply chiseled into the surface is a cross—just a plain and simple cross. I sense that the stone has a great power, a magical force, and contains the answer to many mysteries—in particular, the secret keys to the purpose and meaning of my life. Waves of energy emanate from the surface like heat ripples that rise from hot pavement. My desire to possess it is intense. If I could own it, I would need nothing else because I would know the meaning and purpose of my life. It is the most valuable object I could ever hope to possess. I look for a door into the room, but there is none visible, so I stare longingly at the stone and feel its great power with a deep reverence.*

*Looking beyond the pedestal into the right corner of the room, I see a man in the shadows and immediately sense he is the keeper of the stone. He walks forward and stops next to the pedestal. Dressed in a plain*

red robe, he is approximately sixty-five years of age, short, bald, and stocky, with a large head and a thick, powerful neck. He has the air of a monk or priest. Although we communicate, no words are expressed; only our minds speak to each other. "I want that stone," I say. He laughs and replies, "You can't have that stone unless you sacrifice something for it." I am baffled, so I turn to Dr. Dunn (who has been standing inconspicuously by me the whole time) for help. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a fork and spoon, places them in the shape of a Christian cross, binds them tightly at the joining point with a thin strip of leather, and then hands the object to me. I know that this cross can be exchanged for the stone.

*Feeling rescued, I reach for it...*

... and I awaken—fully awake and alert as if I had never slept. Feelings of surprise, reverence, and bewilderment surged through me.



Monk in Red Robe with Stone and Cross

### Trying to Unravel What It All Means

I had absolutely no idea what this dream was trying to convey to me, although I did sense its holiness. Sacredness was a rare feeling for me, yet this experience was the initial driving force behind my spiritual interest and journey. It was the first in a series of reverential dreams that would span more than forty-five years of my life, and which still occur occasionally, especially when I forget my life purpose and allow my mind to wander off the path. At some point in life, most people have experienced an unusually intense, vivid dream or vision that seems to flood their

***“Whatever we consciously undervalue is often given extraordinary value in dreams.”***

consciousness. Although I knew nothing about dreams, I did sense that a universal chord had been struck, and that entwined in the symbolism of my dream, was some profound idea that was attempting to connect my inner and outer worlds. This internal adventure had the earmarks of a small religious experience, giving rise to a change of attitude about what was real. Later in life, I would know with certainty that these powerful symbols expressed the innermost needs of my soul. Up to that point, however, no other external object or event ever had as much meaning as this subjective experience. These dream symbols were living entities that wanted to transform my conscious attitudes. What a mystery! The thought that I didn't personally manufacture these images—that they were products of spontaneous internal combustion—was astonishing.

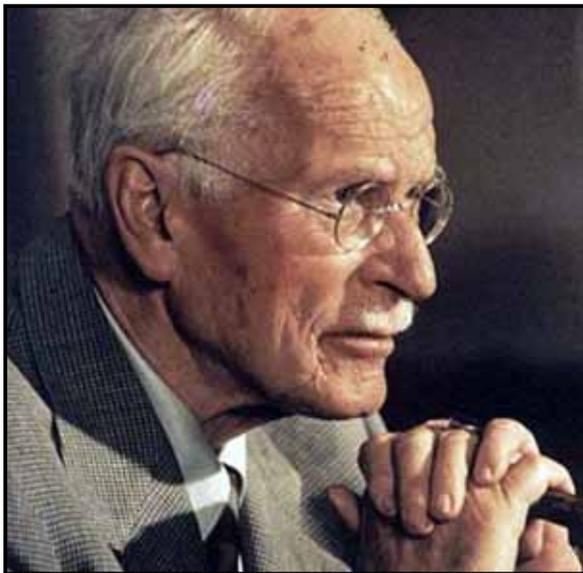
Unfortunately, I didn't work on this dream in therapy. When I brought it to my analyst, he validated its importance but suggested we put it on the back burner because I had so many other problems to tackle. At the end of the session, he made the prescient statement that I would have to spend much time wading through a lot of childhood issues and that my life would take a major turn when I hit middle age. Many of my dreams were as accurate as the analyst, also seeming to point to a late development. I stayed in therapy for two years and then decided to take a break. Although I didn't work with the dream on a conscious level until I left therapy, I think the dream began working on me. It must have permeated my consciousness because subsequently I became interested in New Age explorations such as transcendental meditation, psychic healing, and aura reading. In the forty-five years since, not a week has gone by that I haven't reflected on the spiritual meaning of those unforgettable symbols.

I emphasize again: at that stage of my life, I knew nothing about psychology or the dreaming mind. Given my limited state of awareness at the time, my conscious mind could not have concocted this scenario. Was I giving this message to myself? It felt as if some energy or intelligent power, an age-old forgotten wisdom outside the range of my conscious mind, was trying to awaken me to another reality. This spirit force knew me, and I wasn't aware that it did until this dream. I don't think I dreamt this dream. It felt like this dream dreamt me.

Perhaps another way of saying this is that many of us are seeking God, but in actuality, it may be God that is seeking us. Some dreams bear the imprint of an inner celestial power, and this was one of them. When I dreamt it, I had no interest in religious or spiritual issues. Yet this dream addressed them in spades. Whatever we consciously undervalue is often given extraordinary value in dreams.

Over the years I have come to believe that this super-conscious part of mind plays a major role in steering us to our destiny. Spirit was seeking me just as spirit is seeking you to lift the veil from your eyes and illuminate the mysteries beyond your personal interests. Sacred dreams have a goal, which I believe is the same for everyone: to bring awareness of the divine within. There's an unconscious force available to all that can suggest radically different paths—always for our highest good—from those consciously pursued in daily life. Many modern dream theorists say dreams are primarily a reaction to conscious thoughts and what is going on at that time, but it was Jung's contention that some dreams emerge seemingly from out of the blue to impress dreamers with a deeply felt sense of mystery—to encourage individuals to enter the mystery of their minds, explore the unknown, and become adventurers in the inner landscape of the soul. Life is so much more soul stirring than we realize. C. G. Jung believed that many modern ills were due to the loss of connection to religious roots and therefore, to meaning. Reconnection to this spiritual reality cannot be fully realized through adherence to dogma or teachings from books or the pulpit.

### The Messenger from Beyond—C.G. Jung



Carl G. Jung

Since my original dream posed the question of knowing God, I began to assume this same source could also disclose the answer. And it happened! After two years of reading, studying, and looking for God, Jung himself appeared in my dreams, delivering in clear and simple words the truth for which I had been searching. This revelatory dream, which occurred approximately fifteen years after Jung died, introduced me to an idea about God that I had never consciously entertained. I had never met Jung but had seen a movie about him, read many of his writings, and even had access to privately distributed works that weren't released to the public. (My memory does not recall the statement he makes in my dream as coming from anything I had read by Jung. There are, of course,

numerous writings I have not read, and he very well could have stated what he does here.)

### C. G. Jung Tells Me Who God Is

*I am walking by a round table in a spacious cafeteria where Jung and another man are seated. The other man is a stranger I do not recognize, but I am astounded at seeing Jung. Oh, my gosh! I am thrilled that the great man is here in my presence. As I pass the table, he calls out to me, "Bernard, sit down, I want to tell you who God is." I stop, step back from the table quite astonished at his request, and reply, "Oh, Dr. Jung, that's all right, no need to do that because I have been studying and I know who God is!" He reacts, "Oh, no you don't. Sit down." I again insist, "Yes I do." His next response is much more emphatic. In fact, he raises his voice and says, "No, you still don't know who God is, so sit down and listen." Now, I would have thought it a great honor to have polished his shoes, carried his briefcase, or dusted his bookcase. When this master speaks in such strong tones, you obey. I did. He looks me straight in the eyes and says: "Listen, Bernard, God is neither a man nor a being with a long white beard sitting on a throne dispensing wisdom. That's not God. God is the life force. It is the spirit that creates and animates all of life."*

I awakened wide-eyed and lost in wonder. I had never thought about God in this way. ∅

### Readers, please consider and respond to these questions:

- What is your reaction to Jung's definition of God?
- How would you describe God or Higher Power?
- Have you had any dreams about the nature of God/Higher Power and would you share the one most meaningful to you?

You may share your response to these questions directly with Arthur via email [dreemdoc@aol.com](mailto:dreemdoc@aol.com) or to Letters % DNJ, [publisher@dreamnetwork.net](mailto:publisher@dreamnetwork.net)

(Part II of this article to be continued in DNJ's Winter issue.)



### Reference

C. G. Jung, *Psychological Reflections*. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1970.

## The New Millennium

*I awaken this morning from a dream in which I am reading a document to the world from an office in the Vatican.*

*I am aware of the date and time, it is 4.44 pm on 4/4/4.*

*I have just prepared a meal for a voluminous crowd of people who are destitute and searching for answers to their state in life.*

*I open the two large ovens in front of me and begin pulling out food of all kinds. Whatever people desire to fill their hunger is produced and given to them without ever depleting the contents of either oven. I am explaining that God always provides for His children...one just needs to have faith and believe in Him.*

*It is at this moment of understanding that I am suddenly reading the document to the world. The document had been locked away for two millennia in a vault by the early fathers of the Christian movement. A copy was also found in several other places around the world, each in a locked vault at the center of a major religion.*

*The documents are all written in Aramaic in the hand of Christ.*

*They explain how we are all God's children and our differences are to be set aside as we enter into a new millennium of peace and love. As the documents are opened and read throughout the world, a great glow of love hugs the inhabitants of the earth; hatred is abolished. The multitude of religious beliefs merges into one foundation of sharing God's peace. All weapons of destruction are destroyed and the impulse to kill is replaced by an inner desire for peace.*

*I feel a great sense of inner peace, greater than I have ever felt before. I know that God has finally gifted humanity with total awareness of His love for His creation. No single religion is raised above the others as the one true religion. All humanity is being told that the inner feeling of contact with God was God's gift, not the outer pageantry of pompous church leaders. All of humanity*

*is one with God and all will be one with God in the end of time. ☉*

*I awaken from my dream hopeful of a brighter future for all of humanity.*

## DREAMING PLANET



### Dreaming of Money

By Paco Mitchell, M. A.

**I**N A WORLD DRIVEN BY THE OBSESSIVE QUEST FOR MONEY, no one is exempt from money pressures and concerns, even the wealthy. In such an environment, one might think that *dreaming of money* would be a nightly occurrence, as common as dollar bills, coins or credit cards.

This may be true for some, but it has not been the case with me. Perhaps if I were a manic trader waving my arms in the pits of the Exchange, or a bank teller counting bills all day, I might dream about money more often.

But I recall only *one dream*, out of several thousand recorded, where money is featured as the primary theme. This scarcity could be due to some personal limitation, of course, a form of “sampling error.” After all, one person’s dreams hardly compare in number to the dream potentials of humanity. But even among the many dreams others have told me, money motifs have been similarly rare. Nevertheless, my one money dream has stayed with me for many years, because it throws an unusual light on some essential aspects of money and value.

My associations to the dream extend far beyond the little garden-plot of this essay, so my treatment of the dream will be necessarily limited. But even in this restricted space, there is much to learn from this dream:

*I am walking through a large city. Here and there, slots have been built into the sides of buildings, facing the sidewalks. Occasionally, passers-by drop coins into the slots. The people are not purchasing anything, nor are they paying a tax. They are making voluntary donations.*

*Curious, I find myself inside the building—as if by “mental transport.” I observe the deposited coins falling*

*into narrow chutes flowing with water. Each chute slopes downward, emptying into another chute, then another—water and metal coins falling and flowing together.*

*Periodically, a few paper bills appear in the chutes as well, but they are on fire, and the smoke from their burning flows upwards, towards the sky, in contrast to all the other downward movement.*

*The coins, water and chutes come from all over the city, traveling through what seem to be natural or excavated tunnels or caves, converging on an underground treasury, which resembles an archaic cavern.*

*As I stand in that central chamber, witnessing the subterranean accumulation of coins and water, a woman appears. She stands facing me, and in a ritualistic, ceremonial way, she holds up a half-mown ear of corn.*

Had I been a citizen of an ancient Greek city, this dream would have been perfectly sensible: a manifest call to participate in the mysteries of pre-Christian cultic experience. That was a time when gods and goddesses were discernible presences in both human and non-human worlds, and when the subterranean powers occasionally showed their hand. It would have been a destiny dream—a divine revelation.

Two and a half thousand years later, however, the dream came to me like a living fragment of an archaic psychology seemingly vanished from the modern scene . . . vanished, perhaps, but only superficially. The dream suggests that, behind the walls, under the ground and in the depths, that same archaic psychology—the mythic dimension of money—is still potent, working and very much alive.

Furthermore, I don’t think the dream would have presented itself to me simply for the purpose of dredging up a piece of antiquity. Dreams are always *going somewhere*. They carry a degree of futurity, what Jung called the dream’s *telos*, its purpose or goal. Although I had the dream many years ago, I still find in it today a drive, almost urgent, that compels me to find ways of expressing its value for our future.

The dream distinguishes between paper money—*fiat currency*—and metal coins. The paper money is on fire, burning in the midst of water: It goes *up in smoke*. I know that feasts and funeral rites all over the world have deliberately used fire in a ritualistic, sacrificial way: The smoke is pleasing to the gods; the fire burns out mortal elements while the smoke rises to heaven, a spiritual moment and destiny. Fire returns to the sun-god what was originally his.

I know that one could attach many different valences to that image, but I have a different sense about the burning notes in this dream. I see in them the *insubstantiality* of modern money, as reflected in the expression “It’s not worth the paper it’s printed on.” Our entire financial system has become so purely abstract—so sublimated and volatilized—that money

now “means” whatever we say it does. Recently we saw the dangers attached to this self-defining approach when worldwide financial markets came to the brink of “meltdown,” due in no small part to the wizard-like invention of *financial derivatives and leverage*. Such “instruments” were so ingeniously clever that no one knew, or cared, on what real substance they were based. Money was being made out of thin air, like stage magicians pulling rabbits out of hats.

To me, the burning paper money in my dream had this quality: Easy come, easy go.

But however the dream “reasoned” the need for their appearance, the paper notes were a counterpoint to the primary thrust of the dream, which was dominated by *metal coins and water returning to the earth, running toward the gravitational center*. This dream definitely presents an obsolete image, but one that is strangely vitalized. In most contemporary transactions metal coins are practically obsolete, useful for vending machines, parking meters or making change—two bits, four bits, six bits, a dollar—yet the coins in the dream, in contrast to the paper money, had the quality of an elemental substance—metal returning to the earth from which it was mined.

I can’t help but place the dream’s imagery against the background of the four classical elements, in this case air and fire, earth and water. It’s as if the dream portrays our lack of balance today in terms of a split between the four elements that comprise a whole. The paper money is all fire and air, volatilized spirit, moving up and out, a testimony to the solar and patriarchal mind. The metal coins, in contrast, follow the path of water down and in, earth-born and earth-bound, *like following like*, an expression of the lunar, matriarchal mind of the old earth goddesses.

This is not a whimsical comparison. What nails down the contrast for me is the revelatory image at the end—the woman holding up a half-mown ear of corn—clearly a reference to the pagan mystery rites that flourished in Greek and Roman times and that were probably ancient practices even then. After suitable preparations, the initiate was led into a cave or chamber where the final mystery on which the cult was based, was revealed. And a priestess or priest would hold up the sacred object of the mystery: an egg, a sheaf of wheat, an ear of corn.

For some ten thousand years, agricultural societies of the great river valley civilizations had built their cities and religions around worship of the mystery of cyclic fertility. It was precisely these rituals that Jewish and Christian teaching sought to suppress in favor of the remote, patriarchal, monotheistic sky-god, abstracted from the living environment—from the mystery of corn, wheat and grape—and spirited off to a distant sphere in the sky. This tradition has dominated the past two thousand years, leading in effect

to many of our current planetary crises.

Much of that polytheistic, pagan past was assimilated into the forms and rituals of Christianity, as is evident in aspects of the Christian Mass—the young dying god, suspended from the tree of life, the sacrificial blood, the Dionysian wine, the sundered body.

Who knows how far back into pre-history the roots of such rituals go? Where did these images, these blood mysteries and sacrifices begin? Deep in the Neolithic period? The Paleolithic? Still further back? Are they ritualizations of the instincts we brought with us from our animal past?

One thing is clear: For many thousands of years, caves and caverns, dark hours and dark places, were the preferred sites for performing rituals which shamanically re-connected the initiate with the spirit-world—whether the spirits took the form of animals, daimones, crop-spirits, multiple gods and goddesses, or monotheistic deities.

In the light of that ancient, archetypal tradition, it seems altogether fitting that my dream found the image of a deep cavern to be suitable ground for the revelation of the mystery.

At the risk of overburdening the reader, I would like to add another, short dream to this brief essay, because both dreams taken together make much the same point. It is a “message” that finds expression by many voices today, but I find it all the more impressive because it came to me unbidden, in the form of these two dreams.

Here is the second dream:

*There is a wiry old man, naked, about three feet tall.  
The dream “caption” says:*

*“This is the Corn Spirit. It is all that matters.”*

What a statement! Once again, the dream portrays a “pagan” image—a fertility figure reminiscent of the Greek Priapus. But it presented itself to me in unequivocal terms as *an image of absolute value* with the caption, “Nothing else matters.” In other words, it is an image of the divine.

This Corn Spirit dream was so direct in its presentation, so blunt—not to mention fascinating—that I had to take it seriously. And I had to reconsider, yet again, the unexamined assumptions I was carrying as a member of our modern Christian, or post-Christian, culture. What exactly *were* the ultimate values?

This question brought to mind a comment Jung once made in a similar vein. He said: “The decisive question for man is: Is he related to something infinite or not?”

When I woke up with the ancient image of the Corn Spirit reverberating in me, I knew that the dream somehow made sense. Without spelling out what it “meant,” I understood it intuitively. And I knew that all of my longing and aspiring,

“Find the sacred, then, in this world, on this planet, in this dirt. But don’t take everything for yourself. Give something up, make a sacrifice, in recognition of this truth—that you depend on something beyond yourself, without which there is no life.”



“So, when you can, add your findings to those of others. Perhaps then, out of our individual searching and suffering, we can pool our discoveries—blending old and new—to reconstitute images of supreme value that will be worthy of the place that has given us everything we have.”

since childhood, had always been directed toward the goal Jung had described, that of being related to “something infinite.” I was following my intuition, toward that elusive goal of the divine mystery. That’s what I was doing in the money dream, as I walked down the chutes flowing with water and coins. That’s what I was doing in all my dreams, really, just by taking them seriously, recording, studying and finding ways to incorporate them into myself, to live them. And I am still doing so today. The story of my life, interspersed with dreams like the beads of a rosary, is the story of that intuitive quest.

The first dream takes me beneath and behind the phenomenon of modern money, into an older insight. The second dream does the same thing. Both dreams focus on the mystery surrounding “corn.” Essentially, it is the mystery of fecundity, fertility, abundance—the mystery of life. It leapfrogs back into the past, beyond the Judeo-Christian revolution, in which Moses chastises the Israelites who had reverted to earlier fertility rituals—“dancing around the golden calf.” The dream says: Go back again, back to that earlier age, and re-consider what they were doing in those pagan rituals, before Moses. Recover whatever you can from that older divine mystery, find the undying spirit in the food that you eat, the air you breathe, the water that you drink, the soil from which you came and to which you will return. See the divine presence before your eyes, here, now. Follow the water down. Go within, into your own depths. You will find the mystery revealed there.

And if the ear of corn is “half-mown,” it is only because, since primitive times, we have taken a portion of what we needed for our own lives, and given that divine portion back to the source from which that food, and therefore those lives, came. It’s called “sacrifice,” and it means “to make sacred.”

Find the sacred, then, in this world, on this planet, in this dirt. But don’t take everything for yourself. Give something up, make a sacrifice, in recognition of this truth—that you depend on something beyond yourself, without which there is no life.

For those who hold to a Jewish, or a Christian, or a secular, or a scientific world-view, the dream says: Work to create a place within that traditional view for the far older insight symbolized by the “Corn Spirit” or the “half-mown ear of corn.” The path we are on today is too narrow, too selfish, too off-balance. Find your own balance between the sun and the moon, fire and air, water and earth. Join the inner and outer within yourself. Find your own ways to sacrifice and to pray. Write your own scripture, your own testament, your own book of revelation.

As Jung said, “The eternal truths cannot be transmitted mechanically; in every epoch they must be born anew from the human psyche.”

That was true when Jung said it, and it is just as true today. The old verities must find new forms in every age.

So, when you can, add your findings to those of others. Perhaps then, out of our individual searching and suffering, we can pool our discoveries—blending old and new—to reconstitute images of supreme value that will be worthy of the place that has given us everything we have.

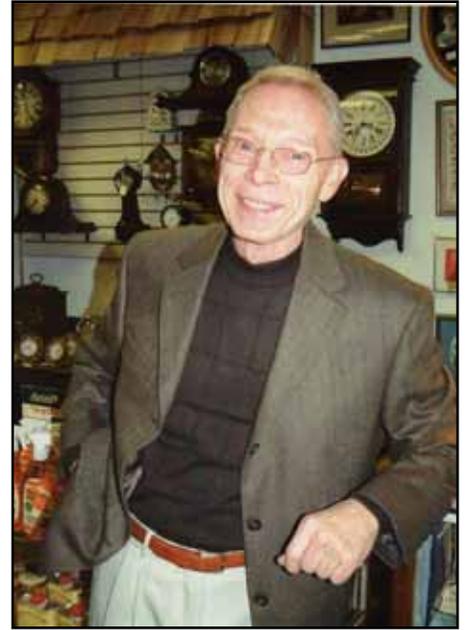
These images come to us unbidden. It is through their advent, and through our efforts to give them form, that the future is struggling to be born. ☸



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# Money and Dreams: It's a Tricky Combination

By Arthur Strock, Ph.D.



LORRAINE, WHO COLLECTED MONEY EVERY MONTH IN THE OFFICE TO BUY LOTTERY TICKETS, dreamt of a Christmas tree with dollar bills hanging from it. Her dream may have been a good example of wish fulfillment, or a reminder that money doesn't grow on trees. Nevertheless, several of us incubated dreams to get winning lottery numbers. I suggested committing part of our winnings to charity in an attempt to increase our odds. The group agreed, but we never won. In retrospect my idea to use a percentage of the winnings as a donation was an attempt to bribe God. It didn't work. Lorraine's scheme of getting rich quick, which I bought into, was doomed to failure. What we really wanted was prosperity.

Years later, I read Catherine Ponder's inspiring book, *The Dynamic Laws of Prosperity*. She discussed how true prosperity involves all of the important aspects of our lives, not just money, and considered tithing to be "*The Ancient Law of Prosperity*." Simply put, tithing is giving ten percent of one's gross income to a spiritually based organization from which one receives nurturing. She elaborates on how the Law works and provides many tips such as giving regularly in order to receive regularly. I took Catherine Ponder's advice to heart and began tithing; since then, I have never had less than what I needed.

If a person desires more money or greater prosperity, changes must be made. As the saying goes, one cannot continue doing the same thing and expect a different outcome. Dreams can help in making those changes. Years ago I had a dream that I was "*Mr. Make Do*." The message was clear: I was to respect myself more and not simply accept things that would *merely* allow me to go on living, but rather actively seek out things that I would enjoy.

I was living in a tiny apartment and needing more space, and a small house next door unexpectedly became available. The house seemed ideal, although it did not have a working bathroom, had a sickening stench from dogs that had been penned up in one of the rooms and needed repairs. Since I did not want to return to being '*Mr. Make Do*,'

"I examined my motives and found none concerning greed, so I decided I would purchase the stock."



"I can only hope that the interpretation of my dream was correct and that the decision was not based on wish fulfillment."

I requested dream guidance regarding plans to purchase the house. The result was this dream:

*I'm walking down the sidewalk. I look down and people have thrown out a box of things. I go through the box, feeling uncomfortable because I know I should not go through pick-up stuff, but it's neat and intriguing. In it is a couple of pocket watches and a proof silver dollar in a presentation case. I notice a yearbook; I don't look at that because I'm not interested. A quick look at a checkbook indicates that only four checks were used — looks like in 1984. A couple of small pieces of English paper money are tucked inside, also.*

The checkbook from 1984 made me smile; it indicated to me that the dream was about the house, because the sum of those numbers is 22, which is the address of the house. Also, as a former coin collector, I knew that the beautiful shine of the “proof coin” in its presentation case represented “proof” that I had changed [change=a dream pun!]; that I was no longer ‘Mr. Make Do’ and it was ok to buy the house. The pocket watches and yearbook probably had to do with timing. I did not have the money to buy the house immediately, but the owners were willing to wait for me to get the full amount required and never bothered to put their house on the market.



The four checks represented the ones I wrote after purchasing the house: plumbing, roof and septic repairs and a kitchen remodel. The English paper money turned out to be another smile-producing symbol. The currency in the dream was of small denominations, what might be termed, “small bills,” (British paper money was sized according to denomination). The house proved to be inexpensive to operate. The monthly bills are quite small and I still consider the house to be a gift from God.

I haven't had any proof coins in dreams since. I have had regular coins, however, something I consider to be “pocket change” or small change. I'm not sure why the coins are sometimes under water, but know that they are a call to make minor changes. In a sense, I'm relieved to see them. Apparently I don't need to make huge changes—at least not yet.

With the recent changes in the economy, risk-free investments currently provide an astonishingly small amount of interest and I felt a need for additional income. Since we are accountable for taking part in the development of our own prosperity, I turned to dreams, which can provide guidance about money issues and decided to generate a dream about the stock purchase of a company that seemed to be secure. The dream came in the form of a piece of music, but without words. After awakening, I hummed and whistled it into a small tape recorder so that it would not disappear from memory. With music dreams, my answers are usually found in the words and title of the song. This song's title was *Deep Waters* with the following lyrics:

*Their fishing nets were empty when they first saw the Lord.  
All night they had been fishing in the waters by the shore.*

The implication of these words was that I had been looking in the wrong places to get a return on an investment. I felt uneasy about considering other lines in the song, because on previous occasions I made a poor investment and lost money based on misinterpreting dream content. But since the words given here were inconclusive, I decided to take a chance as the meaning of the additional lines fit with the title:

The Lord said, “Go to deep waters. Cast your nets once more. Because they obeyed, they would never be the same. Go to deep waters where only faith will let you go.”

I examined my motives and found none concerning greed, so I decided I would purchase the stock. But before I did, I enlisted the aid of Runes, synchronicity system, to double check. I pulled the Fertility rune, read its description in Ralph Blum's *The Book of Runes* and resonated with certain phrases: “*The completion of beginnings is what Inguz (the name of the Fertility rune) requires ... You may be required to free yourself from a rut ... Movement requires danger yet movement that is timely leads out of danger.*” When deciding about the amount to invest, I pulled another rune that warned against making a large one, so I chose to invest modestly.

I can only hope that the interpretation of my dream was correct and that the decision was not based on wish fulfillment. Time will tell. Stay tuned. ∅

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# Money Matters

By Janice Baylis, Ph.D.



**T**HIS ARTICLE DEALS WITH DREAMS ABOUT LITERAL, ACTUAL FINANCIAL MATTERS rather than dreams with money as symbols in dreams. First, however, I will share one dream with money in it where the money symbolized something else.

This is a mother's dream about her teen-age son.

*My son comes into our bedroom while I am biting his Father's ear. He says he needs some change— nickels, dimes, and quarters, for school. I am upset that he barged into our room. I tell him there is a dollar bill on the dresser. "He says, "NO. I need coins—change!"*

Right before my eyes he changes into a younger version of himself—eight or nine years old. Remembering my freckle-faced darling, I give him a big hug. Then I woke up.

Mom had been biting Father's ear, complaining about their teen-age son's behavior. She's sorry afterward because Father is too harsh in his punishments. The son needs a change back to how Mom loved him as her pre-teen freckle-faced darling. That makes sense/cents doesn't it? She thought so.

Now for some dreams about money matters, for example, dreams about real estate. I've worked on real estate dreams in several forms, depending on the dreamer's situation.

**F**irst there's Millie, who had recently become a widow. She became interested in investing her husband's insurance payment in Australian land. The sales pitch was intriguing, comparing Western Australia of the '70s with California of the '30s.

"Yes," said the salesman, "This acreage is among miles of wheat fields at the present. But in five or ten years who knows? Remember the San Fernando Valley! As in America of the past, the Aussies are saying, 'Go West young man, Go West!'"

Millie had seen fortunes made in California real estate. But, since Millie didn't quite understand the group money-leverage system involved, she gave the salesman a postdated check. She told him she wanted to "sleep on it." That night she incubated for dream guidance on the deal. She had two answering dreams that night. The first....

*I see a vast stretch of wheat fields. A tree had grown up in the middle of the wheat. A hand appears and picks peanuts from the tree.*

"The meaning seemed clear to me: the growth would be 'peanuts,' a slang expression for a very small profit." The second dream:

*A friend named Mr. Myers gives some money to a neighbor boy named J. West. He sends the boy to take the money to his office. On the way, some thugs confront the boy. He drops most of the money and runs away.*

"That did it! Mr. Myers is known for being careless. My ears would have me do something careless with my money. I stopped payment on the check."

Later Millie met a real estate broker at a party. He explained that that kind of money-leverage deal meant that the company officers would get most of the profit. Investors like she would have been left with "peanuts," for sure. Now Millie understood about the thugs in her dream.

**B**ruce, a young single man was debating whether to buy a condominium or to continue paying out rent on his apartment. He looked at several condos. Then he dreamt:

*A hand shows me a business card. On the card is the address of the condo I like best. The hand gives the card to my girlfriend.*

He bought the condo and married the girlfriend. Bruce was glad he hadn't paid out any more rent. When they had a baby, they decided to sell the condo and buy a house.

**M**ike, a friend of Bruce, had need of similar advice and it came through Bruce's dreams. Mike had recently been divorced and was living in an apartment. He hadn't thought of how to use the money from his half of the community property split. Bruce dreamed up this use for Mike's idle "dough":

*Mike is sitting on the couch in our living room. On the wall facing Mike is a pair of framed art pieces. They have figures of people made from bread dough and are painted. In one are two large adults. In the other are three smaller figures. I see Mike admiring these bread dough figures. I say, "Do you like those figures? I have the recipe for the bread dough if you want it."*

"Bread" and "dough" are two slang expressions for money. Bruce had been glad to own, rather than pay out rent. He suggested to Mike that a condo was a good deal for a single guy. Mike bought Bruce's condo. Bruce, wife and baby bought a house.

Even though Mike is not a dream enthusiast, he thanked Bruce for the advice. Mike said, "Good advice is good advice, no matter where you get it."

**N**ow, a story about a couple who were retiring and wanted to move to San Diego County to be near their daughter and her family. They contacted a real estate agent to show them lots where they could build a small home. They gave him a price range. He showed them some lots and during the next week the wife had this dream:

*My husband and I are buying a bird's nest.  
The nest is very soft and cozy looking.  
I am especially impressed by the lovely tree it is in.*

She felt this dream had something to do with the new little nest they were planning to build. They went back to the realtor and asked to see some lots with trees. They looked at some that cost more than the price they had set. But the trees made a world of difference and knowing those lots would be a better investment, they purchased one of them. Their little nest out in the west now sits among lovely Live Oak trees. They love it!

**O**ne of Edgar Cayce's clients was a stockbroker. The Cayce readings have several stock advice dreams. Here is one example:

*I am in one of our customer's rooms or the office of Block, Mahoney & Co. ... It is in the morning and stocks are*

*going up. Then afternoon arrives and stocks grow dull... then evening comes and the office is empty and I find that I have 500 shares of Reading RR stocks in my pocket... I go back after my coat, which is made of fur, then unlock the door and walk out.*

(Dreamer's Question) "Was the vision of Reading stock in my pocket any indication of my buying and keeping the stock?"

(Answer) "In the long run, yes."

(Q) "What did the fur coat indicate? Did it indicate time of year slump was to come, for example next winter?"

(A) "This indication rather the advance in next winter..."

Well to obtain these Reading stocks and hold...

The larger or higher figure will be when the coat

is to be taken out again." Cayce Reading 900-74

**S**tarting a business is a serious money matter. Dreams may help. This example is from the *National Enquirer*.

Grandmother Pansy Essman was a \$3-an-hour assembly line worker. On Nov. 15, 1965 she was helping her daughter bathe her newborn baby, Letha, in the kitchen sink.

"The baby was terrified and it took both of us to hold and wash her. We got soaked. After I went to sleep that night I had this dream:

*I go to my closet and pull out a pillow-like piece of sponge that conforms to a baby's body. I place the baby in it and bath her.  
She laughs and splashes and her bath is a pleasure.*

"The dream was so vivid that I realized I had found the answer to the problem that many mothers have with newborns." Mrs. Essman decided to start a business making baby bath aids. After six months she had the right sponge-like material that was washable, non-allergenic and colorful.

The Pansy-ette Infant Bath-aid was patented and the company, Pansy Ellen Products, Inc. was born.

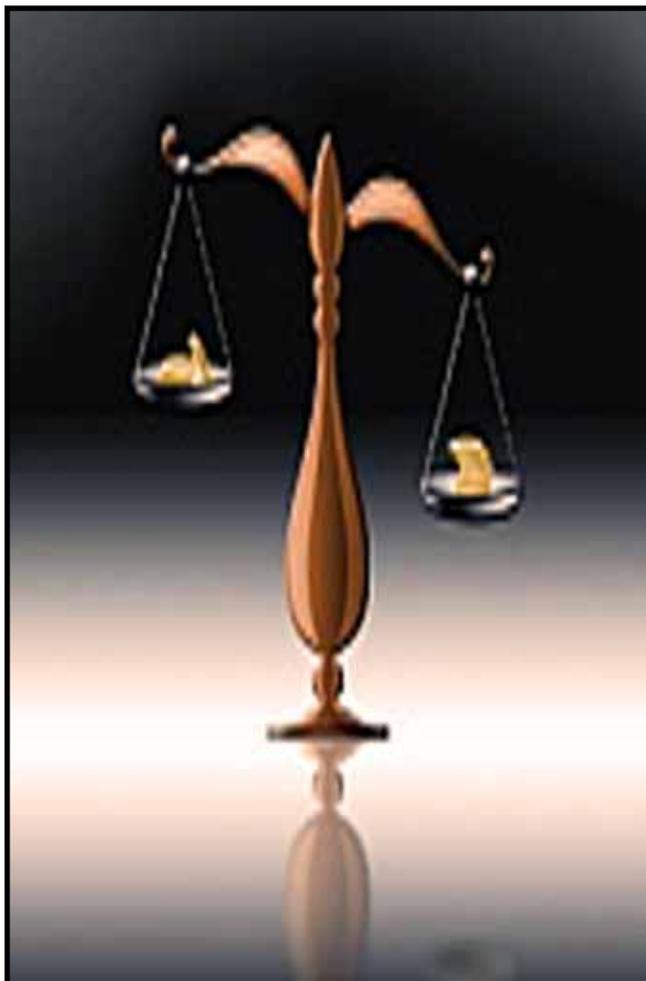
**O**ur next dreamer was a young lady who wanted to start a business but wasn't sure she could be the president of a company. Her dreams answered.

*I'm campaigning to be the president of the country. In my speech, I mention two past presidents I admire and will emulate. One is President Truman, the other is President Fitzhugh.*

"I wake up and think of President Truman as a true, honest and strong president. Then I realize there has never been a President Fitzhugh. Then I 'get it:' my dream indicates that being president fits me! I decide I can do it. The business has worked out fine."

Whether your daily life finances deal with real estate, the stock market, running your own business or any other money matter, your dreams will probably comment. So, monitor your dreams to see what advice they have for you. ☺

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## Dreams Can Help You Discover New Money-Making Abilities

By Arthur Bernard, Ph.D.

**W**HEN IT COMES TO TIME, dreams are free from the chronological constraints of the waking world. Past, present and future have illusive qualities in the dream state. In fact it is not uncommon for information to come right at us from the future. Even Einstein believed the distinction between past, present and future was a persistent illusion. Perhaps it will be left to science to explain how this dream mechanism works, but until then, dreamers will have to evaluate these experiences in a personal way without the validation of science.

In 1929, Edwin Hubble, an astronomer at Cal Tech, made the brilliant and revolutionary discovery that the universe is not static but expanding. C.G. Jung stated that perhaps consciousness has no limits and may be capable of infinite extension. When we look at history and science, we see that every boundary that existed has ultimately vanished. The Berlin Wall came down, just as the

impediment to unleashing the power of the atom disappeared. We are starting to realize we have unlimited creative power that will inexorably revolutionize our consciousness.

All of us see things we never thought would be possible—and this is only the beginning. We are diving beneath the little waves on the surface to an immense kingdom within us.

We are somewhat aware that our inner world of dreams is at least one step ahead of us. It seems that all life-sustaining or life-giving operations progress in a forward direction. Seeds germinate, expand, grow roots, sprout leaves and bear vegetables and fruits. All life appears to be pulled forward by some inner blueprint, or spirit, toward impending wholeness. The subconscious contains the faculty [this blueprint?] of future envisioning and sees things laid out endlessly.

With the rapid changes in consciousness happening, the stock market may be ripe for a different sort of investment program. I first noticed this in the 1990s, when contemplating retirement. My savings were meager and I realized my retreat from the daily grind looked dim. Then a small miracle occurred. I received an e-mail from a stockbroker I knew stating that he had a dream about

a stock and me. In the dream he told me that *a small biotech stock (ICOS) was going to go from \$4 to \$11 a share and if I didn't do what he told me, he would never talk to me again.* The dream proved to be prophetic.

This biotech company was developing an erectile dysfunction drug to compete with Viagra. I had many dreams about ICOS: 1. *Looking at the stockbroker's computer I see the stock closed at 71/2 and it opened the next day at \$13 a share.* 2. *Using a bow and arrow and hitting a bulls eye three times in a row.* Based on these dreams, I bought and sold the stock several times and eventually had 50,000 shares. The stock started to progress up into the 30s, but when the value started to plummet, I panicked and sold in the low 20s.

The second investment opportunity was also a biotech stock (LIFC); a surgeon friend sent me an article concerning the company and its products. After reading the article, I incubated a dream about the company. (See my Web site on incubating dreams for financial abundance: [www.dreamtechniques.com](http://www.dreamtechniques.com)). In the dream,

*I am in a Las Vegas casino. Two young men are playing a pinball machine and they hit the jackpot, but no money comes out. Instead, a series of wafers (shaped like Baccarat chips) slowly accumulate and stack up on top of the machine. I walk over to the two young men and nudge them aside, because I had given them money to play. I look at the wafer-like chips that are still coming up slowly and realize they look like a loaf of bread.*

In the morning I re-read the article sent to me and I noticed that the skin products they were using for grafts were shaped like wafers. In a day or two I purchased 30,000 shares slightly below \$4 a share. Also, I connected the two young men in the dream to my two sons. Hitting the jackpot was a good omen, so I continued incubating dreams about this stock and I would receive many dreams where someone would whisper in my ear, *"Don't worry, LIFC is going to 36 or to 38."* But again the market began tanking and again I panicked and sold in the 20s.

Those two stocks, ICOS and LIFC provided me with a low 7 figures and when I was able to retire, the resources were in place and I had time to write my book, *God Has No Edges, Dreams Have No Boundaries.*

Stock market investing can be a challenging area in which to incubate dreams. Edgar Cayce was a staunch believer in dreams having the power to offer financial guidance. In fact he thought a person could train himself in the art of pinpointing future financial conditions. He worked with a stockbroker who had advanced psychic capacities and encouraged him to further develop his ESP talent. Cayce assured the broker that great results would follow if he applied himself in the service of others, maintained his spirituality and took care of family responsibilities. The stockbroker followed Cayce's suggestions and became a wealthy man. His forecasting abilities in dreams reached the level where the whole market opened up to him so he could ask any question about individual stocks or market trends and receive accurate answers.

Dreams became his primary source of information about stocks.

Many wealthy people came to Cayce to get even richer, but his main criterion for guiding them in investment and monetary advice was their enthusiasm for serving others. Cayce's vision had no boundaries as proved by his consistent ability to see intricate particulars that influenced the investment world. He emphasized that the boundaries that limit the conscious mind seem to dissolve in the dreaming mind.

The following dream is a prime example:

*An unfamiliar man is trying to sell me a radio. Someone then puts poison on the doorknob of my office door and urges me to come and touch it. I am very frightened, especially when he tries forcing me to touch the poisoned doorknob. I awaken in a cold sweat."*

The sleeping Cayce said that a deal in radio stocks would be offered to the dreamer. The proposition appeared wonderful, but the poison on the doorknob was a severe warning about the negative conditions that would enter into the investment. Cayce's final statement was not to invest in radio stocks for the next sixteen to twenty days! Here we see how prospective dreams can be comprehensive. Not only did Cayce's interpretation indicate future events, but it also included warnings about potential danger.

An intriguing book written by Walt Stover, *Dreams—My Lamp unto the Darkness*, provides methods and cautionary guidelines for market investing. He also conducts a Precognitive Stock Market Dream Group, which fosters the use of intuitive material (dreams, meditations, visions, etc.) for the purpose of arriving at individual financial planning decisions. They can be located online at <http://www.stockdreams.org>.

An example: Stover read an investment magazine that recommended purchasing Johnstown America, a company that makes railroad cars. Several days after reading the article, he had the following dream:

*I see a little railroad that starts up at the bottom of a steep hill. It keeps going up and up until it vanishes over the hill with the number twenty on it.*

Taking this dream as a positive omen, he purchased the stock for \$3.50 and sold it twenty months later for \$22 per share. As the dream had indicated, the company literally vanished from trading when it was bought out and became a private company. For several years, it was de-listed from trading. His favorite dream in 2002 involved Corning Corporation and brought a six figure gain:

*I see a circus performer ride into the ring on a unicycle. He rides around the ring several times with the ticker-tape signal GLM (Corning Corp.) emblazoned on the front of his shirt. On his back is a sign showing the current stock price at \$2.50. As he rides around the ring, the unicycle seat keeps getting higher and the price sign on his back increases to \$5, then \$7, then \$10, \$15 and eventually to \$20.*

He purchased the stock at \$1.85 and the increases in the dream occurred as predicted. Four years later he sold out at \$22 a share, which meant a handsome profit for him.

A person has to be cautious and conservative in using dreams for investing. Just as many fail as gain. Some dreams are accurate, some partially correct and others distorted. It is difficult to decipher true precognition from fabricated prediction. If an individual is interested in this mode of investment, it is wise to be level-headed and learn how to read technical data on stocks. Do not immediately bet the kitchen sink because of a dream. In business dealings information may not register at the conscious level, especially when emotions are involved. However, amid all that static, the subconscious can pick up the most delicate signals and transfer them to the conscious mind through dreams. I believe time, distance and emotional barriers are non-existent at this level, and so information the dreaming mind sees as essential cannot be blocked out.

For example George was a client of mine who seemed very excited about entering a complicated and expensive business partnership with an associate who appeared destined for success. I taught him to incubate dreams to see if there was anything he may have overlooked; he received two responses:

*Dream 1 I am walking down the street toward the business complex that my partner and I are about to purchase. As I approach the front entrance, I receive quite a jolt. A large sign on top of a marquee has the name of the business emblazoned in bright neon letters. It is not the name we agreed upon, but rather it's my partner's last name.*

*Dream 2 My partner is trying to steal money out of my pocket.*

These are not what I call good omens and obviously ran counter to the optimism of his conscious mind. After he shared the dreams with his lawyer, they carefully reviewed the contract and found a clause that, under certain conditions, greatly favored his partner. The dream warnings helped him back out of the deal. What is concealed from the conscious mind can easily be perceived and revealed by the intuitive, dreaming mind.

Over a million bits of information per second descend into our nervous system. That's a lot to process, but fortunately—except that which is urgently needed by the conscious mind—it is mostly filtered out. Although hidden details may be screened out of the conscious mind, nothing escapes the perceptive ability of our sixth sense, and just as fortunately, there is a mechanism that translates the subliminal mind's information into meaningful images.

## A Dream Hits the Jackpot

Here is a dream about ESP and gambling from a seminar I led that is quite striking because it accurately fits Mark Thurston's description. This experience is unique because it happened in a one-day seminar; due to time restraints, we did the dream incubation in the morning (in a two-day seminar, the incubation occurs late in the evening of day one and is the last activity before going to sleep). The following are the exact words of the dreamer who wrote me an e-mail soon after the seminar:

"Hello! I wanted to thank you, first of all, for coming to St. Louis to speak about dreams. I attended the conference, learned a lot and thoroughly enjoyed it. I don't know if you remember me or not, but when you did the dream induction and asked if anyone had actually fallen asleep and dreamt during that time, that we should come and see you during the lunch break. I was one of those people. My dream was *that I am in Harrah's Casino with my mom and she wins a large jackpot. I walk around to the machine across from hers and I also win a smaller jackpot.*



"You suggested that some

dreams are prophetic and some literal, so I figured, what the heck! I'll call my mom and see if she's free after the conference. She was. We went to Harrah's and although the slot machines were in a different place than in my dream, we sat down side by side. She immediately hit a jackpot for \$4150, and a few minutes later, I hit one for \$600! Everyone at work said I should e-mail you to let you know. Wow! I was impressed! (I was also thankful that I had relayed our conversation to my colleagues during the lunch break so the next day when I came into the office with my news, they knew I wasn't making my dream up.) Just thought I would pass this along."

I wish I knew the secret of how this dreamer created a money-making dream. She was not a gambler, nor was her mother. Sometimes the universe just wants to give us a gift and it's best to just accept it.

Rational explanations for ESP events do not sufficiently explain how our subconscious mind can conceive of time as not only "now," but as somehow existing ahead of us.

By keeping a dream diary and faithfully recording all dreams, you can begin to pinpoint the personal signs and symbols that characterize your own ESP. ♪

## Two Tribes

*There are two tribes. They used to be one tribe but there was a conflict or disagreement—some were hurt, injured or angry—which resulted in a division such that they were no longer one tribe, but two. Even the land is divided—half of it is dry, parched, cracked and barren of trees.*

*The other half is also dry, but there are some trees for shade.*

*I see a close-up of what's happening.*

*The cattle and people in the land with no shade have nowhere to hide, nowhere to go when the sun is high.*

*The sun beats down on them – everyone and all the cattle lay on the ground as if they have collapsed from the heat. At first this is a general image. As I move in closer, I see the specifics of these people and these cattle. Looking at their dark, red, sunburned bodies,*

*I hear myself say 'they are being baked alive.'*

*There is place on the earth—a line—a clear demarcation identifying the boundary between the two tribes. They put it there when the tribe split in two. At first it was more like a line of chalk upon the ground, but over time the earth itself has changed and now the ground is clearly different on each side of this dividing line. The ground on the side with no trees is dry, deeply cracked, hard. The topmost surface is so desiccated that it curls up along the edge of the cracks, as if the earth is shriveling. The earth on the side with some trees is not quite so dry—the ground is more brown and looks more like earth. There are scattered blades of grass.*

*Even so, it is far from lush.*

*I go to the side with the trees. In the same heat of the day, the people and cattle take refuge under the trees. It's not much, but it helps.*

*I notice, around the trees, a raised section of earth – like when landscapers put mulch around a tree. The outer rim of each raised section is somewhat higher than the rest of the mound, a 'lip' around the edge. I notice at one point that the depressions or indentations within the raised edge are filling with water, as if from a hose.*

*I walk around, looking at these raised areas. I am near some cattle. I am surprised – I hadn't expected to find water! I realize that all/many of the trees are filling with water within the indented mulch mounds.*

*At one point, I reach down to one of these mounds and open the edge/lip – the water flows out. But then part of me understands the purpose of the mounds – it's supposed to collect the water so it has a chance to be absorbed by the trees. I repair the hole I made, pulling the soft dirt back up into place. It's not as neat as the original, but it holds.*

*The other tribe has heard that there's water. They are crossing over into this area – it is as if this tribe has called them to come over.*

*I see the people and cattle of the other tribe – they are so exhausted they can barely walk. Their heads hang – too weary, too burned, too parched to fight. They do not come to fight – this is not a raid. They come because whatever the original fight was about (and why they left), no longer matters.*

*What matters is that they are dying and will all die but for their brothers and sisters of this tribe who have called them here.*

*Too weak to fight, they can only accept what is being offered: shade and water.*

*What I see is a people so weary and exhausted they can barely walk.*

*I see that this other tribe, while they don't have much, miss their brothers and sisters and seek to be one tribe again. I have the impression that the tribe in the land with the trees have long been calling to their brothers and sisters. There are other impressions and associations about being divided then coming together and healing over time. ∅*

## Billions of Dollars!

*As lovely sunshine greets the day, I am enjoying the company  
of a small group of compatible women, a dozen or so,  
in a quaint cabin perched on a high hill in the lush countryside.  
We sit in rows in what feels like a woodsy auditorium within this cabin.*

*After much joyful bantering between friends  
and the gusto of a hearty meal shared, it is time to start  
the proceedings, although I have no clue as to what this might entail.*

*At this moment, a Lady of obvious Presence stands before us  
as our collective attention is riveted toward her.  
She emanates only Truth and Wisdom within her Beingness.  
The Lady astounds us as she speaks in a deep resonant voice,  
“I am offering all of you a way to save our Planet Earth  
from destruction and to live in peace.”*

*This gets our attention!*

*The Lady continues, “However, one thing is needed right away  
since time is of the essence. I need a check for a certain amount...  
Billions of Dollars to set all this in motion.”*

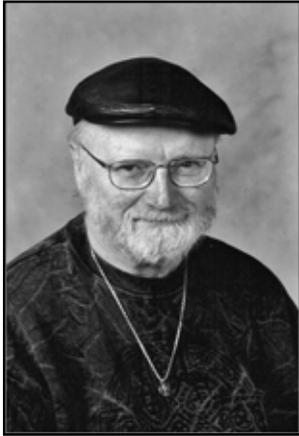
*As you might guess, this mundane request initially stuns our group.*

*We wonder as to the sanity of this woman?\_  
However, my friend Pawnee, who sits beside me,  
shocks all of us as she says to the Lady,  
“I have all the billions of dollars that you need.”*

*I watch with astonishment as Pawnee writes the check, then she adds,  
“However, I can only do this by giving you ALL the money I have,  
down to my very last cent. I now do this willingly.”*

*With a huge smile of appreciation, The Lady assures us that  
“True Enlightenment Can Only Occur When  
Natural Spontaneous and Total Surrender to God occurs.  
Peace.” ☺*

# DREAMS IN THE NEWS



## Russ Lockhart In Conversation with Kim Rosen

*Four in the morning on the 5<sup>th</sup> day of the Third Isle of Wight Music Festival in 1970. Rioting, fires, cans and bottles thrown at the performers. In the midst of this chaos, Leonard Cohen took the stage.*

*His poetry-in-song tamed the 600,000-strong beast, widely regarded as the moment when the “60s” came to an end and something different came into being. Bob Johnson said it was Leonard Cohen who brought poetry into music. Judy Collins pointed to the unavoidable crisis of the heart and mind in listening to his songs. Joan Baez touched on the crucial thing: words in song do not have to “make sense.” His words came from so deep inside, they crossed subversively all borders and reached into the depths of everyone who heard. Art can do that. The sheer audacity of poetry unveils the hidden, gives it voice and prompts its heart-piercing song. Can poetry save us? The most popular TV program in the Middle East is Million’s Poet, people reciting poetry! Can you imagine such a thing in the US? In Iraq, Freedom Space events are bringing Shiite and Sunni together to sing out songs and poems and these bitter enemies end up embracing. Can poetry save us? It always begins with one. The best example I know who has given voice to this idea is Kim Rosen, author of *Saved by a Poem*. It is a must-read book. But more important than reading it, is the doing of what she prescribes there as medicine for the tortured soul of our time: to become a disciple of a poem we love and to get it deep into our bones and then to tell it out loud to others, even strangers. Back in April, it was National Poetry Month. I spoke with Kim on the phone. Here are some bits and pieces from our conversation.*

**RL:** I'm brimming over with questions. Instead, I'll give you a poem.

**KR:** Oh, I'd love that.

**RL:** This was my very first poem. It was collected for a book called something like *Childhood Poems and Other Odd Things*.

I once had a cow named Madie.  
It looked like my old wife Sadie.  
To give milk it wouldn't;  
I found out it couldn't.  
For Madie was not a lady.

**KR:** Oh! That's hysterical!

**RL:** I know that you wrote poems when you were young. Do you remember any of your young poems?

**KR:** I have this book, velvet-covered, but I didn't get it until I was older. My first poem I wrote almost as soon as I could read and write. It was 1964. I was 8! It's called "Imagination." \

Imagination can be lots of things  
It can be a bell in your mind  
That rings and rings  
It can be flowers pink and blue  
Someone's secret but you don't know who  
It can be a parrot with a touch of turquoise on its head  
Or your very own canopy bed  
It can be a green and yellow telephone  
Or a chocolate sundae ice cream cone  
It can be an elephant's clean white tusk  
Or the pink and blue at the edge of dusk

Now *that* was probably the last poem I ever wrote that wasn't "fraught."

**RL:** That phrase, "*at the edge of dusk*," strikes me as is an example of your capacity to "get through" the usual armor that protects people from poetry. This is a hallmark of your book *Saved by a Poem*, and is why I call it an *essential* book. Still, there may be some readers who don't know who Kim Rosen is or what she does. Who is Kim Rosen and what does she do?

**KR:** I know less and less what the answer to that question is. The process of taking poems to heart and speaking them out loud tends to dissolve the boundaries around how one defines oneself. It's been liberating to discover that I'm not who I thought I was. It is not just poems that have taught me this. My inner work has led the way also. The poems become collaborative with other ways to question who I am psychologically, spiritually.

But To answer your question more directly, I wrote a book, *Saved by a Poem: The Transformational Power of Words*. This book interwove three different paths in my personal and professional life. One path was self-inquiry: psychological and spiritual work that was verbal and non-verbal, conceptual and expressive.

The second thread was my love of the theater. I was never on stage after I was 9. At first that was not a choice. I would audition and up until 9, I would get the lead. Then, something happened and I did not get the lead and my little ego couldn't handle it. Whatever the reason, I went backstage. I became a director in the theater; my undergraduate degree was in theater and psychology. I was fascinated not with what it takes to act a character or direct a play, but what it takes to be transparent and authentic and real in the presence of other people. I started my theatre company when I was 19; everyone else was in their late 20s and 30s. My theatre company was very much focused on being authentic.

The third thread is poetry. I loved poetry until high school, where it became dry, analytic and war-based: *The Odyssey*, *The Iliad*. *The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere*—extraordinary works of art, but not what I was interested in as a teen. In the hands of my teachers, even Shakespeare became not Shakespeare, but iambic pentameter. And then, in my first class in freshman year of college, I got slaughtered by the analytical approach of the teacher. That was the death of poetry for me.

Until 1994. I was in a very dark depression, probably the darkest place I have been in my life. Through a coincidence, I found a battered old cassette tape that had fallen out of the purse of one of my clients—I was a therapist and spiritual helper. I threw it in a tape deck. A man's voice was reciting poetry, his words booming through my house. It slayed me. I mean my defenses were slayed, the hard shell of depression broke open, and I was able to cry for the first time, the first step in freeing me from depression. The man was David Whyte. I began to read poems again and he pointed me to poems of the inner life, which I had not had any contact with before.

**RL:** In 1950, I was writing dark poems about the Korean War. The teacher was concerned about my mental health. She called in my parents and we marched to the principal's office and a conference about Russell's mental health. The principal, after hearing some of my poems said: "You are really a brown study!"

**KR:** A brown study?

**RL:** Yes, it's an old expression, used typically for poets and artists who are morbidly "lost in thought," becoming deep, dark and depressed. I knew what she was saying, so I countered with the snarliest 12-year-old voice I could muster, "I'm a black study!"

**KR:** We would have been friends! My 12-year old nephew in England is memorizing the poetry of Wilfred Owen in school. I'm not sure this would happen in this country, I'm almost sure that it wouldn't. It is extraordinary war poetry, amazing, dark and scary. I'm so thrilled that they are having kids learn this poetry by heart. So healing!

**RL:** With all our current wars subject to so much "unreality," Owen's poetry, particularly his "Dulce et Decorum Est," could bring much needed sobering. I encourage everyone to get this poem in their bones. I wish I had known it back in 1950. The second thing you mentioned, the theater, is of interest to me because

I have recently taken up reading Stanislavski's work. It was Lee Strasberg who developed what is now known as the "method acting" approach based on Stanislavski's work. Stanislavski rejected this American version of his method. The American version was that one needed to catch hold of an emotional experience from one's own life and from that base one could act into the character in a real way. Stanislavski's method was not catching hold of something in your experience; you need to catch hold of where your *imagination* takes you when you read and play this character.

**KR:** I love that! I was never interested in the method approach when I was directing. What makes you turn to Stanislavski?

**RL:** A dream. A voice dream: "The answer is in Stanislavski." That's how I got into it. There are some remarkable things in his writing. I would not have gotten there otherwise. So this brings up the question: What role do dreams play in your work, in any way, in your poetry or in what you do, or how you live your life?

**KR:** When I was writing more poetry, a dream could always turn into a poem. As a writer of poetry, I found that what my dreams did, regardless of how I might work with them in terms of self-reflection, self-knowledge, or knowledge beyond self, the dreams unlatched the linearity of my mind, which I find is essential for good poetry whether you're writing it or reading it. It's what I hope to do now in my workshops with the immersive quality of poetry and music. It was Brother David Steindl-Rast who said, "If it's not surprising, it is not a good poem."

This is something I talk about in the chapter on the power of metaphor—the necessity of bringing two disparate elements together so surprising to the mind that it bursts open to another way of knowing rather than focusing only on the pragmatic approach.

My own dreams, when I was writing poetry (which I hope to do again), would give me a way to write without an allegiance to making sense. Robert Bly talks about this as "leaping poetry." To me it's a mystical practice, the leap. It's in the leap where the mind opens and deeper wisdom comes through. In the line "when death comes like the hungry bear in autumn," the leap is the *concept* of death paired with the visceral rawness of the hungry bear. The poem puts those two things together. This often makes little sense to the cognitive mind. The form that Rumi wrote in was a series of couplets that don't often have any connection with each other. Yet, the mind interacts with it in some way, and connections *happen*. What is so important to my work in workshops is that *the function of poetry is the same function as dreams*, which is bringing in the unexpected and meaningful. For me it has to be meaningful also. There are a lot of unexpected and clever poems out there that don't actually speak to me. But these lines of Mary Oliver do: *My mother was the blue wisteria, my mother the mossy stream out behind the house, my mother alas, alas, did not always love her life, heavier than iron it was, she carried it in her arms from room to room, so unforgettable*. To go from mother, to wisteria, to the mossy stream . . . this has the power of dream to me. I do something in my workshops called the "poetry dive," which is submersion for a good chunk of time with just music and spoken

poetry. I use music to disengage the brain. Some people are really challenged by that because they can't function in the usual linear way. The music is a lubricant and makes it slippery.

**RL:** Some years ago, I was with Robert Bly in a workshop and he was playing a dulcimer while he was reciting. I loved it. Then we went to lunch at a Chinese restaurant and he wanted to know my reaction to a particular poem he was working on, a poem about his father. He started reading it out, voicing it out loud. I was looking at the crowd and looking at the faces of the people as they were listening to this crazy person in the corner. Everyone had that look "who is this nut?" But then as Robert kept going, I could see the faces, I could see the faces change as they took in his words, as they listened. The whole place was entranced. Robert didn't know what effect he was having. He was in the poem, in the voicing, in that deep way that he does. He was working on the poem, but the poem was working on the crowd. That was such a telling experience to me of what power a poem can have even in the most unexpected places. I think this is something to celebrate. So, how are you celebrating National Poetry Month?

**KR:** I'm working with these two ladies (Cathy DeForest and Nancy Bardos), who have created an organization called "Poets on The Loose." [Poetsontheloose.com](http://Poetsontheloose.com) has all sorts of suggestions about how to bring poetry to the streets. Basically, you get a bunch of poems you love, not long ones, and you go with a friend, or musician and you approach consenting strangers (a script on the website shows how one might approach strangers to find out if they are consenting), you read the poem and then you hand it to them. Nancy, in Port Orchard WA, has about 50 people out on the streets. Cathy, in Ashland OR, does the same thing. We are hoping to encourage people to take poetry to the streets everywhere.

**RL:** What a wonderful idea.

**KR:** We want to bring the power of poetry and how moving it can be to even a stranger on the street in the vibration of ordinary talk and life, to experience the rhythm, the sounds, the breath when a poem is so deeply felt and voiced aloud. I'm also working with National Institute of Poetry Therapy and doing my own tele-seminars.

**RL:** Are you encouraged by the effect you're having on the collective?

**KR:** It's an idea whose time has come. Maybe that's fantastic thinking, but I think not. I got an email from CC Carter the other day. She lives in such a different world. She was featured in Chapter 3, which tells the stories of people who have been saved by poetry. She is the woman who has the story of being a suicidal teenager and her grandmother gave her Maya Angelou and told her to recite "Phenomenal Woman" out loud, morning and evening. It saved her life. She became a spoken word artist and now runs spoken word events for battered and abused women in the Southside of Chicago. It's a whole different style of poetry than I'm used to. Yet, she wrote a poem in honor of National Poetry Month in response to my book. It is so beautiful. I feel that what

is coming through the slam, hip-hop, rap, and spoken word community is converging with the Poetry Foundation initiative to bring poetry into the high schools. This is unprecedented. At the same time, the collapse of the American economy and political system is pointing out the uselessness of continuing to acquire material things to fill our emptiness. I think all of this is bringing poetry back to America.

**RL:** One of the things I've done over the years as I've traveled (which I don't do much anymore) would be to walk around the downtown streets encountering the street people. People beg for money. What I do is ask for dreams. They could have whatever change was in my pocket if they gave me a dream. Over the years I've collected these dreams from the streets. Some of these dreams are extraordinary. Sometimes, these experiences will form themselves into spontaneous poems. An example is the poem called, "On Market Street," in my book *Psyche Speaks*. I agree with you that there is something moving, not yet center stage, but alive on the edges. It needs to be fed.

**KR:** Yes. I hope my work in some way feeds it. I know there are many others feeding it as well.

**RL:** I have been saved by dreams, visions and poems too. For you, does this remain fresh and alive? Is it still true for you, or has it become "old hat," after all the interviews, the public performances, and all the public "stuff."

**KR:** No, it has never become old hat for me. This is especially true when I have someone like you who can listen and get new articulation out of me, when there is someone who can meet me in the conversation. I am always surprised by what I learn in such conversations. I went to the gym today. I use the time on the treadmill or bicycle to learn new poems by heart. It's the best way for me to learn them; that or driving. Rudolph Steiner knew about this when he taught kids multiplication tables while they were moving. Something about moving and learning by heart—they go together. I was learning Margaret Atwood's "Marsh Languages." As soon as I start reciting it to myself on the machine, I'm in wonderland, I'm in bliss. Another one I've been working with is the "The Idea of Order at Key West" by Wallace Stevens. One cannot recite this to most people. It is a poem that is not instantly "gettable." But I go into a personal bliss when I recite this poem even though I've known it by heart since I was seventeen years old. So the answer is no. It never gets old.

**RL:** The focus of the issue where this interview will be published is "dreams and money." I'm aware of your harrowing experience with money you described in *Saved by a Poem*. It's almost everyone's worst nightmare. Do you have anything new to say about this, the trauma of it, the outcome of it, how dreams or poems played a part in how you suffered through that.

**KR:** The book talks about how I truly was saved by a poem in the moment when I learned that I had lost all my money. It was the Bernard Madoff thing. I don't know that I would call it a trauma

because there is so much goodness that has come out of it. Yes, I wish I had that money. But on the practical level, it wasn't a vast amount of money. I didn't have a vast amount to lose, but it was my life savings. It never would have seen me through my retirement anyway. But it was everything I had. The influx of kindness that came to me in that moment from friends and family was extraordinary. As soon as I had heard on the voice mail that I had lost this money, all I could think about was Naomi Shehab Nye's poem, "Kindness."

Before you know what kindness really is  
you must lose things,  
feel the future dissolve in a moment  
like salt in a weakened broth.  
What you held in your hand,  
what you counted and carefully saved,  
all this must go...

The first gift was that poem. It opened my world to the world of people who weren't privileged and safe the way I had been my whole life. Then the poem showed me not only "becoming kind by going through loss," but receiving kindness when people started to help and support me. The poem was more about that. It was impossible to understand this before, because I had everything. I was terrified of my own needs. I could hide in the fact that I was financially comfortable. The third gift was that this story became the "hook" that got the book visibility in the *New Yorker* and in Ophra's *O Magazine*. The Madoff story generated it for me; I could not have done it myself.

**RL:** What a gift!

**KR:** There is a good chance I may get some back. Barbara Pi-cower, when her husband died, gave back more than seven billion to the recovery trustee, which makes it possible for many of the people to get at least something back. There is little press about her. I want someone to do her biography! We hear all this other stuff, awful horrifying stuff, about the negativities in the financial sector. But here's a woman who did an extreme act of kindness and generosity that she did not have to do. This is really changing history.

**RL:** Now that's a high note to end on. Thank you so much Kim for giving readers of *Dream Network Journal* a glimpse into your world and sharing it with us. ☺



[NOTE: For further inquiry into the topic of money in dreams, see the essays by Russell A. Lockhart and James Hillman in *Soul and Money*. Dallas, TX: *Spring Publications*, 1982.]



## DREAMTIMES: DREAM EXCHANGE

### “Monetas”

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**MONEY.** Its face, form and value has changed throughout time and within cultures, but not its function: it is used to exchange one thing for another, tangible or intangible, and we still need money to lead our lives in modern society. “Monetas” was the term assigned to coins produced in Juno’s temple, which contained the Roman mint: “...money is a linguistic derivation from Roman worship of the Great Mother, Juno Moneta - Juno the Admonisher.”<sup>1</sup>

During a week of incubating dreams about money, three dreams (different nights) emerged:

1. *I am on a Caribbean beach and walk to a shabby town and pass a concrete bench with three buffalo nickels on it. I pick them up then also see a pouch. I open it and find a pair of gold cufflinks. I take the items to my house (which is modern and luxurious inside unlike its shanty-like exterior) to show my husband who is wearing a bright red robe. I want to move the toilet, pick it up and try and find the right spot for it, but the robe distracts. I forget about the toilet and show him the found items.*
2. *While grocery shopping with my husband, I open my purse and find there is nothing in it. In panic and embarrassment I scramble to find my checkbook and wallet. The anxiety wakes me up.*
3. *My husband ‘surprises’ me with cash hidden in containers (like a vase) throughout our house - I’m not looking for money, it’s just hidden in unexpected places. When I find a blank check as a bookmark, he tells me I can have anything I want and I feel rich.*

An obvious thread in these dreams is the male/female relationship surrounding a money theme—a coupling of yin and yang principles to create balance needed for exchange of goods or services where two elements are always in play. In the first dream, the ocean suggests the vast treasures of the subconscious available to us. The house exterior appears shabby, but inside is pristine and new, indicating everything is not always what it seems - and that prosperity is an inside job. Finding “old coins” (buffalo nickels that are no longer in circulation and all “heads up,” i.e., “pay attention”) can represent old thoughts about money: however, they would have collector’s value beyond their face value so might be worth holding onto. The cufflinks (man’s jewelry item from a past era) are also valuable and could signify “finding the gold or an integrative piece for the dreamer. The symbolism of three

and two and its combination of five play a part in the meaning of the dream: in Tarot, two is the number of the High Priestess, underlining the female yin, and is also the number of balance.<sup>2</sup> Three is the trinity - body, mind and spirit - the number of outward giving or the yang concept. The essence of the number five is feeling free<sup>3</sup> and if one has money, one experiences a sense of freedom. The essence of the number five is the feeling of freedom, which money can provide under certain circumstances.

In the second half of the dream, the importance of the toilet relocation scenario is underlined by virtue of its highly impractical and improbable occurrence in the waking realm. The red robe is like waving a red flag in front of a bull, to get the attention of the dreamer. It appears the dream is saying there’s no need to “eliminate” (toilet symbolism) in order to have wealth (the found treasures from the bench), but it may also represent the shame of ‘getting something for nothing’ mentality. The red (masculine energy along with vitality and life-force can mean good luck and prosperity)<sup>4</sup> robe (the dress of religious or spiritual leaders) is a distraction that ultimately captures the dreamer’s attention so the story of her treasures can be shared.

The theme of the second dream is fear of lack or not having enough. One’s worst nightmare is to “lose everything” and then suffer public embarrassment. A purse, a feminine symbol, when empty symbolizes the lack of personal means to exchange for goods (the wallet and checkbook are finite resources - they represent traditional places where money is kept). The emotions are panic, shame and anxiety over the loss of money and inability to purchase food (nourishment). Contrast this with the first dream where a pouch (purse) is opened and gold cufflinks are inside.

Finally, the last dream speaks about finding unending prosperity in unexpected places: the symbolism of a blank check to use for whatever the imagination will allow assures that all is well, that one can discover money anywhere and thus instills a sense of limitless supply.

I invite you to examine the “monetas” in your dreams and discover what’s in your money consciousness. In these dreams, money ran the gamut from lack to abundance, but elements of balance were key to manifesting prosperous end results. ∅

1. Walker, Barbara G., *The Woman’s Dictionary of Symbols & Sacred Objects*, p. 146.
2. Nozedar, Adele, *The Element Encyclopedia of Secret Signs and Symbols*, p. 424.
3. Linn, Denise, *The Secret Language of Signs*, p. 212.
4. Nozedar, Adele, *The Element Encyclopedia of Secret signs and Symbols*, p. 55.



## The Over-Observed Child:

### My Sobbing Dream

Article & Art by Ann Sayre Wiseman

#### **I** RECENTLY DREAMT THAT...

*I am looking through old slides and find them so unimportant I could toss them out. But I am amazed at my ego that loved being documented... like a child of four saying, "See me, see me...!"*

*Scene two switched: I am quietly sitting with my beautiful little first-born son. He has his head resting against my bosom.*

*What utter joy! I am caressing his fine blond hair like fine silk as both of us rest in silence and closeness. This is a rare moment indeed, a perfect feeling of contentment. Suddenly—it feels so beautiful, so rare a moment—I burst into tears sobbing, "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry."*

*Just then a woman who'd been watching me snaps a photo of us, invading our precious moment of genuine closeness. I am shocked to be recorded and run from her invasion as she tries to comfort me. I am repelled by her gesture and run down the stairs in my childhood home to escape her presence. Her way of turning my deep love into a performance outrages me... like being raped and robbed.*

**I** awakened with the realization that I was an over-observed child, made aware of "theatrics" early in life; I was cheated of my genuine emotions by the need to perform before the camera of a doting mother, who hid her ego behind the lens. From day one she encouraged me to play act for her friends; I liked the attention and was cognizant that she was always watching.

It wasn't until I had this dream decades later that I realized how robbed I felt, how deprived of real love, deep passion and private satisfaction of genuine accord.

I am appalled to watch parents usurp their children's lives by turning them into the stars they themselves wished they could have been—a high fashion model or Olympic medal winner. Forcing their children to perform, while berating them for being self-conscious, self-centered and always needing the limelight.

I thought this dream might be a wake-up call for parents who attempt to gain ego satisfaction at the expense of their children's emotional privacy. ∅



# Soul Medicine



By Helen Butlin-Battler, M.Div.

## Sharing Wisdom from Support Group Participants at the London Regional Cancer Program, Ontario, Canada

**“I CAN’T REALLY BELIEVE I CAN SAY THIS ABOUT CANCER** but ... it has been an awakening.” This statement was from Joanne, a young woman I was called to see as an in-patient for cancer treatment.

These were not words I expected to hear when I started working in clinical spiritual counseling in a busy regional cancer treatment center for South-Western Ontario. Joanne had Hodgkins lymphoma and was recovering from a bone marrow transplant. She went on to describe how cancer had awakened her to life and living in profound ways, calling it a “spiritual awakening.”

In my office another client who was living with her third recurrence of breast cancer, now metastatic, said, “I’ve let the cancer change me. I can’t call it a gift, but I can’t imagine going back to my life before cancer.”

During the four years I’ve been offering spiritual counseling as a member of the multi-disciplinary health care team, I have repeatedly heard similar statements. I have often found myself at the feet of powerful, quiet teachers who chose to dive deep into their experience with cancer and work with it on every level of their being. At the end of one group session I conducted, a 28 year-old school teacher diagnosed with stage four uterine cancer stated, “It’s work, it doesn’t just happen. Time doesn’t change much at all; I have to work to change it.”

I have discovered that cancer, whether or not there is a trajectory of cure, can be a crucible of profound personal, visceral transformation. During the last five years, many of these people have taught me what I share in this article.

## About Soul Medicine Support Groups

*“I have courage for today now. I don’t underestimate it, I just need it for today and now it’s there.” ~Peter*

A diagnosis of cancer strikes a blow to the core of personhood, exacerbated by the highly alienating aspects of the medical world. *Medicine is* needed for the soul-heart-mind ... the whole person. *Soul Medicine’s* title suggests that the soul is also afflicted by the diagnosis of cancer, thus, there is need for medicine to reach beyond the targeting of tumor cells and ‘illness-adjustment’ strategies for coping with the psychological effects of cancer.

*Soul Medicine* is a support group process developed through my work with individuals seeking a process during medical treatment that integrates and addresses the impact on their spiritual and emotional well-being.

Its aim is to foster the ability of individuals to connect with the wisdom dwelling within and allow it to navigate them through living with cancer; to put fear second and to live their lives fully with the spectre of mortality integrated rather than avoided. The six-week group process of one-and-a-half hour sessions incorporates Buddhist, Taoist, indigenous wisdom and practices and the Christian mystics’ understanding of the ‘dark night of the soul.’

*Soul Medicine* offers a process that can empower the participants to create the meaningful in each day by connecting with and listening to what is named as their ‘inner wise navigator’, the one who speaks in dreams, intuitions, images in meditations, nature, synchronicities. This inner wisdom guides them to discover what is ‘soul food’ for the long haul.

During the past two years, I have conducted six groups, thirty participants in total: five women’s groups and one men’s group. Weekly exercises provide portals to awaken inner wisdom: meditation - relating to nature, presuming it’s imbued with wisdom about living and dying; art, dream symbols and images arising in meditation; music, poetry, stillness, silence, depth co-enquiry, group sharing, collaging personal ‘soulsapes’, tears and laughter. The variety of experiences provides an opportunity for each person to allow their own inner navigator to decide what is useful or not.

## The Power of Symbol and Symbolic Language in Soul Medicine

*Soul Medicine* uses art, dreams, meditation images as medicine for the soul. ‘Soul’ is explained in the group as our inner life of feelings, intuitions, the ‘meaning maker’ and ‘dreamer’ within. Symbol is the language of the soul. The *Soul Medicine* process also affirms that the existential moments of meaninglessness, groundlessness and emptiness are equally critical to the inner life and contain a fertile potency when we stay with the experience of the ‘abyss’ rather than avoiding it.

Symbols and symbolic language influence the affect and bypass the rational mind which tends to reduce, differentiate and compartmentalize. However, the threat of death requires a deeper, holistic response than the mind alone can provide, as Suzanne’s experience reveals.

Suzanne was a forty two year-old mother living with her fourth recurrence of breast cancer, now metastatic. She kept *seeing a horse* in her dreaming states of meditation or sleep. At the time she had a particular neurological dysfunction of her spine that is named, curiously, from a particular vertebrae in a horse. It meant she could not walk. The horse kept appearing and she was afraid to get on, afraid of where it would take her. During the next few months she worked with the image of the horse, staying with her fear and the 'void' of emptiness and meaninglessness, while aware she was dying and leaving two young children behind. Slowly, she was able to engage in active imagination and befriended the horse; first with a touch, then leaning on it, talking to it, gazing at it. At our last time together in palliative care, she decided to try and mount the horse. She saw herself in her mind's eye climbing up on its back. It was a powerful moment and I had no idea what would happen. Then she gasped, 'Oh, Helen, it's beautiful. I had no idea. It's so beautiful.' She wept, as did I. We hugged and said goodbye for the last time. She quickly became unconscious and died two days later. The horse had been her unknown guide arriving from the depths in her time of need.

As this image reveals, symbols can be a potent means of awakening a latent capacity to allow the wisdom from the depths to sustain us through suffering and soul-pain that medications cannot reach. The relationship with the horse provided Suzanne with a focus upon which to work with her pain, fear of dying and leaving her young children. Getting on the horse represented dying and the horse called her forth into relating with death in a symbolic way, which then made it possible for her to engage with her own dying process until she was finally ready to take the leap. Nothing I could have said or done from the rational, verbal realm would have assisted her in the profound way this horse did.

### The 'Groundless' is Valuable

*"Hold the tension of the opposites until the third way appears."* ~Carl G. Jung

When the existential abyss yawns wide, *Soul Medicine* works with people to stay present with their experience and recognize this value (i.e., the 'dark night of the soul' or the 'formless void'). When forging a unique wisdom and response to life that *integrates* suffering, we confront a fertile womb from which hard-won insight emerges. *Soul Medicine* explores avenues that assist in learning that the abyss we fear is potentially the fertile soil for new life.



Light Emerging from Darkness

One of the most powerful transformations I've witnessed of the abyss experience was in a session with a young woman who lost her womb and a two month embryo—a baby she was thrilled to carry—to cancer. We did a meditation focusing on the space within her belly after the surgery, *seeing* the emptiness. As we meditated on the loss and darkness, it gradually transformed into a cosmic womb where she found a new "self" gestated in the empty space within and she felt a maternal brooding presence surrounding her. This experience arose from staying with her grief, the feeling of loss in her body and trusting it would reveal its own wisdom. She later created a stunning painting of what she had inwardly seen within her belly: a light emerging from darkness. She felt the powerful experience of the image was a gift from the depths of her soul. It has continued to sustain her in her recovery. The light has grown stronger and expanded over time in her meditations and dreams.

Another woman, Margaret, who is living with lymphoma in remission, found her cancer experience forced her to rediscover her soul; she realized that she had abandoned it due to her busy lifestyle. She had a dream wherein *a forlorn-looking wood nymph was by a river in a forest. She felt it was her soul. The wood nymph told Margaret she was sad because she was useless. Margaret asked her what she wanted to do and she replied, 'Fingerpainting.'* We talked about this in a session and Margaret shared how she had always loved color and playing with paints—particularly finger paints—as a young child. It was clear that a good starting point for Margaret to reconnect with her soul-life had been given to her by the wood nymph in her dream. She began fingerpainting. Over the next few months more painting and colors evolved and slowly Margaret's whole demeanor and physical presence changed into a strong, wise woman who followed her inner guidance in all aspects of her life. From fingerpainting, her creative life emerged and she now creates art cards and paintings that surprise even her in their beauty.



"Initiation"

Dream images come as guides and by working with them actively, using a core process developed in Jungian psychology called active imagination, it is a potent way to integrate the treasures the depths release through dreams and meditations.

## Cancer and Descent

*"It has changed me. I've lost innocence." ~Gord*

We live in a culture that focuses on life's trajectory of 'ascent' and subtly perceives death and diminishment, as a failure. However, the life process will bring us to moments where we face life's limits including the ultimate, our mortality, and confront the 'descent.' This is where wisdom is born.

*Soul Medicine* offers its own perspective on this descent without attempting to imply any philosophical or religious notions of 'death as portal'—although such notions are honored and held open as possibility. *Soul Medicine* is as inclusive as possible of all beliefs and paradigms, therefore, needs to embrace the scientific paradigm of 'death-as-end,' as well.

For me, the catalyst in valuing the concept of 'descent' occurred when I read Carl Jung's short, but potent, essay on *Soul & Death* that posits our descent into a 'no-one' is as *equally* significant, and in fact necessary, as our ascent into a 'someone.' Jung argues that this is a concept we have lost in our society, which has added to our inner poverty in a world that focuses on life's outer, material aspects. In Western, post-modern society, the descent itself, the actual process of diminishment—physically or mentally—is feared and has almost no worth or value placed upon it at all, other than the attempt to bear it with dignity.

This topic generated significant discussion in the men's group. Each man described the point of diagnosis and the ensuing losses as a counterpoint to society's norm of what it means to be a man. Their ability to strive for success with a high degree of energy had been destroyed. One man in the group survived prostate cancer and treatment, but described as his breaking point the moment he was told he now had colon cancer. An emotional collapse ensued and his landscape of hope shifted. He envisioned himself on his knees pleading to a god he no longer had any belief in. This image became the material for the process of "staying with the experience," as related by Pema Chodron in her chapter on "Just Stay" in *The Places That Scare You*. By staying with the image of a man on his knees, he moved from fear and concern for himself to compassion for a man who was grieving his loss. Through the group process, he discovered that man was a mirror of his anguished self and that hope meant staying compassionately connected to his own pain. His loss of faith was the portal that brought him to a different relationship with himself, his beliefs and others.

## Cancer as Initiation into Eldership

*"I'm aware of the beauty all around me." ~Joan*

*Soul Medicine* participants have demonstrated that it is possible to reclaim a role that has been long respected in indigenous communities: eldership. By experiencing descent into suffering and facing death squarely, *Soul Medicine* participants have gone through an initiation into eldership, rather than simply a disintegration of self-hood. Their eldership keeps one eye on death and one eye on life, without letting fear rob them of life as

well as not living in a death-denying attitude. This is experienced in their group relationships, which becomes the practice ground for 'becoming elder' in their lives outside the group. What is discovered in that silence is part of eldership; and words—a quiet presence—can change a situation more than active involvement. 'Eldering' comes from a very different way of being than does our busy, productive society reveres.

Initiation rites usually involve some form of suffering that pushes the initiate to his limits physically, mentally, emotionally and spiritually. Cancer provides this set of conditions on every level; participants have described a new awareness from living in the crucible with cancer as the catalyst for awakening.

## Keeping One Eye on Mortality

*"Living with potential loss highlights the essentials." ~Steve*

Eldership provides an image and symbol for the possibility of who we might become through suffering. Elders do not avoid the reality of death; they embrace it and teach us how to surrender our lives to the great transition we all will face. By re-framing the descent and diminishment, eldership offers an opportunity to mobilize hope, possibility and legacy. Dying becomes a guiding process for loved ones and the community at large. "How do I want to die?" "What legacy do I want to leave my grandchildren and the times I've lived in?" "What does the next generation need to know about living and dying?"

Elders are the ones who embody values such as love, truth, honor, forgiveness and compassion, in order that the community does not forget the intangible realm of our humanity. We desperately need elders in our midst, at dinner tables and most especially in medical institutions where professionals struggle to honor the dignity of human beings in their care. *Soul Medicine* groups provide a place for gleaning wisdom acquired through facing cancer, mortality and learning to live with this confrontation daily. The groups also encourage each person to value that wisdom as gold, even when the prevailing culture does not.

Eldership can and *must* include the experiences and moments where we feel fearful, embarrassed, guilty, regretful, grief stricken. We have a tendency in Western society to be subtly addicted to perfectionism, even in our spiritual pursuits, and have many ways of splitting away from our full humanity. Acknowledging our human self by weeping our tears, feeling our sorrow, raging at life or a deity are important aspects of the elders' 'way' that honors our wholeness.

*"I've learned it is about dealing with what is, instead of what could be." ~Steve*

Additionally, part of the elder's role is to grapple with the era and environment of the community and create a spiritual and tangible legacy for the next generation. In *Soul Medicine* the experience of cancer is re-framed as a catalyst for having to confront society's imposed superficialities and taboos and find a voice with which to offer their unique, embodied wisdom. We empower one another to tell our stories in the group setting and encourage circulating them into our lives and relationships.

### Eldership as Claiming the 'Potency of Vulnerability'

*"I am more comfortable with my vulnerability. I can share myself more with people." ~Frank*

The power of human vulnerability has the capacity to inspire some of the greatest human expressions: love, forgiveness and compassion. Most of us, however, prefer to give rather than receive these gifts. Many of us fear the ultimate dependency of losing physical or mental functionality. By re-framing eldership to include the ability to *receive* love, care, forgiveness and compassion as we become increasingly dependent on others, we can then give loved ones the gift of demonstrating their best capacities as human beings. This re-framing enables the task of facing physical diminishment as a path towards empowering others.

The language of eldership creates a sense of relationship that values *who* people have become through their immersion into the cancer experience. 'Being-elder', in a room is a term I use to capture a quality of presence, rather than a particular action or 'doing.' 'Being-elder' may require no words and yet will have a presence that subtly transforms others, even though they may not realize it... or know who has catalysed the quality of change in the relating. Tears may flow from the silent presence, conversations turn to matters of the heart, hugs spontaneously occur. Community is an essential ingredient for the journey of an individual 'becoming-elder.' It is in community where ones' suffering—which fundamentally confronts us with an existential aloneness—is borne. In this compassionate witnessing, our experience of the suffering is changed and the anguish of the aloneness is healed. Sharing the truth of our particular suffering with others on a similar path fosters a web of connection and aloneness becomes bearable. Community and eldership are symbiotically connected, one calls forth the other.

### Eldership as Claiming One's Bone-Deep Wisdom

*"I trust my inner guidance more which makes me more creative in my relationships." ~Joan*

Inherent in *Soul Medicine* work is listening to our bone-deep wisdom as the ultimate authority about our lives, about dying and claiming cancer as an initiation into eldership. To do so takes rigorous daily practice, but once embraced, we discover the 'shoulds' and 'oughts' that have kept us from our connection to life. In one woman's dream, *she saw a strong vibrant woman full of life standing on the porch of a beautiful old home. She believed this woman represented her true self.* However, this image was opposite of her waking daily life: she was in a marriage with an alcoholic husband, had three children and was responsible for holding the family together while undergoing cancer treatment. The strong woman image was not one she would have consciously created, yet her inner depths released the truth of who she really is, when she opened up to listen. That inner image of her strong woman ultimately guided her to make significant changes in her life and break the barriers of the 'should's' and 'oughts' that had circumscribed her soul-life to near extinction.

### The Collapsing of the Opposites of Life and Death

Darlene, a rare 5-year survivor of ovarian cancer, had an "A-ha!" moment when the paradox of life and death collapsed into a new awareness of 'what is.' Because of living with cancer, she and others tapped into a truth to which many religions and philosophical traditions attempt to point. Life and death are merely two opposite points on a circle. They are part of the 'what is.' When not actively, psychologically resisting death, participants describe that their lives are encircled by an experiential awareness of mortality which thrusts them *toward* life and living in the *here* and *now*. In that 'A-ha!' moment for Darlene, death and life became 'one' as her fear of dying temporarily abated and she touched a realm that might be called, 'eternal' or 'the unconditional.' While she did not always remain there, it gave her a counterpoint with which to experience her 'fearful self' with greater compassion and a more expansive awareness of the bigger picture.

*"I can be with the 'what is' better." ~Darlene*

### Conclusion

This narrative attempts to voice the wisdom discovered and offered by participants in *Soul Medicine* groups through the struggle with their mortality and the meaning of hope-in-life through living with cancer. Throughout the process of conducting the six groups, a theme emerged where cancer clearly resembles initiation, a prevailing repeated experience that propelled individuals into a spiritual eldership. These individuals learned to see with pristine clarity what is important about life and living, and discover that they have the courage to speak their truth and live it fearlessly. Their living and dying was profoundly transformed. As am I.

I would like to thank each of the participants for their openness, courage and authenticity. You are truly the elders of our time. ♪

### Biography

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# The Unusual Nighttime Excursions of Andy Paquette

By Jacquie Lewis, PhD



Andy Paquette

**H**AVE YOU EVER BEEN MERRILY GOING ALONG IN YOUR LIFE... and then wham, something happens to change your whole perspective? That is what happened to Andy Paquette.

Andy is a 45-year-old American man who is the chair of faculty in the computer graphics department at the Breda College of Applied Sciences in the Netherlands. He never paid any attention to his dreams until the mid-1980s, when something extraordinary happened. Andy had a dream...

*I am walking down the street in Amsterdam when two men come up from behind me and begin crowding and pushing me along, then maneuver me into an alley. They shoot me in the neck and kill me!*

Andy awoke shaken, because the dream was incredibly vivid and the feelings overwhelmingly real.

A couple weeks later, while preparing to return to the United States, he found himself on the very street that he had dreamt about. He didn't think much about it, because there were differences between the street in his dream and the actual street. For one thing, the actual street didn't have an alley.

At that moment two men came up from behind. Crowding their bodies close to his so as to appear they were buddies, they swarmed and herded Andy along like he was a toy in an arcade game machine. It was obvious they were going to rob him. And... he had just come from the bank after emptying his account for the trip back to the U.S. When the men began talking it was clear that they were not from the Netherlands, having accents that placed them from the Caribbean. They probably thought Andy was a tourist carrying a lot of money. So he began speaking in rudimentary Dutch (he'd only been in Amsterdam for three months) hoping they would not detect his lack of mastery of the Dutch language.

He told the men that he was Dutch, was not a tourist and that he had no money. Then, as the men continued to cram and prod, right in front of his eyes Andy saw a terrifying sight—the alley from his dream! He had never previously noticed the alley because there had been scaffolding in front of it. Recalling his dream, he thought, “There is no way I’m going in that alley,” and as one of the men got distracted, Andy was able to break free and run across the street to a newsstand. The men fled on foot.

Andy was visibly shaken, not only by this harrowing experience but also by the fact that he had dreamt about it weeks before. After a number of subsequent dreams that also portended Andy's future waking experiences, he decided that he needed to pay more attention to his dreams in a systematic manner. He began recording his dreams and now has over 20 years of dream journal notebooks and a book about his experiences, *Dreamer: 20 years of psychic dreams and how they changed my life*, published by O Books. Over the years Andy has had an assortment of unusual and phenomenal dreams including some that seem to reflect the events of 9/11

**I**n February of 1990, a time when Andy lived near and had business in the WTC as a commercial artist, he dreamt...

*I am walking around Manhattan amongst rubble and broken concrete. Dust is all over everything and the unbelievable and incredible destruction generates a terrible feeling. I feel like I am walking on dead people, as if there are many bodies under all the rubble, buried at varying depths. While hearing the sound of a jet passing overhead, I notice Trinity Church across the street (which actually is across from where the World Trade Center used to stand). Just then skeletons begin rising out of the rubble and start to chase me. As I run, I turn around to see if I am still being chased. A skeleton stops and stares at me; I am paralyzed with fear. The skeleton slashes me in half with a sword and exclaims, “I have struck your astral body. If you remain living in Manhattan, your physical body will die in the event that killed these people.” The skeleton then points in the direction of New Jersey, indicating that it would be safe from destruction.*



This extraordinary and terrifying dream was not something Andy could easily dismiss. He wondered if Manhattan would suffer an earthquake. In May of the same year he had another dream with a very similar theme. Once again...

*I find myself in Manhattan with destroyed buildings all around me. I sense I am in the vicinity of Trinity Church and am in a command center of some sort with several others; the impression is that some evil people have caused an explosion and that there have been two disasters, one after another.*

*For a moment, I think that I am being held captive... but my fear quickly vanishes. I look through a window and view the massive destruction of Manhattan. It appears to be wintertime everywhere. There seems to be snow on trees, on the ground and on the buildings. I am confused, because people are wearing summer clothing. The people also seem to be dazed, walking around with blank stares or great sorrow on their faces, as if they are in a state of deep shock.*

*I then find myself on the street, where I stand next to workers who are in front of twisted metal and concrete rubble; they are discussing some sort of engineering problem. I think that I am witnessing the result of a massive earthquake... but one of the men says to me that it was an explosion, not an earthquake. Then another man in great alarm suddenly shouts, "Run!" I turn and see a gigantic tidal wave advancing from the west. It is massive, 30 to 40 stories high... and is rampaging down the streets and engulfing everything in its path. Panicked people are scattering everywhere! This sight is followed by another tidal wave, just as aggressive and dangerous as the first."*

When Andy awakened from this highly disturbing and graphic dream, he felt he had to contact somebody who might know what it meant. He wrote to the entertainer, "The Amazing Kreskin," the only person he could think of who might offer an explanation. After he sent a letter to Kreskin (who incidentally never responded), he dreamt... "I am in a room with Kreskin and ask him if he read my letter and what he thinks of it. Just then two billiard balls fall off a shelf. The numbers on the billiard balls are 9 and 11."

On August 25, 2001, a couple of weeks before the actual 9/11 event, Andy was on a family outing at Lego Land in California (which he almost did not attend because he had awakened with a blinding, persistent headache). When they approached a miniature display of Manhattan, Andy noticed that there was no World Trade Center in the exhibit. A feeling of terror and dread overtook him as he remembered his dreams from 11 years earlier.

Immediately, his headache vanished and he just knew that his dreams would unfold in the near future, becoming waking reality.

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NY: Routledge. Duesbury. (2010).

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Indeed, all the pieces came together on September 11, 2001 when Andy viewed, along with the rest of the world, the horrific event that changed the tide of U.S. history.

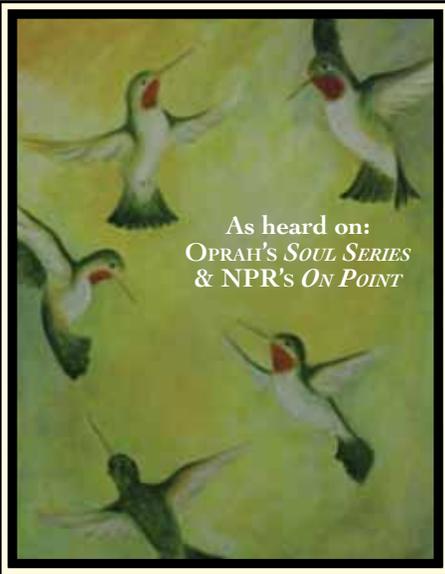
What are we to make of Andy's dreams? Were the images precognitive or merely superimposed on this historic event after the fact? After all, he did contact Kreskin on the assumption that the dream had a psychic dimension—which triggered yet another dream with uncanny details related to the event.

Was Andy on to something when assuming that these dreams contained more than just your ordinary psychologically revealing images? Many people have reported having psychic dreams—among them such notables as Abraham Lincoln and Mark Twain—and examination of these anecdotal cases have proven quite provocative. But, the honest truth is, I don't think we don't really know what's going on here.

Andy's story is exceptional but perhaps we are all capable of similar knowledge in our dreams—if, like Andy, we pay attention to and track our dreams. Of course the bigger issues are: How do we prove that precognitive dreams exist? How do we understand the mechanism that causes them to happen? How do we take action when receiving such dreams? It is only by raising questions that we can reasonably find answers, so let's engage in open-minded exploration and continuing dialogue concerning this mystery. ☐

Jacquie is the Editor for IASD's online newsletter. You may reach him at [jacquie@asdreams.org](mailto:jacquie@asdreams.org)

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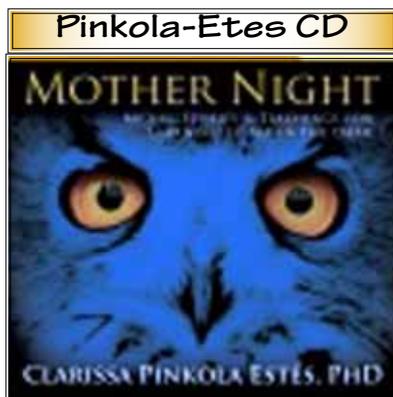
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1. Set the Ideal: The Edgar Cayce Readings say that the most important experience for any entity to know is what is the Ideal, spiritually. What do you want to be the motivating spirit for your decisions?
2. Prepare to remember the dreams.
  - a. Set out your dream journal, pen, and flashlight.
  - b. Review your ideal.
  - c. Fall asleep meditating asking to be guided to learn or to serve.
3. Upon awakening, allow five minutes of silence and meditation.
4. Reach for your dream journal and make some entry, whether you recall a dream or not.
5. When you recall a dream, review the areas of your life about which you are concerned. Health, finances, relationships, spiritual attunement?
6. Can something be extracted from the dream that relates to my areas of concern? What of importance is coming up in my life?
7. Identify the helping person or helping influence in the dream. Is this influence pointing toward a direction of thought for the dream.
8. Derive an application strategy for the dream. "I am going to act upon... ."
9. Review the Ideal and make sure the decision for the spirit of your Ideal motivates the application.
10. Decide! YES or NO. "I am going to do this...."
11. Meditate for attunement.
12. At the end of the meditation say to the Lord, "I have decided to do this, nevertheless, not my will but Thine. Be Thou the Guide. Shall I do this or not?"
13. Listen! Become comfortable with a Yes or a NO. Observe the feeling you have about the decision.
14. Do it! Do not use this approach if you do not intend to follow through. ☺

You may reach Herbert at [hpuryear@logoscenter.org](mailto:hpuryear@logoscenter.org)



## Mother Night:

Myths, Stories, and Teachings  
for Learning to See in the Dark  
by Clarissa Pinkola Estes, Ph.D.  
(Sounds True, Boulder Colorado, 2010.  
\$79.95 US)



Reviewed by Curtiss Hoffman, Ph. D.

Many readers will be familiar with Clarissa Pinkola Estes from her popular book, *Women Who Run with the Wolves*. Here, she brings her formidable story-telling abilities to bear in a series of eight audio CD recordings designed to empower the listener to undertake an exploration of the archetypal worlds.

Bringing together stories from her own multi-cultural background (her roots are Mexican and Eastern European Swabian) and the greater corpus of world mythology, she skillfully blends the deep wisdom of the ages with practical suggestions for how to make the teachings work in today's world.

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- *Gold in the Darkest Dark:*  
*Understanding Repetitive Dreams,*  
*Nightmares, and Disembodied Voices*
- *Mining the Mother Lode: How to*  
*Bring Diamonds from the Darkness.*

The final two CDs are devoted to her answers to questions from participants in her seminars.

Estes considers it to be of primary importance that we recognize that we are all gifted, that we all have been endowed with something precious which we can share, and that the world is diminished if we do not share it.

However, she observes that what she terms the Over-Culture often works to keep us from realizing these potentials, and does what it can to convince us from an early age that we are not special, that we are simply cogs in a larger machine. The result, all too often, is the silencing of these gifts. Her task is to help us to overcome this conditioning, so that we may function as more fully realized human beings.

To express this project, which is very much aligned with Jungian psychology, she uses some of Jung's language (Shadow, Anima, etc.). She asks us to consider that we are all members of the "Tribe of the Sacred Heart," specifically of the "Scar Clan" – that we all bear the scars of our over-conditioning, but that we can make these into our strengths if we are able to express compassionate heart energy. There is no doubt that she herself does this ably and each of the sessions ends with her special blessing, often wrapped into a tale—either of her own creation, from world mythology or the pages of the newspaper. She admits us into some of the secrets of her storyteller's craft and describes the various types of healing vocations, which are open to the earnest searcher.

Estes has a definite purpose in mind in presenting this material. She would like each and every listener to become more who they truly are. This is a great responsibility, not one to be taken lightly. She guides us artfully, compassionately and wisely through each of the stages. The serious listener will gain much insight from this series. ☽

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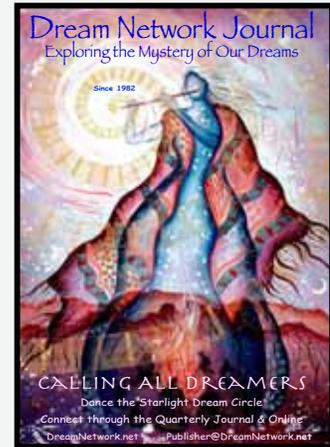
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**Deadline for submissions is 15 December 2011**

*(1 March 2012 for Hot off the Press and Poster Sessions)*

*For more information about the Annual Conference, please visit: <http://asdreams.org/2012>*

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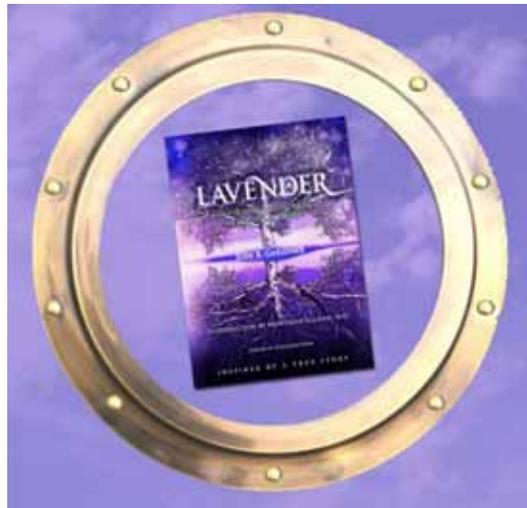
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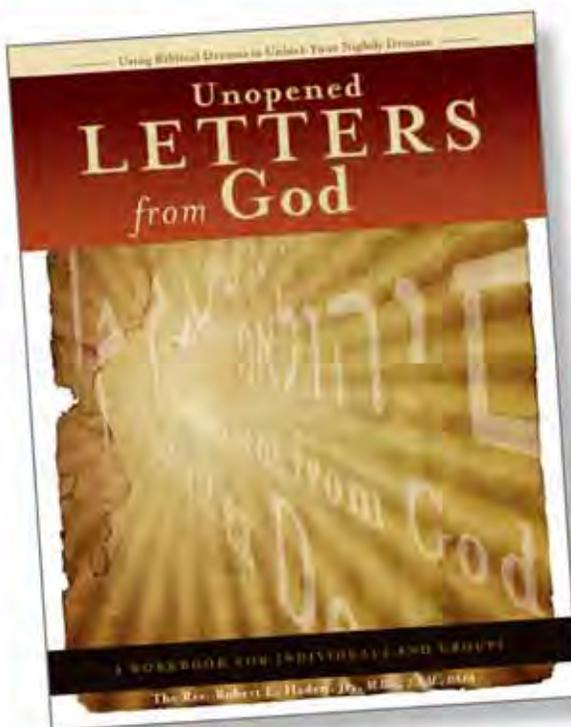
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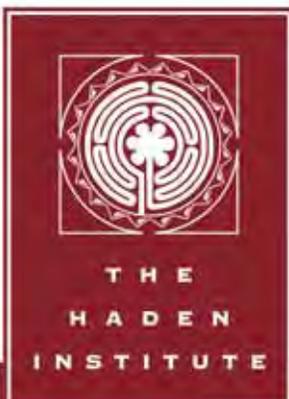
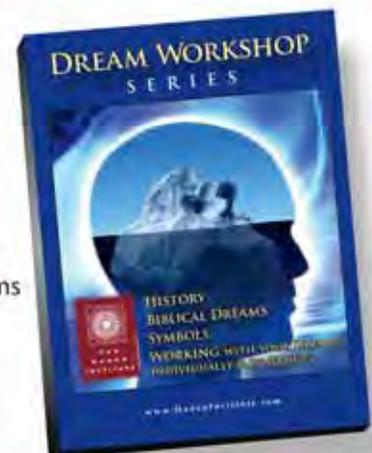
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