

Dream Network



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(Excerpts from) **Lost In A Lost World**

I woke up today, I was crying - Lost in a lost world
So many people are dying - Lost in a lost world
Some of them are living an illusion
Bounded by the darkness of their fears
In their eyes it's nation, against nation, against nation
With racial pride
Thinking only of themselves
They shun the light
They think they're right
Living in their empty shells
Oh, can you see the bodies thrashing
Crashing down around their feet
Angry people in the street
Telling them they've had their fill - Of politics, people who kill
Grow... I the seed of Evolution
Revolution never won - It's just another form of gun
To do again what they have done
Everywhere you go you see them searching
Everywhere you turn you feel the pain
Everyone is looking for the answers
Well look again, come on my friend
Love will find us in the end
Come on my friend - We've got to bend
Down on our knees and say a prayer

©The Moody Blues - Seventh Sojourn Album, 1972

©Lyrics by Mike Pinder

Decca Records Produced by: Tony Clarke

Statement of Purpose

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Dream Network

ISSN #1054-6707

Winter/Spring 2006

1337 Powerhouse Lane, Ste 22

PO Box 1026

Moab, UT 84532-1026

Phone: 435/259-5936

www.DreamNetwork.net

publisher@dreamnetwork.net

Founder

William R. Stimson, Ph.D.

Council of Advisors

Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.

Russell A. Lockhart, Ph. D.

Robert Moss, M. A.

Rosemary Watts

Noreen Wessling

Editor/Publisher

H. Roberta Ossana, M.A.

Front Cover: Touch Drawing™

Deborah Koff-Chapin

Review Editors

Kim Birdsong email: tendingdreams@aol.com

Bambi Corso email: ohtodream@aol.com

Copy Editor & Proofreader

Lorraine Grassano

Advertising

Phone: 435/259-5936

Email: Publisher@DreamNetwork.net

PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532

Contributing Artists, Authors & Poets

Charles De Beer

Jeanne Elkins

Brenda Ferrimani

Deborah Koff-Chapin, M.A.

Chris & Lorraine Grassano

Marlene King, M.A.

Russell A. Lockhart, Ph. D.

Tony Macelli

Shari O'Brien

David Sparenberg

Noreen Wessling

Vicky Vlach

Editorial Assistance

Lyn Shafer

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.

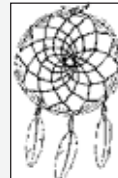
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DN Winter/Spring Vol. 24 No. 4 & Vol. 25 No. 1 ©2006

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Upcoming Focus

for SUMMER—Volume 25 No. 2

A Tribute to Montague Ullman

Lifeline: 4 Weeks
after you receive
this issue.

*NOTE Regarding Submissions:

Individuals from all cultures and walks of life who desire to share are encouraged to submit dream & myth-related manuscript, poetry and artwork for consideration... even if it falls outside the scope of the current focus or theme. We also invite your dreamsharing, transformational dream experiences and insights regarding effective dreamwork and dreamplay techniques.

Given the overall synchronicity that shapes the *Dream Network*, your submission is likely to 'fit' perfectly in an upcoming issue.

Your article may also be appropriate for one of our two regular features, *The Art of Dreamsharing* (which includes a broad range of articles on Dream Education), or *The Mythic Dimension* (exploring the relationship between dreams and mythology).

And, of course, we always love to hear from you in our *Response* column! Whether you were inspired or infuriated by the latest issue, would just like to clear up an area of confusion or correct an oversight, please let us hear from you!

Editorial

Deborah Koff Chapin's Touch Drawing™ appeared on the very first issue published by me in January 1990.



I have kept the promise implied in the image to the best of my ability over the years since. Deborah's unique artistic expressions have graced these pages countless times over the years since then and I wish to extend a special Thank You, Deborah!

Our printer, upon receiving draft of this issues' cover said, "It remind me of the movie 'Scream'."

My response is: "The cover image seems most indicative of the state of affairs in the world today.

The image feels like Soul of the Earth, humanity and all living things wailing for attention, pleading to be heard. Like Dreams... Calling.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

This issue has an unusual combination of themes: Dreams & Vocation/Avocation and Part II Dreams of Death & Rebirth. Both themes and the individuals who share their experience demonstrate how kindly, creatively and beautifully dreams guide us in two

(of the many) dramatic, often difficult stages and passages in our lives. Curt Hoffman shares the way in which his commitment to following his dreams called him to joy of playing *Music* (pg. 18).

I even step in and share a reader's digest version of the 25-year trail which compelled me to *Take a (BIG) Leap* on Leap Year Day, 1988 (pg. 20). Our proofreader commented regarding my article: "I love this story!" I hope you do too.

We had so many valuable submissions for our last theme focused on Death & Rebirth that we carry them forward, here. More insightful sharing from Sabine Lucas re: *Past Life Integration & Dreams* (pg. 29) and moving accounts about after-death contact from grandmothers and grandfathers from Edward Bonapartian (pg. 35) & Paula Timson (pg. 37).

En toto, spirit-moving and thought-provoking sharings I'm confident you'll enjoy.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Twenty-four is young in our culture, young adult: often too young to be totally independent, yet old enough to begin taking serious responsibility, to stand up and be noticed. In January of this year 2006, Dream Network turned 24 years old and will soon be celebrating 25 years in print! Together, we have made it through hills and valleys laden with centuries of oppression of the wisdom and world within; through centuries of being mesmerized into believing we must rely on an outer authority for guidance in our spiritual and everyday lives. It has, as well, survived through several oppressive political regimes.

The future is always uncertain, but Bill Stimson, Chris Hudson, Henry Reed, Bob van de Castle, Linda Magallon and I have traversed this territory with commitment that continues.

What is certain is that without the support of a HUGE number of indi-

viduals of deep integrity and generosity, Dream Network would not have sustained to this day. To name the most outstanding 'service to others' contributors would fill more than this page. You know who you are and God knows, I know... Great is your Reward in Heaven.

God willing, we will march forward into mature, mystical fifth-dimensional adulthood together.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

My sincere apology for the lateness of this issue's arrival. Because of relentless challenges that have visited my own world over the past several months (which may result in a need to relocate) there is uncertainty at this writing as to... where? and when? the next issue will appear. I will, of necessity, be taking a maximum six-month sabbatical/time-out. Please be assured that your subscription renewal will be advanced and advertising contracts honored.

In the interim, I am with you in Spirit and pray that our favorite dreams come true.

Roberta O

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Our 'Letters' section is the place for you to ask Questions about dreams —yes, even your own dream— and to share your experience, inspirations, or critique. You may also choose to initiate a controversy or debate!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Please send yours to:

LETTERS % Dream Network
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Letters, Questions & Dreams

San Christopher and George W. Bush

I had a dream when President Bush first got elected:

I am involved with this school, or some sort of Aquarian church... almost new age or Buddhist, not dogmatic or ritualistic. There are Christian elements (church pews—only these had piano keys in every row), blending harmoniously with Eastern spirituality and the 60's aesthetic. It is called the San Christopher Audition Center, it is like a school for all ages where kids or adults can end up getting record contracts, really fun jobs, whatever their passion. It is almost a corporation but with community and human chemistry as its foundation. People are cultivating telepathy, reading and giving books as gifts, and play music. The goal is to produce entertainers, teachers, scientists and political leaders in order to introduce healthy paradigms into the world and counteract the rise of fundamentalist nationalism and dogmatism in religion. The school, or church, or whatever it is, is located near the water. I look up St. Christopher and there's a legend of him carrying the baby Jesus across a river. That seems relevant to the Audition Center's purpose, which is to develop community talents in order to weather uncertainties about the future. There is a strong focus on music, on making harmony and helping people develop a personal melody and style. I remember thinking in the dream, if school had been like that when I was younger I would never have wanted to leave.

On television is a movie about an impending hurricane, and people's efforts to secure their possessions

against the storm. In the movie, Bush is on television speaking, and it is like he is disconnected from reality, just saying everything will be ok, don't worry. He isn't so much a villain as an empty suit, cheer-leading impotently, saying every -one's gonna do great, we'll all weather the storm but not offering concrete assistance. The hurricane, the President's speech, and flash-backs to an earlier, idealized Rockwellian era are all happening on different levels or channels. A little bit Star Trek—like the Voyager episodes where there are two Voyagers and the crew on one is trying to communicate with the crew on the other—or the ones where someone tries to fix a rift in the spacetime continuum and save the future by changing the past.

Back at the Audition Center, some of my church/school friends are debating outside with a group of fundamentalists, trying to get them to read books outside the Bible, suggesting to them that an unchristian type of nationalism had hijacked their faith. The Fundamentalists are arguing that the world had to end, that the world was too sinful and had to be destroyed and created anew by God and that a world war was inevitable if God didn't intervene. I think, "They want the world cleansed of their sins, not ours." I'm not frustrated, in fact I have some compassion for the fundamentalists locked into their literalism, but feel a dim sense of urgency. The question of Armageddon is unsettled.

Not long after the dream, I began meeting people online who have become my intellectual and spiritual tribe. I've endured numerous Bush speeches promising clear skies, a world without evil, and I've debated many fundamentalist Christians about spiritual vs. literal interpretations of Revelation and the myth of the End Times.

Michael Lockhart, Everett, WA

Dreaming Katrina

Katrina had been on the news for three weeks and Rita was baring down on the Keyes. I had expected that I would have moved away from Florida after last year's storms, but in the middle of hurricane season, I was still here. Much was stirred up inside and before knowing the path of Rita for sure, I dreamed:

I am in my living room looking out the window when I see a gigantic mushroom cloud in the distance... it is multiple shades of gray.. and the stem of the mushroom looks like a huge funnel that is sucking up and destroying everything in its path. It looks like it is more powerful than any war machine humans could ever make. I watch it move closer and closer. It is the most profoundly threatening formation I have ever seen. I am more stunned than frightened... as I see it from its underbelly. It seems as if it is alive and looking for its prey. This gigantic storm cloud is coming directly for my house and I know I can't get away from it because it is so huge; there is no place to run. I hold my little dog and cat in each arm and sit down in a large sofa-chair facing the window and watch as its outer edges are nearly on top of me... then everything turns dark.

I begin to stroke my pets and quietly tell them that we need to remain connected to love. I stroke them and speak of love, telling them that I love them and that we are safe.

It seems as if the darkness that engulfs us lasts a lifetime and all the while I speak of love, tell my animals to not be afraid because fear fuels the ferocity of the cloud.

The hurricane storm cloud passes without causing any damage to my house or to my pets and myself. The sun is shining on the other side of the storm. Everything in front of me— as I look out the window—is blooming. Butterflies and birds fill the air.

I get up and walk to the back of the house and look outside. Everything behind my house has been leveled. The storm continues, slowly moving through the landscape destroying everything in its path.

I woke with a cell-level knowing that love is the antidote and fear is the fuel of destruction.

*Sandy Sela-Smith, Ph.D.,
Clearwater, FL*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Reads DN Cover to Cover

I read Dream Network from cover to cover whenever I receive it and it is always so rewarding! I'm not sure I have thanked you for sending me early the latest edition of Dream Network online. What a treat! I have now received my hard copy, with the beautiful cover by Tony Macelli. I am so honored to be in the same issue as the interview with Marion Woodman, from whom I took a workshop earlier this year. I found the review of Robert Moss' book, The Dreamer's Book of the Dead, very compelling as well.

An example of synchronicity: the poem of mine you published, "The matter of you and me and rebirth," was written for my 91-year-old friend Betty Lord. She passed on the very week of my receiving the magazine. Peacefully.

I am presently putting together a third volume of my poetry, to be entitled steam Rising Up from the Soul.

*Namaste' Karen Etheldattar,
Union City, NJ*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Impressed by Artistic Dream Network Journal

A short note to acknowledge receipt of seven copies of Dream Journal in the postal mail. Thank you so much for including the photo and bio. I appreciate all your sincere efforts. The hard copy of the journal is very impressive and professional. I am very impressed by the artistic and professional layout of the Journal, as well as the quality of the articles. I

am taking a couple of copies with me on the plane to read. I am leaving for Santiago, Chile, today (October 25th). Thank you for including me in the "Dream Network." It is a privilege to be a part of such special group. Continued success and blessings to you and your efforts with Dream Journal. Blessings to you and the Journal.

*Maggie Leonicio Umscheid
Oak Hill, FL*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Delighted to Support Dream Network

I'm delighted to support Dream Network despite my own money issues. At this time, where my money goes *matters* a great deal to me. It was lovely to connect with you via phone after seeing your name for years! I admire your work with the Journal a great deal.

Leslie Schwartz, Friday Harbor, WA

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Thankful Online Dreamwork is Available

How lovely to receive such a quick reply. I did not think anyone would even write! Nice surprise. Thank you! Yes, this dream was disturbing, to me. It "visits" me infrequently but when it does, it leaves emotions behind that are quite intense.

I ought to solidify the dream in writing before expecting anyone to help. So I will take that course initially. I had no idea you folks were available. I had seen other dream interpretation sites, of course, but it is obvious from your professionalism that you are not in this for a client base for "other interests".

I shall indeed be in touch for a consult. I look forward to finding some answers about this very peculiar dream.

Continued success in your work and the choicest blessings be to you and yours.

*Ciao! MaryAnn Jaggi,
Miamisburg OH*

A Gift that Captured Monte's Heart

I want to acknowledge the wonder of "Appointment with the Wise Old Dog." It is a gift that captured my heart and soul. In those last days of his struggle against a mortal illness, I witnessed a profoundly spiritual human being mobilizing all of his remarkable talents in art and music in the working through of his dreams and in sustaining the hope of a miracle. I felt a deep personal loss when the last clip registered the date of his death. If anyone deserved a miracle, it was David Blum. Gratefully,

Monte Ullman, Ardsley, NY

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

What is the Purpose of Seeing the Future?

Why am I seeing the future, but not enough to change anything?

My name is Vanessa Hatton. I am 32, married with a 2-yr-old daughter. I am Caucasian from a middle income family of divorced parents.

My first obvious deja vu experience was when I was about 10-12 yrs old. We were visiting a mountain, and had a good time. As we were leaving, driving down the zig-zag road, I realized that the scene I was looking at I had seen before. It was like a photo of that corner, with its bushes and gravel road, and how I saw it was exactly as I had seen it, but it only lasted a minute or so, until we had gone around that corner. I had the feeling that comes with these experiences, a funny sort of 'spinnny, slightly detached' feel. That road scene I had dreamed a couple of months (or so) previous to the trip. I had started a dream diary and that scene had struck me as out of place for the rest of the dream.

Since then, I have had many more deja vu events. Always recognizing that particular 'scene'—for lack of a better word—from a previous dream. I had one a month or so back of being out on my deck, but when I had the dream I didn't have the deck built.

Whenever I get that 'deja' feeling, I always remember the scene from a dream like a snapshot that's been pre-filled into my subconscious.

I don't get bad feelings from it, and it never seems to be any more than a 'scene' that I recognize from a dream. It never seems to hold a 'message', I never have anything that I can predict from it. I just take comfort that it must be I am living my life as it was planned. I have no other way to justify it! There just doesn't seem to be any rhyme nor reason to them. Some have people in them, some don't. Sometimes I don't remember the dream until I see the scene. They haven't been less or more through any of my life's drama's (turned out to be heavily haunted by 2 regular visitors. It took 3 months to sort out the pecking order, then things settled down. I was diagnosed with depression as a teenager, and I recently found out that my mother also suffers from it. I am not on medication for it. Lately I have started to get a bit worried as some of my dreams have had horribly violent scenes in them, and I am concerned that they may happen in my future I don't wish them to, which begs me to ask whether my dreams are giving me options.

Why am I seeing the future, but not enough to change anything? Why are the scenes quite mundane? What's the point?

I appreciate any time and wisdom you see fit to give me,

*Kind regards, Vanessa Hatton,
Email: mv@actrix.co.nz*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Kimberly's Fox Dream

In Vol. 24, No. 3, of the quarterly "Dream Network," received a few days ago, I found the following recurring dream, submitted by Kimberly:-

"My name is Kimberly. I have had a recurring dream since I was about seven years old (I am now 22). I have read books and done research but I can't seem to find any information to help me understand this dream.

The dream starts out that *I am in my elementary school gymnasium and it is completely empty and the door across the room is open.*

I am about seven or eight years old and in the dream I walk towards the door and when I get half way 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 get half way 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 but nothing comes out.

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

READING:-

The dreamer is 7 or 8 years old.

The dreamer is still young and far from mature. She is in the gymnasium of her elementary school and it is totally empty.

The school is elementary, the dreamer has still lots to learn, and the gymnasium would point to the physical side of education, possibly indicating that the dreamer lives more on the physical, material, side of her life than on the intellectual or spiritual side. This, at the young age of 22, is of course quite common. But the gymnasium seems empty. There is no activity, an absence of action. It would seem that life is not LIVED

The door across the room is open and the dreamer walks towards it but now becomes aware of the cartoon fox. Once aware of this presence, doors are (or seem) locked and the dream now focuses on the interaction between the dreamer and the cartoon

fox in the closed area of the gymnasium. Action that in fact is a negation of action, an evasion of action.

The gymnasium can be seen as the dreamer's physical world in which any untoward hurdles (real or imagined) cause concern, a concern that is easily transformed into fear. A fear to face up to life, a fear of any confrontation. Life has to be without any obstacles. but of course such a life would NOT lead to growth, to maturing, to wisdom - it would remain empty as the gymnasium is in the dream.

There is a saying that "birds have nests, foxes have holes, but man has nowhere to lay his head", possibly to emphasize that man's reason for being on earth is to busy himself, to grow, to mature, to garner wisdom, to transcend the physical and embrace the spiritual, ultimately to at-one with God.

The fox, on the other hand, is usually seen as symbolizing the scheming of the lower mind, focused on the material, physical world only.

Our life is our Guru, provided we LIVE to the full. No running away, because if we do, life has a way of catching up on us.

So, we must face the day, every day, without fear -- and we shall find rewards beyond expectation. What we fear is man made, self made (the cartoon fox) and if faced courageously will fade away like fog chased by the sun. That, Kimberly, I see as the message your recurring dream is trying to convey to you. Should I be right, and should you take the lesson to heart, I doubt that the dream will recur.

In due course, please acknowledge receipt, and your comments would be much appreciated,

Warm regards and best wishes,

*Charles de Beer
Umtemtweni, S Africa*

In acknowledging my 'reading', she wrote : Thank you so much for taking the time to 'read' my dream. It does make more sense to me and there is much truth in your reading. You have helped me greatly.

Thank you! ~Kimberly

"What is it in the end, that induces a person to go his own way
and to rise out of unconscious identity
with the mass as out of a swathing mist?

Not necessity, for necessity comes to many,
and they all take refuge in convention.

Not moral decision, for nine times out of ten
we decide for convention likewise.

What is it, then that inexorably tips the scales
in favor of the extraordinary?

It is what is commonly called vocation:
an irrational factor that destines a person
to emancipate himself from the herd
and from its well-worn paths.

True personality is always a vocation and puts its trust in it as in
God. But vocation acts like a law of God
from which there is no escape,

He must obey his own law, as if it were a daemon
whispering to him of new and wonderful paths.

Anyone with a vocation hears the voice of the inner person:
s/he is called."

--C. G. Jung

Life and Art



ON THE LARRY KING SHOW, MAY 23, 2005,
Jayne Seymour described an anomalous experience during a serious operation:

"I was looking down at my body. I heard this man screaming, 'Emergency! Emergency!' I was half-naked. I had two huge syringes in my backside, and I was watching from the corner of the room. And I saw this white light. I had no pain, I had no tension. I just kind of looked, and then thought, 'That's very strange. That's me. But that can't be me if I'm here.' And then I realized that I was out of my body, and that I was, you know, going to die. All of a sudden I just looked and I went 'No! No! I'm not ready to go away. I want to get back in that body. I have children I want to raise. There's so much I want to do. I want to give back, I want to do so much in the world, and I'm just not ready to go!' And I came back."

For more details, see "Seymour's Sleep Problems After Near-Death Experience" <http://tinyurl.com/9h3wr>.

Life and Art

Jane Seymour Tells All

During a recent exhibit of Jane Seymour's personal artwork at the Simic Galleries in Scottsdale, Arizona, Dr. Stefan Kasian was permitted this revealing interview.

Stefan Kasian: Good morning!

Jane Seymour: Hi, there.

S.K. : Have you enjoyed your time here in Scottsdale?

J.S. : I'd just love to thank the people of Scottsdale because the people here are just so sweet. I had the best time here and met lots of wonderful people. I even met a gentleman who knew my grandfather from England, so it's a small world. I also met the parents of Jon Landau, my co-star from my television series, "Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman." They live in Scottsdale.

S.K.: I truly enjoyed attending your exhibit. I try to be a connoisseur of both art and of complementary medicine. So I guess we have both topics in common. What sort of professional title would you use to describe your accomplishments?

J.S.: Gosh, I suppose "mother" would be at the top of the list. I would add "artist" but would use that term to describe my work in various areas. As an actress, I see myself as a communicator. I also communicate as a public speaker and writer. As for painting and my art projects, I really started them for my own pleasure. The fact that other people like my paintings and want to buy them is sort of icing on the cake. Originally, it was very much of a personal communication.

S.K.: What inspired you to paint? And then, what inspired you to de-

cide to make your paintings available to the public?

J.S.: Well, I always painted when I was a kid. About 14 years ago, I started painting when my life was in dire straits. I painted because it was the one activity that gave me a sense of peace and serenity in a very turbulent time. Frankly, I thought that I had plenty of money and that I was very financially stable, but I found out that I was so bankrupt that it was mind-blowing.

S.K.: Oh, no!

J.S.: My bank account was a stack of many, many, many zeroes. I had lawsuits from many banks and even the FDIC, for purchases and investments that I knew nothing about, until I discovered that my now ex-husband had done all of this to me.

S.K.: How terrible!

J.S.: And then I found out that he'd been unfaithful to me, more than a dozen times. So I didn't want to continue our relationship. And I'm not the only person in the world to which things like this have happened. Unfortunately, with me it happened in a fairly public manner. And my father died of cancer the same year. Basically, the only purpose I have in telling you this is that when things were about as rough as they could get, I gave the last money I had to a charity called Child Help USA. I am the international ambassador for this

charity, and in return, an artist named Meilko decided to draw a pencil portrait of my children.

He came to the house, saw my finger paintings in the children's playroom and really liked them. I laughed and said, "They're only finger paints." He said, "They're really good. Are you a full-time artist?" I said, "No." And he said, "Would you like to have some lessons?" I said, "Sure, but I have no money, nothing. I'm bankrupt." He said, "That's okay. I've got time on my hands. I'd love to teach you."

So he taught me watercolor, his medium. Once I started on that first day, it was as though a huge weight had been lifted from my shoulders. It was as though I could fly to another place, another zone. It was a meditation, it was a healing, and it was a passion for me. It was something that I had to do. It was like my lifeblood. I couldn't not paint.

So I painted my way out of the entire trauma and somehow, as luck would have it, I was, just about the same time, offered the role of Dr. Quinn. So I never declared bankruptcy. I managed to solve all of my financial woes. I kept my kids and my life together. There were big changes, of course. We lost our houses and everything else of a material nature, but I painted and painted and painted. You asked why I started to sell my paintings. Well, when I was working on Dr. Quinn, I would paint between

scenes. When you film, there's a lot of sitting down in between the times when you are on camera. Many people will either eat too much or smoke too much or do crossword puzzles in a book; none of which I do, and none of which helps me maintain my character. But I found that I could paint and still stay in character for the scene.

So I would paint these little watercolors on the set. The crew loved them so much, that they begged me to do some for them. Of course, there were hundreds of requests, so I did a limited edition for them as a crew gift, and they were thrilled. And then they asked me to put them on t-shirts, so they could wear my art every day. So we had grown men doing very physical labor, wearing flowered t-shirts with my artwork on it. And then I was approached by Discover Card Private Issue to do their first art-inspired credit card. I did that, and showed three of my pieces at the Guggenheim Museum, and they auctioned off the one that was on the card. It sold for \$25,000.

S.K.: Wonderful.

J.S.: The money went to Make-A-Wish Foundation and enabled five families to take their dying children on their last trip.

S.K.: How touching.

J.S.: That particular card apparently did incredibly well, better than the other one, so they hired me for a second year and I donated another piece, which also made a similar amount of money and enabled several families to take their kids on trips. So I realized that I could raise a great deal of money with my art. So now I donate pieces to charity regularly.

S.K.: I see.

J.S.: I've raised a lot of money for charity with my art. So after that, Korbelt Champagne commissioned me to do a champagne bottle for them. When that launched, Korbelt put on one of my first art shows. That particular bottle of champagne won a whole bunch of awards for the best advertising design.

Meanwhile, I was working for Clairol



"Japanese Bridge"

Hair Color, and the art director for Clairol loved my art so much that I was asked for permission to use one of my images for a special campaign that they did.

About the same time, Escada asked if they could use another one of my images for a silk scarf, which they sold at special locations for charity. Then they showed some of my art in various Escada boutiques in Dallas and Los Angeles at special private receptions. And they even took my art to

Russia and showed it there, and sold it there for children's charities.

So basically, a lot has happened. Finally, I was approached by major dealers to be represented. I waited a while and then I found someone who I really trusted and felt would be promoting me as an artist, rather than a celebrity artist.

I worked with Titus Fine Arts, Michael Shorts, for the last three years. I've done about 40 shows around the country. And now, I'm being represented by Coral Canyon Publishing, which is actually our own company. I hired the person who had done all of the work at Titus, and she now works full-time on my art projects. She's doing everything.

S.K.: And she's associated with Simic Galleries?

J.S.: Yes. Simic had already shown my art in various locations and done quite well. Now, they want me to be shown full-time in all their galleries.

S.K.: Oh, excellent.

J.S.: So this was a really good show, incredibly successful. I think we sold more than 70 pieces. My next show with Simic is in Carmel, California.

S.K.: It sounds as if you had a great feeling about the exhibit, and that it went well. Are there any particular reasons why you think this one went so well?

J.S.: I don't know. It's always different images that sell. But there were a number of people, I think, who came to the show, prepared to be quite critical: art teachers, fellow artists, and even someone from the local museum. I think they were pleasantly surprised, which was really nice.

And then there were those private

individuals to whom, for whatever reason, certain pieces spoke to them and they decided that they had to have them in their homes. So that left me with a very positive feeling.

S.K.: What would you say, Jane, are your favorites, one or two of your favorite works?

J.S.: They always ask me that about my acting, as well. It's a hard question to answer. It's usually the one I'm working on, the most recent piece.

But I think one of the most successful pieces was one called *El Salvador*. It's a painted ceramic jug I bought when I was working with UNICEF in El Salvador. I painted a still life, a very colorful piece featuring that jug.

I also have another piece called *Flowers in a Blue Jug* that was very successful at the show. However, some of my favorite pieces didn't sell.

S.K.: Interesting.

J.S.: In fact, I am absolutely no judge of my own work. I shouldn't be asked to evaluate it. Sometimes a piece that I don't think is as strong is a piece that many people fight over and I have to do two of them.

But I do a limited edition, using the Giclee process, of various pieces. The "Mothers and Children" and "Children on the Beach" are very successful. In fact, they were very successful at this show. The first painting that sold was an original of a mother on a beach holding a baby.

S.K.: And interestingly enough, I can imagine that creating this art is like creating a baby and giving away your babies.

J.S.: I know. I'm very, very reluc-

tant to sell them. I really am. But I always say to people, when they buy my originals, "I know where it is, maybe I can come visit it some day." When I discovered how brilliantly you can reproduce an original painting with the Giclee process, I realized that if I couldn't tell the difference between the Giclee and the original, it was good enough for me and it would be good



"Rose Garden"

enough for anyone buying the piece. So I do very small editions. I am meticulous about each Giclee. I don't do Giclees for everything that I do. I only do very specific pieces.

I have a bunch of Giclees in my house. They are pieces that were sold. I can't tell the difference between my originals and my Giclees.

S.K.: Interesting.

Finally, how would you describe your painting style and genre? I know you mentioned watercolor, but do you use other media?

J.S.: I paint in oils, I do pastels, and I paint in watercolor. I don't paint in acrylic. I use pen and inks as well. And I've started sculpting. In fact, at the moment we're making my sass-bronze, which is a half-life-sized piece of a naked woman, a nude model.

I think I've been referred to as a col-

orist, because of my use of color. Some people say that I am an impressionist-colorist. But I would be pleased with the comment that the buyers at Scottsdale said--these paintings made them happy.

So I think I paint joy and I paint hope and I paint the natural beauty that I see. I paint landscapes that have meaning to me, places where I live

or places that I've visited that are spectacularly beautiful. And I paint mothers and the innocence of children. I paint individual flowers. There's something exceptional and extraordinary to me about an individual bloom. I am very successful with those particular images, and I love studying them. Nature has such incredible colors, that just to interpret one single blossom of a flower,

to me, is a portrait of a character, of a personality.

S.K.: Absolutely. We talked about taking time to smell the roses, and doing it one by one. So it was a real treat, and I can certainly attest to the joy that one sees in the paintings.

J.S.: I think that's what many people respond to. For me, it's quite exciting. An 85-year-old lady bought one of my paintings, an original, and was thrilled because it gave her joy, it made her happy. She now lives in a retirement home, and this painting is hanging in her new home.

S.K.: How gratifying.

J.S.: And she also bought it as an heirloom for one of her grandchildren. She wanted to know that, when she passes, this particular painting will be a special gift to her grandson. And I

thought that was really quite touching.

S.K.: Absolutely.

J.S.: I think a number of people who came and bought at the gallery, were buying for family members as well as for themselves.

And then there was another couple who told me that it was the first piece of anything that they had bought for their new home. That's pretty exciting too, because obviously the painting spoke to them and they wanted to key off of that painting, in terms of inspiration for the color scheme of the house.

S.K.: Absolutely. And I find that story of the 85-year-old grandmother very touching.

J.S.: It was very touching. And do you know what? It spoke to her. She came in and she saw the painting, and she said, "That is the painting I want."

S.K.: Do you recall which painting that was?

J.S.: Yes. It was a floral arrangement in a cobalt blue vase. It was an original, and it's a vase that almost looks like an urn. The vase name is Bristol glass in England, and I painted this one in England. It has a lot of really interesting flowers in it, including unusual flowers such as thistles.

S.K.: I recall it. So you have an upcoming event in Carmel?

J.S.: I do. The pieces that are here right now will be moved to Carmel. So if people are interested in them, there's a lot to sell. We're trying to replenish our stock and sell orders as we speak.

S.K.: Very good. And is there a website?

J.S.: Yes, JaneSeymour.com.

If people go to that and if they go to JaneSeymourArt, they will be directly in contact with Susan Nagy-Luks. She is my representative.

S.K.: Got it.

J.S.: She's at Coral Canyon Publishing, the company that presents my art.

I've been invited next year to tour Australia and New Zealand with my



"Woman Reading"

art. I showed in New York a couple of weeks ago, at an Art Expo, which is attended by dealers from all over the world. There was quite an enthusiastic response. It's a question of finding time to do all of it.

S.K.: Absolutely.

J.S. But one of my greatest surprises was when I was honored by the Queen with the Order of the Knighthood.

S.K.: When was this?

J.S.: That was in 2000. I was made an OBE, an Officer of the British Empire. That was for representing Britain charitably and artistically. So I have a title that I almost never use: Jane Seymour, OBE.

S.K.: What a marvelous way to be honored.

J.S.: Yes! That was a huge honor for me. When your own people honor you, it's very special.

S.K.: It's a valuable reflection to know that your contributions are being acknowledged. Where were you born?

J.S.: I was born in London. I don't know if you're aware that I design home furnishings, and children's and women's clothing as well. It's a huge business. I do home furnishings, everything from furniture to bedroom and bathroom and tabletop.

I have two collections out already: Jane Seymour's Catherine's Court Collection and then the Malibu, which is called the Coral Canyon Collection.

And I also do children's clothing and hand-painted dresses and things like that for little children. And I've been doing a women's collection for another company called Crossing Point, which is a catalog company. A number of my

watercolors were used as fabrics and my designs were used for embroideries. That's the other side of my life. And that's really, again, why I think the art will become even more collectible, because it's basically the basis for all of these other collections. And... I've just been offered a movie. It's called The Wedding Crashers.

S.K.: Wonderful! I certainly appreciate your time. ☺

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I acknowledge the lack of direct connection between dream-related experience and Jane's life in this interview and will attempt a follow-up interview which focuses more on her dream life, if readers (and Jane) show an interest.

Thanks to Stanley Krippner for submitting the interview. (Ed.)

A Call to Music!

by Curtiss Hoffman

AS AN ARCHAEOLOGIST, I dream very frequently of my vocation: archaeological sites, laboratories, and museums are among the most common locations for my dreaming. However, sometimes a dream in such a location will point in a different direction, towards a different kind of calling. Here is a tight little package of a dream which is an example of this; it came near the end of a summer field school when we were setting out arbitrarily lettered transects along which we would dig our squares:

HIGH WOODS

I need to survey in a new line of squares at the site, because we hope to find some oboes. They make a particularly sad kind of music.

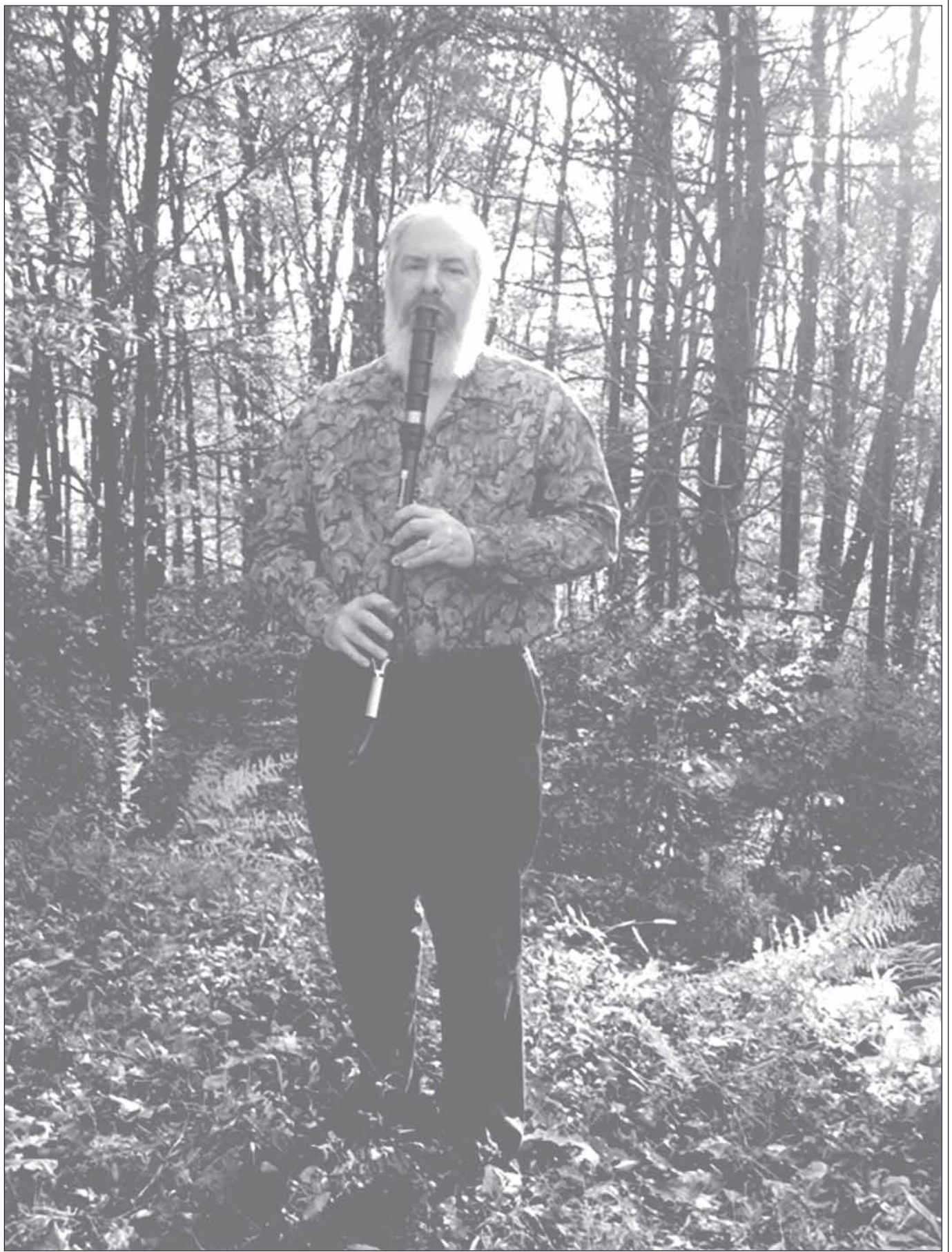
My wife helps me do this.

The oboes are placed vertically in the centers of the squares.

The line is not straight, but curves off to the left.

Some months earlier, my wife, who has for years managed a group of recorder players, had been given an early instrument called a crumhorn by a player who was retiring. She had frequently urged me to join her group, since I am a recovered clarinetist. However, I didn't have any interest in playing the recorder. I liked the sound of the crumhorn better. This dream was a nudge to get serious about learning how to play it. The word "oboe" is an English corruption of French *hautbois*, or "high wood"—in Shakespeare's plays it is still spelled "hautboy." At this time in the dig we were at a high elevation in the woods and the line I was going to survey in that day was Transect J—the letter is shaped like the line in the dream, but also like a crumhorn, which like an oboe has a double reed.

To honor this dream, I did indeed take up the instrument and I have since acquired a few more. I am a regular member of both my wife's group and the local branch of the American Recorder Society, where the rude noises made by my crumhorns are—at least somewhat—acceptable to the group! ♪



Personal Transitions

by Barbara Jacober



I BEGAN MY 17 YEAR CAREER in Volunteer Services at the time of my separation/divorce and became a single parent of 4 daughters ranging from 7 to 18 years of age. I was an "at home Mom" for most of our 22 years of marriage except for having worked part-time outside of the home. I was new in the full-time work force at the time of our separation and divorce and could not financially afford to settle on 'the house' at that time, so the judge decreed that I would settle on 'the house' when the last child was out of school.

When my youngest daughter completed her college education, my ex-husband and I put 'the house' up for sale two weeks before July 4, 2004.

Unsure of where and how I would relocate, on June 28, 2004, my incubation for my dream team was that I trusted the team would give me information to show me the way to my new location. I told the team I was open to receiving the message about my new home, knowing that they have my best interest in mind. As I am a visual and auditory dreamer, I told the team I was open to seeing and hearing any information regarding my new home that they had to offer me.

The following dream occurred:

"Sacred Entrance"

I see an entry way, stone wall, as is seen in many entrances to residential areas. It is dark blue and green mosaic tile, stone work, curved in semi-circle, with beautiful green grass around the bottom edge. I hear the word "Sanskreet."

Upon waking, I researched the word "Sanskreet" to discover its true spelling is "Sanskrit," which is chanting/mantra. As a child, I remember enjoying Gregorian chant as part of our worship in church. To honor the dream, I purchased the CD "Chant: Spirit in Sound" by Robert Gass and began to use it on my meditative walks. The booklet that accompanies the CD tells the history/culture of each chant. I found the many rhythms, drums and chants from various cultures touched my soul, quieted my anxiousness, opened my heart to my process and strengthened me. The most powerful chant for me contin-

ues to be "Om Namah Shivaya" which the booklet states is a chant from the Hindu tradition and sung in the ancient and sacred language of Sanskrit, a three thousand year-old science of sound. It is designed to create a transformation in consciousness.

Several years prior to selling 'the house,' I began to feel it was time to move on, try something different from Volunteer Services; however, it was necessary to stay for many reasons: financial, personal growth, career progress, etc. Shortly after selling 'the house' in August, the nudge to move on could no longer be ignored and so I took time off in November, and went on a "quiet personal retreat" to decide whether I was to stay in this field or move on. It became clear to me on that retreat it was time to move on. While walking the labyrinth, I heard the message, "You can take your skills learned to the art field." With many mixed feelings and yet knowing it was the right thing to do, I resigned in January to pursue new interests.

The following dreams occurred after an interview for a position I was interested in even though it was a decrease in income:

"Decision To Be Made"

I am at work at the hospital with Cheryl Cooper (Guest Relations). Sense we are working on something together. We are sitting at the table in the hall in front of the Gift Shop, waiting for employees to come by and pick something up. We have a booklet/handbook in front of us that I made. Sense we will give it to the employees who stop by the table. As I flip through the pages showing it to Cheryl, I notice that the pages are out of order. I undo the folder it is in to rearrange the pages in the right order and I notice there are pages missing. Looking through the pages again, I see that some of them are duplicates, and I discard them. We discuss how we are going to fix this and Cheryl mentions that I will be on jury duty come January and when I do, that's it, I'm gone! I hadn't thought about that and the time frame comes as a surprise to me. So, when she mentions it, I hold my head and say, "Oh that's right!" Inside I am wondering how I will get the booklet done right, in time.

Next, I smell something warm, delicious and sweet baking and see myself inside the Gift Shop at the front counter. I see large brown pretzels stacked on the countertop for purchase. Someone tells me, "Yes, they are for sale, but don't tell the cafeteria as it will hurt their sales." I am finished working at the table outside the Gift Shop. I purchase a pretzel and walk down the hall back to the office carrying lots of things and trying not to drop the pretzel which is stacked on top... also trying not to let anyone see it.

"Shaky and Strong"

I am making a dessert for some special event. It is a red Jell-o dessert in an oblong clear glass

dish. I stir it and set it down. I see I am in the basement of my former home at the basement door.

Sense I am leaving and am trying to close and lock the screen door. It has a slide lock on it that I lift up and slide to the right into the hole in the woodwork. As I turn to walk away, I see out the nearby window, there are 2 dogs in the neighbor's yard—a large one and a small one. The large one reminds me of our golden lab, now deceased, and then Dakota's name comes to mind (the small dog in our home now). I know these dogs belong in our house. I go out to get them and open the gate to the neighbor's yard.

I bring them back to our house. I see children in the basement and I am telling them it's time to go also. Time for school.

I help them pick up their dolls to bring with them and as I head up the stairs, a large tub of pink foamy liquid falls down on top of me - all over my clothes. I am surprised and I don't know what it is or where it is coming from. It brushes right off and my clothes are not ruined. I pick up the Jell-o dish to take with me and now it is on a plate, like a Jell-O-mold, but it has melted and is running all over the plate. Denise Johnson's voice (a former co-worker), tells me that she meant to tell me that it is not a good dish to take to the event.

Next, I am at the basement door again where some of my former co-workers are executives, CEO Doug and Ralph (Guest Relations) who are trying to make the door stay shut. The door has come off the hinges. I know this door is broken and I show them what you have to do to fix it. I easily lift the door up, stand it in the opening and again slide the lock into the hole. Sense the dogs are

now in the house, the door is locked and everything is ready for me to go!

After processing these dreams and sharing with Rosemary Watts, my dream consultant, I decided to decline the position as it seemed as if something was a "bit twisted" (pretzel) and that it would be the same work environment I had just left. After processing these dreams and sharing with Rosemary Watts, my dream consultant, I decided to decline the position as it seemed as if something was a "bit twisted" (pretzel) and that it would be the same work environment I had just left.

In our dreamwork, we used these dreams to help me with the career change decision.

Per our discussions, she suggested that the Universe was responding to my priority list. She suggested that I go back to my foundation (basement) and reconsider my priorities. Am I not being up front about what I want? Check in with the CFO (Doug); what is the bottom dollar?

Rearrange my list; something is a little twisted. Is it going to be too messy for the long haul (running all over the plate)? The stairs may indicate that I am making progress in my Spiritual, Emotional, Material Journey and that I am achieving a higher level of understanding. The spiritual, practical and emotional should match up. Look at my priorities and see if there is a balance. The dream suggests things are cooking. I don't have to limit myself! I don't have to stay in a position for 17 years again. Service is a big part of my soul's mission, but am I giving my service away for free? The key is to have my passion meet practicality. ☺

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Please send correspondence to 2802 Bromley Drive, O'Fallon, MO 63366



Taking the Leap: An Overview of my Labyrinthical Pathway to Dreams

by Roberta Ossana

“To live mythically is to seek guidance from your dreams, imagination and other reflections of your inner being, as well as from the most inspiring people, practices and institutions of your society., To live mythically is also to cultivate an ever-deepening relationship with the universe and its great mysteries.”
David Feinstein & Stanley Krippner: Personal Mythology

IN 1965 SUMMER, I LEFT UTAH with my three young children (then 8, 6 and 3) after leaving my second husband, in yet a third relationship. I was twenty-six at the time... and still didn't know what I was doing, who I am. I didn't know a single soul in Southern California at the time.

On the day we were unpacking boxes in our Yorba Linda apartment, the Watts riots broke out 16 miles down Imperial Highway and my exposure/education to the real world began. I was astounded! Prior to that time, I was so naive that I thought the U.S.'s racial problems had been resolved in the Civil War. Honestly.

After the failure at my 3rd attempt in relationship and finding myself with three children to raise and support in a Strange Land, one night I watched my favorite talk-show: Les Crane. He had a man from The Diggers Society on the show who was reaching out to viewers, pleading with them (me) to open their homes briefly to the thousands of young people running away from home across the country and flocking to California. Most were go-

ing to the Bay Area/San Francisco/Haight-Ashbury. The Diggers helped feed, cloth, find temporary housing and counsel/reconnect these young ones with their families. The same insurgence of energy we are witnessing today was breaking out all over the country. The Beatles *Sergeant Peppers Heart Club Band* album had just recently come out—"She's leaving home after living alone for so many years...."—and leave they did, seeking Love and Peace, wearing patched jeans and flowers in their hair... only to end up broke, bewildered and vulnerable to the many evils stalking the streets of LA. So, open our home, I did and with that action began the opening of my heart, the questioning of values I'd been taught to accept as givens and the beginning of my 20+ year career as a public servant. I enjoyed a non-stop series of ever-challenging, educational and stimulating 'jobs,' beginning in the late '60s in LA County version of the War on Poverty/Teen Centers, working all over LA county. I took leave of that job by asking an acquaintance who was the Manager of an up-and-coming band to organize a benefit concert; on the show were Cheech & Chong (I didn't have a clue who they were; it's a good thing I was tak-

ing leave!) and Earth, Wind and Fire, who had just put out their first album. Lovely exit!

I believe I have been 'guided,' as the majority of the 'work experience/jobs I held were not preceded by a job search, application, interview. Most... just *happened*. Right time, right place. Each, it seems, preparation for the next.

An extraordinary exposure and education for a young woman born and raised in rural Utah; one for which I am forever grateful. I moved from working in the teen centers, to a summer job, NYC, to the Harbor Free Clinic, back to Utah, a short stint in a uranium mine office (yikes!), to coordinating the Community Action Program in the county where I now live. All this with three children and a high school degree.

In 1975, I moved with two of my children to the Olympic Peninsula in Washington State, and worked my first year there for a dentist. Nixon had tried to 'nix' the War on Poverty and 'they' had begun developing hoops to gain employment in what was becoming a bureaucratized version of that 'war.' One needed a degree to secure the kind of employment/enjoyment I'd experienced over the past several years. So thus began my college education/under-

graduate career, at age 37. Shortly after beginning college, I was hired into a position that required a B.A., but because of my past experience and entry into college, I was hired as a vocational counselor, hiring and placing young people into federally-funded work-experience jobs.

It was during my early years in the Pacific Northwest that my dreams began to enchant and capture my attention, all the while raising a family, working, schooling... in the 'hurricane' years.

Just before circumstances and 'signs' indicated it was time to take leave of that job, I took out a work-scholar-vacation at the Ojai Foundation at a time when that effort was in its beginning stages: what a birthing! Back-to-back seminars for groups of typically forty people rotating at least weekly, while the only two structures available to accommodate staff and registrants were an antique mobile home (which served dual purpose as kitchen and office), and one yurt. It was November and rainy; mudslides covered the raw sloping land. Despite—or perhaps because of these relatively 'primitive' conditions—it was a global, cross-cultural education. Exceptional presenters like Joseph Campbell, Joan Halifax (then Matriarch of the Foundation), John Lilly, Fritjof Capra, Sun Bear, Tibetan Rinpoches were among the luminaries. *I had met Campbell at the Foundation in a dream several months prior. Wonder full dream!*

When I returned to the Northwest much needed part-time work walked into my life as a Caseworker for the State of Washington; to enhance that job and my income, I developed a course through the local community college called 'Re-Entry' and shortly thereafter, was hired to coordinate a satellite, branch office for Peninsula College. As employment goes, they were a creative trio of work activities

but nevertheless, I was still in a spin for more than five years. Soon, wearing all the hats for the college with extremely low compensation, along with a number of bureaucratic changes—resulted in my taking leave of those positions and I took full time work with the state in a neighboring community. The redeeming stream of events during this time was my introduction to and growing connection with the Native people on the Olympic Peninsula. The work with the state was, from the beginning, stultifying and deadening.

After this move, in less than two years, I was empty, suffering from the dis-ease that stimulates the "departure" stage of the Hero's Journey: an incongruity between what I needed, and what society had to offer. The 'persona' as a worker for the system that was projected onto me by others had the effect of creating a barrier between myself and the world which I could not, did not, have the energy to penetrate. Within the system, it was as though I had a 'rank' in the armed services, a true bureaucracy; outside, with clients and friends, there was a stereotypical sense of distrust for "the state social worker." I was disenchanted with 'success' in spite of the fact that I was living in a comfortable home, making the best salary I'd earned in my life with all of the benefits. On the surface, everything desired and applauded by our society. Success! Bittersweet success.

The motivation, grass roots impetus and creativity that accompanied those early years in the 'War on Poverty' jobs was gone. The 'system' had become bogged down, constipated with it's own ever-changing rules and regulations; it had become self-serving and self-perpetuating rather than being of service to others. I knew my soul was in danger, when on the 28th February, 1988, I had a dream. I call it...

The Basket Case

I am sitting outside of my supervisor's office with my fellow 'caseworkers,' receiving a set of orders being dictated by her from behind a closed door. We can see her through her office window, but her message is conveyed over a PA system. The edict she is issuing is completely insane to me and I turn to one of my associates and say "Can you really believe this is happening?" They were non-plussed. After the 'orders' are dictated, the man to my right stands to go to the restroom, located beyond the supervisors door and down a hall directly in front of us. I watch as he walks away and notice that there is a gurney in the hall on top of which is a large case of some sort; it is sitting quite low to the floor. As he walks past it, the gurney literally elevates of its own volition to (his) eye level... but he pays no notice and continues to the restroom. I then walk over to this 'case,' open it and see inside a decrepit old woman who is sick and appears to be dying. I ask "What are you doing in there?" and she says: "I'm sick. I think I need to throw up." So I help her lean over the edge of the 'case,' clean her up, then help her up and out of that case. She very robustly links arms with me, heads toward the door leading outside and says: "Let's get the hell out of here!"

Even though dreams often bewilder, there was not much interpretation necessary here. I did in fact, take the leap the following day, which happened to be Leap Year day, Winter '88. I determined to pick up the life-giving dreams and the threads that had been weaving their way into my life and pull the tapestry's pattern into focus, whatever the cost. I had just turned 49. I didn't know for sure what I was going to do but I knew I had to learn more about what my dreams were telling me, about dreams.

Eighteen years later here I stand, on the threshold of yet another dream. ♪

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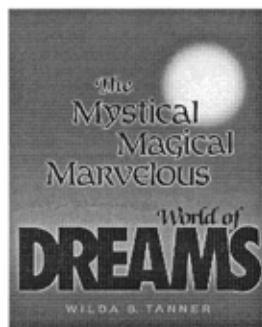
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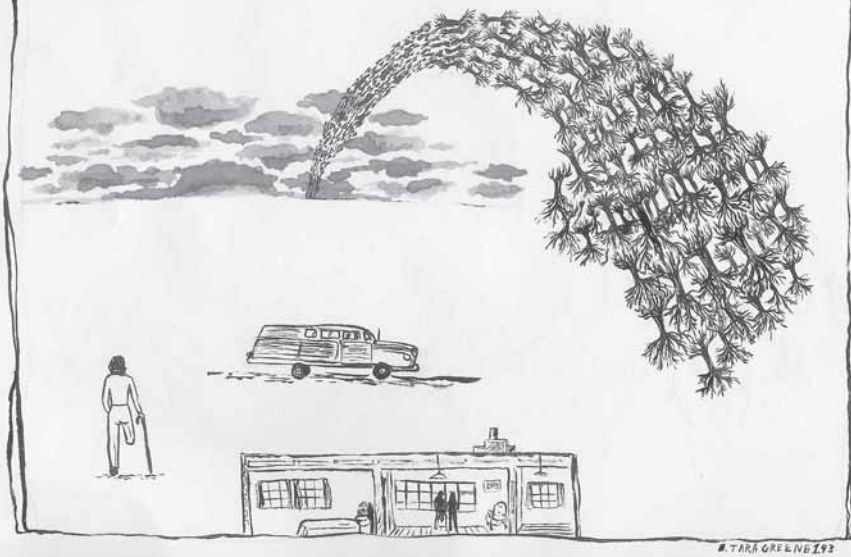
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Flying Trees



I am in a motel in the SouthWest desert (I had been living in Sedona for awhile) with my mother and her sister, my Aunt Esther. It's a '50's decorated place. My Aunt had actually had her leg amputated and she was in this state in the dream. My Aunt and I are looking out of a big picture window, divided into a grid. It is sunset, and I say,

"Look how beautiful the sunset is."

We gaze out the window at the horizon; it is brilliant orange and red. On the far-distant horizon I see what at first seems like a huge black cloud... but it's a flock of blackbirds flying towards us. As the flock flies closer, their shapes get bigger, change and I strain my eyes to see and I say in astonishment,

"That's not birds, they're trees!" A column of uprooted trees is flying in a vector formation toward us and is encompassing the whole vista of the dream. The trees have no leaves, they are black trees with huge roots and branches flying across the sky. As they fly over the motel, I panic and say "We've got to get out of here."

The scene shifts to outside the motel in the parking lot and a '57 era station wagon is parked outside with wooden panelled sides.

I jump in the driver's seat, my Aunt beside me in front and my mother in the back seat. (I actually don't drive in my waking life.) I start the car and begin driving off across the desert. There are no roads. The gigantic trees are flying overhead of us now and I am racing to get out of their flight path. I think that they are going to start falling... and sure enough a tree drops on top of the car roof, denting it. I can feel the weight on my head. I know we will all be fine and continue to drive with the weight of the tree on the car.

I AWAKEN IN A PANIC-FEELING THAT THIS WAS A BIG DREAM. MY INTUITIONAL, EMOTIONAL SENSE OF IT WAS THAT THE TREES WERE VERY ANGRY, LIKE THEY WERE SAYING WE AREN'T GOING TO TAKE IT ANYMORE AND THEY UPROOTED THEMSELVES AND WERE FLYING AWAY... OFF THE PLANET.



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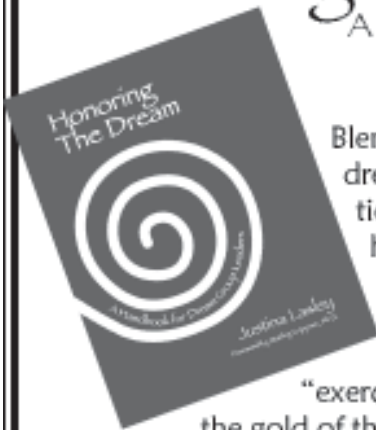
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Healing From Within A Dream Quest Experience

By Jinna van Vliet



Week One: Focusing on the Quest

AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER I have always been fascinated with dreams and their various interpretations. I felt that the strange dream scenarios carried a message for me and that this unique sleep stage was a very important part in my life's journey. I struggled with the intricate dream symbols and became more confused and frustrated until I experienced Henry Reed's *Dream Quest*.

I had reached an impasse in my life and needed the guidance from my dreams to help me deal with long buried issues. I had gone through a painful spiritual growth process, which led me through a path of physical pain, and emotional trauma. I thought that I was finally on my way and that I had faced and released all of my anger, fear and frustrations. I assumed that I was right on track and could look forward to a peaceful retirement. All was not what it seemed however, and when my nightmares began to resurface I realized that my healing was far from over. The answer to my prayers for guidance appeared on my computer screen soon after in the form of the Dream Quest.

The following sequence of events unfolded as I followed the dream guidebook.

Wishing to discover and confront the deeper issues hampering my spiritual progress, I began by asking my dreams to show me what area I needed to look at for that first week. Following the guidebook I collected my dreams for seven days and tried to think of several problems I might be working on. I began by writing story titles for each dream to discover some perspectives on my life situation. Using key words I used the suggested inspirational writing technique to draw forth a specific concern that I needed to work on. What emerged was a shock, a rude awakening from my self-imposed slumber. Here are three very revealing dreams:

I am wandering around looking for a bathroom but they are all occupied.

When I finally found one there was no door and thus no privacy at all.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I am with a group of people and accused one man of raping me. The other people immediately put him on trial but he denied the charges.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I see myself in a huge mirror but do not recognize my image. I asked the people around me, "Who is that beautiful lady?"

My difficulties in communicating my feelings and emotions were expressed in my search for a 'bathroom' a place for elimination. I value my privacy in all areas and although sometimes, given the opportunity to show my feelings, I frequently choose to keep quiet. The effect of this choice was apparent in the next dream where I realized that my relationship with my husband was deteriorating. I felt unloved, used, very lonely and had not realized that I held the key to all my problems. Accusing a man of 'rape'—to me an act without love—was showing me the need to feel loved. The next dream suggested my lack of self-worth, not realizing or recognizing the beauty, the Divine within reflected in the mirror.

The dialogue between the Asking Me and the Me Who Knows the Answers established the base for my "Best Guess" solution which led to my first contract and petition to my dreams. For the next seven days I set up a specific schedule for myself to follow and asked my dreams to show me a better way... if I am not meeting my goals.

Week Two: Ironing Out the Wrinkles

I put a lot of effort into my contract this week and went through some painful, emotional releases. It was a good learning opportunity and my relationship with all members of my family reached a more peaceful state. I began to review the abundance of dreams I have collected and found more surprises. Using my own definitions of the dream symbols, I developed a smoother translation and was able to come up with a personal interpretation that related to the focus of my dream quest. One of my dreams showed me *a number of beds*, a clear symbol of the need for more rest. In another one *I saw myself driving a car and changing lanes suddenly without looking*. I interpreted this one as having control over my own life and the ability to initiate a change of direction. The next significant one was a scene of *myself teaching and experiencing the feeling of frustration as I faced an unresponsive audience*. Here was a clear symbol telling me that I needed to improve my communications skills even further.

Based on the dream symbols, I concluded that a revision of my goals of action for the next week was in order. For my daily contract I resolved to have more rest, to work on my communication skills and to embrace the changes coming into my life.

Week Three: Reaching Out

The third week was filled with vivid dream scenarios and new dream symbols. Exciting scenes of *confrontations with a religious Guru*, *myself creating a beautiful vest in one day*, and *a huge hand reaching down from the sky towards me*, filled this week's collection. Working with the dream titles and developing a dialogue with one of the symbols revealed a possible new direction, a different approach to my problems.

The confrontation with the Guru exposed my fears of intimidation; being pushed into something I do not wish, do not believe in. The dream presented the choices I have, in dealing with this problem by showing me how I *'smiled at the Guru and gently refused to join his group without getting angry'*.

My creative side was one that I had neglected over the years. Again, the dream symbols reminded me the importance of rest, relaxation and of nurturing, and exploring my creative abilities.

Dark blindness lifting
Divine Light blazing within
Healing has begun

The Hand in the sky had quite an impact on me as I opened a dialogue with it. A change in attitude was needed on my part. Why was the hand there and whose hand was it? The questions I raised elicited surprising answers. A hand is a helping hand of course, one that I am always ready to extend to anyone. From the conversation I concluded that 'My Higher Self,' the Hand from above, is always there to help and at the same time I need to reach out through my fears with confidence and love. I have the choice of putting my hand in the Huge Hand—a symbol of Divine power and might—with faith and trust. The hand is also a symbol of other people offering their help, and I need to overcome my reluctance of accepting this gesture of assistance.

My Dream letter had to be modified; my focus for the following week was to extend myself, to reach out and use the creative tools within to grow.

Week Four: Coming Full Circle

Every day I tried to keep my awareness focused on my contract schedule. I began to experience more message-like visions during my meditation and felt more energetic and peaceful as the week progressed.

As I collected my last seven dreams I felt a sense of anticipation. I had experienced more vivid dreams during the week and knew that there were a number of exciting revelations within my dreams. The first one definitely set the tone, for here *I see myself opening, taking down a number of dark curtains, allowing light to come streaming in through huge glass windows*. To me, a symbol that I am releasing my fears, opening up and beginning to allow the Divine Light to enter, moving me towards growth in consciousness.

The last dream of the week was about my own wedding. *I am walking down the street in a beautiful gown meeting my groom*, not my present husband, but *someone I know and love*. It was a wonderful final ending to my four-week dream quest. I realized that I am an active partner in a spiritual marriage with my Higher Self and that this partner will always love and never fail me.

The action plots of my dreams gave me an indication of what I have learned on my dream quest and it gave me the inner healing I was in need of. The result of my dream quest was very beneficial both physically and spiritually for me.

I intend to continue to seek guidance from my dreams and plan to keep my dream journal up to date.

The Haiku poem I wrote was fun to do and proof for me that my creative energies are alive and well. ☺

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Contact Jinna jinna@efni.com

For more information on Henry Reed's *Dream Quest*
~ <http://www.henryreed.com/dreamquest>

WARM CHILL

Standing on this jetty
 Probing out into the sea
 The ebb of a new year approaches
 As I consider what may come to be

 But I know nothing will be different
 In fact, all will remain the same

 The wealth of six hundred ninety people
 Equals that of three billion,
 Now that's a bit insane

 Poverty breeds in abundance
 Children die by the score
 As technology turns into a deity
 Little is done to feed the poor

 Disease spreads throughout the jungles
 Terrorism besets all cities
 Brutality anticipates injustice
 Apathy provokes iniquity

 Women are abused and children neglected
 Prejudice and intolerance are on fire
 Brainwashed and secluded
 Few will endeavor to become inspired

 Yet standing on this jetty
 I feel the winds of time
 Remind me of the possible
 Fruits within the vine

 Civilization is fluid
 Dreams are beginning to combine
 Life's subtle differences
 Will find a way to rhyme

 So I will offer my hand in friendship
 This coming year I will

Jude Ace Forese~ January 2006

MEDICINE DREAM

I have a dream:

at the center of my dream
is circling ocean
in the center of the ocean
is turtle island
at the center of the island
is vision mountain
in the center of the mountain
is healing crystal
at the center of the crystal
is sacred light
in the center of the light
i sit dreaming

I have a dream:

i dream i am a tree
my roots spread out
beside a place of water
in sunlight
my branches turn to fire
my leaves are prayers of smoke
my heart beats like a drum
inside a stone of power

I have a dream:

my dream is at the center
of great silence
here at the center
i sit dreaming

Dreams of Death and Rebirth

Part II

~ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ~ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ~ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ~

*“In the depth of your hopes and desires
lies your silent knowledge of the beyond;
And like seeds dreaming beneath the snow
your heart dreams of spring.*

*Trust the dreams, for in them is hidden
the gate to eternity.*

*For what is it to die but to stand naked
in the wind and to melt into the sun?
And what is it to cease breathing, but to
free the breath from its restless tides,
that it may rise and expand
and seek God unencumbered?”*

~ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ~ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ~

Excerpt from The Prophet: On Death by Kahlil Gibran

Past Life IntegrationCan Be Subtle

by Sabine Lucas, Ph.D.



THE INTEGRATION OF INNER FIGURES and emerging new data from the unconscious is a Depth Psychologist's daily bread. Everything that surfaces from the unconscious in dreams and visions must be consciously integrated before it can be transformed into self-knowledge. The word "to integrate" comes from Latin "*integrare*", meaning "to restore, to reunite." According to the *Oxford Dictionary* "to integrate" means "to complete by addition of parts." The German *Duden* offers an even more pertinent definition by emphasizing the assimilation of parts into a greater whole. In Depth Psychology, the term refers to a process where previously unconscious content is recognized as an integral part of the self, consciously owned and taken responsibility for. The ego's role is crucial here. It has to be strong and flexible enough to assimilate the incoming information without becoming overwhelmed by it or identified with it.

"In my experience, trauma is easier dealt with than guilt. Guilt seems to be more damaging to the soul than trauma..."

Integration processes vary a great deal in regard to length and intensity, depending on the complexity and emotional charge of the unconscious content to be integrated. Integration can happen within twenty-four hours or take several years to complete. It can be a humiliating and painful or a deeply gratifying experience. But the outcome is always a positive one: we have found a lost part of ourselves and have taken a step towards greater wholeness.

Past life material differs from other unconscious material in significant ways. Contrary to archetypes and other figures of the unconscious, past life selves are personalized, have a life story of their own, and exist within

a historical context. Before they can be integrated, the trauma and guilt that they carry must be resolved, since both these conditions make it more difficult for the ego to accept and emotionally digest the past life material. Yet the extent of past life trauma and guilt can only be accurately assessed within the geographical and historical context in which they occurred. This makes the integration of past life material a multifaceted operation: trauma resolution, spiritual counseling, and historical background research – all have a part to play in this process.

Regarding trauma, the unconscious will sometimes set a spontaneous dream trauma healing process into motion. Dream trauma healing processes have been observed by psychologists who treated British shell-shock sufferers after the Second World War and American veterans after the Vietnam War. I experienced a dream healing process myself in response to a particularly toxic past life trauma. It started shortly after I had been informed by a past life reader

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in Zurich that in a 16th-century life I had languished for years in a dungeon on the bottom of the Tower of London before I went insane and was eaten alive by rats. For three months after that, I fought with a rat in my dreams, gradually gaining the upper hand in the struggle until I managed to kill the beast.

Unfortunately, not everyone's trauma is healed by an act of grace in the dream state. Many trauma victims get stuck with the repetitive, never-changing nightmares that are typical of the PTSD syndrome. I used to refer clients suffering from past life trauma to an old doctor of Oriental Medicine who had studied in China with a master and had been taught the so-called "Windows to the Soul" – the same esoteric acupuncture points that were used in Shirley MacLaine's past life regressions, as she mentions in "Out on a Limb." More recently, I have treated past life trauma myself with the Photron – a

strobic color light instrument. It is equipped with a small computer box, which allows the practitioner to induce and monitor altered brainwave states by means of entrainment. After inducing an alpha – or sometimes theta – brain wave state in my clients, I regress them to the moment of psychic wounding, then clear out the cellular and emotional residues of the trauma using the combined healing power of color and light.

In my experience, trauma is easier dealt with than guilt. Guilt seems to be more damaging to the soul than trauma, which I find very interesting. One of my male clients who remembered a female life as a staff member at the concentration camp Dachau in 47 dreams needed five years to rid himself of the damaging imprints that this horrifying experience had left behind in his soul. Before he came to me, he had suspected for quite some time that a previous incarnation was interfering with

his relationships, leaving him stranded in emotional isolation. But he had not been able to put his finger on the culprit. A week-long course of past life regression at the Light Institute in Galisteo had produced plenty of past lives, except for the one he was looking for. But as soon as he started working with me, the lifetime in question emerged in his dreams. In order to face it, he needed a dependable holding structure, lots of personal attention, and plenty of time. Without this, the Pandora's box could not even be opened, let alone emptied of the ills of the past. In the end, his investment of time, money, energy, hard work and patience paid off: He emerged from this process with a new sense of self, a different career, and – for the first time in his life – a true partnership, based on mutual love.

Personally, I once was informed in a dream that I had been the Lord Chancellor of England during the War of the Roses and had con-

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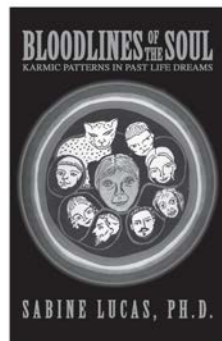
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demned political prisoners to uncommonly cruel torture procedures. I was deeply shocked by this revelation, because I like to think of myself as a compassionate person. On the other hand, I could not deny that it fit right in with my past life history: I have a prominent male bloodline in both law and governance that goes all the way back to the Roman Republic. Yet my soul ancestor in Ancient Rome was known as a pillar of rectitude. So how did I end up in this depraved state, abusing the legal system for political ends? I read all the historical plays of Shakespeare again in order to understand the social climate and the political pressures under which such monstrosities could grow and thrive. Thanks to my background reading, it did not take me five years to forgive myself for these old transgressions. Besides, when I looked at my lives in chronological order it became instantly clear that I had paid for the Lord Chancellor's evil deeds in two subsequent incarnations by becom-



Bloodlines of the Soul

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Sabine Lucas, Ph.D.

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ing a victim of miscarried justice myself. The forgiveness of guilt is an act of compassion that we owe to ourselves as much as to others. No secular or ecclesiastic authority has the power to absolve us from our sins, unless we absolve ourselves.

This demonstrates the importance of historical background research for the integration of past lives. I always encourage those of my clients who have past life dreams to read biographies, historical overviews, and cultural and ethnological studies about the personality, century and country

they have been dreaming about. Apart from deepening the dreamer's understanding of a particular lifetime, it stimulates the unconscious to produce more dreams about it. Thus, inner and outer sources of information can work together to bring the past life back to life. In this re-vitalized form it can be more easily integrated.

Once a past life is fully integrated, the talents, knowledge, and life experience of the past life personality are at our conscious disposal.

(Continued on page 47)

On A Quest With An Angelic Companion

On a quest, I am to journey through a beautiful forest to a lake in a lush verdant valley. The way is known if one doesn't try to think of how to go, but, as one comes to each cross-roads or fork in the road one closes one's eyes and God shows the proper choice. I have a companion, a beautiful woman, or at least she seems to be a human woman. The journey is peaceful and the beauty around me is intense. We reach the valley of the lake and there are others there swimming in the lake. We are all nude swimming in the lake when I notice an opening in the side of the mountain where the source of the lake seems to be. We all enter the cavern via the water. It is a beautiful cavern and my companion and I make love in the water. It is very fulfilling and I realize my companion is not human but angelic in nature. The others notice this and warn me of an evil presence in the cavern that tries to destroy the angelic ones in front of their companions. I then notice another person there who is with my angelic companion and all of a sudden he produces a gun and is going to kill her. I overcome him somehow and take his weapon from him. It is not like any gun I have even seen.

It doesn't shoot bullets but if you shoot someone with it his spirit seems to wane and he becomes very respondent to your commands. I use the gun to make him come with me as I must turn him over to the authorities to be placed in prison. He is taken away by the guards and I talk with one of the guards who says, "Thank you for returning him. He escaped this morning." As we were talking, my prisoner asked the other guards for a moment to stop at the other gate to look out at the beautiful scenery. They allow him to and he disappears into the forest. I mention this to the guard I was talking to and he said, "This happens all the time, the cycle begins over until the journeyer learns the meaning of the way he just traveled." I then explain to the guard my interpretation of the journey I just completed; "The journey I just traveled is my final journey of acceptance of God as my only true source of inner strength and my female companion is a guardian angel who helped me find the way each time

I close my eyes and ask inwardly for direction in life.

The beautiful valley and crystal clear lake is my glimpse of Paradise or Eden given to me as a reward for letting God show me the way. The cave is the source of all good and evil in my life.

The evil person is the dark side of my free will, that tries to destroy my/our connection with the angels around us. The capture of this evil person is my inner victory over that side of myself which pulls me from my God. The return of him to this prison is my releasing the power he has over me to God's guardian angels. As I relate this revelation, the evil one reappears at the other gate and is immediately recaptured by the guards and taken into the prison to be reformed and cleansed of all evil by God's grace. The guard smiles at me and my heavenly companion reappears beside me and says, "We have made this same journey together many times and I am pleased that you have finally taken the time to understand its meaning.

Others at the lake will continue this cycle until each one of them finally understands and accepts God as their Way in life.

I will always be with you wherever you journey."

Appointment with the Wise Old Dog

by Roberta Ossana

"A Miracle Has Taken Place"

DAVID BLUM WAS AN INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN CONDUCTOR AND WRITER ON MUSICAL SUBJECTS. His profiles on musicians of our time appeared frequently, in The New York Times: Arts and Leisure section, as well as in the leading music journals throughout the world. The Esterhazy Orchestra recordings, made more than a quarter of a century ago, are still considered the gold-standard for the Haydn connoisseur and his many books which have been translated into six languages, are cherished by scholars and students alike.

Those who read David's Obituary in The New York Times eight years ago, would have perhaps been acquainted with his extraordinary musical achievements, but very few—if any—of his considerable following would have known of the private, parallel passion which was central to the meaning of his life.

The DVD he made in the last year of his life—Appointment With The Wise Old Dog—is the public revelation of that private passion. It traces the arc of a singular inner journey that stretches across a lifetime process of self-exploration and transformation. Scrupulously recording more than two-thousand dreams, his nineteen journals, taken as a whole, is the workshop in which he painstakingly confronted and examined—with unswerving integrity—his dream figures... be they demons or deities.

For David, even beyond the word came the image, but it was only during his long struggle with cancer that he discovered the healing power of entering into the dream through color, form and music. It was then—within the compression of his earthly time—that David felt compelled to share his inner work in the hope that his personal experience could help others realize their own creative potential in a time of crisis. This documentary speaks to us all, at any point along our individual path, as we move towards our own mortality.

Sarah, David's wife, is dedicated to sharing his rich legacy. Her stewardship comes from one who profoundly understands the value of what has been given. In relation to Appointment With The Wise Old Dog, she wrote me the following:

"David's twenty-nine minute film is the crystallization of forty-five years of work on his dreams. His life and his death were shaped by his dreams. In his dying, it was as if the dream world carried him back to the very source from which he and it originated: the two had become one. The truth of his connection had become manifest."

At the end of the film we witness, in awe and with gratitude, David's realization of the meaning of his journey, voiced in his last words: "A Miracle Has Taken Place."

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Appointment
with the
Wise Old Dog

Dream Images
in a Time of Crisis

Introduction by Yo Yo Ma

28 Minutes 38 Seconds

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

"Anyone interested in dreams would be fascinated by the story this work reveals about the relationship between consciousness and the unconscious. We are intrigued on all levels - emotional, imaginal, intellectual. His work is unique and universal because it is so true to the archetypal field."

Marion Woodman

"I have used patients' dreams and drawings for decades to help them get in touch with their inner wisdom. David Blum, during his struggle with cancer, captured his dreams in an illuminating series of paintings that will touch your soul."

Bernie Siegel, MD

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

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ANGEL HORSE

by Paula Timpson

in my dream...

A white mist hangs over the bay.

Piano music plays.

A Palomino pony walks toward me... in my dream.

I awaken happy and free.

in my dream...

I ride bareback-

My horse's eyes, lavender, meet mine.

Our hearts become One.

And My horse tells me,

"I am somewhere better than Earth. I am in heaven."

I reach my horse and we talk in silence.

We connect as two friends, two beings who are open and unafraid.

in my dream...

I see the light.

"You are my Angel." I tell my horse.

He smiles & stands by my side.

I watch my whole life flash before me.

I feel every emotion.

Angel brushes against me and I put my hand on his heart.

I feel its rhythm at one with mine.

My dream inspires me to help others not to fear death...

Reflections In Ink

By Edward Bonapartian



Our dreams are transitory experiences; fleeting images transitioning into a residue of feelings.
In honoring the dream, we must honor the feelings as well...

EVENING HAD TURNED INTO NIGHT as I walked into the tattoo studio where Peter was finishing up with his last customer of the day. I had chosen this hour for a specific reason; it was important to me that I be able to get a good read on this man's reactions to my proposal. I had some reservations beforehand, but now standing there and seeing the tattoo covering most of Peter's neck, I knew I was on the right path.

After seeing his customer to the door, he turned and faced me. Introducing myself, I handed him the piece of paper I had been carrying. It contained a sketch of a leaf surrounded by an inscription in Latin, a design born from a dream experience I had a year earlier. It was a dream that reflected the roots of my history, and now I was searching for an artist who could bring that dream to life.

Peter studied the sketch as he sat down at his desk. I had thought it would be the leaf sketched there that would draw his attention; instead I

could see he was fascinated with the motto written in Latin surrounding the leaf.

Looking up at me he asked, "*Capio Adversus Intellentia*, what does it mean?"

"It's Latin" I replied, "A rough translation in English would be the words *seize, face, and information*, or *seize and face your dreams.*"

He nodded and I could tell the sketch intrigued him, yet he sat there without saying anything further. I knew he was waiting for me to tell him the story behind this sketch.

"It's to honor a dream I had". I stopped there, not really sure how to explain to him a path experienced since early childhood. How does one really explain the experience of departed relatives who visit us while we dream? Especially a relative I had no clear memory of; one that had died when I was very young.

In my dream, my grandfather comes to visit. He is standing in the

dark with his back to me, wearing the same grey wool overcoat my father always wore in the winter as he went off to work. It seems as if we are in a circus tent of sorts; above us, I see the outline of a tightrope worker standing on a wire strung high above us. Although I can't see his face, my grandfather starts to speak: "When the tight-rope worker falls, he may be injured both physically and mentally. He will need time for rest and reflection. The end result is that when he falls again he will bounce up that much quicker."

The words he spoke in the dream caught my attention. I knew he was referring to my waking life where my recent, rather abrupt departure from co-hosting group dreamwork, had left everyone around me wondering what happened. At the time, I could not explain my reasons to anyone because I could not explain them to myself. All I knew was that I was burnt out, tired of dealing out words of comfort for people when I could not find

the right words to say myself. I felt like I had been on a comet ride; burning a bright path through the communal night sky of shared dreams, only to find myself losing all spiritual direction and crashing back down to earth. The experience left me with more questions than answers, and the dream had occurred while I was trying to find my path again in the spiritual darkness that had followed.

In the dream, my grandfather continued to address my concerns:

"Do not look upon this experience as a failure – it was not. It is a way or process of learning to look at your self as the one most valuable. You are like explorers lost in the forest while searching for the new world; although they may not see that the proper path, from above we can see they are very close to it. The journey may result in their death, yet their (faith) carries them on."

The dream ended as my grandfather left me these parting words, *"I have watched you your entire life and with each of your accomplishments I experience the same thrill you feel when you see the first colored leaf of autumn."*

His previous words had caught my attention; these words riveted my awareness! *I had never mentioned to anyone the joy I felt when the first leaf of autumn made its appearance*, but somehow my grandfather *knew*. Perhaps it was his way of making sure I understood the intent behind his words. Now a year later, here I was standing in a tattoo shop trying to explain to Peter the meaning of those words.

After listening to my description of the dream, Peter asked me where I wanted this tattoo placed. I told him it was to be on my left arm next to my bicep. I then held out my right arm and pointed to the now somewhat faded wings tattooed there, a reminder of the days when riding a motorcycle was my life's path. While I wanted the new tattoo to be balanced in its appearance with the old

one, I also had an ulterior motive for its placement on my left arm. In learning to work with my dreams, I had also experienced the energy of two parallel worlds; the daily world of my right side energy comprised of my waking life experiences, and the creative left side energy from the world of my dreams and spirit, a world where family never forgets us regardless of the passage of time. In recognizing the duality of my life's experiences, I wanted this tattoo on my left side, honoring my experiences in the world of my dreams where healing comes in many forms.

A few weeks later, late on a cold night in February, my dream was reflected in ink through the permanence of Peter's tattoo needle. When it was finished, Peter commented on how pleased he was with the way the tattoo had come out and he invited me to stop by the studio again the following week so he could photograph the curled oak leaf on my left arm for his own personal album.

As with our dreams, tattoos speak to us in the voice of an image followed by a feeling. People have asked me why I chose an Oak leaf to represent my Grandfather's visit. My choice was due to a bit of synchronicity, or more specifically a moment when the world of my dreams overlapped into the world of my waking life. The afternoon following the dream, I saw an Oak leaf that had fallen in my driveway. Filled with vibrant shades of yellows and orange, it was to be my first glimpse of the fall season that year. I realize it had been a confirmation of sorts; a message from the mysterious world around me that Grandfather would always be close. These days, as I sit and stare into the night sky from the glass wall of my porch, I can only whisper, *"Thank you Grandfather."* ☽

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Edward Bonapartian is the author of **The Stories Of Our Lives** (ISBN 159 113 4498) and the **Energy and the Art Of Balance** newsletter. He currently resides in upstate NY.

"Dear Lord, Prissy's come back!"

A few days later, while her relatives were gathered around her hospital bed, Prissy related her story.

When it had ended, Aunt Helen spoke, "The unconscious mind can do strange things m'dear. You were in a coma for several days and we were beside ourselves with worry. Doctor Simms said it is common to have vivid dreams or nightmares such as you have been experiencing, Prissy."

The girl contemplated these words when, as Ben raised his arm, her eyes caught sight of a loose fitting gold watch with Roman Numerals. "Ben," said Prissy. "Where did you get that watch?"

Ben looked startled. "Aunt Helen gave it to me. It's my good luck piece. I got it on the day you woke up."

Aunt Helen removed a small velvet case from her purse. "And this is for you, Prissy." She opened it and the gold chain and medal of the etched Blessed Mother with hands embracing the world, was revealed to her. Aunt Helen went on to explain, "On the morning of the day you awoke, the executor of the estate, Mr. Hayes, gave these items to me. He explained something inexplicable possessed him to pass these items on to you and Ben at once. He felt it might cheer up Ben to have the watch once worn by his father and grandfathers, and through the Blessed Virgin's intervention, good health may be restored to you. I dared not leave it around your neck while you lay unconscious, so I pinned it to your hospital gown and you awoke soon after."

"Aunt Helen, Uncle Cap, in my dream, Uncle Shane showed me the watch and the medal. How do you explain that?"

Aunt Helen looked enlightened, "Miracles happen, m'dear. It was a miracle!" ☽

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Contact Patricia Crandall at pcrandall123@yahoo.com

Grandmothers Remember, Always

by Paula Timpson

LAST NIGHT AS I PRAYED FOR MY FRIEND'S GRANDMA who is dying, I had a special dream. I dreamt of my own grandmother. She was the root of our Italian family.

"I remember you..." Grandma tells me

Her vibrant green deep eyes glow, showing her natural beauty and love. Toward the end of her life, she had dementia and I was always afraid she would forget who I was someday. She never did.

For that, I am THANKFUL.

In my dream, she is young. Her hair is a deep black and her smile is radiant as a morning sunrise. Grandma's spirit was super strong... she is in her kitchen making sauce as she did every Sunday in

case anyone should stop by.

I feel such love in my heart, simply being by Grandma's side as I so often liked to be.

My Grandma had a sense of deep intuition and she could tell how I was feeling by just looking into my eyes. Grandma once told me she would adopt many children if she could; she so loved children and raised many right within her own family. Grandma Puchala had more than enough love to go around. Endless is her well of Love. ♪

Love

Grandma's eyes are Love

*Green, everlasting as

Spring returning

to give us a kiss

each time

we miss

her smile.

Grandma lives on Forever

Her Spirit is ever- alive in rainbows

surprise...

Grandma is in heaven sharing

joy with Aunt Eleanor and her husband, Paul.

Grandma comes inside the night

slipping in between my heart and soul,

remaining...

reminding me that the goal is pure eternity-

and there is so much more...

A Ghostly Heritage

by Patricia Crandall

PRISCILLA MALLORY'S UNBLINKING EYES stared at the pine-framed scenes of Norman Rockwell's Four Seasons grouped together on the pale green hospital wall. She sensed the presence of her Aunt Helen sitting at her bedside. As if in a distance, Prissy heard the clicking of rosary beads. She felt the calm of a prayerful meditation.

As she lay limp, she had listened to the whispery talk of family and medical staff that the reason she was unable to move was due to an automobile accident which claimed the lives of her and her brother, Ben's parents. She worried about Ben at home with Uncle Cap.

Tears welled up inside her but they would not pour out over the deaths of her Mom and Dad.

Aunt Helen arose and stood over her. Prissy could feel the gentle strength of her aunt's hands as they massaged her unresponsive limbs. Her aunt jumped and peered at her closely. A look of hope came upon her face. It had only been a flutter. Still....

A mild breeze stirred and exotic spices scented the air while an unknown force grasped Prissy's hand. She waltzed through walls to lilting music resounding from an orchestra playing deep within the grandest room of a great Gothic villa. It was the exact house she had visited frequently as a child when the setting was summer and pastoral. She chilled at the thought of seeing Great-Grandpa Shane Mallory reigning over his mansion, Oakcliff, once again.

The decrepit, hump-backed mercenary with a barking voice and feathery white hair

rarely wore a smile on his leathery face. And, whenever possible, Prissy had taken great pains to avoid him. In a whirl, she tottered upon her feet in a misty, abandoned gallery lined with marble statues. The furniture was covered in shrouds and ancestor portraits hung on the walls. She blinked as an imposing figure dressed in a white silk, laced shirt with blouson sleeves and a copper-colored vest... drew near to her. The newcomer wore brown velvet knickers tucked inside high-laced leather boots. His long brown hair fell over the collar of his shirt.

"Do ye believe in ghosts?" The man grinned.

"N'no," Prissy stammered.

"Well, ye do now," said the stranger. "You're in the realm of the Mallory spirits. You're about to meet your heritage."

"Who are you?" Prissy asked, puzzled by his swashbuckler's clothes. "Is this a trick?"

"I'm Jon Mallory, spirit guardian of the homestead." He swung enormous hands upon narrow hips.

Prissy raised her hands in protest, "This may be so, or most likely I'm dreaming, but" she looked around in awe, "What am I doing at Oakcliff? No one's lived here since Grandpa Shane died." Jon said, "I was a ruddy orphan at sixteen when yer grandfolks hired me as a farm hand. I met my death at twenty-six by doing some tom-foolery racing a horse when I should'na' been. The stallion bucked; I flew into the air and bounced off a tree, breaking my neck." He encircled his neck with his hands. "To give your old-folks credit, they buried me with dignity in the

burial grounds half-a-mile beyond the house. Now I'm keeper of the homestead." His deep voice softened. "Since your ma and pa 'ave joined us, this place will belong to you and Ben. It's in your kins' will."

"Am I dead?" Prissy cried out nervously, relieved this was all that had become of her.

"No darlin,' you've been pulled out of yourself for a spell, 'tis all. You'll soon be back in the real world, but first you must meet your kin."

Prissy took several steps backwards and clasped her hands to her face.

Jon looked her over and frowned, "This'll never do. You must be dressed more becomin' than this to meet your ancestors. You are wrapped in bandages and it's an ill-fittin' gown you're wearin'."

Prissy looked down at her loose hospital gown. Before she could utter a reply, a violent wind spun her around. She groped for something to cling to. The winds were strong. There was nothing to catch hold of. She screamed as bandages unrolled from her head and a coarse wind stung her face, arms and legs.

As abruptly as the turmoil had begun, the winds ceased. She dropped gently to the floor and was positioned before a large, oval mirror. Looking into the glass, she stared at herself wearing a long dress of pale blue silk with festoons of silk caught up with rosettes of ribbon. She raised the skirt revealing a frothy embroidered and lace-edged petticoat. On her feet were a pair of white satin slippers studded with tiny seed pearls.

A tap came on her shoulder. She looked in the mirror, viewing Jon and watched mesmerized as he plucked an orchid from the air with a trick play of hands and tucked it behind her ear. She turned to face him.

"I knew you'd be a comely lass." He extended his arm out to her. Prissy smiled in spite of herself and encircled her arm in his. Together, they paraded through two wall sections, passing into the center of a great hall where Victorian ladies winnowed beribboned fans and bourgeoisie gentlemen sauntered about in long waist coats with

frilled shirts and black and gray striped trousers.

As Jon and Prissy threaded their way through the crowd, a strong musical cadence came to an end. In the eerie silence, a sweet, cheerful voice exclaimed, "Here are Jon and Prissy!" In a rush, a tiny porcelain beauty with reddish-black hair in ringlets, jostled through the crowd. The young woman swept up the skirts of a cream *mous-seline de soie* dress with red-currant colored velvet ribbons and came to a graceful stop before Jon and Prissy.

"Mehtable!" Jon whispered huskily. "Greetings, Jon." Mehetabel's bell-like voice welcomed and her persuasive eyes bored into his.

He bowed to kiss her hand and for a long moment was oblivious to everything else in the room except this lovely creature.

Prissy coughed. Jon sprang to readiness and raised his hands into the air, commanding the attention of the specters.

"Hail, Priscilla Mallory!" He lauded. "Prissy and Ben are last of the Mallory's!"

"Prissy - Ben," reverberated through the hall beneath a brilliance of chandeliers. A tinkling of champagne glasses sanctioned a toast. Mehetabel's gaze was direct and appraising. She turned to Jon, pouting exquisitely and asked, "Who is prettier Jon? Me or Prissy?"

"Ye Vixen," he laughed. "I'll see to ye later. Share your goblet with Cousin Prissy." He settled his gaze on his young charge.

Mehetabel bowed slightly. She took a sip from a silver cup then handed it to Prissy. A sudden hush burgeoned across the room. Prissy looked out upon the sea of expectant faces and knew she had no other choice but to sip the fragrant wine. When nothing happened other than a gush of warm blood from her throat to her head, she sighed with relief.

The music played on and the full regalia of specters waltzed about the dance floor in celebration.

At the far end of the court, one dogged form lurked in the shadows. Prissy

was the object of a long, probing search. When she realized she was being observed, fear penetrated into the very depth of her soul. She shuddered to think she would have recognized the old gentleman anywhere.

"You can't leave without greetin' Uncle Shane, lass," said Jon, following her gaze to the far end of the hall. He took her by the arm and shepherded her along the length of the hall, past the podium, to a dusky corner where the old specter drew portentously out of the shadows.

Jon nudged Prissy forward. She tightened the grip on his hand. "Darlin', stay a while and visit Uncle Shane. I'll be back." In a flash, Jon was gone. At the gruff sound of her name being spoken, Prissy turned hesitantly around.

The ghostly presence of Shane Q. Mallory appeared every bit as mercenary as she remembered him to be in real life. The parchment skin around his bulbous eyes creased in wrinkles. She straightened, and took a step forward, drawing near to him.

"What a charming young woman you have become!" The old man extended a pale, shrunken hand.

She accepted it, surprised to find it was no longer repulsive to touch. As a child, she remembered breaking into a cold sweat every time she had to take hold of his moist, fleshy hand, often on walks to the picnic knoll three-quarters of a mile beyond the sweep of lawn originating at the entrance to the old-fashioned front porch. "I'm sorry you had to meet your heritage this way," said the old man with vigor. "Being in the state of deep unconsciousness which claimed the lives of your parents and injured Ben, has availed to me and the family specters an opportunity to impose on your subconscious mind. I only have a moment as you are very close to awakening." He raised the shirt cuff off his wrist and exposed a gold watch with Roman Numerals. He said with a voice filled with emotion, "This watch will go to Ben. It's mine and was passed on to me by my father. Then he held a gold chain with a finely etched medallion of the Blessed

Mother with Her hands embracing the world. "This medal was my mother's; it will be yours. And along with these small treasures," he continued, "You two children will share this Homestead plus substantial monetary provisions." He looked at her searchingly. "I trust you and Ben will give honor to the Mallory name."

Jon reappeared at that moment. Prissy jumped with a suddenness that surprised him and old Shane. He reclaimed Prissy on his arm and said, "Come lass, it's time for you to return to the living."

For the first time in her life she felt warm toward Uncle Shane. As she took a step forward to give a hug, he disappeared.

A gentle breeze wafted Prissy and Jon through the large hall, past the celebrating specters. In the background, Shane Mallory was beclouded in mist. She searched the vast audience and cried out, "Jon, where are my folks?" "Ay, they've been watchin' you all this time, lass. Look over there, by the podium."

Standing to the far right of the musicians were two familiar shapes.

Prissy bolted forward. Jon took restraint. "You must wait 'til you join us proper. It's the custom."

"Give them my love," her voice broke. "Ay," he promised.

Prissy spun in a vortex, being stripped of the finery she wore. The cumbersome bandages and ill-fitting hospital garment draped her once again.

As Jon's countenance grew dimmer, Prissy feeling a rush of cool air, called out,

"Good by Jon."

"Farewell lass!"

In the hospital room, Prissy's eyelids fluttered open. Nearby, there were three sharp intakes of breaths. Prissy felt a small hand clasp her own. Her blurred vision focused on her brother's face.

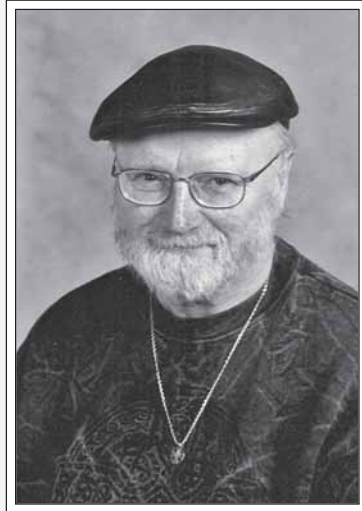
Ben cried out, "Prissy's come back!" Uncle Cap's strained face suddenly dissolved into a smile.

Aunt Helen made the sign of the cross and raised her silver rosary in thanksgiving.

(Continued on page 36)

WWW.DREAMS IN THE NEWS

Who, What, When, Where?



by Russell A. Lockhart, Ph.D.

BEST INTENTIONS ASIDE, all efforts this winter to get together with those involved in “newsworthy” events relating to dreams came to naught in the wake of just about everyone, including myself, having a terrible flu... perhaps the worst ever. So, I decided it was best just to skip this issue and come spring, all would be right with the world again. Well that had the ring of a well-worn excuse that hardly bears mentioning. But there it was. If not that, then what? Didn't have a clue. Then, in the midst of a feverish whirl, I found myself asking, “What am I going to do for the news in the dreams column?” The state of my beleaguerment was such that it took me forever to notice what my squirrely brain had done with the problem: to subject it to what the rhetoricians call *inversion*, or more technically, a type of *chiasmus* (a criss-cross of position), or more technically yet, an *antimetabole*. Oh, my rhetoric teacher would be proud!

All technicality aside, these spontaneous inversions (or even when they aren't so spontaneous), are always

psychopompic to some degree; that is, they will often lead one in directions one had no intention of going. That, of course, *is* their rhetorical purpose. I had no conscious intention of writing anything about *news in the dreams*; my intention was *dreams in the news*. After all, that's the name of this column.

So conscious intention aside, I will do my best to follow the lead of this idea of *news in the dreams*. So what is it exactly that constitutes *news*? Contrary to popular folklore, news is *not* an acronym for *N(orth)-E(ast)-W(est)-S(outh)*. (This idea illustrates what is called a “backronym.”) The word, of course, derives from earlier roots, all of which mean “something new.”

This idea of “new” was what my journalism instructor back in high school was keen on. Yes, I was involved in the student newspaper and my girl friend was editor (hey, Judy, you still out there?) and I was, of all things, business manager (No truer false start on a career ever occurred in my opin-

ion). He drilled us in the famous five Ws: *Who? What? When? Where? Why?* These he said were the essentials of good journalism; but it was discerning the “new” in relation to each of these questions that constituted what he called the *art* of journalism to which he worked diligently to inspire in each of us.

I can't say I have ever thought of this again until now. But it does occur to me that this orientation to the dream is actually quite useful. Take a good hard look at last night's dream or the one you last remember. Look at *who* is in the dream. Is there anything *new* about the cast of characters—perhaps someone you've never dreamt of before? Or, if all the characters in the dream are familiar to you, can you discern anything *new* about any one of them. An example springs to mind: the main figure in the dream was my analyst. That was not new, or news. She'd been there before. But what was new, absolut-ely new—what was in fact *news!*—was that she was wearing mismatch-ed shoes. (For those who know me, the fact I no-

ticed such a thing would be even bigger news!) Very often I find, in practice, that the new figure or the new thing about a familiar figure is rather glossed over, as if the *news!* aspect of the image was not experienced at all. Getting to that experience of the *new*, of the *news!* in the dream constitutes an important aspect of dream work.

If you can't find the new in the cast of characters, look in the *What?* of the dream. What exactly happens in the dream? Any-

thing new in this? Look again. You may not realize it, but much of dream imagery is so readily absorbed *into* the known, that we often are not really aware of the new edge, the new thing, the new angle, the new thread. In this, there is a natural defense against the new, and therefore against hearing and seeing the *news!* in the dream.

After careful attention, if you can't find the new in the *Who?* or the *What?* look carefully into the *When?* of the dream. This constitutes all the *time* aspects of the dream; it is astonishing how frequently the time dimension brings something new and yet this gets overlooked. Look at some of your recent dreams and I think you will see very quickly what I am referring to. If we ask, "What time is it?" in the dream, it is obvious that most of the time there is no clock on the wall to tell us. So we don't know. But look more closely. There are almost always some *hints* as to the time. Ferret them out. But what, after all, can be new about time? What is it about time that can be *news?* In the pages of *Dream Network Journal*, I



have argued several times that dreams are not "about" the past; they are "about" the future. Well "about" is not quite the right word, as if the future were reporting back to us in the present. What is meant is that dreams are the future in progress—or better, multiple potential futures. I venture to say that *every* dream is *news!* in this sense.

The geography of the dream, is another dimension, the *Where?* of the dream that often hides the new. Invariably, when I ask about a scene in a dream, and it's one's familiar haunt like one's home, the scene gets readily absorbed into the familiar. It's like a dream is always being transcribed into the vernacular of our known world, that the new things a dream brings in relation to the setting of the dream go unseen and unrecognized. But they are there. Look at your recent dreams and you will see this to be so. Look really carefully and you will see things you didn't see on first glance. The absorption of dreams to the familiar and known is an enormously powerful mechanism—just as true with the details of the dream imagery as with

absorbing the so-called meaning of dreams to the already known dramas of our explanations. Don't let it happen. Look for the new; look for the *news!*

And now the *Why!* Here is where we become deeply mired—stuck—as the *news!* of the dream falls into the familiar, the known, the habitual, the safe. Surely, the dream must be related to what we are struggling with... our suffering; with what our issues are, with what our complexes dictate.

Right? Maybe not—or, maybe not in the way we usually think. Don't misunderstand. We cannot escape our past. But why the past enters into the vessel of a dream is *alchemical*. And if this is so, then the *imagination* of the process of dreaming itself (*not* our ego consciousness), will bring forth something *new*, will give birth to the *news!*

That, to me, is the *Why!* of the *news!* in the dreams. Look for it!

OK. As to next time, unless something more interesting comes along, I will review the lead article in the February 2006 issue of Reader's Digest. This article is called: "What Your Dreams REALLY Mean." The Reader's Digest reaches millions of readers, so this is a Dreams in the News event worth looking at. I'll focus on such statements as "There's just no evidence of universal dream symbols," and "In your dream you can do anything you want!" and other nuggets laid before the populace. ☺

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If you are aware of an upcoming 'Dreams-News' event, email Dr. Lockhart at ral@ralockhart.com



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Beauty's Challenge

Artistry

THIS DREAM I CALL "BEAUTY'S CHALLENGE"

I am with women in a room whirling and dancing and saying to myself, "This is my Beauty Shop!" A wild dog comes up from below and frightens us. We all run outside where the beautiful sun is setting! To my horror however, I discover huge snakes on the ground, hissing and rattling their tails! I was able to fly up into the sky and avoid them, but then realize that the snakes are dropping from the air from floating nests! I fly over to a park and see more snakes. I try to warn the people there about them, but they are not alarmed. The snakes are not biting anyone.

Dream journal entry, April 23, 1998

The dream ends as I take a ride with my husband on a train to the town, where we see all the positive improvements that have been made.

I have named this dream painting "Beauty's Challenge," but perhaps it should be renamed "Beauty's Transformation," because the dream reveals not only a difficult time of change, but a joyous time of rebirth, both in my creative life and in my inner thought processes. I have endeavored to express in the color and images the power and the beauty of this transformation.

On first glance the picture of countless nests of snakes in the air and on the ground may seem frightening, and so it was to dream ego, who in the dream tries to



avoid them and to warn others of their imagined danger. However, as it happens so often in dreams, dream ego's perception is mistaken, because the energies present are there to heal and ultimately change waking life in a positive way.

Reading Clarissa Pinkola Estes' book, Women Who Run with the Wolves, has helped me identify in the first scene the wild dog coming up from below (who frightens the women in the beauty shop outside the house), to be my wildish creative nature that craves expression in the outer world. As a burgeoning artist, it was time for an unconscious unleashing of creative power that would precipitate a re-birthing process.


Outside the house the dreamer finds a beautiful sunset, an exquisite color metaphor indicating a time of rebirth, because the end of a day is always followed by a sunrise and the birth of a new day. As I painted this dream I had a lot of time to reflect on that day gone by and how much I have changed, and what changes still need to be made so that I can be healthy and whole. Long before having this dream, I had been a mother and housewife who had little time for creativity. Also, my creative energy was very limited by negative thoughts and beliefs held as a result of years of conditioning in fundamental religious teachings. By the time of the dream, however, a maturing personality was emerging in me, replacing many old thinking patterns and opening to a life of authentic expression.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

The appearance of the nests of snakes in the dream has magnified a powerful archetypal symbol of death and rebirth, which obviously is occurring on a huge scale! The snake sheds its skin as it outgrows the old, and so mirrors the rebirth process. According to Native American belief, a snake enters a stage between life and death as its eyes cloud over, and native medicine people were those who learned to imitate the snake and move be-

tween the realms of life and death for healing and enlightenment. (Animal-Speak *Ted Andrews*)

The nests of snakes are in the air because the changes are first occurring in the mind and are finally integrated into the personality as they fall to the ground. As a result, the rebirth process is successful and the constructive changes are lasting, as the dream concludes, *"I take a ride with my husband on a train to the town where we see all the positive improvements that have been made."* ♀



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INSIDE DIMENSIONS

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Where do we go in our dreams? Are dreams just another "reality"? These questions arise repeatedly, and like a well faceted gemstone, bear looking at from many angles in order to see how they "catch the light" in the scheme of consciousness.

Is it possible to traverse the planet and not only visit friends or loved ones in real time scenarios, but also get inside their heads? The following dream illustrates connections in consciousness, alluding to Jung's concept of the *unus mundus* (one world):

I am in a friends' home in Tennessee that I haven't been in for a couple of years and am visiting with her and her now early teen son. Astonished at how much difference a few years makes in children, I listen as this young boy talks about all the interests, hobbies and passions he has, and I'm impressed with the broad range of subjects that interest him and how articulate he is. The house and decor are exactly as I remembered them, but my friend says she wants to lighten up the room up by painting the walls a pale color. I am surprised, as she had just painted the room a dark rich green not long ago.

~C.W.

Because the dream was so real to her, the dreamer contacted her friend who confirmed that her son had indeed blossomed into this

well-rounded kid, after being somewhat shy and quiet—different from the way the dreamer remembered him during their last encounter. The friend also confirmed that she was in fact considering repainting the living room walls a lighter color, but had only been thinking about it! She wondered how the dreamer could have read her thoughts, when she had not even discussed her plans with anyone.

In Fred Alan Wolf's book *The Dreaming Universe*, he posits that there are three principal states of consciousness: waking, sleeping, and dreaming (and most likely more). In regard to these states of consciousness, he refers to a paper written by Montague Ullman, *Dreams, Species-Connectedness, and the Paranormal*. The article addresses a vivid telepathic phenomenon such that the dreamer, who seemingly stepped into someone else's physical space, observed changes and was able to discern new ones. According to Ullman, consciousness is not a brain in isolation, but a brain in communication with other brains; thus, one's being is not in one's self, but in relation to one's own brain and that of 'others.' Taking Ullman's premise further, Wolf claims that the self/non-self split creates the universe as being "out there" and likewise, an awareness of the universe "in here." The two are somewhat the

same experience, for one cannot be aware of "out there" without simultaneously being aware of "in here." The observer and the observed are one and the same.

How does this relate to the dreamers' profound telepathic experience of appearing to be in other dimensions via her dream state? Wolf says the dream sets in motion a field where the I and not-I interface. Wolf's proposed model of the dreaming brain is able to correlate events elsewhere and "in here," much the same as the conscious brain does. However, the dreaming brain is not inundated with "out there" data the way the waking brain is, so it is able to 'read' the events that take place on that field.

So where do we go in dreams? It would seem that the dream itself is the crucible, the agent, that brings together the universal I and what Wolf refers to as "in here" on a common playing field where we are connected with other uninhibited dreaming brains. Dreams may very well be a reality in which the dreaming consciousness brings to that field its awareness in order to play out and tap into the inner dimension of self and others, thus producing the phenomenon we call telepathy. ∅

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

1 *The Dreaming Universe*, p.189.

2 *Ibid.*, p. 175.

3 *Ibid.*, p.182.

4 *Ibid.*, p.188.

Book Reviews

by Art Funkhouser & Jaye C. Beldo

The Lucid Dreaming Kit

by Bradley Thompson

Reviewed by Jaye C. Beldo

The ability to maintain awareness of a dream while dreaming seems to be considered difficult if not impossible by many people. How often do we take conscious action within a dream and steer it to a more favorable outcome? Not very often. The Lucid Dreaming Kit improves our chances of realizing lucidity in dreams, using a fairly simple procedure. On one CD in the kit are instructions on how to proceed for a period of seven days in order to achieve/maintain awareness during the sleep cycle. Using a digital watch with an alarm setting on it, one is instructed to set it to beep at various intervals during designated nights. These interruptions, some how provoke us to maintain consciousness during sleep and help us subliminally anticipate a coming dream without waking up and losing contact with it.

I particularly liked the accompanying audio CD which the author recommends to play just prior to sleep. The subliminally encoded, eighty minute soundtrack enabled me to achieve a lucid dream state on the very first night that I used it. Frankly, I was rather surprised because I've rarely had fully lucid dreams where I was in complete control from beginning to end. I've always had the assumption that one had to actually struggle for years to achieve the lucid state.

In the dream, I found myself within a DNA molecule. When I instantly became aware that I was dreaming, I then took direct action and started repairing damaged telomeres, restoring the DNA to its original twenty-two strands, marveling at the codon poetry that played out before me. I would float from location to location in this

marvelously illuminated DNA coil and could choose where to go and what to do. I then realized, within the dream, that the DNA molecule I was in was really of universal dimensions, spanning vast distances of interstellar space. It was more like an infinite helix, I realized, when I further investigated and started traveling through it.

Needless to say, I was most reluctant to have the dream end and woke up with a feeling that I had achieved something rather significant.

The experience was both refreshing and rather amazing as well. It did something peculiarly benign to my waking state consciousness throughout the following day, as if there was some kind of deeper connection and resonance with environments within and without me. I realized that repairing the universal DNA helped with making these deep connections and I actually physically felt better.

Included with the Lucid Dreaming Kit are a Lucid Dreaming screen saver for your computer, a PDF file which contains the day by day instructions the author recommends to follow in order to increase the chances of having a lucid dream and a dream log. (I recently received information from the Lucid Dreaming Kitcreator that there is now a version of the audio CD that is eight hours long).

The ease of use as well as the immediate effect the CDs had on my dream life has given me sufficient indication that Thompson's method does work effectively.

I've tried other methods in the past to achieve lucid dreams such as Tibetan Dream Yoga but nothing so far has given me the quick results that the Lucid Dreaming Kit has. Check it out!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Available at:
www.lucid-dreaming-kit.com

Dream Language: Self-Understanding through Imagery and Color

by Robert Hoss

(Ashland, OR: Inner-source
Softback, 2005, 254 pages, \$20.00,
www.dream-language.org).

Reviewed by Art Funkhouser

Robert Hoss, former scientist at IBM and mainstay of the International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD) has compiled and published a very helpful book that brings together knowledge about dreams from an amazing array of sources. Mr. Hoss provides numerous tips about how an individual can work with his or her own dreams (especially any color that appears in them). It includes exercises at the end of most chapters. I think it is ideally suited for courses in dreamwork at the high school or junior college level. I highly recommend this book.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Honoring the Dream: A Handbook for Dream Group Leaders

by Justina Lasley
(Marietta, GA:

Piedmont Graphics, 2004, \$75,
www.dreamwork.us).

This book lives up to its promise: It is an outstanding distillation of the years of experience that the author has made in forming and leading dream groups. It is simply chock full of highly useful tips and guidelines, both for someone wishing to begin leading a dream group and improve what transpires in an existing group. It is extremely practical and down to earth. At this point I can think of no better book for those wishing to help other with their dreams in this way. This is a good companion to Hoss' Dream Language.

Tidal Wave

by Marie Otte

JOURNALIZING AND WORKING WITH OUR DREAMS CAN BE REWARDING AND CHALLENGING.

I cherish dreams that are easy to understand as well as the ones that take months to comprehend. After doing dream work for several years, I finally had a precognitive dream about a major event that affected the world. On October 17, 2003 I had the following dream:

I walk into a house and notice three rooms in a row. The first is a living room with furniture. The center room has two large empty fish aquariums and a lit white candle that reaches to the ceiling like a pillar.

The final room is a garage storing a rusty car.

The back two rooms have people in them. Several men wearing black hats and enter the first room where I am standing. We remain there and start warning the others to come into the living room because some type of toxic fluid will be entering the garage.

No one listens to our warning.

A clear fluid in the shape of a tidal wave enters the garage.

Everyone starts running as the water enters the second room.

When the water gets to the first room, it only comes up to our knees.

Everyone is fine but we can't understand why our warning isn't acknowledged.

The next day, the dream didn't make sense to me so I started to form an interpretation based on what had recently happened in my conscious state. Three years prior to this dream, a brother of mine suddenly died. I thought that I had completed my grieving process but maybe this dream was making me aware of unresolved levels of emotions.

I surmised from the dream that I needed to remove the hats in order to release pent up feelings. Life is fragile like glass and can be easily shattered. I needed to hold on to my foundation which was supported by a pillar of fire that cleansed my spirit for illumination. Being knee deep in depression can be as toxic as a tidal wave. It's all right to purge once more about the death of my sibling. On the day of December 26, 2004, I listened to the television news. They reported that an undersea earthquake occurred in the Indian Ocean. The tsunami devastated the shores of Indonesia, Sri Lanka, South India, Thailand and other countries. While watching the footage of cars, household items, broken windows, hysteria, and people struggling to get away from the powerful waves, I was reminded of my dream in 2003. Did I dream about the tsunami before it happened or did the dream relate more to my recent loss? In either case, the dream helped me to deal with crisis, transformation and reinforced my confidence in humanity.

As the months moved on and relief was given to the survivors, I was overwhelmed with how the world pulled together to help these people rebuild their lives. It seemed to be personal and collective. I'm a firm believer that a dream can serve us with information on many different levels. ☺

Marie Otte holds a bachelor degree from Northern Illinois University in music education. Feel free to contact her at the following: PO Box 721, Batavia, IL 60510-0721 Email: marieotte@sbcglobal.net\f0

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Past Life Integration~Cont'd from pg. 31

Using simple techniques, such as the Jungian active imagination, we can dialogue with him or her and even ask for advice. For example: during the 19th century I was a prominent Jewish banker, a financial wizard and a philanthropist. Unfortunately, none of his expertise and experience in the mysterious world of finance has been handed down to me. This time around, I am a mathematical analphabet and a number dyslectic. But just before the stock market crashed in 2001 I started to worry about minor savings I had invested in the stock market. Instinctively distrustful of my financial advisor's argument that I was "in it for the long haul", I turned to the Jewish banker in me for advice. "Get out of the stock market at once!" he ordered. Sensing his exasperation, I immediately closed my account. Thanks to his highly developed business instincts, I came away with just a few scrapes.

Because I know how long it can take to integrate one past life, I doubt that the integration of many lives can be achieved in a week of intensive past life regressions. Whenever I had an opportunity to talk to recipients of this short-term therapy they were overwhelmed, confused and unable to trust their own experience. In retrospect, they often thought they had made it all up. But

despite these typical complaints after past life regressions, follow-up integration work is rarely being offered as part of the treatment plan. Most of the time, once the regressions are over, the clients are left to fend for themselves. Consequently, what had been retrieved from the unconscious during the regressions, quickly gets swallowed up by the unconscious again. This is rarely the case with past lives that are remembered in dreams. Of course, these memories are completely spontaneous, and exactly timed to the dreamer's needs. They are usually triggered by similarities in the person's current life situation and have to be interpreted and worked within that context. This takes these dreams out of the realm of the unfamiliar and anchors them firmly in the here-and-now. Past life dream processes take time, but it is time well spent. I have always been impressed by the fact that no matter how dark and disturbing the past life material may be, people always feel wonderfully enriched by it once it has been integrated; they have looked into their own soul and have discovered a depth there they had never known before.

I have asked a very perceptive colleague who has been working with me on her past life dreams for over a year to write down any of the changes

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she may have noticed in herself. With her permission, I am quoting from her notes: "I don't question why I know something. I simply trust my knowledge and experience from past lives and use the information/resources in this life.

I am more aware of patterns in my behavior. I experience less judgement and criticism. I have less emotional reactivity. I can "go back into" a past life for clarification. I experience greater trust in the universal wisdom."

At the end of her list, she added as an afterthought, "Integration can be subtle"—which puts the nature of this work in a nutshell. ☺

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Dr. Sabine Lucas is a Jungian analyst and the author of *Bloodlines of the Soul*. She can be contacted at Sluca8@aol.com



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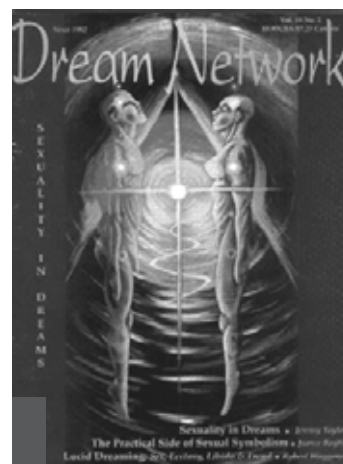
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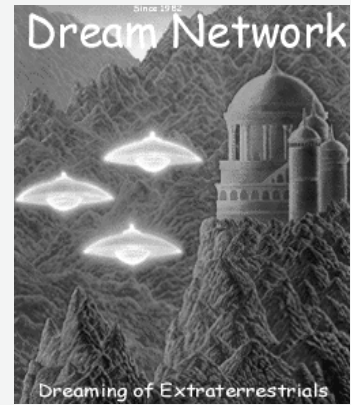
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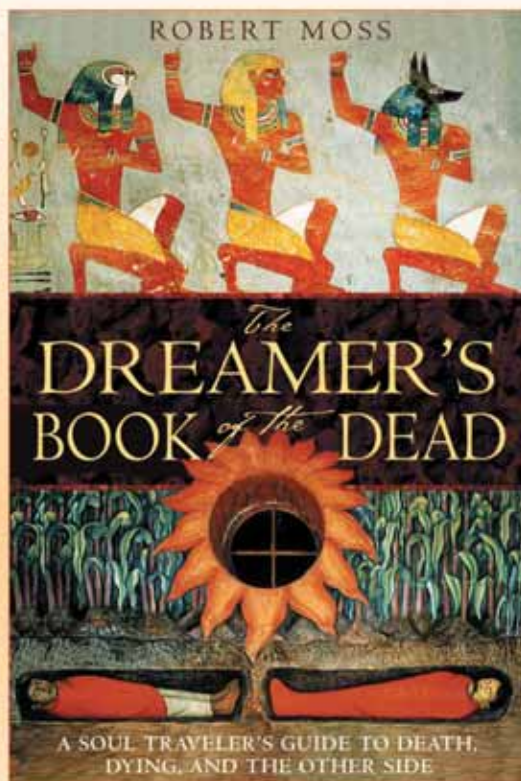
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