



Exploring the Mystery of Dreams Spring 2012

Dream Network Journal

CALLING FORTH ANGELS

Dreams as Angels Russell A. Lockhart, Ph.D.

The Spirits of the Abbey A Transformational Group Experience

Dr. Michael Conforti On the Subject of Angels Interviewed by Paco Mitchell

Why I don't believe we should "interpret" our dreams Robert P. Gongloff

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In the hands of angels

I was in the hands of angels
I'll tell this every day

In the hands of angels
What more can I say?

Inside the hands of angels
Life is oh so sweet
And somehow they make me feel love
When I'm out there on the street

And they knew all the places
I needed to go
all of the people
I needed to know

They knew whom I needed
and who needed me

And who would come help me
and who would just let me be

I was in the hands of angels
until this very day

In the hands of angels
there's not more can I say

When you're in the hands of angels
Life is oh so sweet

Makes you feel the love inside

Excerpts from a song written by Leon Russell for Elton John and Johnny Barbis while in the midst of creating **The Union**, a CD. Elton and Leon had not seen one another for 38 years. After Leon sang and played the song for the first time, he said to Elton, "That's what you get when you save people's lives."

@2012
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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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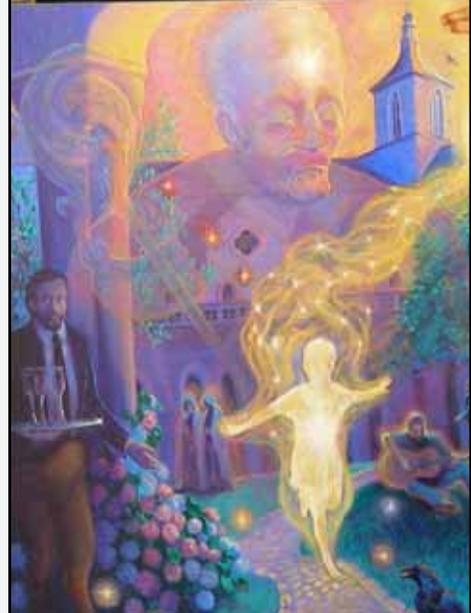
Upcoming Focus
for SUMMER 2012



More for Angels
Open to your inspiration

Lifeline: 4 Weeks after you
receive this issue.

About Our Cover Artist Brenda Ferrimani



The painting on the cover, "Spirits of the Abbey" was inspired
by a dream of 1000 year old Rolduc Abbey (Netherlands).

In the dream, the Abbey appeared as an Embassy where
dreamers, the departed and mystical creatures could
come and go from other dimensions.

To contact Brenda: www.bdreamcat@aol.com
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"The eternal truths cannot be transmitted mechanically; in every epoch they must be born anew from the human psyche."

—C. G. Jung

In 1989, I attended a conference devoted to angels, sponsored by the Dallas Institute for the Humanities and Culture. The conference, "A Gathering of Angels," was organized by Robert Sardello, who later published a compilation of the papers presented, simply entitled, *The Angels* (1994). The book included my own essay, "What Is An Angel?"

The actual conference was interesting to me on several counts. For example, every presenter had a *different* view of angels. One after another, contributors rose to the same microphone, only to take off in a totally different direction from the previous speaker. Examples of angels from many fields were explored—literature, the Bible, Greek mythology, Renaissance art, music generated from DNA analyses of monkeys and mice, testimonies from the emergency room and the operating table. One of the most galvanizing presentations came from the fevered imagination of a wild-eyed poet.

My own contribution followed a *psychological* thread, based primarily on Jung and backed by my experience with dreams, synchronicities and my own therapy practice. To follow that thread, I had to skirt the metaphysical assumptions underlying Bible stories, as well as their modern parallels—the theosophical vein in New Age thought.

It was in that paper that I first touched on the possibility of seeing animals in dreams as angels. I also drew a parallel between medieval Sufi angelologies, brilliantly elucidated by Henri Corbin, and Jung's massive studies on the phenomenology of the Self. In the more than two decades since that Dallas conference, I have not had occasion to alter, retract or restrict my premises. If anything, they have deepened and expanded.

We should not be surprised if there is just as much intellectual, imaginative and emotional turmoil surrounding the "angel question" today as there was in 1989. Even the fact that there is an angel question, at all, is somewhat surprising, considering that we have been steeped in four hundred years of reductive materialism. And yet, here we are, still trying to figure out what is going on beyond the defensive limits of ego-consciousness, with its tight strictures of rationalism. What's the difference between "out there" and "in here"? Is the psyche really limited to the confines of the human skull? Are there fields of knowing and feeling that transcend our lives that are otherwise filled with shopping lists and errands? Are the persons who come to us in dreams really nothing but traces of the random burblings of chemicals in the brain?

A reconsideration of the ancient concept of angels seems timely to me. But we also need to reconnect with the phenomena that lie behind the concept, so as to bring concept and phenomenon into line with contemporary experience. Because angels represent archetypal determinants, they will not go away just because we no longer "believe" in them. If anything is outdated about angels, it is our notions about them.

* * *

The papers presented in this Spring 2012 issue of DNJ are gathered under the theme of *Angels Waking and Dreaming*, and they display all the diversity of that 1989 Dallas conference. Each essay, as you will see, casts a different light on the subject. As Henri Corbin said, "The angel presents itself to us in the form in which we are capable of seeing it." Thus, diversity inheres in any discussion of angels. So long as we remain humans, and not machines, questions of ultimate meaning and value will perturb our thoughts. And angels, whatever we call them, will always present themselves to us as manifestations of that which transcends us.

Paco Mitchell, M.A.

NOTE Regarding Submissions

Individuals from all cultures and walks of life are encouraged to submit dream related manuscript, poetry and artwork to be considered for publication.

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

Feel free to send in a submission, even if it 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 know!

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.

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We look forward to hearing from you!

Letters, Questions, Dreams

From an Angel

I want to comment on the latest issue. It's one of the best that I've seen. So many articles directly related to the theme... and such good articles too, all of very high quality. My highest compliments! DNJ just keeps getting better.

Steve Carter, Wichita, KS

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Acupuncture Seeds Promote Dream Activity

Following the publication of my article in the winter issue of DNJ, several people contacted me about using the acupuncture seeds to enhance their dreaming. These people have now completed their 30 day trial of pasting the seeds on the psychic acupuncture site on the chin. Their results show very strong responses when this is done.

One lady used the seeds for just one week. Her dreams became so overly vivid that she got nervous and stopped. But the seeds did produce a very strong result.

A second dreamer reports that her dreams nearly doubled to 19 for the entire 30 days using the seeds. This is highly unusual for her. She also reports more dream recall occurring after she actually gets out of bed. A third woman reports that she normally has 5 dreams per month. Using the seeds for 30 days resulted in 33 dreams recalled. Eight of these were in color and two of these were extremely vivid. She is highly interested in continuing to use the seeds. A fourth woman reported strong results with the seeds and is now using them for a second time to confirm her first results.

If you want to join this research project, contact Walt Stover and I will mail you a free set of seeds and instructions.

Walt Stover walths@infionline.net

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

The Judas Kiss

When I was just a kid, no more than four or five, my mother introduced me to Igor Stravinsky's wildly radical ballet *Le Sacre du Printemps* or *The Rite of Spring*. This was back in the 1950s, so the piece was still one of the most outrageous in the classical music canon. I loved the music and danced to it in our living room.

When older, I found out that it had caused a riot at its first performance in Paris in 1913. I also learned a bit about the story-program of

the music—that, yes, it concerned the sacrifice of a young woman; she was danced to death by her tribe to “bring the spring,” hence the *The Rite of Spring* was music meant to inspire human sacrifice.

In addition, I discovered that Stravinsky “channeled” the music, considering himself a “hollow vessel” through which the music... simply flowed. This sort of automatic composing is what I imagine the poets and playwrights who sought the aid of the Muses at Delphi hoped for—a veritable torrent of inspiration straight from the summit of Parnassus or Helicon that they might channel onto the page.

Some time in the 1980s, I had several dreams in which I sought out Stravinsky. I think my motivation was that of a fan; I wanted to pay homage to him for being the composer of what I considered to be the greatest piece of Twentieth Century music.

I found him in a dream *on a street in the city of Chicago. It was a gray winter day and I rushed up and kissed his old, wrinkled cheek, attempting, I thought, to demonstrate my appreciation of the man. Stravinsky, however, scowled with bitter distaste at my kiss as if, yes, it was the kiss of Judas and he was Christ.*

Around that time, I noticed several things about *Le Sacre*. For one, sometimes after listening to the work, I heard music in my dreams that could act as a “driver” of my behavior and feelings for days to come. Another thing I took note of was how *Le Sacre's* first performance occurred in 1913, immediately before one of the greatest human sacrifices in history: WWI. Then I realized that the second significant Twentieth Century use of *Le Sacre* was in Disney's *Fantasia*, which premiered in 1939—the eve of WWII.

These two associations between a piece of music channeled through a composer and vast “dances” of human sacrifice caused me to consider some frightening things about the music, and the use of music in our lives as a psychological-emotional driver and weapon. Was there a kind of... radio station—for lack of a better metaphor—up on top of Parnassus or Helicon capable of broadcasting *Muse-ic* down to whole populations, even the entire planet? Was *Le Sacre* “in the air” in 1913, and Stravinsky simply the person who best translated it into musical form? But was it this same music with its brutal, rhythmic Dance of the Sacrifice

that drove all of Europe, millions of men in olive drab tunics to dance to their deaths in the trenches of France and elsewhere? To bring the... “Spring?”

My answer to this rhetorical question has become an emphatic YES—thus Stravinsky's response to my “Judas kiss.” I think we vastly underrate the possible uses of music to inspire all behavior, including the most frighteningly negative, like war. And does my association to that most famous of kisses suggest Judas recognized something similar about the “Muse-ic” associated with Christ—that it included these immense human sacrifices in the future?

Jeff Lewis, Minong, WS

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Appreciating Orna Ben Shoshan's Gift... and Always, DNJ

I received the winter issue of DNJ yesterday in perfect shape. This edition is really out of league. I read it all last night and it's amazing to me how coherent and absolutely impressive all the articles are. I especially just LOVED the artwork for “The Trees Are singing.” It's just beautiful! So congratulations again for a great issue.

I have seen Orna Ben-Shoshan's work in several issues of *Dream Network Journal* and it did take some time to wrap myself around her art, but once I did, I began to really enjoy it. She published a set of oracle cards called “Coins” and I sent for it because I was very curious about the way it could work. It's based on the Hebrew alphabet and I definitely do not play around with something that sacred, so what I do is when I have an unusual dream or life situation that I need to handle, I use it only then as a reference. Up to this point, of the 5 situations involving dreams and real life happenings for which I referred to that oracle—without asking any question, just allowing whatever advice came forward—the coins I picked were definitely synchronized and/or clearly related to the dream or situation. Next year I will start being more involved with keeping track of the dreams and how this oracle works because it is interesting. She is definitely gifted.

May 2012 bring us even better things, more happiness and wonderful health.

Many blessings,

Millie Rosario Ojeda, Guaynabo, PR



Dr. Michael Conforti

Dr. Michael Conforti On the Subject of Angels

An Interview with Paco Mitchell

PM: Winged people and winged animals—what we traditionally think of as “angels” or “demons”—have been a part of human culture for a long time. But many today regard “angels” as superstitious relics of an outdated tradition, with no objective existence of their own, outside of human fantasy. Since some of your work touches on this controversial topic, Michael, perhaps you could tell us how you became interested in this “obsolete” question of angels.

MC: Before I start, Paco, I want to thank you and DNJ for giving me the opportunity to speak about angels, from both a personal and archetypal perspective.

PM: Likewise, Michael.

MC: I appreciate the depth of your opening question, in which you address two central issues. The first concerns the existence of a non-personal, transcendent domain existing independently of conscious awareness. This takes us into the realm of the Self, the psyche and the archetypes. It shows us how a world viewed by the ancients as peopled with gods, demons and angels, continues to influence the contemporary psyche, sometimes manifesting as phobias, fears, inspirations and superstitions. Each of these emotional states speaks to the primacy of the Self and how this pre-existent, “psychoid” domain underscores so much of what we currently experience, yet rarely understand.

PM: I gather that you have strong personal feelings about angels.

MC: Yes, the domain of angels is something I am deeply interested in. Angels have been present in my life for some time, both in the form of a *mentor* and in a sense of *inner guidance* and for each, I remain grateful. I feel the presence of grace with each occurrence.

If we look back in time, we see that the ancients saw the world as animated. It was alive, vital and filled with soul. In fact the word *anima* in Latin and Italian is translated as “soul.” The world was filled with, and propelled by, the soulful machinations of a *presence* or *force*, which, from the beginning of time, we have sought to understand. In the absence of “knowing,” we have been taught to

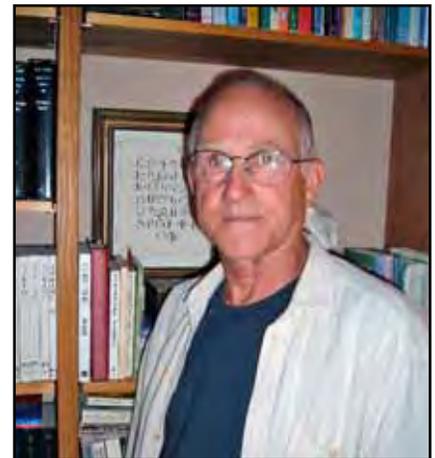
stand, and at times to bow, in awe of that which moves the world. Our predecessors understood that it was essential to establish a relationship to that spirit if we were to be in the world in a meaningful way.

Rituals were our ways of invoking and paying homage to this spirit—the spirit of the woods, of the salmon run, of a healthy childbirth, of finding a spouse. Rituals were a form of invocation—we invoked the spirit of place, the spirit of the time and of the moment, to grace us.

As people traversed the land from their tribal village to the sacred hunting grounds, for example, each and every person understood that a *threshold* was being crossed. From one domain to another, from temporal to “liminal” time (*limen* = threshold), from the moment to the eternal—at the approach of each threshold experience, an attitude of *reverence* was needed.

The eminent scholar, Rabbi Heschel, spoke of the sacred as being an element of *time*. He felt that at such sacred moments one has just entered *the realm of the transcendent*. Filled with the spirit of transcendent time, one learns how to engage with such an archetypal presence on *its* terms and how to worship this form of time. This attitude toward the sacred has existed from the beginning.

But eventually, even among the ancients, there were those who occasionally sought to displace the Gods and usurp their powers. We continue to see this trend of *de-potentialization* today—in science, in modern theology, psychology, the arts and even in Jungian Psychology, where all too



Paco Mitchell, M.A.

often we see the power of reason and consciousness eclipsing archetype and spirit.

PM: If angels are archetypal phenomena, as you are suggesting, Michael, they must function in some respects as “laws,” perhaps in the same sense that we find the “laws of nature” reflected in the instincts of animals and humans.

MC: As a matter of fact, my mentor for close to thirty years, Dr. Yoram Kaufmann, a Jungian Analyst who originally trained as a physicist in his native Israel, said something very similar about angels. He wrote a piece simply entitled, “Angels.” In this brilliant and original perspective on the symbolic and archetypal nature of angels, Dr. Kaufman writes:

“ . . . angels govern and hover over a territory, they are there before we approach the territory, they preceded us . . . Angels are confluences of established prevailing precedents.” (Kaufmann, Pg.56)

Kaufmann then goes to the heart of the symbolic meaning of angels when he states:

“Angels are like laws that govern a territory. We don’t know what the laws are, but they exist, and we must learn what they are if we are to prosper in that territory.”

It was my great privilege to know Dr. Kaufmann as my mentor for many years and I understood full well the extent of his brilliance. In reading and re-reading his articles, I realized that his articulation of the archetypal nature and function of angels closely matched the work we had been doing at the Assisi Institute for many years.

PM: What work is that, Michael, and what is the connection?

MC: Dr. Kaufmann gave me a deepened appreciation and understanding of the nature of angels in their function as *archetypal regularities and translators of archetypal and spiritual experience*, both in the individual and in the collective psyche. The connection with our work at the Assisi Institute is that our students learn to discern the presence and meaning of archetypal patterns. Then, as Archetypal Pattern Analysts, they are able to translate the meaning of these fields and dynamics within the life-experience and situations of their clients.

Kaufmann’s words struck me deeply, and they confirmed what I had always valued about spirituality as well as the analytic process itself. Both processes, when done well, help put words to the movement of psyche, in a way that extends our limited conscious understanding of such events and phenomena. Angels not only understand the terrain they tread, but accompany us every step of the way, and they do so through the presence of intuitions, insights and the dreams we often have when involved in what I have come to call “Threshold Events.”

So, I suddenly had a deepened appreciation and understanding of the nature of angels, within the individual and collective psyche. From an archetypal perspective, angels serve to translate the particular aspects of the *archetypal fields* they preside over. We have angels of birth, of mid-life, of death. As well, for virtually every

auspicious portal that humans have crossed since the beginning of time, we find angels watching over these crossings. It is the work of angels to help us understand the nature of these different archetypal fields and domains and how to traverse them in a meaningful way. In virtually every respect, this is the task of anyone working within an archetypal perspective—we strive to both understand and then to convey to our clients, and to ourselves, the nature of the archetypal situation we have just entered.

One learns to truly value the presence of angels in our life: Those who somehow understand something about our nature, that mercurial sense that no one else has ever seen or understood. So, too, these angels often know what it is that we need, in order to bring “*la forza del destino*” to fruition. There are those moments of grace in a life, when we meet the one person who can change the nature of our life, the one person who sees how our life and gifts need to move and unfold. Sometimes with utter force and at other times with a gentle nudge, these angels help us stay the course of the life waiting to be lived—the most authentic life that truly expresses what is essential about our nature.

PM: Let’s briefly go back in time again: What are some of the Biblical stories of angels that are relevant to your thesis?

MC: The Bible and other religious texts are replete with stories of individual contact with angels. In the image below we find Jacob wrestling with an angel. As a result of his heroic battle, Jacob was blessed by God with a grand *mission* and a *wound*—his mark of honor. So, too, are the true healers and visionaries of the world asked to carry both—mission and wound—as essential markers of their destiny.



Jacob Wrestling with Angels

In another story that is dear to my heart, we find the angel Raphael accompanying the young man Tobias as he finds his way to Sarah's heart. Raphael is the ever-vigilant and knowing companion who teaches Tobias how to journey successfully to far away Medea, where his heart will be awakened by the maiden, Sarah.



Raphael accompanying Tobias

But all is not well with Sarah, as she is cursed by the dark angel, Ashmodai, who sees to it that, on the eve of her wedding night, her spouse will mysteriously die, a terrible event that was repeated in seven of Sarah's marriages. Such a history does not bring much comfort to this groom in waiting! Does this piece about Sarah and seven marriages need clarification?? Your call!!

In many ways this story speaks to the emotional crippling and the states of possession that afflict mankind, keeping far too many individuals estranged from love, cursed in never knowing the joy of a profound companionship.

When I want to learn about angels and experience something of what it is they have to teach us about soul and spirit, I turn not only to these ancient stories but also to the presence of different sorts of guides in my dreams. Also included are those guides who have graced my outer life and, in their wisdom about life, death and transcendence, serve as modern-day representatives of these angelic presences.

Instead of wings and the cacophony of celestial harps playing in the background, some of these angels are actual fishermen, or farmers; some are chubby, aging analysts, or shopkeepers; and some speak broken English. My grandfather from Calabria in Southern Italy, for example, was an angel when he took all my cousins down to the basement to taste the wine aging in barrels, wine that just had to be tasted every so often—*justa becausa!!!* Maybe he never heard the word alchemy or transformation but he brought these eternal values into his daily life, and all with just a taste of wine, something so unique that it goes from a simple grape to this sacred elixir.

PM: You mentioned angels in dreams. How do you think about them in that particular context?

MC: While I am sure that many people have had actual dreams of winged angels, I never have; nor, in more than thirty years in private practice as a Jungian Analyst, have I ever seen such a dream. However, the issue of a literal dream of angels with wings—whose gossamer presence enthralls and transforms—is but a moot point. Did the Inn Keeper in the Nativity story know that this poor young couple, who had nothing, would bring the son of God into the world? If only he knew, he would have provided so much more. Would it have made a difference if Philemon and Baucis had known that these beggars standing before them were really Gods coming to see how their creation on earth had evolved?

If we need such a dream to herald the presence of the angelic, the messenger of the transcendent, we risk falling into “the sin of literalism,” that very same sin which has forced so many of us away from religions because of this emphasis on a literal set of beliefs that have to be literally followed. Are the angels really so shackled to text, that they have to fit some Procrustean bed created by the limitations of a secular understanding of something profound, something existing beyond the coffins of our sensorial world?

One needs the presence of a truly gifted mentor, teacher, fisherman, spiritual guide—someone who has such a profound understanding of and relationship to their craft, or to spirit, that they carry the divine and the celestial through their relationship with matter and with life.

Personally and professionally, I find the divine and the angelic in these sorts of experiences. The greatest Talmudic and Christian scholars taught us to look deeply into the very nature and meaning of sacred texts, in order to understand their purpose, their essence and the specific messages that they bring to the individual and to humanity. Perhaps this is especially true when it comes to the presence and meaning of angels, where we need to ask: What is it their presence brings into one's life? What function and role does Raphael play? What archetypal significance is there in his journeying and his instruction to the young Tobias as he finds his way from an outdated patriarchal attitude to a world where Eros is freed? It is only because of the angel's presence, because of Raphael's profound understanding—not only of the destiny lying in wait for Tobias and Sarah, but also of what they will need to do in order to bring to fruition that which lives *in potentia*—to bring about this union of opposites, this *mysterium coniunctionis*, to live in the world.

Angels are messengers, and they carry the message of the divine to mankind—from Clarence in “It's a Wonderful Life,” to the angels in Wim Wenders' “Wings of Desire,” in which we follow the meanderings of two angels, Damiel and Cassiel, who know not only the secret thoughts of each person they meet but also know of Damiel's own longing to truly experience, not just the realm of the angelic, but also the world of humans.



Angels within the Italian family which continue to enrich and inform my life.

Each of these stories follows the path carved by their Biblical predecessors, allowing us to see how the knowledge, the divinity and all the ways of the flesh and spirit, need to be understood and integrated, if one is to have a full life. It is the messenger angels who journey with us, as we traverse the archetypal portals of life.

Perhaps, if we can still our hearts and minds and carefully listen, we will hear the hushed tones of angels speaking to us about a life we are meant to live, letting us know what it is that we have to do in order to live in accordance with Self, Spirit and Destiny.

This is the experience of angels that I have come to know and trust, having lived with the presence of such an angel for more than half of my life. Now I hope that I can share some of these pieces of wisdom and carry as a messenger to my loved ones and clients, something of that other world.

PM: Thank you, Michael, for taking the time to share these fascinating thoughts on angels. You've given all of us much to think about.

MC: It is truly my pleasure, Paco. ☺

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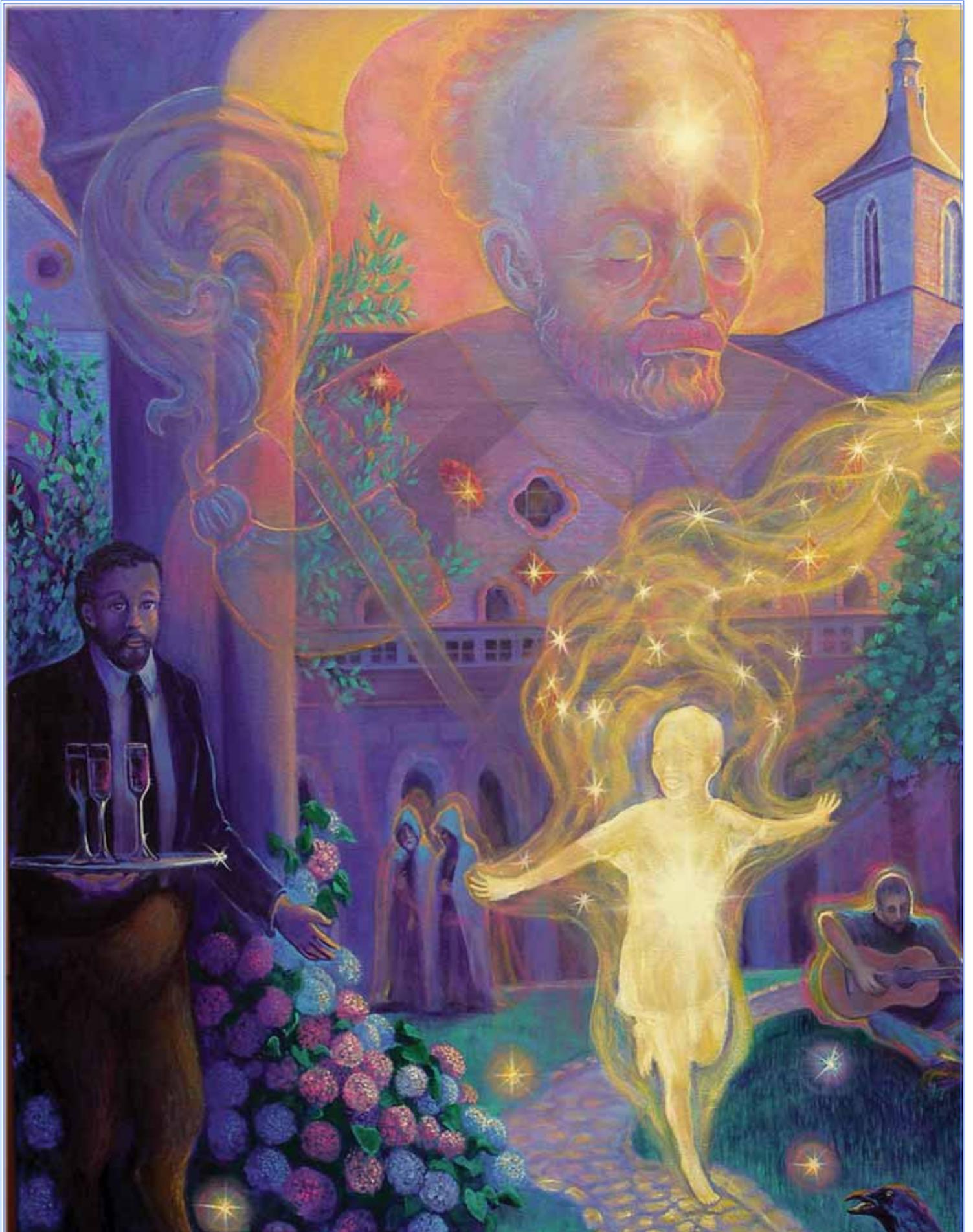
References:

Conforti, M. (1999). *Field, Form and Fate: Patterns in Mind, Nature and Psyche.* Spring Press: New Orleans, LA

Kaufmann, Y. (2009): *The Way of the Image:*Zahav books: New York.

“Angels not only understand the terrain they tread, but accompany us every step of the way and they do so through the presence of intuitions, insights and the dreams we often have when involved in what I have come to call ‘Threshold Events.’”





"Spirits of the Abbey" by Dream-Inspired Artist Brenda Ferrimani

Spirits of the Abbey

by Sherry Puricelli, Laura Atkinson, Deborah Coupey,
Brenda Ferrimani and Rita Dwyer

When we open ourselves to living our dreams, both waking and sleeping, we also open doors to other unseen dimensions. Perhaps this is why attentive spirits were so eager to make themselves seen and heard by sensitive dreamers attending the IASD Dream conference in June 2011 at the ancient Rolduc Abbey in the Netherlands. Here is a recounting of experiences by five dreamers who shared some profound and eerie waking dream moments.

Sherry Puricelli – Spirit Encounters

I had believed I was just going to a conference. I hadn't realized my life would be transformed. How could I have known my friend and an abbot from the 1600s would reach over from beyond the veil to bring me a message?

Before the conference, walking through the ancient chapel with my friend, Brenda Ferrimani, I had an 'other-worldly experience' where I personally felt the emotions of someone's life journey as it crossed death's threshold into the afterlife. I didn't know at the time that the 'someone' was my dear friend, Gabby, who had just passed from breast cancer. To say I was shocked would be an understatement.

After learning of Gabby's passing, I felt very alone; my friends would be gathering in the U.S. for her memorial service while I was thousands of miles away. How was I to know that Gabby would be in the Netherlands, orchestrating an elaborate series of circumstances and connections between a group of dreamers and ancient church leaders from Rolduc?

News travels quickly! Dreamers who learned about my encounter soon informed me that Laura Atkinson had also experienced



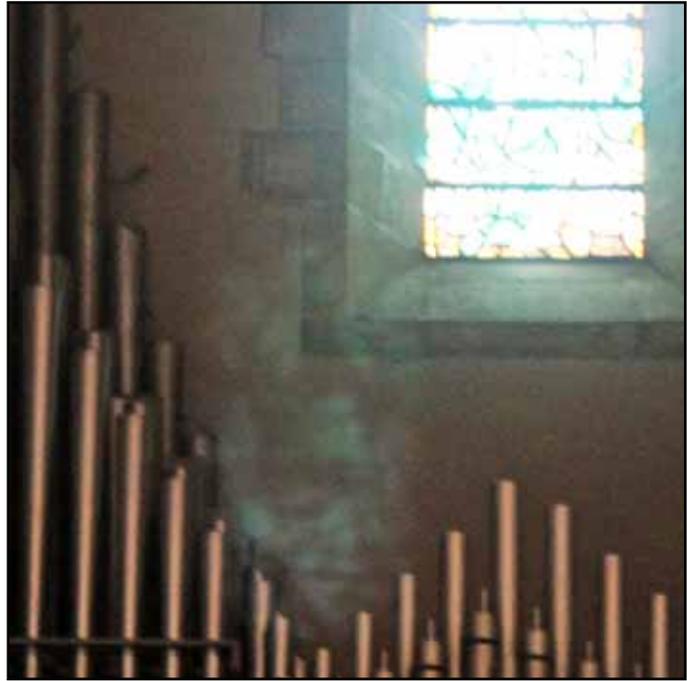
something supernatural in the chapel. She had captured a ghostly image on film. Believing something or someone was assisting us from the other side, Laura, Brenda, Lindsay Vanhove and I agreed to re-enter the chapel.

Seeking solace and feeling vulnerable, I used automatic writing to establish rapport with Gabby and the abbot I had sensed in my previous visit to the chapel. My beliefs about Catholicism and church patriarchy were shattered when I felt and wrote about the abbot's devotion to his church and his people, including me! 'My Abbot,' as I've affectionately grown fond of calling him, demonstrated that open hearts and

minds have the power to break through old religious prejudices... and even across dimensions, space, and time.

Later, when we left the chapel, each of us carried tidbits of information that would eventually lead to an international investigation, as well as personal confrontations with our religious or spiritual beliefs.

Our research would later reveal this abbot's name: Mathias Straelen. He had lived from 1547 until 1614 and served as Abbot from 1600 to 1614.



Laura Atkinson - Focusing on the Waking Dream

The weather was rainy and overcast, with very little light glowing or streaming through the windows of the church. I took a break from the conference sessions and spent some time in the Rolduc church to be alone with my thoughts. It was impossible not to notice the beautiful surroundings: ancient tombs, medieval paintings and religious symbolism dating back to the 11th century. While photographing the stained glass windows, I became remarkably peaceful and calm.

As I turned towards the exit door, I noticed a sizeable pipe organ on the second floor balcony area with a stained glass window. I took a photo, checked the LCD and discovered something unusual. There was a smoky column of mist with a distinct face within it! I zoomed into that area and took another photo. The same outcome happened. With the third photo, this misty column had disappeared. This took place over a span of two minutes or less.

After Brenda, Sherry and Lindsay asked about the photographs, we ventured into the church the following day to research and share our stories. I was asked: “Why do you think this spirit showed itself to you?” I can only answer from my personal beliefs. In the dream state, I’ve had many significant visitation dreams from people who have passed over. These dreams have provided messages, inspiration and comfort. For the past year, I have been making a conscious effort to live life as a dream. I accept that there is a thin veil between a waking and spiritual world, a parallel dimension that we can glimpse and interact with, if only momentarily.



In this situation, I believe there was a temporary merging of energy and connection between the realms that I was able to catch with a photograph.

How interesting that the face appeared above the organ pipes. We were to learn that Abbot Mathias Straelen had been caretaker of the organ during his tenure. His primary focus had been directed toward restoring the monastery and its spiritual discipline after the 80 years war.

Brenda Ferrimani – Creative Spirit

The cover of this issue of Dream Network Journal features my new painting, “Spirits of the Abbey,” inspired by a dream of the 1000 year- old Rolduc Abbey in the Netherlands, where I attended the IASD conference. In the dream, the Abbey appears as an Embassy where dreamers, the departed and mystical creatures could come and go from other dimensions. The painting depicts the courtyard, as I remember it, where we met to share music and magic with friends during our stay. Spirit energies have been guiding me and I believe, are with me still as I continue to explore the dreaming dimension in life and art.

At the conference, Sherry and I discovered that her friend Gabby had died shortly before our visit to the church and crypt; this information seemed to explain our feelings while there of sadness, heaviness, comfort and finally, peace. We believe we had encountered and experienced her life energy as she crossed over. Having never met Gabby, I was amazed when I realized hers was the face I saw in my dream. I have painted her as a golden spirit in the foreground. It makes me smile to think Gabby (aka “Dream Ambassador”) came to my dream Embassy as an artist; her

training as an artist is a fact of which many of her friends were unaware. Also with me is the Abbot spirit, Matthias Straelen. I was one of the first people to see Laura Atkinson's photo and helped identify the apparition. My skeptical mind doesn't know what to make of his following me home. Can I trust my feeling? Am I safe to do so? I do not feel adept in this area. Nevertheless, I didn't ignore the face that kept appearing in the color wash in the painted sky above the Abbey. I opened myself and allowed his spirit to come forward. I have been inspired in the truest way... His presence is overlooking the painting's courtyard scene in a gentle, protective manner.

Mathias Straelen attempted to attract new canons, while improving the monastic discipline at Rolduc. He also attempted to strengthen their relationships with other Augustinian monasteries.

Deborah Coupey - Crashing of the Painting in the Abbey of Rolduc

While I was speaking on the subject of sacred sites, pilgrimage and initiatory experiences in my presentation of: *"Initiation in Eleusis, The Asclepiad Dream Healing Temples and Oracles of the Dead"* suddenly and without warning, a dream painting came crashing down to the floor in the hallway. According to several women present, this 'crashing' coincided with my speaking the words: "I wanted to be a healer of dreams".

As the stories were to unfold with other attendees of the conference, the feeling tone was that the Abbey of Rolduc wanted to be more than just a sacred place, but also a place where spirit was communicating to us in many different modalities. Through the veil spirit manifestations appeared in photos, ghost-like images of those passed on and sentient experiences akin to a waking life dream.

After the conference, we all traveled back to the U.S., where it became very clear that the Abbey of Rolduc spoke to many more of us than we had thought. We took note of these transmissions and did not dismiss them as mere coincidence—and continue to explore the stories surrounding the Abbey.

"As for my own personal integration of this experience, I have actually begun to ask many more questions. For example: "Were these manifestations created through the resonance of sacred ground?" and "In this intersection of time, space and other dimensions of reality how does this orchestration of events occur?"

Mathias Straelen's tenure was not without controversy. After litigating his predecessor's family members for unethical financial dealings, he was to meet with their wrath when they circulated gossip that he had fathered his cousin's children. This dispute was never resolved before Mathias' death.

Rita Dwyer - Visits From Those in Spirit

While paying an early visit to the ancient church at Rolduc Abbey in Kerkrade, I discovered a carved statue in the rear of the church. In front of it was a rack of votive candles and one flimsy prayer card. The statue depicted Abbot Ailbertus von Antoin, born in 1070. He had dreamt of founding the abbey at this site and in his hands is a replica of the church. I lit a candle in remembrance of Ed Butler, my hero and lifelong friend, and asked him, in his new life in spirit, to continue to watch over my family and me. I consider him my personal guardian angel.

After hearing about Sherry, Brenda and Deborah's experiences in the church and seeing Laura Atkinson's unusual photos, I was intrigued; even more so on returning home and printing my photo of Abbot Ailbertus, which displayed some strange white splotches on the wall—perhaps plaster repair or mold, though I didn't notice any while there. Could it have been spirit energy captured on film? Maybe... maybe not.

As a Roman Catholic, I have grown up believing in the Communion of Saints... "Saints" being a union of all of us, living or dead. I believe that Sacred Sites are places where unusual spiritual energies make their presence felt and even seen, though **not seeing** doesn't negate **being**. We can't see air but believe it's there. I believe in angels even though they are pure spirit, as are those deceased who provide us with guidance, information and *after-death communications*.

It's no surprise to me that former abbots who loved this church might continue to act as its guardians and guide those who worship there, united in love and in faith, in life and in death.

Ailbertus von Antoin, founder of Rolduc Abbey, was guided by visions to build upon the designated site; the abbey was completed in 1104. He left in 1111 and founded the Abbey of Clairfontaine in France. In 1122, Ailbertus was returning to Rolduc when he died en route.

Summary – There is a deep history and rich heritage at Rolduc. Although we dreamers left the conference to return to our respective homes, Rolduc lives on through us in various ways.

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"Through this experience I have recommitted myself to my sacred journey, my reverence for all things holy. I've continued feeling support from Gabby and 'my Abbot.' Through dreams, my old, structured, rigorous belief patterns are continuing to fall away and I'm thrilled to learn about various religions. Most recently I've been dreaming 'Beth Israel' where I'm learning about Judaism!" – Sherry

"In 2003, I received a dream message: 'Imagine what the truth would be if the visible wasn't all you could see.' The experience at Rolduc has reinforced this message. I embrace a keen awareness of the magical world we live in." – Laura

Today (2-14-12) my tarot reading included both the Hermit and the Hierophant. These cards represent the Abbot's spirit—how, alone, he served community. I am not surprised they showed up, because these two have been in almost every reading since last summer. For me, the solitary life of one devoted to spirit and the path of individuation has become ever so important." – Brenda

"As for the appearance of spirit in the Abbey of Rolduc, I simply stand in awe and humble gratitude. I marvel at this constellation of events. No doubt, five women were transformed by the divine, each in a unique way. We can only know an event by our own personal trust of our perceptions, and assimilate these spirit energies into our core being." – Deborah

"The memories of Rolduc Abbey and its sacred ambience still cradle my heart and soul, filling me with inner peace and the vow to maintain awareness that Spirit and spirits are with me in waking life and in my dreams." -- Rita ☽





Dreams as Angels

by Russell Arthur Lockhart, Ph.D.

Laughing, she said, “It just flew away, like a bunch of starlings.”
“Or angels?”

My question startled her and drew upon her face something akin to fear. She was telling me how her dream had flown away and she could not remember a thing, but her laughter became a different thing when I spoke of angels.

“You’re *not* serious, are you?”

I did not answer in words but gave my answer to her eyes.

“You *are*, aren’t you?”

“To be fair,” I said, “I’m writing something on dreams as angels, so it’s been on my mind. Let’s consider it.”

I told her the word angel is rooted in the Greek *angelos*, which in those times meant “messenger.” It was spawned from an older word, *angaros*, meaning, “mounted courier.” These root images emphasize the intermediary nature of whatever it is we refer to as “angel.” In addition, this is the general sense of angel in the iconography of many of the world’s religions... that is, the angel (or some comparable being) serves as a go-between delivering messages between “heaven” and “earth,” between “human” and “divine.”

I have no difficulty, I said, conceiving of dreams as messages originating in some unknown, uncertain elsewhere, traveling to my conscious memory as I awaken from the experience of a dream. I do not sense my consciousness plays a part in the manufacture of the dream, so it is hard to claim a dream as “mine” in any proprietary sense. More accurate is that I bear witness to it; it comes as *news* to me, befitting the sense of message and messenger, as a headline might in a newspaper. The idea of dream as message is very old, rooted in ancient cultures. Taking the dream as angel, one can see at once that the “object” quality of dream-as-message becomes personified; as Hillman would say, dream-as-person, dream-as-angel. One is then dealing with not only the message but also the messenger, the content as message and the *fact* of the dream as evidence of the *presence* of some-

“My first obligation is to receive the message, to recall and remember the dream—not always an easy thing to do as dreams can fly away quickly as we all know. It is easy then to say, “Oh well, it was just a dream.” However, I do not find it so easy to say, “Oh well, it was just an angel.” So this is something gained, a kind of respect for these visitations we call dreams. ”

thing “other.” I have no hesitation in calling this otherness, this presence, angelic. Moreover, this presence begins to *resonate* with something deep in myself, a calling forth of something I cannot quite name.

“If it is true, as I have argued in these pages for years, that all dreams have to do with the future and not with the past, then it must be so that angels are not delivering old news, but new news and we must deliver something even newer in response.”



She said to me, “Of course, you are speaking metaphorically, or poetically, yes?”

I expected this question. Still, I took a long time before I answered. It is easy to be misunderstood when talking this way.

I have spent a good bit of my professional life, I told her, trying to convey the idea that when we speak metaphorically, poetically, in figures of speech, in tropes, we are not speaking entirely in an “as if” mode, a kind of intended indirection, an egoic verbal twist for effect. No, these efforts are in fact trying to “name” something experienced, something palpable, yet something inchoate, something “other.” This only takes form through *similarities* of reference, which is to things more solidly known, things already in our experiential repertoire, things expressible. However, in all such efforts we are being analogical, using the “non-literal” as an attempt to name something literal for which we have no name—the “presence” which inhabits us when we wake from a dream, come out of a vision, hear a “voice,” and the “resonance” the presence engenders.

“What’s to be gained by calling it an angel?” she asked.

I explained that when I use the term “angelic,” I am not thinking in traditional religious terms. Instead, I am imagining older images: a mounted courier arriving with a message, the horse or rider flapping wings. My first obligation is to receive the message, to recall and remember the dream—not always an easy thing to do as dreams can fly away quickly as we all know. It is easy then to say, “Oh well, it was just a dream.” However, I do not find it so easy to say, “Oh well, it was just an angel.” So this is something gained, a kind of respect for these visitations we call dreams. I think we would do well to remember the warm way in which Baucis and Philemon welcomed the strange visitors to their humble abode and treated them by unreservedly sharing everything they had, not knowing at

all that these “beggars,” denied entrance elsewhere, were in fact Zeus and Hermes. Thinking of dreams as angels helps me to welcome the dream, *any* dream, *all* dreams, from the big dream to the most mundane, from the most pleasant to the most horrendous, and treat them all with all the courtesy and relational vigor I can muster.

Then I said to her, “The courier waits my reply.”

I had not planned to say this, but there it was, just popping out. I mulled on this and finally came to a sense of it. I do not think my reply (to be returned by courier to that “elsewhere”) is going to be the *meaning* I come to in the analysis of the message, nor its interpretation, nor its understanding via the usual tools to which dream messages are subjected. If meaning were enough, the poet would write out meanings and not poems. If meaning were enough, the artist would write out meanings rather than novels, or sculptures, or paintings or photographs. No, meaning is not enough in relation to dreams. *Ever*. I am talking about sending something back with the courier, the messenger, the angel—after all, if angels are *intermediary*, why cannot the message go both ways, the courier go both ways?

What an odd idea.

What could this be?

Well, to me it begins in my imaginal response to the dream, to the message (as well as the messenger). This I sense is what Corbin means by the *mundus imaginalis*. It is the imaginal encounter with the “other” embodied in the dream *and* with the “other” embodied in the *fact* of dreaming. It will be in what I *do* in response to the dream. It is not that dreams are at root erotic, but that dreams occasion Eros. That is the crucial idea. Eros is a winged creature and for this reason, I think of him as angelic and serving an angelic function. When we enter this space, this geography, this temporality, this liminality wherein we can sense but not quite “know” what we are experiencing, then I believe we are at the threshold of the rhizomic connections between not only conscious and unconscious, not only between us and other, but between us and whatever we mean by “divine.” It is this space that we develop through the imagination and where we generate the message to be carried back, to be carried, if I may say so, “home.”

If it is true, as I have argued in these pages for years, that *all* dreams have to do with the future, and not with the past, then it must be so that angels are not delivering old news, but new news, and we must deliver something even newer in response. How we might do this, I will explore next time when I consider angels, demons and the new brain research on dreams and dreaming. ∅

Angel Dreams

by Star Edwards



BEFORE I WENT TO SLEEP, I ASKED FOR HELP and understanding concerning whether I should stay in my marriage or not. We were going through very rough times and I was unsure if weathering the storm was worth it.

Meeting My Angel ~ Getting Reassurance

I am walking along a street much like the Belcaro area, which has traditional, stately homes and fine manicured lawns. I am drawn to this large two-story brick house. The front of the house has a rounded foyer entrance. I go in.

The house is empty, no one lives here but I know I have been here before. I go up the stairway to the 2nd story. There is an angel waiting for me. The angel is barefoot and looks about 15 years old, with honey colored shoulder length light brown hair, wearing a knee-length robe. I can't tell if the angel is a he or a she, and decide it's both. The angel does not smile, yet exudes such a feeling of peace. I do not see wings but I know this is my guardian angel. The angel said I have been here many times before--that's why it feels so familiar. S/he directs my attention towards the stairs. I look towards the stairway and see myself as a three-year-old, walking up the stairs, hanging on to my teddy bear. I am wearing snap-on full body pajamas for toddlers. In my mind, I remember this early time in my life and feel so overwhelmed with joy that I have help when I was so little and distraught.

We walk up the staircase. The loft has no furniture and is filled with natural light from the glass bricks. The wooden floor reflects a quiet sunlight. I come to this loft often when I need help. Two men and one woman join us in the loft. Sitting cross-legged on the floor, we pour out our troubles. The angel speaks inside my mind and informs me that it is not always necessary to stay in situations if I learn my lessons. If the lessons are learned, I can

move on. The man is going through a real hard time and the angel responds that he is not seeing a broader picture. He has a narrow view of his struggle. This man is a pianist (I see a flash of him sitting at a grand piano). He used to write songs but now, nothing inspiring comes through. The angel declares that the music is already written and he needs to be more in tune to pick it up and hear it. As the others talk, the images of their conversation come to my mind. I listen as the angel counsels them. The other man's problem is learning how to overcome his stubbornness. Suddenly I see pictures in my mind of him with snow all around.

We all decide to stay in the loft and go to sleep on the floor. The next morning, the angel says we have to go but we can come back the next night. As I walk down the stairs, I walk over to where there was a little nook on the 1st floor. I remember when I was small, there was a Christmas tree here and to the right of this nook was an arboretum with several poplar trees. Then I wake up. (7-3-1998)

When I was 4 years old, I was in the hospital to have a very serious surgery done. I was turning blue, couldn't breathe, and was not growing. I was extraordinarily small for my age. I believed I died on the table. I was outside of my body, standing midair talking with someone (my angel??). I was given the choice to stay in this body and continue this life or I could leave. These were my first memories of my life. I am thrilled that at four years old I had a safe retreat. My mother was a raging screamer and my dad an alcoholic. At four years old, the storms of violent arguments created a scary environment and I never felt safe. At the current date of this dream, I was experiencing extreme difficulty in my marriage. Any drinking or pot smoking scared me. I was afraid I made the same mistake as my mother. I did stay in the marriage, however, we both withdrew into our own workrooms. My husband plays piano. I believe the man in the dream who could not write any new songs may be my husband. He has not written any new songs in 25 years!

My brother approached my mother to stay in her spare room at her condo, after running through all his money and being dead broke. This arrangement worked out fine for about 6 months, but my mother would call me three times a week to complain and groan about my brother. We thought of different ways to “unseat” him from the condo, but she sheepishly backed out each time... and so months went by and he stayed buried in his room, hardly coming out. I felt I could not tolerate this roller coaster any more and decided to ask my angel to talk to my brother and my mother’s angels to work things out. Why not? I figured I could at least ask! That night I had the following dream:

The Council of Three ~ Keeping the Life Contract Intact

My brother, mother and I are sitting at a large table. On the other side of the table are three angels. They are tall and feel so wonderful. I am very relaxed and excited to be with them. I can’t get a sense of their faces, but I see their bodies. One angel wears a long a blue robe; the other two have long white robes. They show us something like a chessboard where one player makes a move, so we can see how all moves are affected by this one piece moving on the board. They point out that we are here to learn about love.

The angels tell me that my “tough love” approach doesn’t work and it was not how they want me to learn about love. They are pointing out each of our illusions and misperceptions, telling us that is why there are so many problems here. The angels ask me if I want to change the original plan of this family that I decided on before I was born. I now realize I can ask them to remove my brother from my mother’s house, but that it will cause many things to change and it may not turn out better for all of us. I tell them I will stick to the plan that I decided upon before I came into this life and family. (9-8-2001

One month after this dream, my older sister helped my brother move out of the condo in Florida. She got him an apartment in Ohio, a few miles from her house. He was suffering from depression and had numerous boils on his back, which had not been taken care of. She would help him out until he got on his feet. He went to therapy, got a job, regained self-respect and is very happy in his new life. My mother was relieved, although lonely in her condo. I am glad I had this dream and listened to the angel’s thoughts. I realize that our angels have a great interest in helping us achieve our goals for this lifetime. Whatever we had collectively planned out to learn for our family, with their guidance, I am now confident in following our original path and decisions.

I meditate regularly to help me slow down and release tension. I did not mentally ask to see to my angel, but occasionally need to feel their reassurance again.

Seeing the Angels

I am aware some one is talking to me. Two people are wearing long blue and white robes and tell me to feel the presence. I feel the presence of the angels but can’t see them. I try harder to be calm and centered... and before my eyes I see this large angel to my left (no wings, androgynous). I collapse with awe and gratitude, falling on my knees to the floor. I am so filled with wonder and an

indescribable richness of tenderness and strength. So much discussion is happening and it’s very slippery to remember. I decide to experiment. I ask if I can look at several people’s angels. I check in on a few people where I work. There is a large male angel with wings hovering over CL as he works. In front of the store, there are two angels next to TL. The female-looking angel stands right next to her. She is very petite. The other angel is a few feet away. I decide to check the angels of the three people in my dream group. There are two very large angels on each side of ML, bending down, their lips close to her ears. Both have wings. I say BF’s name, and instantly view many different size angels flying around and over her head. I ask to see LT’s angels. There are four tall angels standing on all sides of LT in a protective embrace. The angels have wings and a soft orange glow around them. I look in on the angels of my family. There are several angels around my sister. Mostly circling above her. My husband and brother have one large male angel standing next to them. A second angel, less distinct, stands behind about 12 feet away. When I look in on my mother, there are two angels and her father next to her. My older sister has two large angels standing on either side of her. (4-3-2008)

Marriage has not been an easy lesson for me. I once again visit this issue and ask my angel, what will become of my marriage? Should I stay or should I go? It’s tearing me apart and I feel lost in a sea of anxiety.

Keep Harmonious

During my meditation, in my minds eye I see three tall angels. I wonder if I am imaging this and rub my eyes. Nope, they are still here. Now I see them with my physical eyes. I can’t see them with total clarity but see them as points of bright white light that flicker in the muted light of my meditation space. I see the outline of large wings. The center angel is approximately ten feet tall, with the side angels about eight feet tall. They telepathically communicate that they are waiting for me to be harmonious so they can anchor light to the earth through me. They want me to come to meditation regularly. They tell me to hold the thought of focusing light to the earth. It feels like my body is humming with their energy and I feel bathed in peace. I realize that my marriage will succeed if I can hold onto my center and be at peace. (6-1-2007 Waking Dream)

After twenty-three years, my marriage has changed for the best and has weathered the worst of stormy seas. In October of 2008, I was sitting up in bed reading a book called *Echo’s of the Soul* and contemplating, what did I choose for my life mission after experiencing so much chaos? Suddenly, I got tingles on the back of my neck and all down my back. In soft vibrant tones, the voice of my angel floods the inside my head. It felt like warm melted butter flowing from the top of my head down to the tips of my fingers. I got a download of information that my life mission is to learn compassion for my mother, father and husband. It was necessary to go through these circumstances to gain compassion.

Have I learned all these lessons? My answer: Is learning ever finished? I hope that what ever else I have signed up for in this life will not be as chaotic, but I know that my angels are near. In dreams or waking life, help is close by. ☺



Angels Among Us

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MOST RELIGIONS ACKNOWLEDGE COMMUNICATION between this world and the spiritual realm is possible, and angel lore supports that direct communication with angels has occurred for centuries. In fact angels can communicate with people in three distinct ways: audibly, through dreams and directly in person as a messenger. In this form, the messenger may take on an unassuming appearance and the message is usually very simple, direct and involves the person contacted.¹

I know I have encountered angels/messengers. The experiences have been accompanied by a rarified feeling, a sense of ions in the air and a profound internal “shift.” Further, big life issues were presented/resolved/changed afterward through events I could never have imagined. In my case a series of synchronicities (often woven into impossible odds) aligned before I “met” these amazing messengers. The following three encounters describe profound experiences where I believe I met with angelic personages in unexpected ways.

#1 The Angel Tree*

After entering a new relationship, I moved to a different city during the holiday season, leaving me without familiar friends or family nearby, which proved to be a challenge. I was beginning to doubt my decision and was struggling to find ways to keep the relationship intact as inevitable strains surfaced. I was recovering from a miserable head cold, but to lessen tensions, I suggested to my boyfriend we get our Christmas tree on the way home from work.

We stopped at a small tree lot next to our local neighborhood gas station. It was a week before Christmas and its few rows of trees were thin. Standing in the frigid air inside a small string of lights that surrounded the perimeter, I noticed half of the bulbs were missing and that we were the only customers looking at the few remaining trees. Feeling negative, we turned to leave when an attendant jumped from the cab of his pick-up

truck smiling broadly and extending his hand with holiday greetings. His clothes were dirty and shabby and several teeth were missing. I felt apprehensive, but my partner refused to catch my “let’s go” look, so I decided to return to the car alone.

I slogged through the rain and wet sawdust onto what I thought was pavement, but the reflection of the rainwater coated with ice hid a deep hole that caught me off guard. As I stepped into the hole, I twisted my ankle. I was freezing, angry and now hurt and tears started as I struggled to pull myself out. I felt a warm hand helping me out of the circle of broken ice - it was the attendant rescuing me. He offered a Styrofoam cup of hot coffee and assured me everything would be all right. Then he left and went behind his trailer and produced the most beautiful noble fir tree I’d ever seen. My partner and I looked at each other in amazement. He said we could have it - it was his gift to us. “It’s a special tree,” he said, “I hope it will make your first Christmas together memorable.”

Against the attendant’s protest, my boyfriend insisted on paying and stuffed a twenty-dollar bill into the attendant’s shirt pocket. We thanked him and told him how glad we were that we stopped by. He wished us a beautiful holiday and said he hoped my ankle would get better soon. His genuine happiness radiated from within and we felt soothed by his presence.

We loaded the tree onto our vehicle, and as we headed home, we felt uplifted and peaceful with a new benevolence between us. We couldn’t stop talking about the experience and our good fortune to have a perfect tree for our first Christmas together. We decided to make it a tradition and go back to the same lot next year. After a hot bath and some rest, my world looked brighter.

We were so touched by the experience and the man’s kindness, we decided to get a fruit basket the following day and deliver it to this sweet soul after work the following evening. When we pulled up to the intersection where the gas station was, we didn’t see the tree

lot; it was gone... sawdust, lights and all. We thought we might have the wrong street, but there was only one neighborhood gas station. We stopped and asked the gas station employees if they knew what happened to the man who had the tree lot next door.

To our surprise, no one ever recalled seeing a lot - and there was no evidence of one. Did we see a tree lot attendant or an angel who blessed and amazed us - and healed us? We never saw the lot or the man again, but re-tell the story every year as part of our holiday tradition now thirty-four years later!

#2 Beach Angel

On a late fall afternoon my husband and I took a walk on the beach near an area where we hoped to buy a home. We had undergone a long hard struggle getting our business off the ground and were feeling discouraged after five years of relentless work. We felt defeated as nothing came together: deals falling through, financing snafus, missed opportunities and poor timing were the norm.

The fog that hugged the waterline matched my mood - even the ocean couldn't lift my spirits; worse yet, my always positive husband was worried and expressed his concerns and the options we faced. We talked as we picked our way through a rocky passage where debris, driftwood and fog accumulated. On the other side where the shore expanded, a specter in the fog approached us. He was an aging man in a dark trench coat and I felt apprehensive, as this was a secluded beach. But, we politely greeted each other and he asked if we'd found any agates, saying the beach was abundant with them. His kindness penetrated our cautious veneer as he reached into his pocket and pulled out a dozen or so polished agates and proudly displayed them in the palm of his hand. He said, "Pick one. Keep it with you always as it will bring you luck." I was drawn to a glassy white and gray translucent stone. "If you believe it will bring you luck and strength, it will." He said good-bye, leaving my husband and I staring at the agate in my hand. When we looked up, he'd gone and I ran down the beach to try and find him, thank him, but he had disappeared. I have carried that stone for over 25 years in my "ditty bag" in my purse along with other special talismans that have remained with me throughout my life. The following week we landed a huge contract that saved our business and helped us build it into a successful enterprise for the next 22 years.

#3 Church Angel

I am not a churchgoer, but in a last minute decision, I decided to support my friend of 30+ years who was giving a pre-Christmas talk at her church. The rows were full, but I was able to sit behind my friend's husband leaving one seat next to me on the outside aisle empty. After the service started, a woman came in, sat down in that empty chair and didn't interact with anyone, which was odd as it seemed to be a very folksy/friendly church... everyone knows/greets everyone. I smiled at her, but she didn't say a word and didn't even sing during the hymns.

Toward the end of her talk, my friend asked from the pulpit that the congregates focus on an intention we'd like to manifest in the coming year, to keep it simple and just reflect on it for a moment. Then she suggested we share with someone near us what it was (or not), so I turned

to this woman sitting next to me and asked her if she wanted to share her experience. She said something came to her, but it was complicated and didn't want to share, but asked if I wanted to reveal my experience. I'm an open book, so I said I wanted to complete my study/studio re-vamp and resume my art and writing projects. She asked if I was a teacher or if I had worked with kids at one time. I said yes, but I was a therapist in that milieu; she said I would never have to do that again and that I did that to work through my own stuff, and I was done with that. Then she started telling me about what was going to happen to me this coming year: she said she saw radical changes, none of which I can imagine and to be open to things, as it would be different than anything I am presently planning on. She said she saw a silvery glittery path that all was possible and it was all good but that it will be very different. She kept talking and talking and telling me what she "saw" and no one around us seemed distracted, even though my friend had resumed her talk and I was feeling uncomfortable. I thanked her and asked her name. She said it was Joyce.

At the close of the service we stood, formed a circle around the perimeter of the room for the peace song and held hands, with her on one side of me. Then a large man from across the circle stepped between us and I let go of her hand and I held his hand instead. After the song was over, I wanted to thank her for what she shared, and she was GONE! I looked all over and never found her; it's like I was the only one who saw her! I truly think she was an angel. She came in, said her piece to me and left. It was something I never expected in a million years. As a caveat, I later asked my friend and her husband about Joyce, but they didn't know anyone in the church by that name, saying she could have been a visitor. Well, she was, all right... but not from this realm!

So far, her words have panned out in regard to unforeseen things surfacing. For example, the first week in January, I opened an e-mail from an editor who said she had gotten side-tracked on her project and wanted to use a couple of stories I'd submitted to her in 2007 in her anthology! I had totally forgotten about it and even what I had submitted. She enclosed a release form. . . I signed it and it is a *fait accompli*.

A few weeks later, I was awakened one morning by a touch on my arm. I thought it was my husband but the bedroom door was closed; he was letting me sleep in. The feel of that "touch" stayed with me for days; it preceded the receipt of legal information that turned out to be a door closing in my life. I believe that "contact" was to prepare me for a change I had clearly not anticipated and to support me as I look to new horizons.

Are there angels among us? Unassuming messengers from other dimensions made manifest in our world? I believe we can invite them into our lives, but those who appear in unexpected ways can impact us by allowing us to walk through a tear in the veil for a short period of time. Be open to them as they emanate a rarified energy that is key to their presence - especially when we least expect it. ☽

l Lewis, James R. and Oliver, Evelyn Dorothy, *Angels A-Z*, pp. 102-05, 1996.

* (First appeared in *Chocolate for a Lover's Heart*, Allenbaugh, Kaye, 1999)

dream house

I am standing before a large house
concealed in the woods,
covered by dense vines and rainbow mist

I've never set eyes on this residence before
though I've dreamt of it over and over,
assembling it from the inside out
rebuilding it step by step,
continuously laying down the groundwork
stone by stone, plank by plank
from a blueprint
designed in my dreams
by an unknown hand

in the deep coolness of the open attic,
my breathe rises to the sunroof

I see the sky
embellished with cumulus clouds,
altering into varied shapes
and silken silhouettes
superimposed by sunbeams

they form dark yet alluring faces
and all sorts of archetypal shapes
conjured up by molecule bending

I always wonder whose house is this anyway?
I feel I belong here
yet, is it truly mine?

and I wonder who designated the dream blueprint
given in an episode of conscious slumber

I know somewhere there's an unseen proprietor
I wonder where he really resides
though I never seen him I know he's out there
inside the horizon of my dream

perhaps this elusive landlord
I've been seeking
is really the dreamlord of my being

and this house I constantly build
is the structure
supporting my soul



FACING THE DEATH MOTHER

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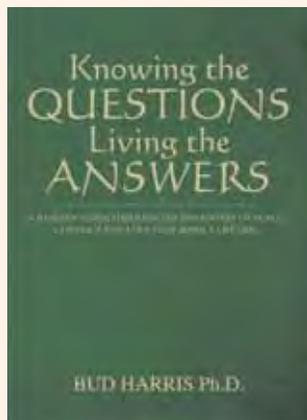
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Massimilla Harris, Ph.D., is a Jungian analyst and has practiced over 20 years in Asheville, North Carolina. She is also an author, teacher, award-winning quilter, and certified Solisten Provider. Developed by Dr. Alfred A. Tomatis, Solisten is a special kind of music therapy that enables Dr. Harris to join body and psyche in her professional practice in order to help people release the blocks to their potential and their own voice. More information about Dr. Harris is available at www.budharris.com.

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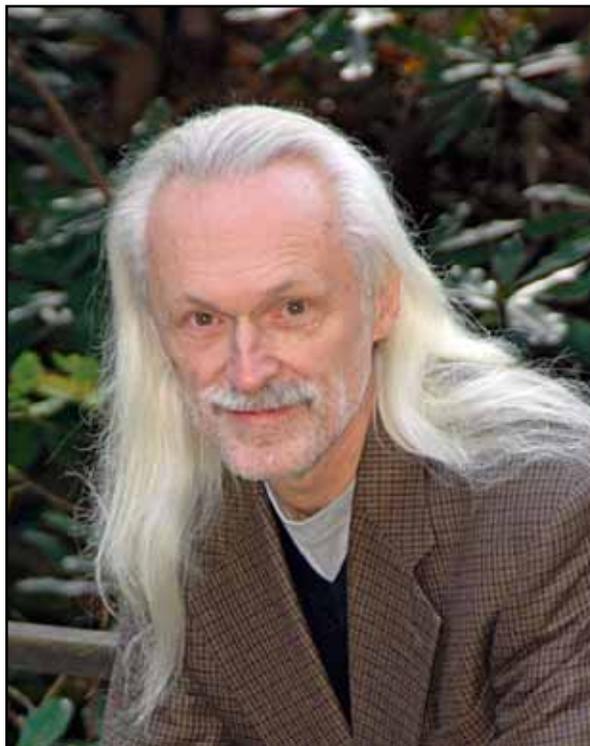
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Bud Harris, Ph.D., is a practicing Jungian analyst in Asheville, North Carolina. After earning his Ph.D. in psychology and becoming a psychotherapist and psychologist, he experienced the call to further his growth by becoming a Jungian analyst. Bud moved to Zürich, Switzerland where he trained for over five years until he became a diplomate Jungian analyst. Bud is the author of seven books and lectures widely. More information about Dr. Harris is available at www.budharris.com.





Why I don't believe we should "interpret" our dreams

by Robert P. Gongloff

WHAT? THE PRESIDENT OF AN INTERNATIONAL DREAM ASSOCIATION IS TELLING US NOT TO INTERPRET OUR DREAMS? Banish him to the tower immediately!

Wait! Let me explain.

When referring to dreamwork, I have trouble with the term, "interpretation," as it implies determination of a finite "meaning" and we all know dreams carry multiple meanings. I don't think the purpose of dreamwork is interpretation, but many people come to dream groups expecting their dream to be "interpreted," suggesting that there is just one explanation for the dream – and that the dream is meant just for them.

In an open dream group I led in Asheville, North Carolina people dropped in and shared dreams that amazed and perplexed them. Of course the next words out of their mouths were, "What does it mean?" The group would spend the next hour or so laboriously "working" each dream and the dreamer usually left with some degree of satisfaction in regard to what the dream was about. That was the conclusion of their experience.

Most of these people had little interest in learning how to work on their own dreams such as starting a journal or studying their dream history. They represent many who have dreams that

"When referring to dreamwork, I have trouble with the term, "interpretation," as it implies determination of a finite "meaning" and we all know dreams carry multiple meanings. I don't think the purpose of dreamwork is interpretation... "

pique their curiosity, but would prefer others to tell them what they mean. Some are even willing to pay a few dollars to an "expert" or skim through a dream dictionary to gain insight.

When doing dreamwork, I prefer the term, "exploration." I see our roles as dream facilitators or group members as ones who explore a dream in an effort to help the dreamer attain self-discovery. In group settings, exploration is magnified and multiplied. When shared, one person's dream does not belong to that person alone but takes on its own life within each member of the group.

“Knowing my in-depth involvement with dreams, they expected me to be an “expert.” I told them I didn’t have the slightest idea what that dream meant.

I took solace remembering an incident Robbie Bosnak wrote about in his book, “Tracks in the Wilderness of Dreaming.” As I recall, after a client of his told a dream, he broke into a cold sweat acknowledging to himself that he didn’t have any idea what it meant. I felt comforted knowing that this man, who does dreamwork for a living, goes through the same anxiety I do when expected to “interpret” a dream.

I tell my groups that a dream is brand new when it occurs in sleep and is again brand new when it is told. Each person hearing it is creating a version of the dream and it is no longer one dream, but many. In other words there is a new dream being dreamed at that moment by each person in the room as well as each person in their families, co-workers or social network friends – and each one grows from the insight of the one dream captured by one person.

In effect, we are not interpreting a dream, but we are opening up multitudes of possibilities for the dreamers exposed to it. I don’t call my groups dream analysis or dream interpretation groups, but rather dream study groups. We study. We explore. We experience the dream. And we each benefit from that experience.

Every person who hears a dream becomes a facilitator; one who serves the dreamer by listening and attempting to understand the aspects of the dream without projecting or “interpreting” it for the dreamer. During the process the veils of confusion are removed and both the dreamer and the facilitator begin to appreciate the blessings the dream has to offer.

To avoid projection and the danger of “telling” someone what a dream means when providing personal insight, many dreamworkers begin with the phrase, “If this were my dream....” That is, if this were my dream it would have this or that meaning or this symbol would mean such and such to me. In order to totally avoid the possibility of projection I prefer, “In my version of the dream” By saying this, I take ownership of the dream and am less likely to project based on prior knowledge I may have of the dreamer. In this respect I am more likely to deal solely with the dream itself.

During a dinner party in my home, a woman at the table told an incredible dream about sheep. When she was done, everyone looked at me, as if they expected me to immediately know what the dream “meant.” Knowing my in-depth involvement with dreams, they expected me to be an “expert.” I told them I didn’t have the slightest idea what that dream meant. I took solace remembering an incident Robbie Bosnak wrote about in his book, *Tracks in the Wilderness of Dreaming*. As I recall, after a client of his told a dream, he broke into a cold sweat acknowledging to himself that he didn’t have any idea what it meant. I felt comforted knowing that this man, who does dreamwork for a living, goes through the same anxiety I do when expected to “interpret” a dream.

When first told, the dream is a mystery. Its meaning is as unknown to the listener as it is to the dreamer. But as we venture into that unknown, peeling away layer after layer, examining the details, identifying the characters and action sequences of the story -- exploring deeper and deeper -- the messages the dream is attempting to convey become apparent. For instance, as I delve into a dream about a bear invading my camping space, I may see it as asking me to think about how I deal with conflict or potential conflict, what choices I am making (such as facing fear or running away) or simply how I deal with unexpected consequences. Perhaps all are true. Ultimately, I come to realize there is no finite meaning, but infinite possibilities.

Instead of using the terms dream interpretation or analysis, I support exploration. By steering away from what a dream “means,” (since all dreams have multiple meanings), we can embrace what the dream is asking us to do - to face the critical issues in our lives so we can advance and grow. They ask us the questions we need to address, and rather than giving us direct answers, they guide us to the next question. If we just decide, “this dream means this or that,” we are likely to just say, “Since I know what that dream means, I don’t need to explore it any further,” and we fail to experience the full richness of the dream.

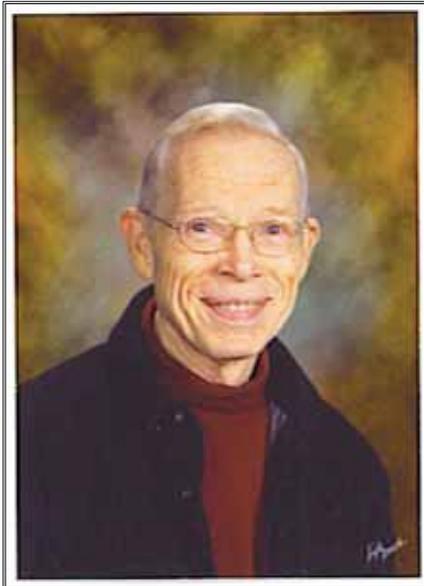
Analysis leads to knowledge. True wisdom comes from being in a space of “not knowing.” ∅

“Not knowing is true knowing. One knows truly only when one has the wisdom of emptiness. Wisdom is then limitless.”

Chan Master Sheng Yen

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Robert P. Gongloff is president of the International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD) and author of *Dream Exploration: A New Approach* (Llewellyn Publications, Woodbury, MN; 2006). He leads dream groups and workshops in Western North Carolina and at international dream conferences. His website is www.heartofthedream.com.



Just Listen to the Music

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WE KNOW THAT MUSIC, LIKE COLOR, IS AN INTEGRAL PART OF OUR DAILY LIVES.

We hear music in the background of our noise landscape from cell phones, iPods, radio, computers and of course TV. It's not usually the focus of our attention. We're much more likely to focus in on the specific events and people that are more front and center in our ongoing life dramas. We know that music is also a part of our dreams but even when we notice music in dreams, we're likely to screen it out as we do in waking life.

When people do pay attention to dream-related music, they are generally pleased by its presence. Recently, a music teacher told me that he sometimes hears complete symphonies in the night that he has never heard in waking life. He feels positive about hearing the music, although he said that the symphonies are so complex that they are beyond his musical ability to transcribe. He also explained that he feels the need to understand the origins of the music before he can feel comfortable in working with it, an understanding that remains elusive to him.

People who have not only become aware of music in their dreams but have trained themselves to respond to it while awake, report life enriching experiences. Responses to dream music gradually become an integral part of a person's dream work process. A choir director told me that she sometimes wakes up to music around three o'clock in the morning. She often associates the music with a past or present choir member and feels the need to call the person. When she does call, she usually finds that the person in some way is in need of her help. A special education teacher mentioned that she hears songs that are an integral part of her dreams. Her approach requires her to pay attention to the music in a general way, often finding that a message is conveyed by the mood of the song and its words.

My own so-called dream music might more accurately be said to come through the hypnopompic state, that quiet state of mind that we often experience immediately upon waking. A tune floats into awareness that has not been a part of a dream. The music hints at a message that can be read if I can recall the title of the song or the words of the musical phrase that is heard. An exception to my usual pattern

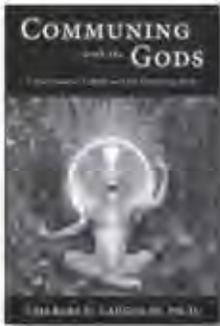
involves play on words. When I wake up hearing Russian music, I don't need to discover the title or the words to the music. The fact that the music is "Russian" indicates that I've been "rushin," or have been in a rush and need to slow down. The Russian music of my dreams also points out how music can be a signal of a recurring life theme.

Music's effect on people has proved to be extremely powerful as well as varied. Research on music has confirmed that music has positive effects related to: cardiac and respiratory functions, pain reduction, cognitive and reasoning functions, maintaining concentration, sleep and relaxation and mood.¹ Recent empirical research with well adjusted college students has focused on how a psycho-therapeutic technique called *Musical Presentation* affects one's sense of purpose in life and one's self-consciousness.² The technique involves asking people in a group setting to introduce themselves to other members of the group by describing and playing music and sounds that have special meaning for them. Researchers described the musical presentation as being like a musical autobiography. The musical presentation process includes follow-up discussion and processing with both group members and group leaders. The researchers found that participants in the study experienced an increase in sense of life purpose and self-consciousness not experienced by similar students who did not participate in the study.

Over time, as we make our musical choices and form our musical preferences, we are making musical presentations to our unconscious minds. The result is that the music is likely to be processed in the dream state like other life activities. In my own waking life, I enjoy listening to a song entitled, *Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head*. I recently heard the tune internally while waking up the morning after I had asked for information that would better enable me to understand the role of music in dreams. The result was initially amusing, but not immediately helpful. Later in the day, I visited my daughter Shannon and twenty-one month old granddaughter Annabelle. During the course of the visit, I found myself tapping the top of cute little Annabelle's head very lightly with my finger tips, while making soft high pitched little "dider, dider, dider,

COMMUNING with the GODS

CHARLES D. LAUGHLIN, PH.D.

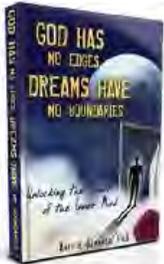


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dider, dider" sounds. Neither Shannon nor I could recall my doing anything similar with her when she was little. My daughter just looked at me with a small inquisitive smile asking, "What do you call that?" My slow and hesitant answer was that I didn't know, that it didn't seem to have a name. Then my body seemed to smile as a gentle knowing came to the surface. The game—if it could be called that—was "*Raindrops keep fallin on my head.*" Meanwhile, little Annabelle was doing her own processing. From the scrunched up look on her face, it was clear that she wasn't quite sure how she felt about this new game. But when Grampy looked at her, smiled, and almost in a whisper began singing "*raindrops keep fallin on my head,*" she smiled back... knowing that everything was OK.

The family fun with Annabelle raised the question of how the act of choosing and listening to music during the day, followed by its being processed in the dream state can provide an increase in the sense of life purpose in a way analogous to that experienced by participants in the previously described research study. I like to think that the events leading up to my interaction with Annabelle were the result of a natural replication of the empirical research on the psychotherapy technique of *musical presentation*. The music-related play with my granddaughter did bring with it the realization that my life purpose needs to be more intentionally expanded to include Annabelle's spiritual development.

In an additional attempt to get information from my dreams about dream music, I heard another early morning tune. The tune needed to be jotted down in a way that would be recognizable later in the morning when it was guaranteed to be far from consciousness. For a person untrained in musical notation, that was no easy task. Looking at the funny looking dots in the dream journal later in the day did eventually bring the tune back to mind. It was remembered as being a hymn tune. Detective work with a hymnal uncovered no such tune. Fortunately, a friend who I frequently call to help me identify my dream music successfully took on the challenge and found that the song was *Sent Forth by God's Blessing*. The title supported my belief that the words to my dream music come from a spiritual source. The source may be related to a level of mind that Edgar Cayce termed the super-conscious.³ If the research study of *Musical Presentation* does have a parallel in everyday waking life, the hymn title also suggests that music in dreams can provide a vehicle for communication with the Divine. If that is so, when the time is right, Grampy better remember to alert Annabelle to the possibility of getting musical answers to her bedtime prayers. Whatever the case, it seems sensible to monitor the kind of music to which we listen. We may be affecting our life purpose without even knowing it. ∅

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DREAM DUST MEMORIES

by Lorraine Grassano

WELCOMETO 2012: THE END OF THE WORLD? No more so than when we awaken each morning and our dream world ends. Or does it?

All I know is that when I do not remember my dreams, I pass through the day feeling vaguely unsettled and alone. Something important seems to be missing, in contrast to feeling alive and whole and embraced when I'm accompanied by dream memories; it's like the conscious and unconscious holding hands... no abrupt interruption in the flow of my life force.

The flow of my life force, however, seems to be at low ebb these days. So, I'm hoping that writing this stream-of-consciousness style article focused on past dreams will replenish my present dream activity and prove valuable to DNJ readers, as well.

Of course, extremely vivid dreams and most especially lucid dreams, quite easily pass through the slumber barrier of being "dead to the world." But how does one incubate this kind of dream? Besides strong intent and diligent practice, I believe that certain outer conditions alone are powerful enough to produce such an exquisite level of inner clarity that is often sacrificed to the god of convenience in our modern way of life.

In this regard, one of the most extraordinary dream journeys I've experienced (non coincidentally) took place during the most extraordinary odyssey of my waking life. In 1999, I had the privilege of traveling with The International Crane Foundation (ICF) to Bhutan, a tiny Buddhist nation bordered by India and China. Talk about the 'end of the world!' It was the very first year that television was introduced to the "Kingdom of Druk," which had been so completely isolated in recent history that the inhabitants were unaware that World War II ever happened! There were no cell phones, few automobiles, 78% of the virgin forests were still intact and

"The stunning clarity of this dream—the most exquisitely vivid of any I've ever had—matched the utter clarity of the air I was breathing. And I don't mean air quality in the sense of visible/audible toxicity; rather, the airwaves themselves were as peaceful and unpopulated as a vast, white plain."

all of the rivers were flowing unfettered. And the air—oh! the air—~not only spectacularly fresh and clean—but free of noise pollution as well.



After traversing the Himalayas in a pint-sized aircraft, our small group set out for Phobjika Valley to participate in the Second Annual Black-necked Crane Festival. The route is breathtakingly treacherous with snow-laden mountain peaks poking above thick carpets of cumulus clouds. At that time, only five pilots were permitted to navigate it! We stayed in a farmhouse without electricity or running water. There were no humming refrigerators, flushing toilets, beeping gadgets, noisy leaf blowers, pounding jack hammers or blaring and flashing televisions. Pristine silence. Darkness was as fecund as rich, earthy soil. The only outside stimuli was the soft glow of candles and the distant singing of cranes. I dreamt...

A False Awakening to Beat the Band!

I am enjoying lucid dreams of a strangely vivid quality when I realize that I am having trouble

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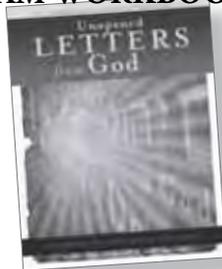
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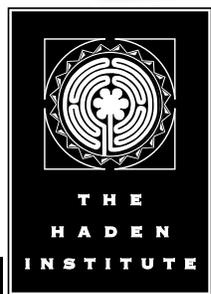
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getting back to where my body is asleep in the Phobjika farmhouse. I am traveling with the ICF group, just like in the waking realm, and trying to convince them that we are in a dream, but they seem frightened and hold me back from taking flight. N. is concerned I'll tip the cart we are riding in. An unidentified voice advises me that only P. understands what I'm going through. Then the scene slowly melts and I "awaken" to find myself riding in another cart with a light-skinned, blonde man, sporting a barbershop quartet-style mustache. He addresses me as if we are in a romantic relationship. I play along but have no idea who he is. I give him a kiss on the arm and he jokes disappointingly, "Is that all I get?" Then he asks me about meeting somebody named Lynn in the park later. I don't know what he is talking about. I am frightened, but do not let on. I point out some beautiful stained glass and architecture in this ancient city we are touring and he smiles affectionately and says, "Hmmm . . . planning to make another film?" I finally break down and confess that I do not know him or who Lynn is and that the only film I ever made was an advertising clip in college. (As I speak, I can clearly hear my own voice.) He is very alarmed now, too... and sorrowful-looking. I say that even if he doesn't believe me, to please listen. I have to try and remember where I fell asleep so that I can wake up in that same reality. The scene once again melts and I wake up in the dark, in a bed, and slowly get my bearings. (November 12, 1999)

The stunning clarity of this dream—the most exquisitely vivid of any I've ever had—matched the utter clarity of the air I was breathing. And I don't mean air *quality* in the sense of visible/audible toxicity; rather, the *airwaves* themselves were as peaceful and unpopulated as a vast, white plain. There was an absence of overstimulation. The airwaves were devoid of the billions and billions of vibrations that bombard and overwhelm our psyches—or at least my psyche—on a continuous basis daily... from television, radio, cell-phone waves and thought waves of people and animals. These external sounds are no less powerful and potentially damaging for being invisible.

"I urge you, my fellow onironauts, to "unplug" from our alleged advanced civilization to the extent you are able, most especially during the sacred mystery of dreaming. At the very least, do not become dependent on technology that promises to augment or facilitate your power to dream—no matter how well intended. Dreaming is the last refuge from technology and its inevitable abuses."

I'll never forget the epiphany I experienced the instant I set foot in Bhutan and took my first breath. I wrote in my journal: *I sense no craziness, no mass of humanity or the chaotic, agonizing energies engulfing me like in San Francisco and Kathmandu. The cacophony ceases. Like Tam Elron in the Star Trek episode "Tin Man," I have found my "Chandra V."*

Perhaps one day I will examine more closely the actual content of the Phobjika dreamscape I walked and try to understand all the implications. For now, my focus is on the breathtaking vividness—which was made possible, I believe, by the "primitive" conditions surrounding me.

I urge you, my fellow onironauts, to "unplug" from our alleged advanced civilization to the extent you are able, most especially during the sacred mystery of dreaming. At the very least, do not become dependent on technology that promises to augment or facilitate your power to dream—no matter how well intended. Dreaming is the last refuge from technology and its inevitable abuses. Resistance may be futile, but in my most grumble (*not* a typo!) opinion, it is unwise to try and integrate the two. ☺

Questions? Comments? Lorraine can be reached by writing to her in care of Letters-to-the Editor.

Dream Analysis with the Tarot

by Karen Hollis with Karen M. Rider

MUCH LIKE JUNG'S ARCHETYPES AND THE COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS, the Tarot Deck embodies symbolism of universal ideas, behind which lies all the workings of the human psyche—memories and dreams, hopes and fears, and the journey from life to death. Tapping the rich symbolism of the dream world is one of the royal roads to personal insight, healing and creativity. Combining the Tarot with dream analysis is a powerful tool for understanding the meaning of dreams and how dream symbolism relates to waking-life.

Dream Analysis with the Tarot, developed and taught to me by esteemed Tarot scholar and author, Rachel Pollack, may be done with any Tarot deck that you (or your client) feel in-synch with. It is important that you are familiar with the meaning of the cards, regardless of the deck chosen. When used for dream analysis (rather than divination), The Tarot cards are used like prompts for triggering connections that help you understand what you experienced in the dream state. Dream analysis with the Tarot can provide great insight about action you might take (or not take) to fulfill your highest good.

Steps for Dream Analysis with The Tarot

1. **Write down the dream** exactly as you remember it. Divide your dream into segments that make sense to you. You might call each segment a 'scene.' Be brief and simple. One or two sentences are all you need.
2. **Shuffle the Tarot deck** that you prefer to use to inquire about the dream.
3. **Pull cards for each segment** of the dream as shown in the vignette.
4. **Read the sentence aloud**, and interpret the Tarot card as it relates to the sentence you wrote for each scene or segment.
5. **Piece together the meanings** of the cards to form a story of what your dream may have meant.

Tarot Dream Analysis Vignette

Over the past few months, Shelly has been experiencing a recurrent weekly dream. She is walking in a woodsy glen where she meets a tree fairy, or dryad. The dryad has rough, brownish skin, green leafy hair and glowing yellow eyes. Hints of copper shimmer within the dryad's gossamer wings. She never speaks. When Anna looks at her, the dryad holds a black notebook up to her. She indicates that she wants Anna to take the book. Anna refuses and runs from the dryad. Being faster, the dryad always gets ahead of her. The dryad persists in attempting to get Anna to take the notebook. Just as she reaches out to take the notebook from the dryad, Anna wakes up—sweaty and heart racing.

Anna's Dream Segments & Tarot Analysis

Scene 1. Anna is walking in a garden.

Card Drawn: Seven of Rods

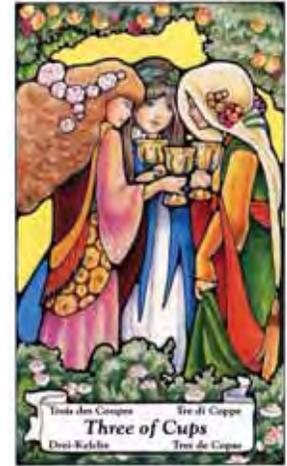
Analysis- You are on guard and afraid that someone or something will challenge you.



Scene 2. The dryad follows Anna and tries to get her to take the black notebook.

Card Drawn: Three of Cups

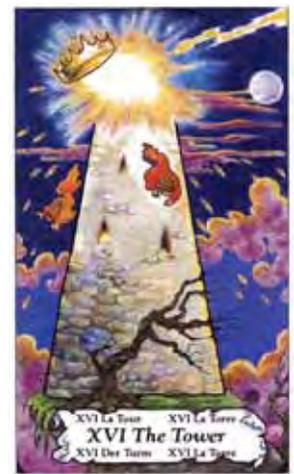
Analysis – There is information in the black notebook that will lead to some type of celebration of life!



Scene 3. The dryad continues to insist that Anna take the book.

Card Drawn: Tarot Card – The Tower

Analysis – Anna is afraid to take the book because it will mean that her sense of herself and her life might change drastically by having it.



Scene 4. Anna keeps running from the dryad so that she does not have to accept the notebook.

Card Drawn: Tarot Card – Six of Rods

Analysis – By refusing to accept the notebook, Anna's life remains the same. This feels like a personal victory for some reason known only to her.



Scene 5. Anna is about to take the notebook from the dryad, she wakes-up in a cold sweat.

Card Drawn: Tarot Card – Ace of Rods

Analysis- The dryad is offering Anna the opportunity to grow in some very personal way and that possibility is too scary to accept.



Anna and I reviewed each card she pulled as a part of her Dream Analysis with the Tarot session. I asked her questions to help her relate the Tarot Cards drawn with the dream imagery and circumstances occurring in her life. The intention here is to draw out of the client that which her subconscious mind already knows but her conscious mind is “guarding.” Some of the questions I asked Anna:

Why do you feel challenged at this time, and the need to fight back?

There seems to be so much in life to “take care of”—children, family, finances. It is a constant challenge for me. Even celebrations or moments of celebration have been lost in the shadow of so many bigger issues.

Are you fearful of your own success in your own right as a person and a writer?

Fearful is, perhaps, too strong of a word. Apprehensive may be better. With apprehension, there is uncertainty and a questioning of confidence. And it is apprehension about how to make things work or fall into place so that all things important to me remain in focus. Going back to feeling challenged, everything seems to be important!

How would this “blow up” your sense of who you are – the important roles you have in life, wife, mother and so forth-- if you were to focus on the writing you want to do?

I’m afraid to take the book because it represents change and I can’t tell what kind of change and that leaves me unable to prepare for it. Part of this is how do I prepare my family. At first look, I thought all of this meant if I take that black notebook and focus on that part of myself, I’m likely to blow-up! (laughs) But we have this other card about celebration that is matched with when the dryad first offers this book to me. Maybe taking responsibility for the notebook is what leads to celebration. That **not taking** book is what is causing the upheaval!

So how is refusing to take the book a personal victory?

On the surface, the victory is that I remain in command or control. Not much changes. As I look at this card, I’m drawn to the character alongside the horseman. The horseman is not alone in his victory, whatever it is. He has a supporter. This reminds me to consider who supports me in my life and to talk to them about challenges I’m experiencing and changes I want to make.

Are you afraid of growing and becoming who you really are?

This Ace of Rods seems a very positive image to me. I am reminded to take up my rod and go forth with courage, even when I don’t know the territory into which I am traveling. In this case, that’s the black notebook. It’s a mystery. But I don’t have to solve the mystery on my own and I can be in command of how the book is written. Things will be okay.

Anna continues to work with this dream by dialoguing with the dryad. In subsequent sessions, we use the Tarot to interpret what different aspects of the dream represent, such as the dryad. The Tarot offers limitless possibilities as a tool for dream analysis.

A Tarot Primer

For those not entirely familiar with The Tarot, the traditional Tarot is a deck of 78 cards divided into two main groups: the *major arcana* and the *minor arcana*. The major arcana (also called the greater arcana or trumps) consist of 22 picture cards each having a pictorial representation of various cosmic forces such as Death, Justice, Strength, The World, and contain archetypal symbolism. Fifty-six cards of the minor arcana are divided into *court* and *suit* cards. There are sixteen court cards comprised of a *King*, *Queen*, *Knight*, and *Page* for each of the four suits of the deck. The four suits, which comprise the remaining forty cards, are *Pentacles*, *Cups*, *Swords* and *Wands*. The suit cards are numbered from 1 (ace) to 10 for each of the four suits. In the traditional Tarot decks (such as Rider-Waite or Hanson-Roberts decks), the suit cards represent specific opportunities and lessons we may encounter in life. The minor arcana cards are used to represent people, relationships, finances, places and actions that are present in life. ☽

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BIOS

Karen Hollis is a professional intuitive guide with 25 years experience. She is a sought-after Master Tarot Reader who works with clients from around the globe. She teaches the Tarot for Dream Analysis in her Beginner Tarot class. Readings are by appointment, in person or by telephone: (860) 665-8024 ~ www.ReadingsbyKaren.com

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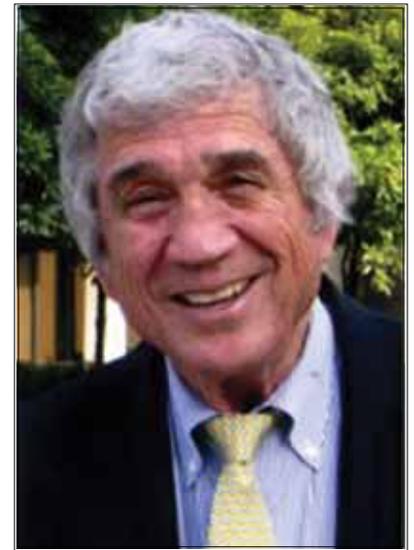
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What Do Dreams Say About the Nature of God?

Part III

by Arthur Bernard, Ph.D.



WE ARE LIVING IN UNPRECEDENTED TIMES,” writes Jung in *The Undiscovered Self*. It is a time of *kairos*, which in ancient Greek means “the right or opportune moment; a moment in time when an opening appears and something special happens; or a time for a metamorphosis of the Gods.”⁽¹⁾ The unimaginable has happened in the world. Weapons of mass destruction are in the hands of radicals or being sought by them. As a result, religious leaders now warn that the “end times” are imminent. There seems to be no one on the horizon who can lead humanity out of this quagmire. Looking for a savior from the political realm or religious institutions can be discouraging and depressing.

With saber rattling and constant threats hovering over our heads, individuals seem to be on their own. The time for change is long overdue, and encouraging signs of a tremendous spiritual revolution are manifesting everywhere. The choice for change does not lie with God. It lies with the human community. Whether people continue on the spiral downward toward the eventual destruction of humankind or take a new route to peace, fellowship and open-mindedness depends on all of us. As you will see, the redeemers are individuals, and they are closer to home than we realize.

Dreams offer extraordinary views on the subject of human spiritual evolution and change and the creation of a more enlightened society. Many ideas that are crucial to personal well being as well as planetary harmony have been forgotten—but not lost—by the majority of people, remaining concealed in the subliminal mind. This third segment of my four part article, *What Do Dreams Say About the Nature of God*, aims to prompt thinking men and women to seek and grasp this sacred knowledge. Dreams are trying to convert us to an old belief system—

something known in the distant past but that time, change, and neglect have allowed to slip away. This conversion attempt, unlike televangelism, does not try to influence and reshape religious beliefs via proselytizing or monetary obligations. Rather, we are born into membership of this inner church; the congregation is the human race. When the conscious mind is not permitted to interfere, the inner mind—infinitely more powerful and intelligent—sends dreams that strive to correct misguided belief systems.

The dramatic insights presented in the next few dreams are intended to ignite the abundant creative potential lying dormant in the psyche—if, you, too, are open to your dreams. I don’t know why these messages came through me at that particular time—maybe it was grace. Good things happen to people, and we don’t know why. They come spontaneously from a portion of the psyche that functions autonomously and whose ideas and thoughts contradict, challenge, and astound the ego with a novel way of expression.

Approximately twenty years ago, I had the following dream:

The Great Fish

I am at Winthrop Beach in Massachusetts, the area of my childhood. Standing at the shore, dressed in a simple off-white robe, I look out to sea, and for some unknown reason, I stride out, thinking I can walk on water, and I do. With each step, I get further and further from the shore, heading for the breakwater about a half-mile out. I realize this is not an extraordinary accomplishment, because the surface of the ocean feels like it is composed of a thin layer of a transparent rubbery material—perhaps a thin sheet of clear plastic that can support my weight. I know that as long as I keep moving to deeper water, the surface will support me. As soon as I stop, though, I know I will break through and fall into the ocean. When I’m slightly beyond the breakwater, I think, “What



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am I doing out here?" With that thought, I notice a sandbar that leads to a narrow, box-shaped wooden boathouse. The ocean's surface has returned to its natural state. I walk onto the shoal and open the door of this plain, simple structure. Inside is a beautifully hand-carved, intricately designed, one-man Eskimo kayak. I hear a voice say to me, "Get in the kayak and paddle out to the middle of the ocean, and there wait until the Great Fish rises from its depth." In my mind I picture the biggest and grandest fish in the sea, much larger than a whale. I start paddling out to sea, and then I wake up.



The ocean is a symbol for the source of all life. There are many mysteries in its depths, and my dream urges me to go far from the shore, out into the watery vastness. Some secret is waiting to reveal itself if I can find the ocean's center, which symbolically seems to indicate an organizing principle—a point around which something revolves or rotates. A Hindu doctrine states that God resides in the center, where the radii of a wheel meet at the axis. Metaphorically, the center has a strong spiritual connotation and suggests identification with the supreme principle of the universe.

When it comes to walking on water, I certainly don't equate any of my abilities with those of Jesus. In fact, walking on water was an almost insignificant part of the dream—except that it enabled me to keep moving toward deeper water. As long as I kept advancing, kept heading for the ocean depths, I wouldn't break the surface and drown. To me, the essence of my dream was the kayak and the command to paddle out to the middle of the ocean to wait for the Great Fish—alone, since the craft was a small, one-man boat. At

the time, in waking life, I think I had been trying to find a group situation to help me on my spiritual journey. But this dream indicated that, in my case, the great mysteries of life would not be revealed from the safety of a crowd in a conventional setting, but from trekking a unique individual path, illuminated by Light from my own candle.

Initially, I had no idea what the *Great Fish* meant. The best I could do was to anticipate that the biggest idea of my life would emerge from my unconscious if I was patient and centered. Then I researched the Great Fish in the *Dictionary of all Scriptures and Myths* (2) and learned it was a symbol of the higher self and primordial truth. Also in the dictionary was an interesting quote from the book, *Qabbalah*. According to the *Zohar*, a classic of Jewish mysticism, "He (God) had his dwelling in the Great Sea and was a fish therein." Myth also has it that the Hindu creator God, Brahma; the Hindu preserver God, Vishnu; and the Egyptian God of light, Horus, appeared in fish form. (3)

We Are All the Anointed Ones

There was some great message that wanted to come through in my fish dream, but I wasn't getting the complete picture. For many months, not a day went by without my reflecting on the images. But I needed more enlightenment—not just an intellectual understanding of the dream, but an inner personal experience that revealed the essence of the Great Fish. My unconscious knew what I needed and sent me a response many years later in an amazing dream.

A Voice From the Sky

I am standing on the shore of Winthrop Beach (at approximately the same location of the Great Fish dream). I enter the water to about hip level. A small wave rolls in, just about one foot high, and I brace myself for a gentle jolt. This mild surge jostles me just enough to jar an idea loose. Unexpectedly, I recall the dream of the past, and a voice from the sky asks, "Do you want to know what the fish means?" I answer affirmatively. A loud voice speaks again from the sky, "You are the anointed one! You are the anointed one!" In an instant, I understand that the Great Fish has surfaced, and the viewpoint that it

represents is the single biggest idea of my life. I am so excited that I run out of the water looking for my wife, yelling, "Sondy, I am the anointed one! I am the anointed one!" And as I am coming up out of the dream, I realize and even keep repeating,

*"We are all the anointed ones!
We are all the anointed ones!"*



I was astounded and felt honored and blessed that the spirit had granted me this revelation. It took several days for me to come down off my high so I could examine the dream in greater detail and ponder on what it meant. In its most basic sense, this dream was telling me that a divine influence is inherent in all human beings—but most don't realize it. My dream is not just for me; it's for everybody. Even Jesus said, "Ye are Gods" (John 10:34, KJV). Could this be the "New Religion?" The old ones aren't working too well; they seem to be a breeding ground for hate and retaliation. Some of the world's biggest lies have been spun in the churches, temples, and mosques of organized religion. Clearly, my dream was trying to turn me on to my own divinity and encourage others to do the same.

The Greek word Christ means the "anointed one." The word Messiah is the English rendering of the Hebrew "anointed one." Fundamentally, a human who is anointed is bestowed with the Spirit of Truth and with the primary purpose to help others discern what is true and what is not. In ancient Hebrew culture, anointed meant to be selected as the legitimate inheritor of leadership, whether as king, priest, or prophet.

Elaborate rituals were conducted to sanctify the ceremony, especially pouring oil on the head as a sign of God's special favor. That doesn't happen now. The main mission of the biblical Messiah is to restore the relationship between man and God and usher in the kingdom of peace and truth. According to the prophet Jeremiah (Jeremiah 23:3–6), the Messiah, the legendary long-awaited notable, would come and reign as king and deal wisely and justly over the land. But the truth is, humans are the true Messiahs, the rightful kings and queens.

Believing the divine is within everyone is not a new idea. The Bhagavad-Gita is a sacred Hindu text written between 500 and 50 BCE. Its main point is that all things are each a part of the One Creative Force and that human beings, along with all creations, are but manifestations of this One Divine Spirit. Thomas Aquinas (1225–1274), Catholicism's ultimate theologian, concluded through logical argument that God must be present in all things. Just by being born, people become anointed ones. Meister Johannes Eckhart, a thirteenth century Christian mystic, was convinced God is infinite, everywhere, and the essence of all things. Plato, Walt Whitman, Emerson, and Beethoven were similar believers.

If someone in a temple or church had told me I was born with a divine nature, I would have dismissed and forgotten the thought. But when it came through my dream, it was like a horse kick to the chest. I classify this type of dream as an inner revelation, which according to Webster's Dictionary is an act of revealing or communicating a divine truth—an enlightening or astonishing disclosure.

My inner mind already possessed the truth when I had the original dream of the Great Fish, but I couldn't grasp the essence of this evocative symbol until it was revealed in the second dream. Because of this direct experience, I have begun more and more to rely upon the inner light, the presence of this creative force in my own soul, to navigate me into the truth. God is not in some far-off heavenly and unreachable place, but in the nucleus of my body and my soul. I consider myself an ordinary guy. There is nothing special about me except that I am taller than the average person and for some unknown reason have what I consider to be unique dreams every once in a while. And this is the main point. There is something exceptional in all people.

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“The concepts that come from dreams represent a new paradigm in religious understanding.

The old way of thinking about religion creates more problems and hostilities than it solves.

As Jung mentioned, society is living in a time of kairós—a time of change.

And this change has the capacity to revolutionize the way humans think about the purpose of their lives. ”



According to Solomon Almoli, a sixteenth-century rabbi, judge, and lawyer, “Every person has approximately one great thing to say to the world in his lifetime, while the remainder of his ideas are merely echoes of other people’s thoughts.”⁽⁴⁾ With the divine force bestowed upon us at birth, we are the directors of our own drama. People are not puppets—no one is pulling the strings but the individuals themselves.

Dreams want to make clear that the real gods live inside us and that they are what create feelings of authentic human nobility.

“We the people” are going to save the world. Dreams help dreamers see where spirit is trying to guide consciousness into the future so people can discover their true nature, which is essential for human ennoblement. Spirit is not some vague theological notion. It’s a living reality. Is that so far from the Christian belief of the Holy Spirit impregnating Mary’s womb? This is not just a Christian myth but also a fundamental metaphor for the incarnation of many beings. Hundreds of virgin-birth myths existed in pagan religions around the same time Christianity appeared. The idea behind these births was that gods and semigods lived on earth in the likeness of men, such as Buddha, Plato, Hercules, Quetzalcoatl, Alexander the Great, and the Pharaohs.

These concepts that come from dreams represent a new paradigm in religious understanding. The old way of thinking about religion creates more problems and hostilities than it solves. As Jung mentioned, society is living in a time of kairós—a time of change. And this change has the capacity to revolutionize the way humans think about the purpose of their lives. At the core of this new spiritual paradigm being presented in dreams is a staggering conviction; on the soul level, that people have been immaculately conceived and a great adventure awaits each individual who desires to discover what this means to him or her. Accepting divinity amplifies human capacities. Dreams help those who heed them to push beyond the usual limits of the conscious mind. Just like Christ accepted his life with all its challenges, so, too, must each of us take full responsibility for our lives.

The Messiah is anyone and everyone. Rabbi Arthur Green says it best: “The actual effort to redeem the world is turned to us in history, and is done by all of us, day by day. Messiah has been waiting on the periphery since the very beginning of history, ready to come forth when the time is right. According to one legend, he sits among the lepers at the gates of Rome—today we would likely find him in an AIDS hospice—tending to wounds. Only when redemption is about to be completed will messiah be allowed to arrive. **Rather than messiah redeeming us, we redeem messiah.**”⁽⁵⁾ Maybe the time for deliverance is now. ☪

Question for Readers to respond to.

1. What are your reactions to the idea that we are all Messiahs?

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The Monitor & Laughter of the Gods

Saraswati Comes Swingin' Her Hips



Art and Article by Mary Saint-Marie

"It began this way. It was October, 2008. I felt a deep need for solitude, a retreat. I chose October 18th and 19th as my days for inner reflection. With no foreknowledge, I spent those days writing—morning, noon and night. I was not trying to write a play. I was simply writing what was there in consciousness. I kept paper and pen near me. What happened was that dreaming and waking appeared in my world as one and the same."

The Monitor and Laughter of the Gods



Mary Saint-Marie

“Transcendent Humor”

“The Monitor is revealed as the ecstatic watcher/seer in us all.”

These two quotes were on the July, 2011 poster above for Ashland, Oregon’s Sacred Theatre performance of the play, *The Monitor and Laughter of the Gods: Saraswati Comes Swingin’ Her Hips*. The play is a sacred enactment of ancient remembering. I wrote the play in a most unexpected fashion and did most of the producing. The entire play is an unfoldment of seeing the ordinary and the extraordinary as one —of seeing the dreaming and the waking as one.

It began this way. It was October, 2008. I felt a deep need for solitude, a retreat. I chose October 18th and 19th as my days for inner reflection. With no foreknowledge, I spent those days writing—morning, noon and night. I was not trying to write a play. I was simply writing what was there in consciousness. I kept paper and pen near me.

What happened was that dreaming and waking appeared in my world as one and the same. The following lines, taken directly from the play, describe the experience best:

“Much information is passed back and forth which I cannot seem to remember because I am waking up. I am lying in bed. It is morning. I was dreaming.

For a flash, I remember my prayer before I went into meditation the evening before. I asked within, like never before, that my sleep, dreams and waking states all be in the One Consciousness. I said I am tired of lapsing into unconsciousness. I want to be Awake and lucid all the time. I said that to myself, meditated and went to sleep.

I struggle a moment to stay in the dream. I know it is important. I relax into that between wake and dream zone of early morning, that dawn period that I love. It is the place where rapture dwells, exaltation even. It is the place that is not a place, where I get revelations, ideas and contacts. Some call it God. Some...Presence. I heard it Call Itself ‘I AM’ once. But

It said that without words and without a voice.

It is indeed marvelous to hear the unspeakable speak.

I am back in the dream. I am awake. I am in charge. I can stop the dream or keep it going. I don’t want to stop it. Answers, Awareness seem to fill the space.”

From that Aware space, the writing continued. For two days, I fixed meals, sat in the sun on the deck, walked and gazed at the mountain and was quiet in the evenings. And still the words continued to pour in. I carried pad and pen everywhere. It was a new writing experience, since the dream-awake state was alive in me for two days. Then the words stopped as abruptly as they started. The energy of the two days was heightened. I was ecstatic.

The writing was a Living Vision and I was a participant, residing somehow in it all: the dream, the awakensness, the zone that joined them.

Ten weeks after writing the dream-awake experience, I wrote a description of what appeared to be a play to send to a friend.

“The Monitor generates a surreal, mystical and humorous meeting of the consciousness with Consciousness. It befriends Truth shared in an unexpected and irreverent context. It reminds us all starkly and directly that all of humanity is on notice to go beyond the realm of beliefs and touch the wordless and nameless One that dissolves boundaries between races, religions, traditions, countries and seeming separations everywhere.

The Monitor is revealed as the silent, ecstatic witness, watcher, observer, seer in us all. In that, Inspiration is seen as the Inner One where the mystery of the Unknown becomes the Known.

One revels in naked delight as Saraswati continues to remove the veils of separation. As original archetypal woman does the dance the One Dance of Balance. As Goddess of Reciprocity does she swing her hips in the rhythm of the earth reminding us of Home.

Ever will the audience be uplifted in the exaltation of the realm of the real.”

The friend who read the play wrote:

*‘It is the Awakened inviting the asleep.
Seduction...in its truest sense,
A Play of Cosmos into form.
The formless dances upon the stage
With simple sweet seductive satisfaction
Baring deep seeded Fear’s Farce.
Calling the emperor naked.’*

The Monitor and Laughter of the Gods can be described very simply as a chronicled journey and communication between the awake and the awakening.

Considering the play in detail, the communing takes the form of a woman who goes by the name, The Monitor, who is questioned by two men who find her intriguing and strange in her ways. They are curious and end up asking piercing questions about the universal perspective of life. The Monitor questions whether she has created them or whether they have created her. The humor continues throughout as

The Monitor reveals the Oneness that they are.

The Monitor represents all of humanity’s nobility.

The Monitor portrays Awareness. She represents the no-mind, the indigenous mind.

The Monitor reveals the Mystical as the Practical in us all.

The Monitor embodies the archetypal force of the divine feminine principle.

The Monitor is a messenger for the universal law of balance.

The Monitor sees and reports.

The two questioning men represent us all. Everyman. They are awakening out of their old condescending attitudes toward the universal feminine values. They are awakening out of the linear, left brain world of seeming separation. They are awakening out of beliefs. They are between the two paradigms and are ‘messengers’ for those still stuck in seeming separation and the ensuing fear. They are in a deep observing stage with the ‘strange’ woman. There is a genuine disbelief and curiosity, but no disdain or mockery.

These two men are attracted to the new Consciousness. They like what they see.

They see mirrored their own true nature.

The two men are very important. They represent the unfolding new culture.

They embody the unfolding receptive nature in us all.

The sacred enactment is filled with music and chanting by a universal man named Shanti who represents love. Dancing and playfulness fill the space by his friend, Joy, who comes and goes, bringing light-heartedness in her wake.

Saraswati, the Universal Goddess of Balance, slows the pace to a profound entry into the rhythms of the music borne of the Infinite; the Great Mystery penetrated and perceived, the mystical dancing in form—beauty in motion.

There are two moments that make it look as if the Chorus of the ancient Greek plays is returned unto this time of grand awakening. Wise Woman does step onto the stage adorned in cape and staff, holding space for the Law of Balance to be recognized, honored and realized.

When the play was performed in Ashland, the director wanted to add another note that would powerfully link the audience, the players, and the message, creating moments of felt oneness. He already had the actors and dancers moving and weaving through the audience. When the finale of the play arrived, Saraswati danced across the stage with actors following... and a prearranged dancer in the audience began to dance, signaling the audience that they were invited to dance this dance of the One.

The play relates to the current world situation and shines light onto it. A simple study of history reveals that there has been a dominant culture for five to six thousand years, a time when the masculine principle has dominated the feminine principle and values of caring, giving, loving, beauty. Great inequalities have occurred in the home and in the world home. During this time, the yin and the yang have been out of balance and have yielded great suppression, oppression, repression, depression and endless outer impressions and pressures in individuals and societies. What is desired is expression from the within-ness, the Oneness. From the inner knowing and awareness to the outer manifestation—the One as Many.

The Monitor is simply a reminder to come out from under the lie of that imbalance of the last 6000 years. The Monitor is a reminder that initiates the arising of the divine feminine values in all of humanity to work in harmony with the masculine principle. The Monitor is a reminder of the universal law of balance that the people may, together, create an unprecedented culture... a gathering of light and beauty! The Monitor is a reminder that we need a Mother of the World Home, as well as a Father of the World Home.

Now, together, we can allow the Universal Balance that already is...

Infuse the evolving new culture with love...partnered with laughter...

ever dissolving fear’s farce. ∅

**The Monitor and Laughter of the Gods* was performed
as a benefit for EarthCare Global TV.

~ ~ ∞ ~ ~ ∞ ~ ~

Mystic artist, writer, poet and educator, Mary Saint-Marie reflects from inner vision and presence her awareness of Universal Oneness, I Am Awareness. www.marysaintmarie.com www.EarthCareGlobalTV.com

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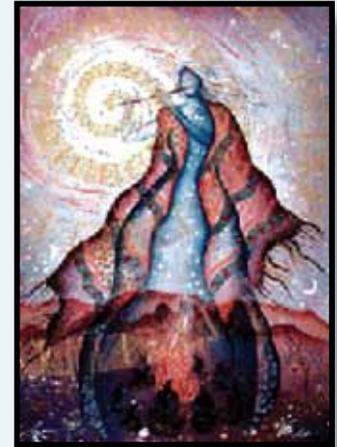
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