

*Dreams of Rebirth ~ Death ~ Rebirth*

Vol. 24 No. 3

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# Dream Network

*Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture*

Since 1982

*Fony macalli*

**Sacred Wounds**

*Kathy Martone Ed. D.*

**Dreams in the News**

*Russell A. Lockhart Ph.D.*

**Embodied Dream Imagery**

*An Interview with Robert Bosnak*

**On the Relevance of Quantum Concepts  
to Dreaming Consciousness**

*Montague Ullman, M.D.*

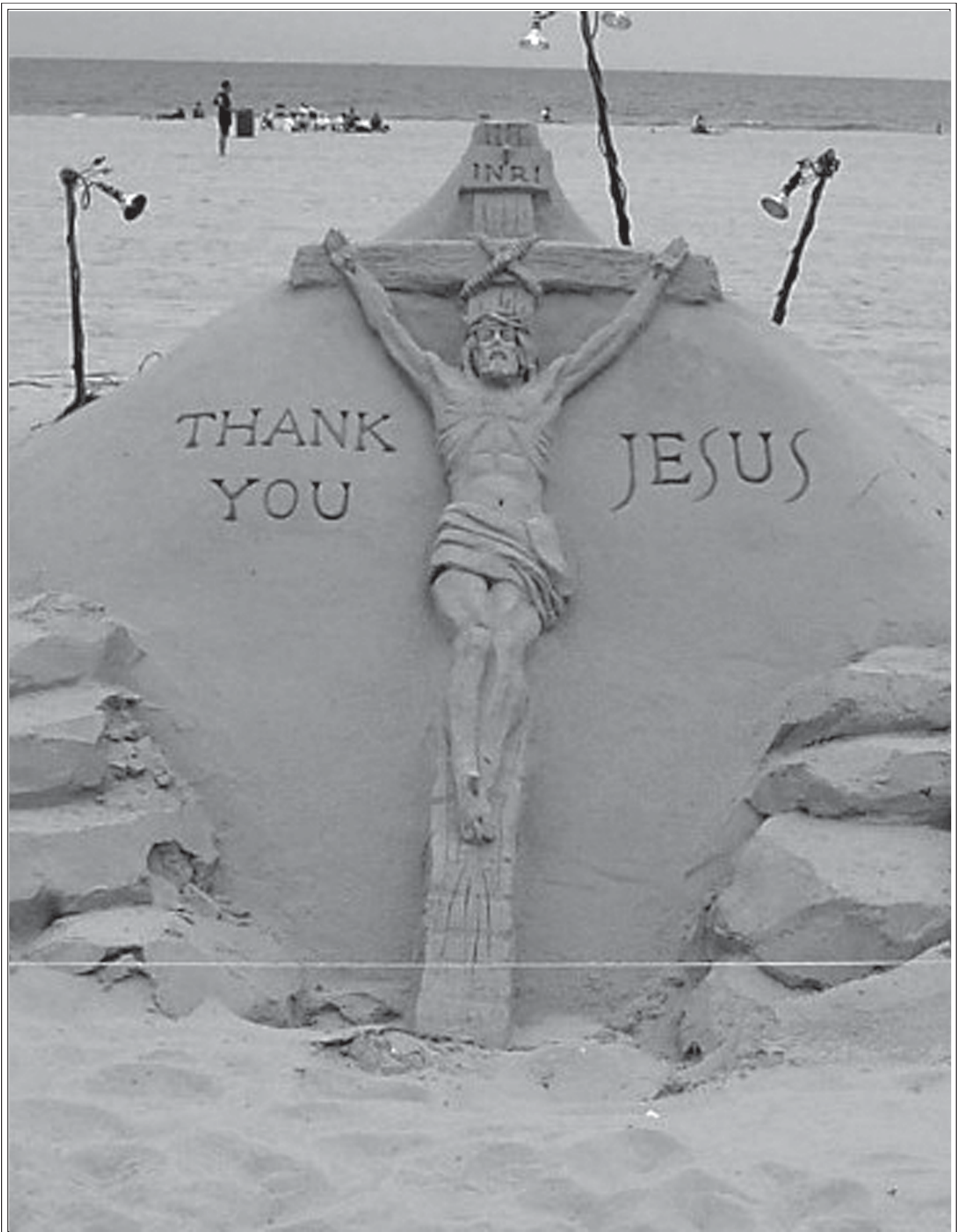


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*"I'm still amazed with what I've learned and how much my dreams have been trying to tell me. I just didn't know!"* —YourGuidingDreams.com Member

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One sand sculpting by Chuck Ritchey, Sr., who creates a new Christian artpiece each day (and washes away each day with the tide) on the beach at Ocean City, Maryland

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## Dream Network

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## ***Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture ~ Since 1982***

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

Our goals are to unite and serve individuals who respect dreams, to empower dreamers in demystifying dreamwork and to assist with the integration of dreamsharing into our everyday lives and culture...in whatever ways of integrity are shown and given us. We believe that dreams are agents for change and often reveal important new insights about the life of the dreamer on many levels: personal, cultural and global.

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

We seek to provide a balance and to give all cultures/nations, voices and schools of thought an opportunity to be heard. There will be times when a particular area of interest will be given greater emphasis than another because of that which is surfacing and given the limited space in the print and Online Journal. The emphasis will change over time to allow for a wide range of ideas, opinions and areas of interest to be explored and expressed. We invite you to indicate areas of interest and questions you would like to see explored on our website and in future issues.

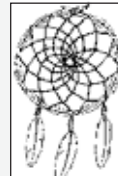
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## Upcoming Focus

for WINTER—Volume 24 No. 4

**A-Calling:  
Dreams & Vocation**

**Dreams of Death and Rebirth  
Part II**

**Lifeline: 4 Weeks  
after you receive  
this issue.**

## About Our Cover

### "In The Magnificence"

*no grasping, no self-image crutches,  
no mental commentary... there!  
nature is at your feet - you come with love -  
the great Magificence opens to meet you*

*by Tony Macelli*



Tony Macelli is an artist, writer, and a freelance consultant in the areas of education, development work and planning, has been working with UNESCO and until recently was advisor to the Minister of Education. He lives on the Mediterranean island of Malta with his wife Nora. Together they have worked in several developing countries, especially India, as innovative local development workers, managers, and trainers. He obtained four degrees from three universities in mathematics, physics, community development, and systems analysis of human settlements.

His current interests include developing educational approaches that can attack poverty, as distinct from helping the poor and he welcomes information and suggestions from anyone in this direction. He has made book-covers and other artwork, and would like to collaborate on dream-related or similar projects to illustrate articles or books. His art includes whimsical and dream-like pieces, spiritual-mystical inspirations and colourful landscapes. Contact him on ICQ 117594388 or Email Mr. Macelli at : [tonynora@maltanet.net](mailto:tonynora@maltanet.net)

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## Editorial

So I walk on uplands unbounded,  
and know that there is hope  
for that which Thou didst mold out  
of dust to have  
consort with things eternal.  
*The Dead Sea Scrolls*

In Nature, we are surrounded with evidence of the ongoing cycles of death and rebirth, a consistent changing of forms. In Autumn, the leaves change colors, are lifted by the wind, fall to the ground to nurture and renew many life forms. In the animal kingdom, all species—including human—depend on other life forms for basic subsistence. Human bodies change forms as well: ever-changing appearances and cellular structure from birth until death. "From dust we are born; to dust we shall return." People die. Relationships do not... and now I need to get personal and share experience I hope you will find of value.

My father appeared to me in a dream many years after his death in 1965... as God. We didn't have the best of relationships and were unresolved at the time of his death. When I awakened I said out loud: "How dare you impersonate God...!" Shortly thereafter, I read Patricia Garfield's first book... and accepted him as a God.

When my mother was enduring her dying process in November 1976 and I knew her physical end was near, I became terrified. This was my first experience attending someone during their dying process and this was my mother! The night before she passed over, I almost abandoned her out of fear, but remained with her through the night. When I returned to her home (here in Moab), I was exhausted & alert, simultaneously. I reclined in her chair and had a spontaneous out-of-body experience - Flying above this valley, in and out of the bright gold cottonwood trees and up and down the Colorado River cor-

ridor, *thinking* "Wow! This is great! I can see and am conscious, but no body to lug around." When I jolted back into my body, The Voice said: "*That's how it's going to be for her. There's nothing to fear.*"

After losing my parents, I had to face mortality, death and began reading everything I could get my hands on. Fortunately—reinforced by the wisdom-Gift imparted by The Voice—I've believed in reincarnation since I was a teenager and came on to the story of Bridey Murphy. Do any of you remember her?

Elizabeth Kubler-Ross was just coming on to the scene at that time and contributes immeasurably to our culture's maturation process in facing the process of physical death and death itself. I've seen a good many people through the process. I'm familiar now.

With all the never-ending human wars, in particular, what's going on in Iraq, on our cities' streets, with hurricane Katrina, in the world... we are surrounded with the suffering and death of many life forms. Most are feeling overwhelmed; it IS overwhelming! In the midst of it all, it is no surprise to me that a number of unsolicited submissions focused on these important topics began flowing in to this matrix a few months ago, thereby dictating the contents of this issue - and a good portion of our winter issue.

There are so many fine submissions I hesitate to mention any few by author/title; however, I must mention that it is a great honor to publish the excellent interview conducted by Kim Birdsong with Marion Woodman. Oh, thank you!

Beyond that, I invite you dive in... and know: We're all going to die - and we can FLY!

Until our winter issue comes out, I wish you abundant blessings, send gratitude to each of you and wishes for a meaningful, gathering this coming Thanksgiving. ∞

## Letters, Questions & Dreams

### Praise for *Dreams in the News*

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED the latest Dream Network, and I "fell open" at DREAMS IN THE NEWS, a splendid article on the universality of each dream message. Wonderful! Bless you for your wise editorship! You are steering *Dream Network* into the New Age we are entering, hopefully aware of its enlightening mode of conscious living.

*Charles de Beer*

### Synopsis of 9Charles' 92nd & Prologue 93

The 31st of July—my 92nd birthday—went off very happily. We had a small group sharing a champagne/orange juice breakfast with us at a nearby restaurant called Zizi. They arranged everything to perfection: a great variety of food, excellent service and some TLC gestures that were much appreciated. There were phone calls from Anne in Canada (who had also sent a lovely card) Anne in Brussels (who had also sent an Internet card), John in USA, and Cedric, as well as from Dini Walburgh Schmidt in Cape Town. Dini, last year, lost Jan after years of gradual degradation due to Alzheimer disease. Emails from David and Ineke on holiday in Madeira, Christopher and Jen (and Sadie of course), Debora in Holland, Roberta of *Dream Network USA*. and others. All this yielded three bottles of red wine, some after shave cream and an unusual, beautiful, shirt (white embroidered) that will create a sensation when I wear it to choir practice... and a cassette of Chopin piano music. Speaking about the choir, the two concerts on the Friday and Saturday, prior to my birthday went very well, full houses each time and my solo of La Mer was much applauded

I have also been approached to speak on dream interpretation at a Body/Mind and Spirit festival early September in Newcastle—about 500 km from here. The 2004 issue of the English Masonic Study Society research papers contains three short studies by me written in the 1970's! So 92 is at an end but 93 holds promise of things to come.

*BLESS YOU, Charles de Beer,  
Umtemtweni, South Africa*

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### Dream Network at Pacifica

I'M JUST BACK from my final Dream Tending class at Pacifica. The six month program was wonderful. Steve Aizenstat is brilliant! The group itself was composed of some magnificent people, who continue to e-mail and share dreams and insights. So I highly recommend DreamTending to everyone!

On our last weekend, I brought five different Dream Network journals in which I had written articles and placed them on the altar. In my heart of hearts, it was an act of gratitude, because I have found writing with you and Dream Network very empowering. I felt like those articles helped me venture into the DreamTending class, which reinforced my desire to pursue my Ph.D. at Pacifica. And yet, the Dream Network journals did not sit quietly. They took on a life of their own: they were picked up and carried around and membership information was copied down.... I just sent out the Dream Network link to our class on e-mail. So, hopefully, many of the DreamTenders will join us and some may even submit articles, poetry, and artwork.

I also showed Steve Aizenstat (and the group) the first article that I wrote for you - Dream Tending and Story Telling - with his advertisement for DreamTending on the page just opposite the last page of my article. The synchronicity seemed to demand

highlighting! So, your work - and Dream Network were very present in Santa Barbara this month!

Need to mention also that I really appreciated Kim Birdsong's interview with Robert Bosnak, Embodied Dream Imagery. It provided some perspective on his work that I have been interested in for a while, but have not yet been able to pursue. Thanks for offering such a wide variety of approaches to the dream!

*Jeanne Elkins, Mount Berry, GA*

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### We All Love You Monte

FIRST, I WANT TO SAY how much I have enjoyed the article by Montague Ullman, "On The Relevance of Quantum Concepts to Dreaming Consciousness," published in the Summer 2005 issue of Dream Network Journal. I've admired Dr. Ullman for many years. Sitting on my desk is a copy of the classic work, Dream Telepathy, first published by Ullman, Krippner and Vaughn in 1973. It brings a smile to my face to see Ullman writing so clearly and beautifully of "quantum" issues with relationship to dreams. He has clearly been one of the leaders in bringing the importance of dreams to public view.

*Elizabeth Howard, Gainseville, FL*

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### Help with Recurring Dream?

MY NAME IS KIMBERLY. I have had a recurring dream since I was about seven years old (I am now 22). I've read books and done research but I can't seem to find any information to help me understand why I keep having this dream.

The dream starts out that *I am in my elementary school gymnasium and it's completely empty and the door across the room is open. I am about seven or eight years old in the dream. I walk towards the door and when I get halfway across the room I*

see this cartoon fox standing next to the door. I walk closer to the door and he walks closer to me. I step back and he steps back. I begin to run to the door but when I get there the door is closed and locked. The fox just stands beside me and stares at me. I scream and run back towards where I came in and I get halfway there and I realize that door is now closed too. I turn around and the fox is coming towards me. There is a rope attached to the ceiling so I climb it. When I get to the top and look down he is standing there looking up at me. I try to scream again and nothing comes out.

Then I wake up, but every time I awaken from this dream I feel like I can't breathe; I always wake up gasping for air.

Any thoughts on this dream or could you point me in the direction of someone who can help? Thank you for your time.

Kimberly E: [teala1781@yahoo.com](mailto:teala1781@yahoo.com)

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## Praise for Rosemary Watts: Dream Educator

I HAD BEEN RECORDING MY DREAMS for several years, knowing they were important but not knowing how to interpret their messages, prior to attending Rosemary Watts' 'Understanding your Dreams I and II' classes in the early 1990's. I began working one on one with Rosemary in 1995 and have continued to complete many of her classes over the years. Rosemary's creativity, sensitivity, and knowledge have been a 'gift' to me that I cannot express in words. Sharing with Rosemary, participating in her classes/groups and working with my dreams has taught me so much about my life, myself and my emotions on a deeper level than I ever imagined possible!

Barb Jacober, O'Fallon, MO

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## Life StoryTeller

I HAVE BEEN WORKING ON A PERFORMANCE DRAMA since being called to The Parliament of the World's Religions to perform with my dance/theatre company of women in Chicago, 1993. Most of the material has come through dreaming. However, 2 years ago, I read a legend that was written down in the 13th century called L'Elucidations.

This is a pre-Grail legend in which the protagonist, King Amagnons rapes (along with his nobles) the women who keep the holy wells for the Goddess. The men steal the golden vessels that they carry. These women/priestesses are thus dis-empowered to serve as they had done, travelers and villagers at the well. They wander lost. The men who have usurped the powers are oblivious to the larger impact of what they have done. The land becomes a WASTELAND. The powers are no longer in balance (the rightful ruler king and the goddess, earth). Later Arthur tries to avenge the priestesses but they are no longer there (until now, 7 centuries later)!

The story that my company of women (ages 14-74) had been working on and performing (UK Ireland, US including National Cathedral in Washington) prior to my knowing of this legend, was of the three women at the well with vessels and the search of the young feminine/princess for her authenticity as an emerging young woman. With the help of an owl, she finds the priestesses at the well.

Now, with the old legend attached, the Story involves a father king who, as Amagnons, has taken the power away from the goddess/earth for his own glory. The princess not only finds her Self, but she must go back to confront the king. She begs his return to "gentleness", his return of the vessels to the well women.

I have been guided by Thomas Berry

(with whom I have performed) and by the work of Carl Jung in my quest both of whom urge us to find our new myth to live by. I know that in the face of the current misuse of power in our world, this story must be told. Here's Thomas' quote that is on your site,

"It's all a question of story. We are in trouble just now because we do not have a good story. We are in between stories. The old story, the account of how the world came to be and how we fit into it, is no longer effective. Yet we have not learned the new story. Our traditional story of the universe sustained us for a long period of time. It shaped our emotional attitudes, provided us with life purposes and energized action. It consecrated suffering and integrated knowledge. We awoke in the morning and knew where we were. We could answer questions of our children. We could identify crime, punish transgressors. Everything was taken care of because the story was there..."

Today I am taking my feminine courage and standing behind the story that lives in me. I know the story is to be filmed in Cornwall (a trip to Cornwall is in the works for next month). It seems from my research that the Pre-Grail legend was written out of oral tradition from that area (I had assumed it had come from Gaul/France). So, now the characters/players are known, the story and place. I am gathering the contacts and the finances.

This is mythic material arisen from the deep feminine and an ancient saga that utterly points to our wasting world of today. A healing tale that must be told. Thanks for any help you can give.

Frederica Chapman, M.S.

Veronica Institute for Life Story

135 Brackett St. #3, Portland, MA 04102

[veronicainstitute.org](http://veronicainstitute.org) - 207-828-1200



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## "Went Like Hotcakes"

**THANK YOU** for sending the copies of Dream Network to the IASD conference. They went like hotcakes!

*Jeanne Campbell, Portsmouth VA*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

## We All Need Help

**MAKING MY DREAMS UNDERSTANDABLE** has always been a challenge for me. Now I realize that with your help, it's also possible. Thank you for your support and simple lessons. Symbolism is a language all its own; mastering it is impossible it seems without help from some outside source. I truly believe the divine can speak with us if we are willing to listen... and once that level of discipline is achieved, great things can be learned. With your help, I believe we can gain at least a glimpse into this nearly unexplored world.

*John Marg, Green Bay, WI*

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## Positively Impressed

**I JUST PICKED UP A FEW COPIES** of *Dream Network Journal* and I am really impressed! I liked the other issue you sent me as well - the Spring issue. I have been remiss in not telling you how honored I feel to have my words published in DNJ. Thank you thank you thank you! And I will keep you in mind as I go forward with my writing. Right now though I am focusing my efforts on getting the book published. But who knows? I may get additional inspirations along the way!

*Kathy Martone, Denver, CO*

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## After Death - Saying Goodbye

**ON THURSDAY JULY 21ST** one of my good friends was in a motor cycle accident and was killed. Two nights ago I had this dream:

*I go to a house, one that I am not familiar with. I see him, it seems like he is waiting for me. I run to him and give him the biggest, longest hug ever! He walks with me, I'm hugging him. He says something (?) and then tells me to sit somewhere. Then he left...*

I have my own thoughts about what it means but I'm not really sure, I think it was either me saying good bye to him or that he came in my dreams to say goodbye to me.

*Heather S., Davie, FL  
(Confirmed. Ed.)*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

## Praises Ever-Higher Quality

**I JUST RECEIVED THE SUMMER DREAM NETWORK** on facing fear, and wow! This is a very powerful issue! Great job! I'm having so much fun reading it. What have been your responses to it thus far? It seems like you have upgraded the paper and printing on the inside. What have you done? The quality is higher!

I am very pleased with my Dream Inspired Artistry pages; the artwork looks very good. Thank you to you and your very professional staff for doing your very best!!

*Brenda Ferrimani,  
bdreamcat@aol.com CO*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

## Taking Issue with Book Review

**IT IS UNFORTUNATE** that the person who reviewed Robert Moss's book *Dreamworld of the Iroquois* dislikes him so much, in addition to disliking his book.

Not only did I enjoy this book very much, but the many people to whom I have recommended it have also found it informative and inspiring. The

## Editorial Policy

We invite you to submit letters, articles, poetry, reviews and artwork focused on dreams and mythology designed to inspire and educate our readers. We accept articles from every-night dreamers and professionals, ranging from the experiential-to-the-scholarly.

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We are perpetually 'Exploring the Mystery,' and invite your Questions as well.

stories of his life and his dreams are so interesting; this book added a few more pieces to his multifaceted being. My experience of Robert Moss in the several workshops that I have attended is of an inspired and inspiring teacher. *Mary Flaten, Northfield, MN*

# An Interview with Marion Woodman

by Kim Birdsong

February 24th, 2005 ~ Pacifica Institute, Santa Barbara, CA

## INTRODUCTION

**MARION WOODMAN, PH.D. IS A JUNGIAN ANALYST**, internationally known author, teacher, lecturer and workshop leader. She is the author of many books including Bone: Dying into Life which chronicles her journey with cancer, dreams and the goddess Sophia. Among her other works are The Pregnant Virgin, Addiction to Perfection, The Forsaken Garden (co-authored with Nancy Ryley), Coming Home to Myself (co-authored with Jill Mellick), and The Maiden King (co-authored with Robert Bly). Dr. Woodman's work as an analyst and author focuses on the relations of psyche (soul) and soma (body) and on their relation to dreams, both personal and in the archetypal realm. Marion has founded the Marion Woodman Foundation which sponsors BodySoul Work.

February 2005 brought the Canadian based Jungian analyst to Santa Barbara, California. One of four elders, including James Hillman, Huston Smith and Chungliang Al Huang, Marion shared her depth, expertise and wisdom as part of Pacifica Graduate Institute's Masters Series put on by Pacifica in conjunction with the Joseph Campbell Archives and the James Hillman Collection. Her contributions to this series included a public lecture Friday evening and a day long workshop exploring "Our Self Behind Ourselves Concealed, Separating Soul from Ego, and Who "I am." Once introduced by Pacifica's founder and president, Stephen Aizenstat, Marion received a lengthy standing ovation from the capacity crowd of nearly 700 who filling the Lobero theater. The applause was warm and welcoming, acknowledging both her vast body of work, her contribution to the understanding of women, eating disorders and issues of the body and dreams, as well as to welcome her back from her long ordeal with cancer. In purple velvet with long curls loose, Marion was present, vivacious, witty, sharp, and direct.

The afternoon prior to her lecture, with college students arriving for a conference and the bar gearing up for happy hour, Dr. Woodman sat down with me in the lobby of her hotel for the following interview.

Further information on her work and schedule can be found at [mwoodmanfoundation.org](http://mwoodmanfoundation.org) and [mwoodman.org](http://mwoodman.org).

**Kim Birdsong:** How has your personal dream life changed since going through the cancer?

**Marion Woodman:** It has changed but I don't think it's because of the cancer. I think as you get older, at least this has been my experience working with older people, they tend to be very small dreams and very condensed language. Quite powerful, almost like, "This way, not that way," opening up whole new areas the eternal world.

**Kim:** So, are they more specific?

**Marion:** In a way they're more symbolic, as though they're coming from the deepest levels of the archetypal field, sort of what you'd expect to find if an angel came and spoke to you.

**Kim:** Are there any images that stick out?

**Marion:** Well, I've always had a lot to do with snakes. White snakes are around now. Of course white snakes are sacred. White animals usually are sacred. And so I think that that is a life line, pretty powerful but moving into Spirit; on it's way to spirit.

**Kim:** How do you feel about symbol dictionaries?

**Marion:** Not very good. Well that's not exactly true. It depends on the dictionary completely. There's one by DeVries, *Dictionary of Imagery*, first published in Holland. It's excellent. But even there, you have to work with the personal association with the images, because a dream is very, very personal. Your own computer has given you this. It's amazing if you think of a sensation coming in on the skin, and going through the neuro peptides all through those channels that are taking it back to the brain, and the brain takes hold of that and computes it into an image. I find that miraculous! Because the image is so exact. The brain may go back 40 years, may go back right to childhood, and you think, "Good grief, I haven't

thought of that person in 50 years." And then you say, "hmmm, I know why she's in the dream." So to rely on a book that says this is what it means. You never know what it means. You never can say this is what this symbol means.

**Kim:** And that the symbolic meaning can shift and expand over time.

**Marion:** Oh yes, I have dreams from 30 years ago that I am now working on for a paper and I am just astonished at their depth. And you can say this is what the dream means right now to me, but you're cutting off the roots and the possibilities of growth if you do that. Dreams are such precious, precious gifts, you know. What percentage of the population is really paying any attention to their dreams?

**Kim:** Very small

**Marion:** Very small, very small. And we're losing symbolic language, you see. Our culture is losing its symbolic world. And that is death to the soul, because the soul speaks a symbolic language, a metaphorical language. And we are appareled in metaphors if we watch our dreams and believe that God can guide us in our dreams...

People ask me, "Why do I have to pay you all this money so you can interpret my dream?" If they had the symbolic language and understanding, they would be able to do a great deal of work on it. Mind you, I think you have to have somebody else there to see the blind spots.

I don't know how it is in the States, but in Canada, John Milton is not taught, sometimes not even at university. The greatest poet in terms of sound in the language, Shakespeare is no longer compulsory. Poetry is becoming obsolete. William Blake, for example, with his gorgeous poetry and his great, great epic poems: who knows him any more? And these are our direct lines to the unconscious. So Sad.

What I mean by that Kim, is if you



want to know what a symbol is about, read a poem. If you want a direct line through to the unconscious, you see, and you pick up a Shakespearean poem. There is your direct line right through, instead of looking up in some silly book that you pay five dollars for.

**Kim:** Do you feel that there were pre-cognitive dreams with respect to your illness?

**Marion:** That is a hard question because there were an awful lot of other things going on. I had just lost my brother to cancer and my dreams before my illness were anguished dreams, so that I can hardly separate what was caused from my psychic condition and what was physical. I really don't believe that they're two. I believe they are one. I think that the anguish I was in before I was diagnosed was the cause.

**Kim:** Do you think that the body itself dreams, or do you think there is no separation?

**Marion:** I really don't think there's a separation. I think that a dream is a physical picture of a spiritual condition.

**Kim:** It's an environment.

**Marion:** And it tells you in a picture what your spiritual state is. So the two go right together.

**Kim:** How do we know which dreams to really pay attention to? Might it be a dream that is felt more deeply in the body upon waking? What are the signs?

**Marion:** A response in the body that is alarming or extremely happy, it could be.

Jung says there's no such thing as an unimportant dream. In his understanding of the psyche, we have these complexes floating around. At the core of the complex is an archetype. So that at the core of the mother complex, for example, is the goddess. At the core of the father complex is the father god. No dream is unimportant because if you think of the complex as round, like an onion, you're peeling away trying to get down to the core of it. If you think of it as a pie and each dream is a piece of the pie, there is an archetypal shadow in every dream. You see what I mean? If you cut in far enough, you're in the archetypal world. So that dimension is in every dream.

**Kim:** I think a lot of people are too nervous to look too closely for fear of what they might find.

**Marion:** I'm sure that's true, and I think some people are lazy. Others are simply unable to stop raping their unconscious; meaning they use an alarm clock every morning that just rips right through the unconscious, and that's the end of the dream. Or they won't spend time. They say, "I have to get up and get to work," or at night, "I'm too tired." There's always an excuse, but if you are interested in your own soul...

The other place we're losing our symbols, of course, is the church. The churches are empty, and people are trying to find other ways. There is no better way than the dream to come into deep, deep soil of the soul.

**Kim:** Are there certain sign posts of initiation or that the initiatory journey is on the way?

**Marion:** Well I think that the archetypal field is a harbinger of what's coming. So I always watch very carefully if a dream is sort of repeating itself or if it's moving forward. For example, I had a woman in my practice once who was in all my body workshops. She started having dreams of *a man jumping fences in the backyards of all her neighbors. And this man was coming leaping through that yard and through another yard, and gradually coming closer and closer to her house.* I thought, "That's really strange. He is coming closer and closer to her house. In the *backyard*, so it's shadow stuff." And then a man phoned me and said he wanted to come to one of the workshops.

I said "Why would you want to come to a workshop? You'd be the only man and thirty women."

He said, "Well you can't keep me out. You can't tell me I can't come just because I'm a man."

And I said, "No, that's true. But I can't imagine why you'd want to be surrounded by that feminine energy. It'll it'd be potent." But he wanted to come, so he came. She was in that workshop. He was the man in her dream, and they were married within the year.

I have dreamt my mother's death, even my brother's death. My primary function is intuition. I had a dream once when I was in Zurich about *the most peculiar airplanes, wooden. They didn't seem to fly safely to me and there was a sort of an accident. One of these planes fell out of the sky and hit the car my husband was driving and he went into a culvert and was very badly hurt.* I was concerned enough about the dream that I went to Von Franz (Mary-Louise). She's supposed to be the best dream inter-

preter in Zurich. She read it and said, "Marion, if I were you, I would not come home when you intend to. I would not come back to Zurich when you intend to. Your husband is in danger. If I were you, I'd change my ticket for coming back—not for going—but for coming back." I took her advice, and I did change it, put it about three weeks later. And sure enough he was very, very ill during that period. In fact, if I hadn't been there this one night, he might not have got through. It was his heart. So yes, I have great faith in precognitive dreams.

**Kim:** How do you work with your dreams personally on a day to day basis?

**Marion:** I put them in my journal. I have a voice activated tape recorder in my bed. It's very funny in the sense that sometimes I get up in the morning and I have no memory whatsoever of putting it on. But what happens is that you get the poetry of the dream. If I wrote it down in my book I say, "I went to see my mother last night." On the tape it is very different. "I went to see my mother ...my mother. I went to see my mother." You see, the poetry of the dream is captured, the feeling tone. Your eyes water, so do mine, because the feeling tone is right there.

**Kim:** Yes, and you get the whole cadence and rhythm of the words. It's right there.

**Marion:** Well that's where poetry comes from, you see. That's where Shakespeare got his words. He didn't make those lines up. They were given to him. He just wrote them down. They were given to him straight out of the archetypal unconscious. And it's so sad to see a culture, well you can't call it a culture anymore. The culture comes from the unconscious. And people who pay no attention to their dreams or their unconscious worlds live, practical, non-symbolic, concrete lives. And there are your addicts. Be-

cause there is a soul and if the soul isn't listened to, it causes one hell of a row. It just says, "I am starving. I want sweetness, and I want cherishing and I want nourishment and I want you to get it NOW!" If you don't know symbolic language, you run for the chocolate. Or you run amazingly for the foods of the goddess: honey granola, muffins, cereal... all that kind of thing is what people usually binge on.

**Kim:** The traditional offering foods to the goddess.

**Marion:** Yes. You cannot get away from the unconscious. You can think you can, but it is the fundamental place of life in our being. If you pay no attention to it, then it will come out concretely and you will find yourself drinking alcohol or taking drugs; anything to try to get away from the pain of being separated from who you are, because your soul is your being. Your ego is not your being. You see what I mean? So we're getting away from our culture, we're getting away from our own music, our own dance, from our own theater.

**Kim:** When you wake and you listen to your dreams on the tape, what happens next?

**Marion:** I write them down. Then I do the best I can with working with what they might mean. Usually on a Saturday morning I will get on the floor and try to work out the energy. For example, if I had a big dog in my dreams, I would be that dog, because everything in the dream is you. I would try to walk like that dog. My own Samantha, a Weimaraner, was very badly treated. She used to come in my dreams a lot. I had to train her. At the time I was working with an addiction myself. I would get down on the floor with Sam and look her straight in the eye and say, "Sammy, you can't do that." She would push me all around. I would take her by her beautiful soft ears and say, "No,"

and she would come in the dream, you see and I would say, "Marion, you have to work with the Samantha inside yourself." And when I was in Zurich, I would dream about her. But I knew the binging was circling. I was more of an anorexic. I was being too tense. I would get on the floor and be that energy. It is great fun. It saved my life with my cancer. Before my first operation, I had a dream of a boat coming in to land with a magnificent gypsy and a little five year old girl. The gypsy was just very bold and very flamboyant. So I tried to pull in that energy, life you know. Huge and out-cast and everything else and if you ever read *Bone*, you'll see that. I worked with that energy for six months and nothing happened. Then a bombshell just exploded. That energy just came in.

**Kim:** The images continue to work on us when we give them attention, sometimes even when we are not aware of their work or what's happening.

**Marion:** Yes they're working on us, but the thing is, if they fall back into the unconscious and we do nothing with them, then that energy may turn against you. Here is where I think auto-immune breakdown comes in, if there is a potent energy coming up in you and you pay no attention to it—particularly if it's rage or fear or just plain despair (they watch the news and they are just absolutely overwhelmed with despair)—if that falls back into the body, sooner or later you're going to break down with crone's disease or chronic fatigue syndrome, something where the body has turned against itself.

**Kim:** I am finding that I need a regular and safe place to simply cry, to release grief.

**Marion:** If I've got that coming up in my dreams, I just do it on my own floor or in my office. Let my body do what it wants to do, or put on music

that will release the terrible grief that's inside.

**Kim:** How do you encourage an inner masculine to develop in a woman who may have had or suffered abuse at the hands of a masculine energy that was not safe, especially when the masculine energy in our culture is so skewed and off balance, or when there aren't proper models?

**Marion:** I don't think patriarchy is masculine energy. I would separate those two words. I think patriarchy is a parody of masculine energy. It's now, and these are von Franz's words, Prestige, Power, Fame and Fortune. It has nothing to do with the masculine that honors the feminine, wants to relate to the feminine, or wants to help the feminine. The masculine will take her beautiful pictures that she's painted in her studio and will take them out to an art dealer and have a show. The other side of the masculine, too of course, is the creative fire. There's the soul, the feminine embodied soul, but she has to have a masculine spirit to bring the fire that makes her paint or sing or dance.

**Kim:** If there's a fear of that flame, how do you work back to a point of wanting to embrace or engage that again?

**Marion:** I never think of working back, I work ahead. Because you probably never did had it and if you went to find it in yourself now, it would be a very different energy. You have to have that fire to create. To make a new life, you need the masculine component and the feminine. So what usually happens—and I've had this happen so often because I work with an awful lot of artists—at a certain point I say, "Do you think you could have a show?"

"No. My soul is so damaged by putting stuff out in the world, no."

But then maybe the dreams start to say, "let's go out in the world."

*(Continued on page 45)*

## Dreams of Rebirth & Death

# WHOOSH!

In the midst of a summer solstice starlit night, while camping in the mountains by a clear little mirror-like lake which is surrounded by ancient primordial forest, I have this dream:

*I am traveling through the universe  
in my light body with all of my friends. There is great  
song and laughter, a joyous party is going on.  
As I am looking out upon the vastness of the universe,  
I happen to notice a distant blue light, like a twinkling  
blue diamond or sapphire.*

*Traveling at the speed of light, in an instant  
I am near this wondrous gem in the middle of eternity.  
The closer I get, the more beautiful and intriguing it  
becomes. Suddenly, its gravitational pull has me  
and I feel the sensation of falling  
rapidly in the pit of my stomach.... WHOOSH!  
In the next moment, I am hanging naked  
from a doctor's hands.*

*I am encased in a human body!*

# It's Time to Acknowledge Past Life Dreams

by Sabine Lucas



**S**INCE THE SEVENTIES, past life regression has been widely practiced and many books—some impressive and well-documented—have been published on this subject. It is therefore surprising that dreams were not examined for past life residues as well. After all, it stands to reason that if past life memories can be accessed under hypnosis and in altered states of consciousness, they have to be present also in our dreams. Several factors must have contributed to sustaining this blind spot in our field of vision. Dream researchers must have avoided the subject out of fear of professional ridicule. Jungians must have felt threatened by the idea that past life selves might be entitled to some of the space in the unconscious that had previously been occupied by the archetypes. And for the average dream worker it would have been perfectly normal to stay within the 'neuro-net' of traditional methods of interpreting dreams.

What shook me out of my 'neuro-net' twenty-nine years ago was a dream that was 'different.' Before I had this dream, I had never given reincarnation any thought. But during five years of a Jungian analysis in London, I had come to know my dream-world like the back of my hand. This particular dream was not part of the dream-

world I knew. It seemed to belong to another identity, another country, and another time. Moreover, it was completely devoid of symbolism, which—as we know—is the alpha and omega of the dream language.

*In this dream, I am a man; I am standing with my back against a barn-door in a medieval European town while an angry mob is pelting me with stones. I am terrified and in pain. To get away from my tormentors, I say I have to urinate. They let me step inside the barn so that I can relieve myself in private. I am still aware of taking my penis out of my pants.*

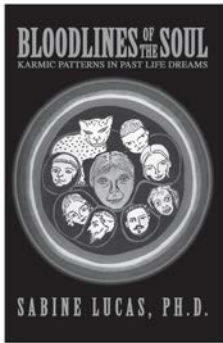
*Then there is a blank.*

*Next I am being driven on an ox-cart through town, surrounded by jeering crowds. A red-robed priest is taking me to the court of the Inquisition. I have collapsed on the wagon-floor, sobbing uncontrollably, while deeply ashamed of my lack of composure. For until the public mood had changed, I had been a celebrity in this town.*

While in this man's body, I had been aware of his distinct personality, his sensitivity, and the complexity of his feelings. This disqualified him as an archetype, which, according to Jungian theory, is a 'type' rather than a

person. From that moment on I became convinced of the existence of reincarnation and was on the look-out for more past life dreams.

At the Jung Institute in Zurich where I started to train a year later, I met two analysts who had dared to venture into this borderland of the psyche, knowing full well that it was politically the wrong thing to do. One, a Dutchman, Erlo van Waveren, had been a personal analysand of Jung who, in the fifties, had worked with him on his past life dreams under the seal of secrecy. In 1978—seventeen years after his analyst's death—van Waveren had finally plucked up his courage and published a book about his experiences entitled *Journey to the Rebirth*. The second rebel was Dr. Elisabeth Ruef, a highly respected senior training analyst at the Zurich Institute and the co-editor of Jung's *Collected Works*. She gave a public lecture series on past life dreams in the wake of van Waveren's book publication. But while van Waveren—as a patron of the Jung Institute—got away with the heresy, Elisabeth Ruef was later crucified for it by her colleagues. This taught me that it was not safe to discuss my past life dreams in analysis and my process went underground. It was kept alive by its own dynamics, by information obtained



## Bloodlines of the Soul

Karmic Patterns in Past Life Dreams

Sabine Lucas, Ph.D.

At last, a book about past life dreams after so many books on past life regression! In compelling case studies, the author shows that reincarnation is an inner reality that has to be reckoned and dealt with.



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from an exceptionally gifted past life reader and by whatever strange energies I osmotically absorbed while translating Jane Roberts' book *Seth Speaks* into German. When this unconventional part of my training was over, most of my important past lives were integrated; in addition, I had learned to identify past life dreams and was ready to work with them therapeutically.

After my graduation from the Jung Institute in 1987 I went into private practice in Santa Fe, NM without ever advertising myself as a past life therapist. But those who needed to integrate their past lives through dreams found me anyway. These people were drawn to this work not by curiosity—as is sometimes the case with those seeking past life regressions—but by an urgent inner necessity. Their process, which was initiated and timed solely by their own unconscious, was often painful and lengthy, but almost always life-changing.

Five years ago, so much extraordinary past life material had accumulated in my files that I felt obligated to leave a record of it. Thus I embarked on the daunting task of writing a book about it. Many things became clear to me only while I was organizing the dream material. I discovered the 'bloodlines of the soul'—the character traits and individual life themes that run like red threads through our incarnations. I also observed the re-

lentlessness with which we reap what we have sowed in previous incarnations. This moved karmic responsibility into the foreground of my awareness.

The book never let me go, even in my sleep. Information filtered down in my dreams like the 'dew of heaven' of the Kaballah. And when during the day I turned on the television, I noticed that 'other lives' were creeping into the vernacular. This made me wonder if the archetype of reincarnation, which I was trying to capture in my writing, was beginning to stir in the collective unconscious, too. Still, I had been working in such isolation, that I had no idea how my book would be received when it was finally published in April of this year. A Jungian colleague had predicted that it would be ignored by other analysts. This had taken the wind out of my sails. Consequently, when I made a submission to this year's IASD conference in Berkeley, I expected it to be rejected by the dream researchers as well. When it was accepted, I still thought that nobody would show up for my presentation. I was stunned when more and more people filed into the room to hear what I had to say about past life dreams. I was grateful, moved and a bit overwhelmed by the enthusiasm with the way this new information was received.

However, what really got my attention was an e-mail I received two weeks after the conference. It came

from a stranger in Istanbul who identified himself as an IASD member who had not been able to attend the conference. He said he was the leader of an internet dream group of 160 Turkish speaking members, and lately past life dreams had been very much on their minds. He might even have had such dreams himself. Would I please send him a copy of my presentation? He would read it very carefully.

Then I finally realized that I had been all along part of an international network of dreamers who were becoming conscious of the past life phenomenon at the same time. What this growing awareness might mean and what effect it might have on human attitudes is difficult to assess at this early point. It might be a sign that the Aquarian Age is finally dawning on us with a trail of new ideas and greater awareness. It might also help the peace movement in our troubled, hate-and-fear driven world. For who would want to make war on the enemy 'out there' knowing that you become what you hate and despise in one of your next incarnations? And who can afford to look down on members of another race, creed and gender when the evidence for having been all those things ourselves can be found in our own dreams?

This throws a new light on Bill Stimson's inspired statement: "To work with dreams in the deepest sense is to be a leader in the revolution of human consciousness." ∞

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## The matter of you & me & rebirth

Dear Betty,

In the matter of you & me & rebirth,  
you drew last night the card from the medicine deck  
representing rebirth, the bat.

You said, "Oh, no, rebirth, that always seems to be  
what I'm supposed to be dealing with."

I echoed that sentiment  
on behalf of myself.

You & I are, perhaps, sometimes,  
two of a kind.

We keep supposing we need to be pushing the river,  
to arrive there fast,  
instead of letting it meander  
& take its time.

We agreed that what is necessary  
is only to open a little at a time  
to the possibility, &, as it were,  
to begin to let the river  
trickle through.

Walking to the bus after I left you,  
I thought of one blade of grass  
pushing through the layers of concrete,  
& that what was needed was not force,  
but staying power.

& then I thought of the concrete  
& of what an infinitesimally small amount it needed to open  
to let that one tender green blade of grass  
come through.

& then I remembered to breathe  
& let the air push its way slowly back  
up my throat & out through my nose  
& it began to seem almost that simple,  
the matter of dying to the past  
& the little pause of Now  
& then a gently expanding new breath, new birth.

*by Karen Ethelsdatter*

*Karen Ethelsdatter is the poet-author of Earthwalking & Other Poems,  
available at [www.Xlibris.com](http://www.Xlibris.com) or through your bookseller.*

## DREAMS AND REINCARNATION

### What are We Really Experiencing?

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**"And you, if you can't leave your country, you could go into yourself, and become a ruby mine, open to the gifts of the sun."**

—Rumi

In the process of working with thousands of clients' dreams as a psychotherapist and seriously exploring my own dreams, I often encountered certain images that at first glance seemed to be obvious memories from other times. In several of my own dreams I spoke and wrote fluent French, even though I do not know the French language and have never studied it. These apparent memories that dreams dig up have always intrigued me. Are they really about a dreamer's past lives or are they about aspects of consciousness we don't yet understand? And where exactly are these images coming from? How are they useful to us?

In order for a dream to be an actual past-life memory, you have to look at the dream through a literal perspective. It's very rare for any dream to be only literal in meaning; their meanings are nearly always encrypted in a language of metaphor, symbolism, and analogy. I noticed that when these dreams were taken as *literal* past lives they had zero or negligible impact on people other than inflating their egos or depressing their sense of self. So many people have had dreams of being a famous historical figure: Nefertiti, Hatshepsut, Mozart, a famous artist, or a certain religious figure. How many people can be the same Queen of Egypt? What is the purpose of



these remarkable dreams? I felt they must have a deeper purpose, something beyond entertainment and self-aggrandizement.

I eventually decided to change my assumptions about "reincarnation" dreams (I hadn't been interpreting them at all but simply accepting their literal meaning). I began to explore them like other dreams, as metaphorical dramas intending to help us with our *present* life, with its obstacles and with the process of protecting and freeing our creative genius. To my surprise, they began to *really impact* and help people, including yours truly. In addition I found that it did not matter whether or not a dream was about a particular past life. We did not have to believe or not believe in reincarnation. The value and transformative power of the dream was in its symbolic message about our life *right now*. I realized that this dream category had immense, untapped potential, that on a deeper, symbolic level they were really about protecting the integrity of our authentic life and our creative freedom.

The following dream illustrates how these dreams carry priceless treasure—life-changing insights and

warnings that are uncannily accurate and relevant for our waking life.

#### ***The Master and the Slave***

When I was deepening my involvement in a spiritual group I had joined in the early seventies, I had a dream that seemed to be a memory of a lonely death, possibly in a past life. Here's the dream:

*I'm observing an older man who lived in one room with a dirt floor attached to the rear of a large estate situated just outside of a town. The time period appeared to be in a medieval era somewhere in Europe. As I watched I saw that the old man was an artist and was a servant or slave to the master of the estate. He had nothing but was relatively content because he was allowed to paint and that was his life. I saw paintings on many canvases standing in vertical wooden compartments.*

*On a trip to the nearby village, a gang of youths attacked, beat, and stabbed him. He managed to return to his room but was mortally wounded and died a short time later. At the instant he died, I became the old man and I could feel the rough, worn garment he was wearing. From the feeling of his garment, I sensed the extreme poverty and lack that the old painter had experienced in his life. As he died I moved, in spirit form like a vapor, out of his body and was again watching the following days' events. He apparently had no relatives or maybe no one was notified about his death. I saw the master of the house going through the painter's room with a group of people from the village, selling all the paintings.*

Looking at this dream many years later, it makes sense as a *symbolic* drama about allowing my creative spirit—my writing and my dreamwork—to be placed in a state of enslavement under the control of the “master” of that “estate.” Finally, a “gang of youths” ends the painter’s life. The old painter’s death occurs *after* he subjects himself to his “master,” someone who has control over everything and everyone within the boundaries of his land.

This dream paints an amazingly precise picture of my life at that time: I had forced my life and my creativity into a restrictive space. I continued to write but only to prepare sermons and lectures for the group. Everything I wrote supported and promoted the group’s ideology. The group’s dogmatic approach to dreamwork overwhelmed my own research and ideas about dream interpretation. So, while I continued to work with dreams, trying to understand how to interpret them, I forced my dreams and other’s dreams into the group’s ideological shoes. I was burying my dreams and the dreams of others under my group’s religious agenda.

The *master’s estate* is a perfect analogy for my spiritual group. The leaders had everything: luxurious homes, travel, piles of money, and complete control over the members who, for the most part, had nothing but thought they were happy. And, although difficult and embarrassing, I must take responsibility for all that the “gang of youths” represents: As a member of my spiritual group, I was expressing teenage “gang-like” attitudes; I became arrogant, disrespectful of others’ beliefs, believing that “we” had all the answers, that “we” were special and that *we* knew everything.

When I looked at this dream symbolically, I realized it was showing me that by so severely restricting my creative life, I had moved my creativity into a state of old age and death.

While the group supposedly encouraged creativity among its members, it was conditional; *that* creativity had to support and follow the group’s ideology. Anything outside that context was unacceptable. Hence the “...canvases standing in vertical wooden compartments,” in *storage*, contained in *small* compartments, inside a room, “attached to the rear of a large estate”—a very limited, confining expression of the old man’s art.

And what about the “rough garment” that impressed me with his poverty? I now feel that I put on that garment when I joined the group—my vows of *spiritual poverty*, my naive, idealistic “selfless” dedication to *someone else’s* beliefs. A well-intended but self-deceived part of myself locked up my creative life in that small back room with the dirt floor.

But why “medieval” times? Perhaps my dream was showing me that I was regressing, moving backwards, placing my creative life in a state of bondage so typical of artists in those times who, in order to survive, had to find a wealthy sponsor, who would often direct and control their artistic life. Or maybe I was really in a *mid-evil* place. Medieval Europe reminds me of darkness and repression—the “dark ages.”

Thus the dream selects its images from our collective stories, from our history, often from actual events, like some wise old time-traveler walking through the vast archives of human experience.

Here’s another interesting example that illustrates how some dreams contain subtle, specific, historic details that we can verify, making it still more convincing that the images are about a particular past life. This dream also occurred during my complete absorption in the spiritual group—a group that eventually evolved into a destructive cult:

*I found myself in medieval France, at night, standing on a*

*narrow cobblestone street outside a vast complex of church buildings. I knew that Joan of Arc had just been condemned to death by the church. I felt the awful horror of what had happened, that an innocent life was about to be extinguished by ecclesiastical authority. Even worse, I was somehow a participant in this drama, part of the official priesthood. Rain began pouring down.*

At the time I believed this dream was showing me about a horrible past life in which I was part of the church power structure that was responsible for executing an innocent person. I felt terrible—some “bad karma” that I needed to somehow pay back. Other than briefly feeling really bad about myself, I could never figure out any relevance to my waking life; there was no *resonance*. Back then I was totally ignorant of the fact that this dream was, like my “old artist” dream, also portraying a real *collective* threat to *my* life, to my ability to live my own life authentically—something our dreams do consistently, if we would only pay attention.

Using what I have come to call the *Radical Dreaming* process, instead of defining Joan of Arc as an archetype, a heroine, a goddess, or a past life memory, we would look at all elements of the dream as carefully selected images loaded with metaphorical, symbolic meaning—*intending* to help us better understand our life, who we really are, and the consequences of choices we make. For example, we would start our image work looking at Joan of Arc from an experiential perspective, which *for me* represented someone on a “holy” mission, a courageous, creative, passionate individual who committed herself to saving France at that time a church-dominated, inquisitorial, collective monster that ultimately used

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## Mystical Magical You

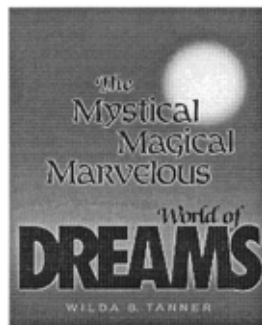
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her, swallowing up her passion and uniqueness. We would also imagine *being* Joan and asking explorative questions like: "What is my life like?" or, in the dream, "What is happening to me and how do I feel?" Once we have explored all the dream's images, we would look at our waking life to see what comes up that feels like the dream circumstances and drama.

Looking deeply into this dream enabled me to see what I had been doing to myself; it was a shock! Years later, this dream still *resonates* with exquisite meaning for me. I realized that it was a potent warning. It was showing me that "ecclesiastical authority" had executed an aspect of my nature that Joan of Arc represented. For me, she characterizes that highly idealistic, often naive part of myself that sincerely wanted to make a difference in the world—a hero figure that *tragically placed her passion in collective hands*—a group (the Church and France). And I felt that she also represented a soul figure (others might have very different views of Joan), an image symbolic of life itself as well as my creative potential. I had *internalized* an outer authoritarian system (the complex of church buildings) that was dictating how I should live my life. I was indeed being "put to death."

These dreams, our 'ruby mines,' are showing us that we have capabilities far beyond anything we can imagine, that you and I can reach into deep layers of our combined history, open that specific book with its unique story, which just happens to be precisely what we need to clear a path through the forest, to explode the boulders preventing us from knowing who we really are and from living our own lives. Indeed, why would our consciousness be limited to just *our* memories? The study of quantum physics prompted physicist David Bohm to conclude that, "Deep down the consciousness of mankind is one."

I've learned to trust my dreams and to do my best to apply their wisdom. I've learned the hard way that ignoring my dreams can be painful and dangerous. And I have also observed that to dismiss our dreams as rubbish or to interpret them literally creates the fanatic and extremist, the demagogue terrorizing others.

Through the door of dreaming we can each travel the landscapes of our human experience, explore our universe and in so doing, live a life rich in spirit, creativity, and *compassion* for others. We can participate in the creative evolution of consciousness. The Indian philosopher, J. Krishna-murti once observed: "In oneself lies the whole world, and if you know how to look and learn, then the door is there and the key is in your hand." ∞



John Goldhammer, Ph.D., is the author of three books, a psychologist, dream researcher, and educator. "Dreams and Reincarnation" is adapted from his newest book, *Radical Dreaming: Use Your Dreams to Change Your Life* (Kensington Publishing / Citadel Press). He lives in Seattle, Washington. Internet: [radicaldreaming.com](http://radicaldreaming.com). E: [jgoldhammer@mindspring.com](mailto:jgoldhammer@mindspring.com).

# Echoes of a Vision



**A**S THE BRITRAIL TRAIN SWAYED and snaked around the lush green mountains of Northwestern Wales, my mind wandered backward in time's eye. Why do I feel so called to this remote island off the tip of Wales, to Holyhead in Anglesey? Even on the airplane en route from the heartland of America, I felt a tingle up my spine, as if a part of me were yearning to greet the unraveling of ancestral threads. Lost memories echoing of druids gathering under the full moon. I saw white robes of the Ancient Ones; I stood with them as a Priestess.

Daydreams are so easy to enter, so easy to erase all boundaries of time and space. What is real and what is imaginary? Illusions of this dimension answer back to me. I want to see for myself if this place holds as much power as I imagined. One thing for certain is an inner calling to retrieve these memories from this journey to the land of my ancestry.

This peaceful countryside was once the focus of political aggression, as thousands of Roman Centurions marched through the area, wreaking havoc upon the small hamlets. Their mission from Claudius, their Emperor, was to exterminate all Druids and annihilate the powerful voice of a warring Celtic nation. Under a full moon ritual, all remaining Druids were gathered at Holyhead, from as far away as Ireland and the Isle of Man. It was at Holyhead that the last Roman massacre of these mystic/visionaries was carried out in Sixty-One A.D. Holyhead was a few kilometers away and I was still lost in my dreams when an older gentleman turned around to speak to me. For an hour, he had been entertaining the passengers in the aisle seats with slight-of-hand card tricks, while I ignored him. So, out of the blue, he says to me as I prepared myself for departure, "Don't stay at the B&B that you reserved a room at; there is a better place waiting for you.

Be patient and the opportunities will present themselves to you," Red in the face, I jumped off the train, thanking him for his advice. Somehow, I knew deep inside that he was correct in his 'hunch,' so I proceeded to cancel my reservation at the B&B and stayed overnight at a hotel in the middle of town. Strange little man, strange little town... but I felt totally at peace in the midst of this aberration.

After awakening early the next morning, I located an archives of the local history in a Catholic convent. It was difficult to glean the needed information about pagan holy sites from the Catholic Sisters, but they were very helpful with exact archeological details to help me discover my holy site, known today as the Hut Circles of South Stack. Conveniently, there is only one hotel within three kilometers of the Hut Circles, located at the very entrance to this site. Within a couple of hours time, I found the lo-

cation and a secluded, lovely room at the hotel for the weekend. Be patient and the opportunities will present themselves to you.

The sweet English couple who own the hotel greeted me warmly and my room welcomed me with a cozy atmosphere of simple comforts. My intuition warned me that I needed to be very discreet about my hidden agenda with mystical purposes. This is now Catholic country and my intuition already warned me to respect the conservative ways of this land. So I became a good little tourist and joined in the evening meal with conversation about their lives, instead of my own. Toasting them good night over a glass of wine, I bowed out early, retiring to bed.

Around eleven o'clock, the last footsteps creaked past my room and down the stairs. I finally was able to reach out to the ancestral energies, whom I felt were calling me from the land. Slowly, I crept outside in the brisk night air, the full moon lighting my path. All I wanted to do was to be one with them and I found a perfect indentation in the hillside from which to sit and look up at the stars. These were the same earth circles that were centers for prayers and rituals before the Celts in Prehistoric times.

As I closed my eyes in grateful appreciation for this harmony of Earth and Sky, a wave of paranoia swept over me! A helicopter was hovering noisily in the near southern horizon, casting a fearful dread around me. What were they looking for at this hour, in this remote region of the coastline? The noise was piercing the black skyline with spotlights, sweeping the ground below. All I could think about was being invisible, about not being seen and how to get back to the hotel before anyone found me! Call me crazy, but how else do I explain my midnight ritual of joining the Ancestors? The arrival of the helicopters made me feel like I was devil himself!

Why do I feel so guilty, I wondered? What is there to be guilty of? All I did was practice some unorthodox prayers, without the blessings of the church. This perplexed me so that a migraine punctuated my distress in throbbing pain all night long. While I sat there, I continued to pray and ask for a shield of protection to shroud me, and then made my way carefully back to the hotel room.

Next morning could not have come soon enough, as the light of dawn made my insomnia seem reasonable. I skipped mingling over breakfast with my hosts and their friendly chit-chat. I was determined to fulfill my own original mission, so I returned to the earth circles a second time. The morning dew was a misty blanket, covering the cliff-side and earth mounts with a dense fog. The power of so many memories asleep in this Earth-womb of energy started to arise in my heart. Gazing out across the Irish Sea, I felt a release of souls in a wave of peaceful repose. It was cold as the wind started to blow at my face, so I sat down on the cliff to look out across the turbulent waters of the sea. Somewhere over that vast expanse is Ireland and I closed my eyes to meditate upon this moment.

Suddenly, another wave of fear gripped at me and a migraine attacked, causing nausea. This paranoia was a mirror-image of last night, except a spinning vertigo in my psyche sent my head reeling as if I were drunk. Afraid to open my eyes, I grabbed onto the grassy-covered rocks and held fast! Sending my spiritual roots into the very stones of mother Earth, I rode out this vertigo, even though it felt as if I were being sent over the edge of the cliff. Pure willpower and the grace of god kept me from falling seventy feet into the frothy tides below.

As I opened my eyes, slowly, I saw hundreds of white birds stalled about me in mid-air, not moving, just flap-

ping their wings in unity. When I look closer, I realized these images were not birds; they were whit-clad spiritual beings, stalled mid-air above me. En masse, they dove together straight in front of me into the vapors of the angry sea. They disappeared as quickly and silently as they came.

We did not succumb to the ax and sword; instead we chose to follow our own destiny into the fiery veils of tomorrow. We were free souls unto death!

Did I just witness the last moments of the Druids lives? What portal of death did they share en masse? Did they leave their corpses behind as non-violent remnants, defying the pre-ordained slaughter by the Roman swords? Questions only the Ancestors can know.

A few squawking sea gulls lingered afterward, bringing me back to the present reality. In my left hand was a tiny blue rock from the cliff that refused to leave my grip. It grounded me and I clenched it for hours as the Britrail train swayed Northward. Will I even know what actually occurred at Holyhead? This small rock knows the truth; I believe it was with them on that fateful day. Nestled in my pocket, it rode with me all the way to the Scottish Highlands. Humming inside... it remembers, it remembers... it was there. Time tests the heart of strength and willpower. Remember! The will of a vision creates the future. My long train ride gave me plenty of time to listen... and to remember. ∞

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*Barbara Burritt has been involved with dream imagery for over thirty years as a visual artist and poet. She lives in Portland, OR and has just completed a book of memoirs on past life recall entitled, Eclipse of Fate. Contact Barbara at [graalqueen@yahoo.com](mailto:graalqueen@yahoo.com) or visit her website at [graalqueen.com](http://graalqueen.com).*

# Standing Stones

Visages return to chambered tombs

Legends breathe mystery from ancient runes

The Old Man of Hoy hails... enter the Isles of Orkney

Horned Vikings, banished thieves, pirates, witches too

Cruellies belkies... Rousay mares

Harken the voice of Shapinsay sheep

tomb of Eagles... The ring of Brodgar calling

Barren rocks scatter upon heather moorlands

The Dwarfie Stone houses Norseman Trolid

While the Seafolk and Faeries dance upon the Ayres

Eday witch in a rage flings the Saville Stone at Scar

Giants of the sky left memories of stone

Footprints that still walk in circles on the Orkney Isles

*Barbara Burritt*

# The Dragon

by Gudrun Weber

*My family has fled the communists who now rule. I am in the area of our old home trying to rescue some precious family silver and heirloom jewelry. A communist leader takes what little I found; I know I am lucky to be left alive. This man is detestable. He also raises dragons which will devastate the country. After I and others are interrogated he tells us that the dragon is coming as he usually does when he marries or mates. The dragon is coming now and the fire and heat that issue from him are tremendous.*

*Everyone knows that no one may look at the dragon.*

*We are barely able to protect ourselves by covering with two blankets.*

*When the dragon has passed and we look around there is nothing left as far as the eye can see. All jewelry, some of it very ancient and precious, historically significant structures and documents, even the countryside has gone. As far as the eye can see there is nothing but flat ground covered with tiny glittering, reflecting, iridescent particles.*

*All people are alive and well but our possessions, our cultural heritage, it is all gone.*

*Destroyed by the dragon.*

## Dream Weavers

In the heart of the night,  
the still hours of morning,  
the passage of days,  
we gather the threads.

In the depth of the dream  
of being in time,  
on the loom of space  
and the wheel of returning  
Out of darkness and light  
We quarry the gold.

## Seeds of Change

Empty-handed I lost my fiction of life.  
Feelingly knowing and knowingly sensing I wait  
learning to live the dream.  
Waking.

Falling, I stand at the edge of my world.  
Leaning into I know not what.  
Listening.

Seeds of change have fallen into the world,  
into the dreamtime,  
into my heart.  
Germinating.

## Descent

High and dry and left to cure,  
Ereshkigal leaves us hanging.

Dark, cold, and lonely  
is the mystery of gestation  
till the glowing, growing light of spring  
lets us off the hook

## Dragon of Wisdom

Beware the Dragon of Wisdom  
roaring in the night  
flashing forth fire.  
Consuming.

Make way for the Dragon of Wisdom  
slashing the dreamer  
burning the dross  
until Phoenix rises.  
Renewed.



## Book Review

### **Dream Medicine Learning How To Get Help From Our Dreams**

by Henry Reed

Review by Bambi Corso

Available at amazon.com

The first time I encountered the work of Henry Reed, I was immediately impressed. That was many years ago and I have been awaiting the time when he would again publish another book on his dreamwork. Now, that time has come. Henry's new book, Dream Medicine—an expansion of his earlier book Getting Help From Your Dreams (1985)—is a very interesting journey through his introduction and research into dreamwork in the 1960's, at the beginning of what has been called the dream movement. In detail, Henry describes how his interest in dreams began and how they moved him forward into areas of dreamwork that had not yet been explored. Paying mindful attention not only his own dreams, but the dreams of others, Henry has established new ways to work with dreams which have enhanced the work and taken it to even deeper levels. What impressed me about Dream Medicine is the way in which Henry's passion for the work has motivated new and innovative ways to work with dreams, not only for ourselves, but also for others.

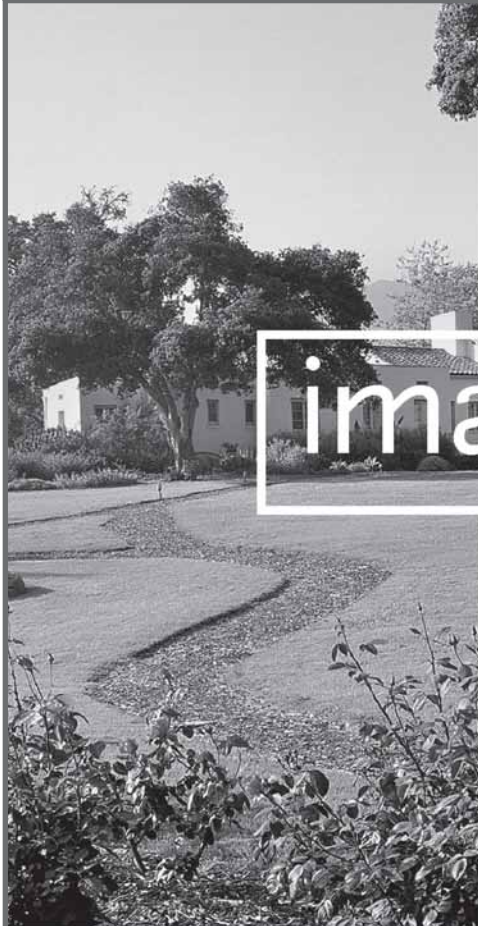
This is not a book about dream interpretation, it is a book that encourages the dreamer to honor their dreams by being in a very different relationship to and with the images. Many chapters are devoted to a variety of ways in which to work with dreams; depending on what kind of involvement you find most appealing, you are sure to find new ways of working with your own dreams by using any one—or many—of these methods. I found the book to be insightful, fun, easy to read and I enjoyed it thoroughly. Henry adds a very personal touch to his book by adding in his own artwork to the pages which is a delightful way of continuing to add to the dimension of the dreamtime. ∞

"You see things and you say 'Why?'  
But I dream things that never were, and I say  
'Why Not?' "

George Bernard Shaw (1856-1950), Anglo-Irish playwright, critic.

"Imagine this is Heaven. It's easy if you try."

John Lennon



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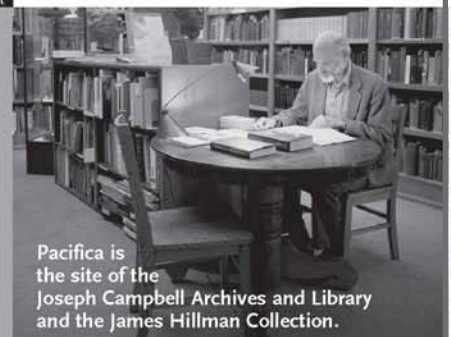
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## Shadow of a Being

I live and die inside my shadow  
 I am a child and an elder,  
 Just the projection of a being.  
 I think, of myself, and I can never run away from it.  
 It's just there as a reminder of what I am.  
 I am the PRESENT and lost into my shadow,  
 It swallows every second of my being  
 It dreams of every second of my being  
 It is the path on which I must walk.

One day I left my shadow on the ground  
 And flew away into the cloudy sky  
 Flew without a shadow, a past and a future.  
 I flew on my own destiny's waterfall  
 And fall, fall all across the earth.  
 For like a feather I touched the ground,  
 With the sky at my feet,  
 And fields of flower all around my heart.  
 A heart that beats like a clock  
 That never stops and never ages  
 I was alone and saw no shadow nor any wall.

See the sea has no shadow also,  
 Isn't it bound to the earth like the rest of us?  
 Isn't it alive? Where IS your shadow?  
 See the sun that has no shadow also  
 Look again and see the earth,  
 We are the shadow of a being.



*Always the wise owl  
 shall be on watch*

The shadow of a burning sun  
 On one side dark, and the other light  
 The same as we were also  
 A boiling lava filled sun  
 Risen away from its shadow.  
 We rose so high and boiled so hot  
 But never knew when to stop  
 And the fire turned to smoke  
 The volcano's turned into the seas  
 Only that the fire, never completely vanished  
 It turned into the souls of men  
 The today suns.  
 So the earth is the shadow of a child  
 The sun, a newborn flame, sitting in my heart.

Now will I have the same fate as the earth?  
 For I know that I have flown  
 But do I shine, am I a boiling sun?  
 Will I fall today, burned-out from inside out?

For immortality sneers without a shadow  
 At my next being, like a beautiful swallow.

*Icleanu Cristian*

## The magic visit

(record of a dream)

The magic visit, again, after all this time  
when was it last I came?  
I go down hillside steps, down slowly sloping hills  
to that half-remembered place, a nunnery  
charged with exquisite magic.

my friend is there, who is more myself than I  
the joy of recognition!  
the wonder of that old, familiar intimacy  
not two, but one overflowing heart.

through her eyes I looked, and she through mine  
as we touched the others, her friends, her home  
in laughter, and play, and delicate talk.

no time passed by, yet time did come -  
after minutes, or days?  
when they told me she was again  
in the unreachable parts of the building  
and I had to go.

the magic recedes; I am aware of dozens  
of chattering picnic-people  
getting ready to return;  
one dreamy-eyed youngster enthuses:  
'so much joy, I could fly!  
you too? you've been there too?

but the crowd pushes on,  
and their vehicles swallow them up  
to take them home.

how is it, they all know their destination?  
and I, where shall I go?

*Tony Macelli*

## Destination

Compact, beautiful  
This place she finds in the wilderness.  
Remote but not hidden  
The woman climbs over sandstone rocks  
to discovery.

Is this where he wanders?  
The elusive fair man who haunts her dreams,  
Who causes her to chase him over the solid  
and hard land.  
To be where he is?

She sees now:  
He prefers this to her—  
A small wooden house he has built,  
A structure of wisdom on red rocks,  
A place of bold learning  
And wild being.

From beneath the sandstone  
Comes a nymph who greets him by name.  
And the woman knows at once all is lost.  
He is taken forever by this wind.

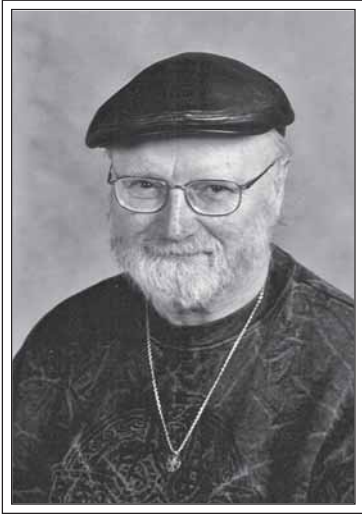
By this fortune of wood and rocks and air.  
By the wild desires of his open heart.  
Here, closed and afraid, hasn't a chance  
Next to this.

There are wild things in dreams,  
But none wilder than this free floating truth:  
The handful of passion we call life  
Rushes toward a destination,

Regardless of our stilted hopes for steadiness.  
Regardless of our fervent prayers.

*by Janet Emmons*  
from her Dream Poem book,  
*Sudden Tremor of Black Air*

# DREAMS IN THE NEWS



by Russell A. Lockhart, Ph.D.



## DO WE WANT TO KNOW?

*The Guardian* gave it notice as “a final nod to the silly season.” *The New York Times* referred to “dreaming celebrities and the earth’s eye candy.” *The Mirror* called it “a contender for the maddest site of the year.” The focus of these extremities is a website founded by a 31-year old Russian Parisian, Yuri Toroptsov, a self-declared “non-psychoanalyst” willing to interpret your dreams—as long as your dream features Celine Dion, the “new” Barbara Streisand, the Canadian diva residing atop the list of contemporary divas, and as long as the dream is not a fake or, as one of the articles put it, not “overly raunchy.”

Well, there is nothing especially unusual about a *fanzine*, as such a site might be called, so why bother to take notice of it? One of the journalists quoted Charles Lambert McPhee, author of *The Dream Doctor*, as saying,

“celebrities are symbols of status and power. How we interact with a celebrity in a dream reflects how we feel about our own status and power.” Since most of the dreams have the theme of “failed contact with Celine,” the dream doctor is further quoted as saying, “these dreams represent frustrations in our attempts to achieve a status. Ironically, celebrity dreams are more about ourselves than they are about the celebs.” There is nothing especially unusual here in this rather standard interpretation. Again, why take notice of this?

What I took notice of was not the fan dreams, but the diva’s dreams. True, these are from her book, published in 2000, *My Story, My Dream*. Yuri does not hesitate to provide his interpretation, and I must say, Yuri’s interpretations make good reading. Of her *apple dream*, Celine says: “I am one of those people who have recur-

rent dreams, seeing the same sequence over and over. Almost every night I dreamed I’d swallowed a big, hard, cold apple that had gotten stuck at the back of my throat. I’d wake up terrified. Sometimes I’d go for hours without sleeping because of the sensation of that apple in my throat. I don’t think I’d ever felt so vulnerable and helpless.” This recurrent dream was plaguing her during her period of extreme exhaustion in 1996, following her performances at many major events including the 1996 Olympics in Atlanta. Yuri asks: “Is this dream a prediction that one day Celine will lose her voice? Hope not.”

*Do we want to know  
Celine Dion’s dreams?*

Let me raise the issue to another level. Do we want to know the dreams of the rich and famous? The powerful? Of celebrities? Do we want to know the dreams of our leaders, whether

local, national or international? Of course we do. But is there anything beyond our interest than what might be called "voyeuristic," a kind of Peeping Tomism that has so severely eroded any sense of privacy at all levels in our culture?

I think there is.

In one of my favorite books, Naomi Epel's *Writers Dreaming*, many writers talk *voluntarily* about their dreams, tell their dreams, and how their dreams are *essential* in their creative life. When I heard of the suicide of Spalding Gray, for example, I recalled what he told about in those pages. How his mother had committed suicide and she had been cremated, and put in a box and set next to his father's bed. From this he created one of his most powerful monologues, "Monster in a Box." He goes on to describe his dream, his dream of ashes, how his body dips down into the ashes, how the ashes are coming up into his body and he speaks of no boundary between his body and the ashes. They are one. When he wakes up from this dream, he tries to remember the shape of the ashes he was lying on. He drew it. It looked like a sleeping bag. What kind of sleeping bag? Then it struck him, hard; it was a *mummy* sleeping bag. And he knew then he was not past her, the "monster in the box."

Every time I dip into this or similar material where someone "important" has willingly become "transparent" in terms of their life of dreams, I feel enriched, enriched by something like a glimpse at the full dimension of any life in all its possibilities of creativity and destruction. This book is a revelation of how dreams work their way into the world through the writer's art, how they begin to form the future of the world. In one way or another, that's what dreams are for.

And next to this experience, I am infused always with a desire to see or hear the dreams of our world lead-

ers, whether the leaders of our local lives in the towns or parishes or great cities; or, the leaders of our country, of other countries friendly and not. I'd like to see those images of the future.

*Do we want to know?*

I recall reading an article some years ago (my apologies for not recalling the reference and I trust I am remembering this correctly) that made a great impression on me. A young company in Israel was having problems with its employees: a mix of local Israelis and several Germans from the parent company. They were all young "moderns" and got along famously except the business relationships kept getting bogged down in inexplicable tangles. They called in a consultant to work with them to solve their "difficulties." The consultant agreed to do so, *if* the employees would agree to a single condition: that on the first day, the only thing the employees could talk about—*the only thing*—was their dreams. During the dream session, a dream became the center of attention. It featured a field (as I recall) at the edge of a beech forest. At one point, someone asked for the German translation of "beech forest." The answer stunned everyone: it was *Buchenwald*. Could it be that the source of their modern-day business problems had its root in "ancient" history? Most certainly this was the case. What they'd sloughed off as their parent's issues was haunting their work. Once this was recognized and accepted it was as if everyone could breathe again and the issues could then be faced. Those young people matured a great deal that weekend. Dreams!

*Do we want to know?*

What would happen if our leaders had such a session from time to time and could talk about nothing except their dreams? Are there leaders anywhere in the world—on any level—willing to do this? Are there any leaders any-

where in the world—on any level—willing to have the courage of a Spalding Gray, willing to be transparent with their dreams? What would happen in our collectives, from the smallest little club, to the largest association, if this was made part of the group's regular functioning. What would happen in our businesses, our multi-national corporations, if everyone did this?

The world is increasingly threaded and webbed together. What part will dreams play in our world in the future? If there is any meaning in the transition from one astrological age to another, then the transition from Pisces to Aquarius is likely to see the relativizing of institutional forms and the ascendancy of expression from the depths of individual experience. Dreams will play an enormous part in all of this; they already are! Dreams will become a primary vehicle and will be crucial in this transition.

It is possible to imagine world leaders capable of such transparency? I hope such is possible. Is it likely? No. Do I expect it to happen? No. Do we want to know the dream life of world leaders? What would we do with such dreams? What would be the effect of our leader's dreams known so widely? I don't know. But let's invite any and all world leaders at any level to begin. Oh, do not worry about interpretation. Interpretation is not necessary. It is the *circulation* of the dreams that will be the life blood and *that* is all that is necessary. Is transparency too much?

#### **Anyone ready to do this?**

Anonymity is guaranteed. The images are enough, no one needs to know your/their names.

With the first contribution we will make a website: <http://dreams-of-leaders.net> for this purpose. Feel free to contribute.

#### **DO WE WANT TO KNOW?**

# Dreams and Departed Loved Ones: Can Dreams Help Heal Hurting Hearts?

By Maggie Leonicio Umscheid

"What if you slept, and what if in your sleep you dreamed,  
and what if in your dream you went to heaven  
and there plucked a strange and beautiful flower.  
And, what if when you awoke you had the flower in your hand?  
Ah, what then?" *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

**L**IKE THAT RARE AND BEAUTIFUL FLOWER from Paradise described by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, paying attention to our dreams with a desire for self-knowledge and self-exploration can be a liberating process of spiritual awakening and unlimited creative and healing potential. This can indeed be transforming. Even though the habit of paying attention to my dreams came to my conscious awareness early during my adolescence, I recognized their potential and positive value later in my life.

My commitment to researching and studying the subject was born from my personal desire to learn about the meaning and messages I was receiving from dreams after the death of my brother in 1985. Is it possible that the habit of dreaming and knowing our dreams can help transform our mental perception of the world around us, comfort us during times of grief, and help us create a universal spiritual vision to live a life with love, harmony,

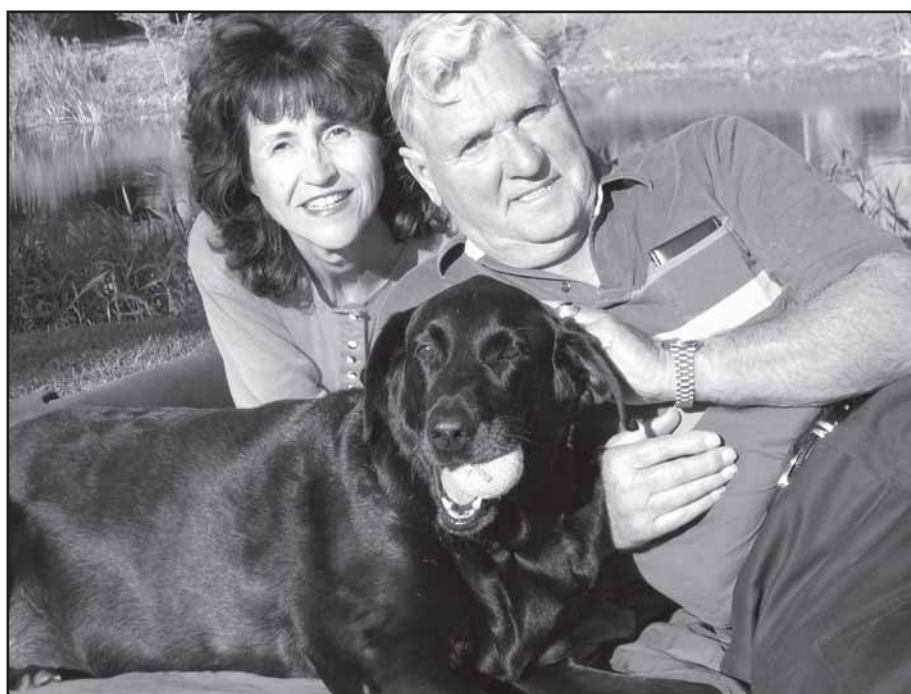
abundance, prosperity and health?

As I began to honor my dream experiences, my heart was moved with purpose and promise.

The loss of someone close to us can be one of life's most devastating experiences. Whether the death was sudden or after years of numbing illness, the irrevocable sense of pain and confusion that the surviving person may feel is often beyond compare and it can last for years. My dreams allowed the expression of love between my brother and I to continue beyond the physical realm. When I asked a recently widowed friend

whether she had experienced any dreams with her deceased husband, she was honest to admit that she is afraid to allow herself to dream about her husband because she will wake up knowing that it was only a dream. Grieving is a very intimate and personal process that requires patience, prayer, and persistence. We cannot hurry the process. Dealing with our pain is not an easy task. It demands the use of our deepest inner resource for survival—the *gift of courage*. By allowing ourselves to visit with that loved one again, dreaming can help provide comfort and peace. Through-

out my own healing process, I discovered that dreams are responsive to our needs for help, when we are ready to ask. Dreams can provide the information, insight and inspiration to do the work and create positive changes in our lives. I have heard it said that the light of wisdom dances in our dreams of



the night. According to Rosemary Ellen Guiley, in her book *Dreamspeak*,

"The ability of the dead and the living to meet in dreams is not a new idea—it has been accepted in many cultures since ancient times. Relationships, especially with family, are seen as continuing after death, with the recognition that the ancestral spirits have the ability to intervene in the lives of the living. Dream contact is seen as positive, and having a beneficial effect for both the living and the dead." (Guiley-2001, p.252)

In my dreams, *my brother appears radiant, young, totally healthy and strong*. My dreams often brought us together in family gatherings, reliving those moments of joy, laughter and love. The positive emotions experienced while dreaming extended during my waking hours, allowing me to feel more cheerful, enthusiastic and energetic. These positive feelings inspired a renewed reverence, a sense of hope, healing, and wonder about the mystical interconnection between our dreams, our waking life and the essence of self and soul.

The art of learning to use the information received from dreams intelligently and with courage can inspire any willing heart to better integrate mind, body and spirit in their waking life. Even after my frequent dreams with my brother stopped, I have since learned to practice dreamwork and pay attention to the various feelings I experience in many of my dreams. As a very personal roadmap to our inner self, dreams offer an invitation to imagine a magical pathway to self-understanding, to evaluate, analyze and create infinite possibilities for illuminating our waking path. We can detect the signposts, and provide spiritual comfort along the journey, while recovering from the loss of a dear one.

Paying attention to the power of suggestion in our dreams and how we respond to them, can greatly contrib-

*“ Dreams provide an inexhaustible resource for students of consciousness and for anyone who wants to explore their inner life. ”*

— Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.  
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“It brought me to tears.”  
“...beautiful and moving, and so powerful...”  
“...something that will effect change, for the better.”  
“I was blown away.”  
“I’m inspired, and moved.”

## Are we creating the world of our dreams?

A Hopi prophesy speaks of two roads humanity can choose between:  
That of the Two-Hearted People who think only with their heads,  
creating chaos and ultimately their own destruction;  
...or that of the One-Hearted People, whose heads are united with their hearts.

The Hopi say that now is the time to make that choice.



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ute to our individual integral growth and well-being. It is essential to recognize when grief becomes a danger to our health, to take action and seek professional assistance when needed. Talking to a trusted friend, or trained professional, contributes positively to the healing process.

## Remembering Dreams

Why is it hard to remember our dreams? Many researchers agree that all of us forget 95-99% of our dreams for the simple reason that we aren't paying attention. Sleeping does not require much concentration, so it is easy to forget our dreams. Perhaps the true explanation lies in the distinction between the conscious and subconscious levels of thinking. The subconscious thinking process must break through and suggest itself at the conscious level in order to awaken conscious memory. My personal practice with dream work and desire to experience them has convinced me that it is not necessary to know where dreams come from or why we have them before deriving bountiful benefits from the wise use of this unique and intimate conduit of creative and healing energy.

## Keeping A Dream Journal

Grieving the unexpected loss of my brother was a process of personal death and rebirth, revelations and the beginning of my spiritual enlightenment. Keeping a notebook and pen by my bedside during this time helped me write down my thoughts and feelings immediately upon waking from a dream. Spiritual insights received from my sacred dreams helped transform my fears and angry efforts to evade mortality into pillars of faith. Frequent dreams with my deceased brother served as a gentle refuge to the erratic sensations of pain, anger, frustration, sadness, depression, and other complex human emotions I recognize were expressions of my vulnerability while grieving. If you

choose to start a dream journal, have fun with it. The lessons will come with time, patience, and persistence. We can enjoy and allow our hearts to be our best guide. Let the process evolve naturally and become your own "healing course in miracles." Here are some suggestions to consider when you keep a dream journal:

- Write down the date and time of the dream.
- How did the dream make you feel immediately upon waking? Express in writing all emotions connected with the dream. Be specific.
- Describe the surroundings of the dream event. Was the place familiar to you? Write down as specific description as possible.

• Was the dream in color or black and white? Were the colors vivid and bright, or dark?

Was the atmosphere surrounding the dream cold or warm?

- Did you touch your loved one in the dream? Was there any hugging, embracing etc.

- Describe how your loved one looks in the dream.

Who else is present in the dream? Do you know these people, or are they strangers to you?

- Are there any animals involved in the dream?

Write down any ideas or thoughts from the dream that might have left an impression on you upon waking. All thoughts have value and need to be considered for further analysis.

- Consult a dream dictionary for archetypal associations. Keep in mind that your dream speaks uniquely to you. Seek the positive.

- What does the dream ask of you? What does the dream want? Write any and all ideas down and meditate on the intent of the dream. Example, is the dream asking you to forgive a departed loved one?

- Put your conscious thoughts about the dream aside for a while. Allow the natural flow of intuitive energy to sur-

face on its own. It will. Be patient.

The individual journey of self-discovery requires a lifetime commitment to monitoring our awareness of self and our perception of the world around us. This ongoing and lifelong process is what Jung calls "individuation" - becoming the complete human being one is born to be. Dreams can help nurture our path to self-development. With patience and persistence, the greatest Gifts of my sacred dreams have been a sense of calming in the spirit, cultivating clarity of thought, and exercising a child-like imagination.

## Interpreting Dreams

Symbolism in dreams has been a method of interpretation used by many since ancient times. I would recommend to the reader that before going to dream books and dictionaries of symbolism to interpret dreams, allow your own inner center, that personal place for grace and guidance, to contribute to your understanding and clarity of your dreams. Symbolism, as a key to meaning, will vary from one person to another. Most researchers agree that it is best to analyze a series of dreams (i.e. 200-300 dreams), then, we may begin to discover certain patterns which can become meaningful in time. Dreams are as individual as personalities, so we will most likely be the best interpreter of our own dreams.

For some of us, sharing our dreams with a family member, a good listener friend, or a collective group of dreamerworkers can greatly contribute to the learning and understanding of our dreams. Our personality and temperament will help us choose the best individual path. Dreamsharing was an accepted tradition in my family. Some studies of different dream reports suggest that loving, supportive families apparently sow the seeds of a warm and happy dream life.

With an open mind and heart, I

*(Continued on page 34)*





"Enlightenment"

Original painting, 6' x 4' - acrylic medium

## "Enlightenment"

*I am swimming in the ocean with others and there are many people on the rocks and in the trees upon the shore all eagerly awaiting the arrival of a star that is to collide with the ocean.*

*The people in the dream are not afraid, but they are excited as though they are there to watch the eclipse of the moon or any other natural phenomenon.*

*This attitude of the people is in contrast to my own during the event. I yell to everyone I am swimming with, "We should stay at least a mile away!"*

*When the star arrives it gently sinks beneath the waters and all is peaceful.*



### I DECIDED TO PAINT

this scene from the perspective of the onlookers in the dream, in order to convey the anticipation and excitement these characters were feeling. Contemplating the positive emotions felt by those gathered on the rocks is key to understanding this dream. The energies present in the psyche were eager to welcome the light in.

This enlightenment, or great heavenly light sinking peacefully

into the inner ocean, is nothing less than a great inner transformation taking place deep within the unconscious. The transformation is due to coming to know oneself deeply and completely through an investigation of the inner depths.

Even though dream ego is afraid to get too close to the light, (Heaven knows what horrors can be revealed when these dark waters become all lit up!) to become totally conscious or enlightened is the goal of every soul. The yearning for true peace of mind and soul through self knowledge and mastery, thereby aligning oneself with universal light, is the essence of this dream ∞

have allowed dreams to give greater vision, meaning, comfort and beauty to my living existence. According to Jung, "Nobody can know what the ultimate things are. We must, therefore, take them as we experience them. If such experience helps to make life healthier, more beautiful, complete and satisfactory to yourself and to those you love, you may safely say, 'This was the Grace of God.'"

(Jung, 1938, p. 114)

Dream encounters with departed loved ones can help us through our grief, and offer an opportunity to create healthy bonds with loving souls on a new level of consciousness. It is important, however, to understand that these loving souls do continue to evolve in their own existence. We can allow the Gift of visitation in dreams to be experienced at the appropriate times and for the right reasons, without interfering with the individual soul's natural flow of evolution. After every dream with my brother, or any other departed loved one, I became accustomed to accepting the Gift of visitation and let it go with reverence, by praying for the soul of the loved one:

"Lord, thank you for the Gift. I release (name of loved one) into Your Loving Hands. Receive (him or her) and set this loving soul free in your Love. He (she) belongs to You, my Lord."

This act of recognition and acceptance awakened a sense of trust, understanding and healing compassion in my heart knowing each of us has a right to experience our own destiny, in the afterlife as well as in the human experience. This feeling of liberation and letting go extended into my waking life, by realizing that perhaps all visible experience is but an expression of our creative dreams. The vision of the world we create around us is a reflection of the vision we create with our thoughts, ideas,

illusions, and dreams.

### Forgiveness in Dreams

Is it possible to forgive a departed loved one in our dreams? Here are some practical tips to incubate a dream for healing relationships with departed loved ones. These ideas may also be helpful in waking life:

- Write a letter expressing specific concerns regarding your relationship with that person.
- Pray. Ask God to help in the process of forgiveness. Ask God to give you understanding of the experience. Ask God to help you release the hurt.
- Visualize a peaceful scene where both souls can meet in the name of Love and Forgiveness.
- Send forgiving thoughts to your departed loved one. This will liberate your heart from negative feelings.
- Show your sincere intent by displaying one or more photographs of the departed soul prominently around your living quarters. You will know when you are ready to do this.
- You may choose to create a sacred place where you can light a small candle representing the Eternal Flame of God's Love and Forgiveness uniting all souls connected to you in waking and dream life. I have placed a small water fountain in a special place in our home. Listening to the continuous running flow of fresh water helps to remind me of the eternal cycles of creation, forgiveness, and transformation.
- Ask your dreams and create your own personal ideas to bring harmony and healing closure to any soul connection.

The ability to observe our thoughts and feelings is the first step in developing consciousness. Developing our conscious awareness is a mental exercise and skill, which can be improved during every moment of our waking and dream life. Paying attention to our active thoughts and feel-

ings of the immediate moment can begin a process of learning lucidity. I now recognize that lucidity is a learned mental skill, which can be applied to our waking and sleep dream life as well throughout our lifetime journey.

Dare to dream and enjoy! ∞



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**About the author:** *Born in Chile, and educated in the United States, Maggie is now creating the Spanish version of her manuscript, Gift of Sacred Dreams: A Spiritual Journey of Grief, Grace, Growth, and Gratitude. Through publishing educational/practical articles and booklets about the subject of dreams, the author appreciates comments from readers and accepts individual contributions to facilitate the self-publishing of her research materials. Maggie, her husband Cliff, and their ten-year old black labrador retriever "Baby Lady Lucky," live in a small rural community in Florida, U.S.A.*

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# Fore-Seeing My Parent's Deaths

## *in Dreams*

by Sandy Steckling

**BELIEVE THE SOUL'S LIFE** is in a higher realm of being, Perhaps most of the time it isn't concerned with what is going on here, but sometimes it appears to me to be so close to the plane I live on; it is just on the other side, all pervasive, ever loving. I feel I can almost break through to it, to a new world where the soul rules and I am free of this little self.

There are times the soul moves spontaneously with no effort on our part, it comes as a gift to us, a grace from God. Some dreams bring this visitation of soul; it moves behind and through the dream and can touch us directly. When I am touched by the soul I am still myself, but I am also a part of something much larger too; I experience myself as the soul that I also am.

My dream about my mother was a prophetic dream. When the dream came it felt strikingly out of the blue in the sense there were no dreams preceding it that gave clues, or hinted at, what was to come; at least none that I could remember. This dream came with a punch, the power of the soul behind it. There was no mistaking its' message: my mother was going to die soon, less than a year. At the time of the dream my mother wasn't ill.

As the dream begins...

*I am in my car. My mother is in her car behind me. She is supposed to follow me where we are going, we aren't going very far. I turn around to make sure she is still behind me and she is gone. I can feel energetically that she is completely gone; she's not behind me, she's not anywhere in the dream at all. The dream is representing the physical plane, that is where it is taking place, and I realize she is not anywhere in the dream at all, seen or unseen. I have a sinking feeling she is gone from the physical plane. I hope maybe I am wrong. I call my sister and tell her that I think mother is gone, but that she may just be lost. I don't really believe she is lost. My sister says she'll call her daughter and see if she knows where our mother is. My sister calls me back and tells me they can't find my mother anywhere and that she thinks our mother is gone. I have the complete awareness then that mother is gone, she is really gone.*

I woke up with a body blow of awareness that my mother was gone; a terrible thrust in the gut, in the heart, the kind that takes your breath away. The emotional, visceral impact was not that my mother was going to die, but that she had died. My feelings, my body, told me this was real... and it was, even though it hadn't happened on the physical plane yet.

I saw my mother's life span in front of me, independent of me, with its' own purpose and time. She had completed her time on earth. She was leaving. When I tuned into the time between the dream and when it felt like my mother would die, it felt like it would be close, but not too close; a bit away, but not long—less than a year.

Mentally I doubted my dream, but on another level I knew the deeper truth that the dream had brought. Four months after my dream my mother went in for her yearly physical and found out she had lung cancer. My mother died last month, ten months after my dream.

What is it that knows and imparts that knowing to us? To my way of thinking the soul always participates in this occurrence. I was never alone through my mother's illness and death because the larger self

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held me; the container was my dream. I saw the soul came to hold my mother too; she became more open, more loving, more trusting. And she willingly let go.

Years before this I had a similar kind of dream about my father.

*I am at my parent's home. My sister and my niece are there too. We all have our suitcases with us, as of course we would if we had flown in to visit. Mother is somewhere in the house and we are going to do something together. I look around for my father but didn't see him.*

Upon waking and reviewing the dream I realised my father wasn't anywhere in the dream at all. Not only was he not in the house, he wasn't anywhere, his presence was gone. I knew from the dream's perspective that he wasn't on the earth anymore. I felt the dream was clear that he was gone, and so it probably meant it wasn't going to be long before my father died. He had had prostate cancer for ten years, and although he appeared to be doing all right, the dream was letting me know he was going to be gone. It didn't feel very far from the present.

In another dream around this time...

*...my father's parents came to visit. There is an unearthly aura around them, and I know they are from the other side.*



Then I woke up. I had never known my father's parents as they had died before I was born. I felt they were coming to visit because they knew my father was going to cross over soon, and they were there to meet him when he did. We know this kind of meeting is reported by survivors of near death experiences.

My father died about two months after these dreams. My sister and my niece and I flew in to be with our mother and take care of things. We all had our luggage, of course, as the dream had shown.

There is an ever present, all knowing soul. In the fertile field of dreams, with no ego to squash it, no guard to thwart it, the soul can find open windows of receptivity, and thereby enter. I say let it enter often, let me live more fully in it. I am grateful for its' visitation. I am grateful for the dreams. ∞

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Contact Sandy at P.O. Box 1267  
Kingston, WA. 98346

## soul

a dream of soul  
pure, white light  
a shooting star  
was our dog who  
passed into heaven  
a sign of love  
in the night  
a white sky in summer  
and winter shines  
full of our white dog's joy  
angel  
he is alive  
in my dreams...  
depth of poetic spirit  
lingers in the rainbows  
on his fur  
the white moon in his eyes,  
blind  
but sees by heart!  
forever  
loving  
us  
here,  
now

Paula Timpson

## "The Peace Mission"

A friend and I are in charge of some national/international peace meeting. I have persuaded all these people to come together. We are at a fancy resort hotel in a large ballroom. We are both going around individually to each person there -- all different races, religions, cultures, handicaps, ages -- to personally greet them, tell them why we think it is important that they are here, and make sure everyone feels comfortable.

Most of them have some kind of bodyguard and/or entourage. They each light up as we introduce ourselves and many say "if it weren't for you, personally, I wouldn't be here." I work my way up to the podium. I begin by telling them a dream I had about peace and how they each had an important role in it. I also tell them about my years as a dreamworker and an entertainer, which naturally led me into politics.

They laugh, but I tell them seriously why this is so--how similar it all is. My friend and I share some of the positive visions from DREAMING HUMANITY'S PATH film.

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# Come to Me in a Dream

by Darlene Pitts

**“LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU’RE ALLRIGHT** in the afterlife,” I prayed to my 98-year-old grandmother, after she died from pneumonia in a Tennessee hospital located hundreds of miles from my Virginia home. “Come to me in a dream.”

I didn’t get the chance to visit her in the hospital due to my recuperation from major surgery, so I made a spirit-to-spirit request, “Come to me in a dream.” I knew she’d do it. She was the first person who I requested an afterlife visit in a dream. When previous relatives died, I couldn’t recall dreaming during those years or even wanting them to visit me in any manner. My grandmother was the family matriarch, an excellent cook and generous with a loving heart—a splendid gift from God. I needed to know she was all right in the afterlife.

“Grandmother won’t be here much longer,” she announced in the 1980s. At first, I didn’t understand why she talked about dying with a smile on her face. However, as her health declined, I understood: she longed to go to her true home with her husband and four children who’d already passed over to the afterlife.

On December 20, 1994, she transitioned to the afterlife. I appreciated her dying during the Christmas period, because it made it easier for

out-of-state relatives and friends to attend her funeral, versus a non-holiday period. My sister grumbled about funerals during holidays, especially Christmas, but she has no control over final breaths.

“Come to me in a dream,” I again requested my grandmother, after her funeral. I could handle her appearing in a dream while I slept, but not her appearing in the passenger seat in my vehicle while I drove or in a bathroom mirror while I brushed my teeth. Such an appearance might lead to a heart attack. Other relatives had shared humorous, but frightening, stories about impulsive afterlife visits. I didn’t want to become a member of their eyes-wide-open club.

Six months after my grandmother’s funeral, I experienced an unusual dream.

*I hear thunderous rap music as I approach my sister’s kitchen door. I open the door and see my grandmother dancing in between the refrigerator and stove. A shade of heavenly white bathes her hair and face. Her long flowing dress sweeps her white tennis shoes as she boogied like I’ve never seen anyone boogie before. Her legs snap as if she never had physical ailments.*

*She sees me, but doesn’t say a word. She then shut off the boom-box lying on the floor, picks it up and disappears.*

I startled awake. I couldn’t recall my grandmother listening to rap music while she journeyed upon earth, but knew it was her unforgettable way of telling me she was all right in the afterlife.

Years later, I chatted with a teenage niece about dreams and shared the dream about our grandmother dancing to rap music. “I had the same dream,” she gasped.

I’d heard about people experiencing the same dreams, but it’d never happened to me. We compared our dreams and realized that we had experienced the same dream, though we lived in two different states. We didn’t know if the dream occurred on the same night, since many years had passed, but we do know our grandmother is all right! ∞

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*Darlene Pitts is an intuitive consultant and author of Discover Your Intuition, A Practical Guide to Help You Identify and Understand How Your Intuition Communicates Intuitive Messages to You. Contact her by calling 770-434-5240 or visiting [www.instrategies.com](http://www.instrategies.com).*

## REVIVING THE METAPHOR

©2005 by Marlene King, M.A.



REVISITING THE METAPHOR as a dream element will add dimension to your dream time. According to the dictionary, a metaphor is a word or phrase that literally denotes one kind of object or idea that is used in place of another to suggest a likeness or analogy between them.

However, Montague Ullman, M.D. and Nan Zimmerman in their book, *Working with your Dreams*, flesh out this definition to fit a working dream model. "Imagery can stir up significant memories, ...but it can also convey meanings that derive from specific attributes or qualities of the images." (p.66) They cite the following example:

A woman dreams of herself....

*Wearing a scarlet gown.*

The images show metaphorically the feelings she has about herself as a Scarlet woman.

There are, of course, multi-dimensional meanings to the excerpt above, but for their purposes, were focusing on its metaphorical aspect. Further, Ullman/Zimmerman explain that "...dream metaphors come in visual form, unconsciously assembled, frequently disowned and have a strange and private language that differ from waking metaphors which are verbally expressed and convey known feelings, are deliberate and voluntary.

(pp. 94-95)

The authors devised a technique for working with dream metaphors that

begins by the dreamer making an assessment of the "metaphorical potential" of the content/image in relation to their life circumstances that generated the dream. (p.74) Using this approach, the following dream recently submitted lends itself to this definitive "metaphorical potential":

*I'm in a garden and watching the time-lapse evolution of foliage... it dies out, then re-sprouts and blooms again.*

*Then I see a tiny elf-like woman... she's like a sprite that emerges from the greenery and watches me observe the changes in the vegetation. I somehow know she's a ghost/spirit, but she speaks to me two times and looks me directly in my eyes. As I stare back, I 'see' life, death and beyond in her eyes... literally into the cosmos.*

*It's scary, yet exciting.*

~C.G. - Portland, OR

As with all dreams, it is best to make a list of possible events, circumstances, people, memory connections that may have triggered dream; it will assist you in extracting the potential meaning of the metaphors.

Being in a garden, could literally represent the Garden of Eden ^ the genesis of life. The content of the dream infers the dreamer is 'examining' the process of life, i.e., its evolution, and as she watches, a ghost or sprite-like specter watches her! This suggests that the spirit of the dreamer is also an observer and is underscored by

looking into the 'eyes'—or 'I's—i.e., the dreamer looking into the spirit (wise woman) of her self. The whole of creation is revealed not only in earthly 3-dimensional form, but into the birth of the cosmos—or heavens—and beyond. The feelings stirred are ones of excitement and fear—flip sides of each other.

So is this dream a metaphor for the curiosity about the mystery of life to the dreamer? It may well be she is examining what life is all about—making some decisions that are scary as well as exciting—and has met with her higher self/consciousness to confirm the path she's on.

Time-lapse photography was introduced in the early '50s and was popularized in *The Living Desert*: it showed life forms on the desert from birth to death. Perhaps this film was a part of the dreamer's memory that created the living dream garden. Was there a recent death in this person's life—either a person or other form of something dying? The affirmative quality of this dream was the circular effect of life, death, rebirth of the plants she observed. Being spoken to two times is metaphorical in that it reiterated a message twice, as if to tell the dreamer to pay attention!

Re-examine a dream and see if you can connect the metaphorical dots to divulge new insights. ∞

Contact Marlene King: Box 477 Murphy, OR 97533 or e-mail [marlene@chatlink.com](mailto:marlene@chatlink.com)

# Book Review

by Tatsy Guild

## Mythic Astrology Applied;

Personal Healing through the Planets  
Ariel Guttman & Kenneth Johnson  
Llewellyn Publications; 2004

Review by Tatsy Guild

If your response to this title is that this book wouldn't have any relevance to your life because you're not an Astrologer, think again. The authors describe for each of us the players in the theater of our dreams. As Joseph Campbell, the esteemed Mythologist, said, "A dream is a private myth; a myth is a public dream."

The authors of *Mythic Astrology Applied*, Ariel Guttman and Kenneth Johnson, assist us in getting to know the players: the gods and goddesses of Greco-Roman mythology. They are the archetypes that emerge in most cultures that have ever existed. The psychologist Carl Jung used the word archetype to describe a seed-form, or symbol of an energy or dynamic that lies within our psyche. In this context, the gods and goddesses of mythology lie within each of us.

Jung actually used a word that the Greek philosopher, Plato, coined. Plato referred to archetypes as being that which is "... a divine idea in the mind of the infinite." Jung was the original 'archetypal psychologist;' James Hillman, a modern day archetypal psychologist, urges us to transcend our conflicted states and thereby reach the bliss and inspiration that is our true heritage. In order to do this—according to Hillman—we must appease some of our inner gods, while nurturing others. *Mythic Astrology Applied* introduces us to many of these gods.

Hillman describes astrology as being an early form of archetypal psychology. The well known astrologer, Noel Tyl, perceives that the planetary archetypes will soon be discovered by psychologists to be as essential and useful as the Graduated Table of Elements is to chemists.

Too often, modern day astrologers are busy justifying astrology to the scientific world. They, too often, neglect to help an individual navigate the mysteries of their own psyche, using astrology as a valuable

tool. However, we can do for ourselves that which an astrologer may neglect to do: we can meld mythology and astrology in order to understand the archetypes that are often center stage in our dreams.

As an astrologer, I would also suggest that each individual approach this from another viewpoint and recommend that we each become familiar with our own natal astrology charts in order to become more familiar with the archetypes which play center stage in our own dreams.

The gods and goddesses that we get to know in this *Mythic Astrology Applied* are:\* 1) Sun/Sol (Apollo or Helios) 2) Moon/Luna (Artemis) 3) Mercury (Hermes) 4) Earth/Terra (Gaia) 5) Venus (Aphrodite) 6) Mars (Ares) 7) Jupiter (Zeus) 8) Saturn (Chronus) 9) Uranus (Ouranos) 10) Neptune (Poseidon) and 11) Pluto (Hades). These eleven god/desses are the main players, but Chiron also plays a major role. Chiron—larger than an asteroid, but smaller than a planet—thereby fills a niche of his own, astrologically. Chiron also is considered to be a healer-through-dreams. Many find that the planets (archetypes) that Chiron is configured with are the planets to be particularly aware of in our dreams (and waking life).

There are also five major asteroid-type compositions. These are 1) **Ceres** (or Demeter) 2) **Pallas** (or Athene) 3) **Juno** (or Hera) 4) **Vesta** (or Hestia) and 5) **Lilith**, the Dark Moon.

**The Sun** is the generator of all life and light in our universe. The Sun embodies the Spirit, or the core sense of self, within each one of us. The power of the Sun is also echoed in its form as a spine, a heart, a lion, or gold.

**The Moon** is the ruler of the night and all things mysterious and hidden (like emotion and the subconscious). It is a reflection of our core sense of self. It also rules the breasts, the stomach, nurturance, and silver.

**The Earth** is our home. It is an earth-mother/mother-earth. It is our conscious-self. It rules dirt and bricks and wood.

**Mercury** is the messenger of the gods. It is our mind and perceptions. It rules clever

and intelligent people and, well, mercury, or quicksilver.

**Venus** is the goddess of love and relationship. I believe that we're in relationship to everything, whether we want to be or not; if so, this makes her quite important. Venus rules beauty, harmony, textiles, and the metal copper.

**Mars** is the god of opposition, conflict, stimulation, and war. His colors are red, black and grey; he rules iron and steel.

**Jupiter** is the Santa Claus planet. It is the biggest planet in our universe and rules expansion.

**Saturn** is the taskmaster, the disciplinarian. Saturn rules structure (the skeleton) and condenses.

**Uranus** is something of a counterpart to Saturn. Uranus disperses and upsets, particularly forms that may have become too solidified, lacking adaptation.

**Neptune** prefers formlessness. It rules the urge to merge, to be without boundaries. Neptune rules music and dance, mystical endeavors, film, and dreams.

**Pluto** is the undertaker or the boatman on the River Stix. Pluto also eliminates that which is stagnant or unusable (yes, it rules the large intestines). Pluto is also the thunderstorm that moves away the hot, stale summer air.

**Chiron** is the wounded healer—or the wounded one. He is a Centaur. His wounds come from imbalances in not recognizing his instinctual side. His message is that one's greatest gifts are apt to lie within ones' deepest wounds.

The main asteroids are all female. Ceres is the goddess of the harvest. Pallas is the empowered feminist. Juno is the committed partner. Vesta is the devout virgin. Lilith is the outrageous female spirit... think of Madonna.

This is but a taste of the wisdom this book brings to us. When we know the players and props of our dreams, familiar faces may no longer be merely the individuals that we know in our waking lives. ∞

\*Roman/Greek name

*Tatsy Guild is a Moab, UT astrologer and can be reached by email at tatsyguild@hotmail.com*



## Book Review

by Victoria Vlach

### The Dreamer's Book of the Dead: A Soul Traveler's Guide to Death, Dying and the Other Side

by Robert Moss

**DREAMERS INSPIRED BY POETS**—poets inspiring and guiding Dreamers. One particular poet and one particular Dreamer come together on a joint venture of mutual interest and the result is Robert Moss's *The Dreamer's Book of the Dead*. Divided into three distinct and interconnected sections, *The Dreamer's Book of the Dead* offers what could very well be the beginnings of a much needed Book of the Dead for the Western (industrialized) world.

Two of Moss's strongest points are that Imagination is a necessary and vital element of the afterlife—and—dreaming is our most direct access to learning about and preparing for life after physical death. But Western culture tends to view Imagination with the same suspicious and disapproving eye it uses on dreams/dreaming. Consequently, our understanding of the afterlife is vague, incomplete, and constricted. Both the dead and the living in Western culture suffer from a lack of information. This book endeavors to provide some practical tools and guidelines to "help us heal our relationship with death and dying." It is a relationship sorely in need of healing. The first section, *Dreaming with the Departed*, draws on dreams and tales of the afterlife from other cultures as well as contemporary dream reports. While reminiscent of Patricia Garfield's *The Dream Messenger*, Moss offers an expanded view of this type of dream. He explores not just the common themes and messages in such dreams but also lays a foundation for deeper and more conscious dialogues/interactions between living and dead. Yes, the dead visit us in our world, via dreams, but we visit them in their world as well, gaining our own

glimpses into the bardos beyond. There is a process, a path, a pattern to the afterlife, and different kinds of energy and consciousness survive physical death. Sometimes the dead need help from the living. Many don't know they have died, for instance, or we hold them too close or too long and they remain earthbound longer than they might have otherwise, or they don't know (because of beliefs held during physical life) that they **can** go on. Dreaming of the dead is part of the dying/death/healing process for both the living and the dead and Moss offers specific suggestions for the living which assist both living and dead – not just 'feel good' rituals, but practical matters such as sudden or violent deaths, unburied/missing bodies, the dense energy body of the 'stuck' dead, entanglement with this denser energy, etc.. Moss reiterates the necessity of imagination in the afterlife ("...lack of imagination is one of the main reasons people get stuck on the other side of death"). It is the key to a deeper dialogue between the living and dead, and a necessary element in a Western Book of the Dead. Ultimately, Western culture benefits from a more active and conscious communion with the other side of the veil.

If *The Dreamers Book of the Dead* stopped after Part One, it would still be a valuable addition to any dreamworker's library. It doesn't stop, of course, but continues with an exploration of The Poet as Guide to the Other Side. Here, Moss describes his interactions with and guidance by the spirit of W. B. Yeats, an early Twentieth Century poet whose own efforts at writing a Western Book of the Dead resulted in *A Vision (1925 & 1937)*. He learns more about the afterlife through a variety of experiences (dreaming, shamanic drumming/journeying, travels to and visits from others who had died, etc.), with Yeats as his guide much as Virgil was Dante's guide. There are numerous

references to other individuals and groups who have traveled this path in earlier times (the Victorian era, for example). This section provides much of the larger context which ties the other two sections together. Throughout the whole of the book, as well, are poems and stories from other cultures which further bring us from where we are to where we could be in our own culture's relationship to death and dying.

Dreaming the Way from Death to Birth is where we are headed in finally creating a Western Book of the Dead. Here are tools and guidance to help us truly begin to heal that relationship with death/dying. By learning (and helping others learn) how to prepare/maintain our personal 'houses of death', we can be ready when it is our turn. Stories from many dreamers and many traditions, as well as descriptions of Moss's own experiences and what he has learned, make up much of this section. Several short meditations are offered as examples to help in visualizing different ways of starting on your journey after death. A brief summary of common 'steps' found on the other side is also given, though individual experience will, of course, be shaped by one's own beliefs and expectations about what is on the other side. Reincarnation is touched on as well, as are some other 'non-western' concepts (being alive in more than one time period at once, for example).

At the end of his book, Moss offers additional resources, provides a description of his Dream Re-entry technique (most helpful in further exploring those dreams with the dead), and presents a very extensive bibliography with authors both ancient and modern and in a variety of fields (including Garfield's *Dream Messenger*). This may not be the final incarnation of a Western Book of the Dead, but *The Dreamer's Book of the Dead* a really nice start. ∞

# Five Easy Steps to Understanding Your Dreams

by Jennifer Borchers

*This is a unique approach to understanding dreams, based on the channeled information by Edgar Cayce, has been developed by the Association for Research and Enlightenment (A.R.E.) in Virginia Beach. Readers of Dream Network who are not familiar with the A.R.E. and the work of Edgar Cayce may find this these five steps helpful and easy to work with in their own dream work. I have been working with this approach for nearly 30 years and include a sample dream from my dream journal.*

**I F YOU DO NOT ALREADY HAVE A DREAM JOURNAL,** I suggest you obtain one. This journal is only for your dreams. You can write in it, draw in it, and paste pictures in it. Keep this journal by your bed with a pen or pencil. Record each dream in the present tense. Write it down in as much detail as you can. Be sure you give the dream a number, indicate the date, and give it a title. It is also helpful to note in a few sentences the salient experiences, thoughts or feelings of the previous day. Some people prefer writing the dream on the left hand page, and using the right hand page for interpretive writing.

## Step One - Feelings

Read the dream over. What feelings does it evoke in you now? Write them down. Ask yourself about each feeling: "Where in my life do I experience this?" This might give you a clue as to the theme of the dream.

## Step Two - Theme

Look at the entire dream and see it as a novel or a movie. What is the main theme? Write it down in an impersonal way such as, "Someone is doing something to somebody." Or, "Because this hap-

pened, that was the result." Ask yourself: "Where in my life is this happening?"

## Step Three - Symbols

Now take a look at the symbols. Write them down one after another, each on a line by itself, followed by: "This represents..." Remember that a symbol is a visible depiction of something invisible. To begin to understand a symbol, bypass your logical mind and alternate between sinking into your feelings and rising into your intuition. Use a dream symbol dictionary only to stimulate your own intuition.

## Step Four -

### Preliminary Understanding

Having completed steps one through three, what do you understand the message of the dream to be? Trust your gut feelings and your intuition. You can always revise it later.

## Step Five - Application

According to Edgar Cayce, an intellectual understanding of the dream message is not enough. Now you must ask yourself, "How can I apply what I learned in my daily life?" Write down your intention and put it into action.

## Page from a Dream Journal, Using the 5-Step Approach

Thursday, 21 July 2005.

**Previous Day:** Fifth day of a seven day vacation in Sedona. I moved the hummingbird feeder from the branch to the tipi pole. Hummers came right away all morning long. During hot hours of 105 degrees, I lay on rug in living room and listened to Tibetan CDs. Meditated on: What is God's will for me? What does God want me to know?

### The Serial Killer and the Witch

*I find myself in a horrid place.*

*The leader takes people captive and cuts off their arms and legs and kills them. I see someone carry two legs from one place to another.*

*The leader doesn't know yet that I am there. I want to get away unnoticed. I busy myself folding a pile of sheets. An old woman sits nearby and calls me. Physically she is tall, skinny and old, and emotionally and spiritually she is archaic and hideous and just wanting to attach an innocent victim with unconscious guilt. She accuses me of something. I feel wholly innocent,*

Justina Lasley's

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*and distract her with meaningless talk about the wooden shoes that I wore as a child.*

### Feelings While Reading

**Dream Over:** Horror. Fear. Innocence. Ingenuity.

**Where in my life am I feeling this?** I did not expect such a dream while vacationing and feeling relaxed, at peace, adventurous, and loved. These dream feelings must come from the depth of my unconscious mind.

**Dream Theme** = Someone finds herself in a dangerous place and feels accused of committing a crime and tries to outsmart the perpetrators.

**Where in my life is this happening?** My life in the world is safe. This must be an internal condition in my mind.

### SYMBOLS

**Dream Ego** = is the same as my normal waking consciousness.

**Man, serial killer** = Represents a negative animus figure: an insane part of my ego that harbors murderous intentions that kill my loving thoughts and feelings.

**Legs** = Represent my foundational thoughts and feelings that ground me in daily reality.

**Folding sheets** = Represents some meditative, contemplative, stalling activity.

**Woman, witch** = Represents a negative shadow figure: an unconscious, insane part of my ego that judges and accuses; a part that believes in sin, guilt and punishment; feminine energy that is in conflict with masculine energy and turned against itself: self-sabotage.

**Wooden shoes** (my father made

lovely wooden shoes that I wore as a child) Represent = solid foundational thoughts and feelings.

**Preliminary Understanding** =

I guess God wants me to know that there are still some deeply hidden beliefs in sin, guilt and punishment in my unconscious mind and is bringing them to conscious awareness. These beliefs are comprised of energy that is both intellectual (male protagonist) and emotional (female protagonist). The dream says that I am aware of these negative beliefs and try to outsmart them.

### How To Apply What I Learned

= bring the "serial killer" and the "witch" in my insane ego mind into the light of my sane mind, heal them and transform them into allies by continuing to practice non-judgmentalness, forgiveness. ∞

# One of the Latest Crop Circles



Location - Wayland's Smithy, Oxfordshire UK ~ 09.08.05

**Interview with Marion Woodman** (Cont'd from pg. 13)

So this is where I let my own masculine work with them to try to strengthen the side that would dare to take the criticism; that would dare the social impact of being outside the studio and the wonderful feminine energy that you love to work in. But in that studio, there has to be the masculine too. It has to be going on in both worlds. For example, if you dreamt of a beautiful man, I would do everything to bring that energy in. Talk to him and ask him, "What do you want? Why are you in my dreams? What is our relationship? What do you want to do?" Sometimes it might be negative energy. If you ask, he may just break down and tell you what's wrong.

**Kim:** You directly engage the image?

**Marion:** Yes, but if that's too hard in the beginning, don't do it, but keep it in mind that that's the direction you're moving. But that is crucial, it's a vitality, you see. In this process as I understand it, we're working toward wholeness, so that the feminine requires the masculine, as the masculine requires the feminine in the creative process. If you're going to come from your authentic being, which is also what it's all about, and you're working towards the inner marriage, you've got to have a mature masculine and a mature feminine. But let me also say there, Kim, that you can't push it. But you can encourage it, and you can certainly make room. But if the psyche's not ready, you can't do anything.

**Kim:** When women work together in groups there can be a point of friction when one member may not be able to move beyond the level of psychic development reached by her own mother.

**Marion:** I've seen that repeatedly. When they work very, very hard to develop their education and status in the community. Age, even. When they get to the age that their mother died,

they can't imagine going beyond that. And this may be even more true for men. And it is true in psychological development. Where a woman is beginning to find her own freedom, *re-ally* find her own freedom, beginning to stand on her own feet, and she'll be walking across the room at a workshop, and just fall flat to the floor. And you'll feel it. And then she'll stop and I'll ask what happened, and she'll say that she heard her mother's voice saying, "Who do you think you are? The artsy fartsy stuff is over, and you'll be mine." And that's not said with anger, but with resignation. That feeling you can't go beyond seems somehow to be a betrayal of the parent. They did the best they could. And they tried very, very hard.

**Kim:** What do you do when you reach that point?

**Marion:** You bring it to consciousness and say, "You're stuck." But usually a dream will come. I've had people whose parents are dead who have a dream, and in it they think the parents are there raging anger. The dream parent says, "I told you to get out of here once and for all, GO. I don't want you around me any more. Live your life." So often I don't have to do anything, the dream does it all. And I try to let it be that way, let the dream do it. The parents may have been dead a long time, and a dream like that will come.

You see, I am very convinced, Kim, that it's if you work with the body in dreams, it will tell you how to handle these situations that come up. But again, you have to bring it back to consciousness. You can't just do bodywork and forget it. When I'm doing bodywork on the floor, I have my tape recorder going all the time, and I'm telling the tape what I am doing. Then I can go back afterwards and handle that material as if it were a dream and analyze it.

**Kim:** As if it were a dream? Can you

say more about that or give an example?

**Marion:** For example, if I'm dancing, and I hear myself on the tape saying, "I'm going to the left. The left, the left, I can't seem to go right. Left, I can't seem to go right. My body is turning left. Why do you want to go left? Why don't you want to go right? I want to go right, why do you always want to go left?"

And you'll get an answer. There's something that needs to be worked on in the left side of the body, and the body is trying to bring that to your attention. Or you're out of balance; You've worked so hard on the right side, out in the world, the right side is the part that goes out, very much in consciousness, whereas the left is the unconscious. Those 2 may become very out of balance, and you see it once in body work. So you use the bodywork as a mirror for what's happening in the psyche.

**Kim:** A couple of friends have asked me to ask you about what seems to be a longer period of cronedom that is developing; as though a new archetype is being created. How do women who are no longer creating eggs bring their creations out into the world? Do you have any advice for them?

**Marion:** To me they're two different questions. How do you define a crone, or how are they defining it?

**Kim:** As a woman who is no longer menstruating, has had no moon cycle for thirteen moons.

**Marion:** That doesn't make her a crone though.

**Kim:** What makes her a crone, then?

**Marion:** I would say that age has nothing to do with being a crone. Hecate is the goddess of the crossroads. You have this crossroads and you're going through life, and you're praying to God when you're young, "Please, please, please make him love

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me." And there comes the answer and she's very angry. God didn't answer her prayers. Well He did. He said, "No." There's your crossroads. When you've had a few of those in your life, you start believing that your will is not going to be done. God's will is going to be fulfilled. Hamlet's "and there is a destiny that shapes our ends..."

So for me it's the Hecate crone where you have come to a place where you can say, "Thy will be done."

**Kim:** It's a place of surrender to something greater than one's self.

**Marion:** Yes. It's a place of opening your life to a power that's so much greater than you are and you recognize that you have a destiny line and it's not your ego's values or directions. It's a place of surrender, loss of attachment. You're not attached to your own, "I want that" because, repeatedly it didn't work. And eventually you get the message. There's another life being lived through me, and that's my life. And there's your crone, as I see it.

**Kim:** And creativity and its expression become a natural outgrowth of listening to her wisdom.

**Marion:** Yes, And you're in touch with your authentic self. The authenticity is coming from living soul, not ego. Because the soul is your being. When you live that, it is so exciting, Kim.

I just love cronedom, because I don't care any more what people think of me and I don't care. I don't say anything I don't want to say, and I don't try to please people. I believe in Sophia. I believe that she is on my side. And her mineral is salt. And you take things with a grain of salt. And so if it doesn't work out for you, you hoped it would work out this way, it does not. *C'est la vie*. But something you could never have imagined does. And there is

where real fear comes in: when God says yes.

When I quit teaching school, the kids had a great party for me. I was just heartbroken, I thought, "Well, that's the end of my world."

**Kim:** How old were you when you stopped teaching?

**Marion:** 45. I thought if I did become an analyst, I would have a small office in my house.

And that would be it; that my real work was over. (laughter)

**Kim:** Thank goodness for the rest of us that that wasn't the case.

**Marion:** It didn't happen that way at all. I'm still teaching.

**Kim:** Is there anything that is catching your attention in women's dreams that you're hearing.

**Marion:** Freedom is a big word. The other thing that is really getting to me, is that so many women, men too, but mostly women, are having great trouble with auto immune breakdown. In dreams, you can see the body is turning against itself. And here again, if you're not living your own life, the unconscious will raise havoc. But to see a body eating itself is a terrible thing. That's crone's disease. I think there's terrible despair behind such an illness. I think our culture is trapped in the dark side of the Mother Goddess, because we treat her so violently. And that's how addicts treat their own bodies, with violence. The feminine is not there. They're driven, driven, driven, driven with no feminine rest, no love of soul, no generosity of spirit, no relationship. It's just so sad.

**Kim:** Do you have any advice for young women?

Are there any myths in particular or poets to which these girls ought to pay particular attention?

**Marion:** I would certainly tell them the story of Demeter and Persephone

and I would encourage them to work with ritual. If they don't go to church, or they don't get anything out of that, then ...we can't live without ritual, Kim. We've got to have some way of connecting to a much bigger life than our despairing little. Not little, this is the most magnificent globe. But what we're doing to it is so terrible. One has to have a bigger vision than you get on television or all this other crap. So I would say, you may not like the father God, but you could pray to Sophia. Sophia means wisdom. You could ask her to guide your thinking or help you know what love is. Not necessarily sexual love, but love for other people, love for animals, love in terms of relationship. I would encourage rituals at menarche. I would certainly encourage, Christmas as ritual. A new consciousness is born. What does that mean? So that you give the child a chance to open up. If she loves her dreams, she's rare. Write them down. Go for it. Work with them. Just listen to her, listen to her dreams. Don't try to tell her what they mean or she'll think you're trying to manipulate her.

**Kim:** You've spoken a great deal over the years about holding the tension of the opposites. Does that mean just being uncomfortable for a while? Could you speak to what that means in the body? What do we do when we're feeling pulled?

**Marion:** (smiling) You hold.

**Kim:** I didn't think there'd be an easy answer.

**Marion:** Well you hang on the cross for a while. You hold until another consciousness, until you outlive the pull and the transcendent comes in and you move into another space. You're holding the tension of the opposites because you're locked into two possibilities that have to find resolution in a transcendent way. . Transcendence doesn't have to be up. It can be down, especially for women, where

their coming together is in the body. We grow by holding the opposites. If you're going to mature, a lot of the things that you learned when you were young are going to die, and you're going to move on to a whole new understanding of yourself, of your husband, of your children: a whole new world is going to open up. But when you're trying to hold on to the past, and you're trying to hold on to hold on to what's going to happen, yes, you're going to get pulled. Or you're an addict and you're in your addiction, you'll get pulled. If you don't hold that tension, you just fall flat on your face and you're in the addiction again. An alcoholic may think, "I want that alcohol."

"No. Do you want to find your own life or don't you. Well then don't go for that alcohol."

And there it is. If you're going to grow up, you're going to say, "No. I don't want the alcohol. I do want Spirit, and I've got to find out where real spirit is."

**Kim:** So holding on allows for the possibility of something new to be born from that tension.

**Marion:** Yes, that's the whole point. That's the crucifixion. Out of the crucifixion comes the resurrection. The resurrection is a whole attitude towards life, a whole new being is born.

**Kim:** Given all that is currently awry and out of balance in this world, Marion, I am curious about your outlook for humanity? Do you have hope?

**Marion:** Sure. I think, I believe in a god, and I believe in a goddess as in Hindu world, Shiva and Shakti always in divine embrace, the feminine and masculine are always working together and in us. If you look at the evolution of consciousness, the earth started out with these little tribes, and then the tribes would fight, and then the tribes would join together, then they would form a little community, then eventually they would form a

country. But it was always war that finally brought them together, you know. Right now, what's going on in Europe. Two *brutal* wars have made what's happening now in terms of the Union possible. They've got to quit fighting.

So I see it that we go from nation to nation-state to confederation of states; and each time there's a hideous war, more and more people join together to try to make treaties that they won't be killing each other. I think that's what's happening now. We are now one planet technologically, and I think that we're on the way to one planet at a spiritual level, which seems to wipe out everything I've said before. But I think we're going to suffer hideously we pay no attention to the laws of nature. We ignore the Goddess. We drop atomic bombs to test them off Fiji, then we wonder why there's a great tidal wave. We're crazy, and we do these outrageous things to nature and think we can get away with it. We do outrageous things to our bodies. Making them work too hard, too fast, not getting proper food, eating junk food...for example, chicken farms and pig farms. Those helpless animals never see the sun. They are brought up in barns and they never see the sun. And we are sun creatures, and we're supposed to eat that sunless protein?!

I think we'll bend the knee sooner or later. Not in my time maybe not yours, but sooner or later. You can't go on raping the feminine forever and hope to survive.

There'll be a point where all these nations will recognize that we're all climbing the same mountain, and it's the same god that we're all worshipping under different names. There is where the union is possible. But I think it's like addiction: I've never seen an addict do anything until they were against the wall. They have to be absolutely down, then maybe they'll do something. ∞

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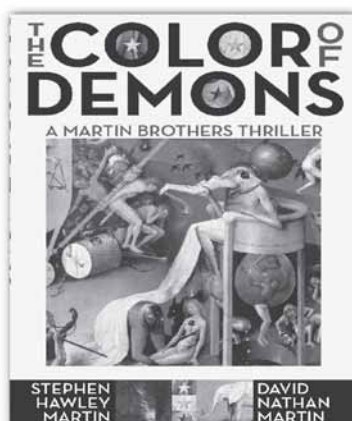
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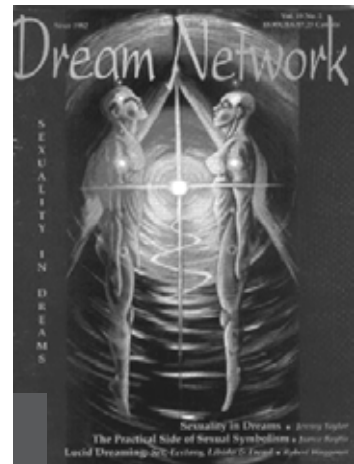
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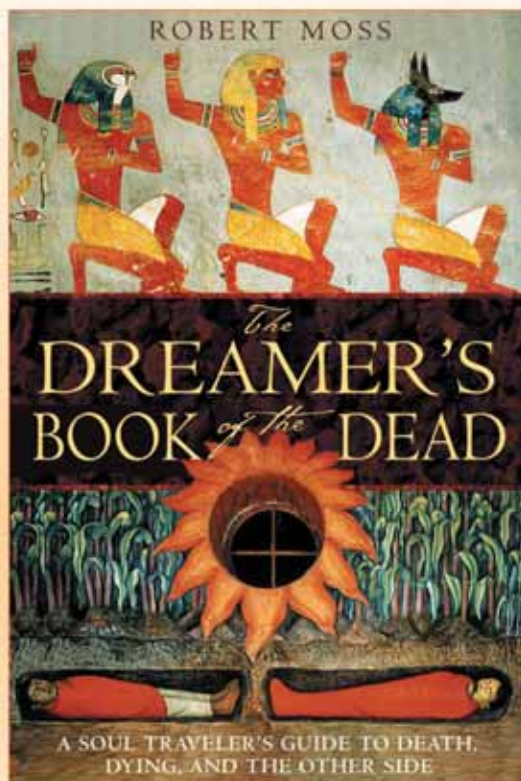
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