

“Sister Who Presents...” #84-87

Thanks to donations from a number of people and a lot of hard work, videotaping of four new episodes is scheduled for January 22, 2000, 9am - 1pm, at the Colorado Psychic Center located at Washington Street and 73 Avenue in Denver, Colorado. Use of a large room has been donated and is also adequate to allow an audience of up to fifty people. Everyone is welcome, but an RSVP is needed to insure an adequate number of chairs.

The first episode of the day will be a general re-introduction of myself, including some recent insights and experiences.

The second episode will be a conversation with Cora Steiner, who founded the Colorado Psychic Center some twenty years ago and weathered some bizarre societal responses in the process.

The third episode will be a conversation with Timothy Dobson, an exceptional local leader of the Dance of Universal Peace, on the subject of sacred dance. If “he who sings, prays twice”, then dancing a prayer must certainly do even more.

The fourth episode of the day will either be a conversation with an unconfirmed guest on the subject of “genuine disability” or some reflections by myself on religious vocations in the twenty-first century. I think society will outgrow the need for people with religious or spiritual vocations at about the same time needs for theatre, art, music, and spirituality fade away also--none of which are very well supported by society at present, in spite of their essential contributions to life. We do have a number of good examples, but to create healthy strong communities, music, art, theatre, and spirituality need to be part of each individual’s daily life-experience.

As to the former topic listed above, “genuine disability,” I have known people with physical and mental disabilities who had (and have) no genuine disability and I have also known people who had no obvious physical or mental disability but who were nevertheless disabled in significant ways. What especially provoked this as a topic for an episode of “Sister Who Presents...”, was an encounter with a young man with certain

physical and mental disabilities whose greatest disability had been jointly created by himself and the adults in his life. The flipside of this, of course, is discovering ways to daily empower each other.

I think January 22, 2000 is going to be an exciting and wonderful day. Please pray with me that everything goes very well. I do not presently have the necessary equipment to make numerous copies of these shows in order to share them with everyone reading this newsletter, (I need an additional VCR), but I will be happy to do so when requested and as time allows, whenever this becomes a logistical possibility in the future.

Blessings, love, and peace to you, now and always.

Subscription Information:

“Sister Who’s Perspective” is a newsletter produced once every two months and available for an annual (six issues) subscription price of \$12.00 (please make checks payable to Denver NeVaar with the initials SWP on the memo line of the check).

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Do you know someone who might like to receive a copy of this newsletter?

A single sample copy is free and no “sales pitch” or repetitive offers will follow. Just tell me the address to which I should send a single copy.

Sister Who’s Perspective

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Life is a collaborative effort, encompassing more than we know. In a time of abundant “information overload,” news, communication, and travel across great distances, we often talk at each other without listening, communicating, or understanding.

Humanity needs its icons, but also its iconoclasts to grow beyond the good and bad qualities that now limit and describe us. The essences of both God and us remain, in the midst of questions, to be discovered, experienced, and expressed.

Please share in this ongoing dialogue, remembering to indicate whether and how you wish to be identified.

Blessings, love, and peace to you.

---Sister Who

Are We There Yet?

I believe that life is more of a journey than a destination, but I also recognize that arriving at certain milestones along the way is much more empowering when we make ourselves fully aware of the significance, power, and implications of the particular milestone. Such milestones are hardly destinations, however, since each by its very nature simply marks a place of new beginnings.

So have we now passed into a new millennium or do flaws in the predominant calendar system hide the fact that the REAL point of transition into the new millennium actually occurs when December 31, 2000 becomes January 1, 2001?

What difference does it make anyway? It’s just a man-made system for measuring the passage of time, a system which has never been of any concern to Mother Nature. Yet measuring time also allows us to see how we are growing and changing--if we take the time for self-evaluation and reflection, that is.

As adept as certain portions of hu-

manity have become at economic accumulation, the nurturing of the human spirit and heart too often take a back seat to other societal pressures with louder and more distracting voices. The ancient Greek philosopher Socrates concluded that “the unexamined life is not worth living” and Jesus’s comment that “the kingdom of God is within you” seems to imply that the kingdom within was--and still is--largely undiscovered. He was telling us where to look and thankfully some of us have done so.

The petals of a flower open outwards only when the center parts are fully prepared. While weaving dreamcatchers into the set pieces for new episodes of my cable-access television program to be produced later this month, I noticed that in order to weave the dreamcatcher well, one must always pull toward the center. Namaste is a sanskrit word, one of the old languages of India, that translates as “I honor the light within you.” I believe the light, the kingdom, and the guidance within each of us is the spiritual spark that reveals our divine heritage.

Mutual respect for that which is divine within each of us is the beginning of genuine love. This is not merely a love found in scribbled notes and hugs exchanged in the absence of any significant problems, however, but a love that is willing to participate, to be involved in whatever ways it can. The biblical author of the first epistle of John writes, “Let us not love with word or with tongue, but in deed and in truth.” When all is well, I am unable to distinguish who genuinely loves me. When I am surrounded by troubles, only those whose love and friendship are true remain anywhere nearby.

Just as there are things I must do for myself whenever I can, there are also moments when others must do for me

what I cannot, as well as times when I must do for others what they cannot do for themselves. The value of love in such moments is not the skill, but the participation.

We all take turns being the one in need.

If anything ever succeeds in exterminating the human race, I think it will be that we did not believe in each other enough. We must not be so afraid of codependency that allow each other to starve to death--physically, emotionally, or economically. We must not be so afraid of the normal emotion of anger that we forget how to be honest and to live with integrity. We must not be so afraid of being misrepresented, that the light we individually have to share with the world around us, never pierces anyone else's darkness.

I spent New Year's Eve in full costume and makeup at a friend's home. From 10:30 until 11:30 pm an episode of "Star Trek: Voyager" was on the television. My friend remarked that she had never been particularly interested in anything of that genre. I responded, "But you know what distinguishes them from us? The people within the world of Star Trek, in general, are no longer afraid of the unknown."

Many people in the area in which I live were so afraid of this pivotal night in time, that the sale of guns and ammunition had gone up quite significantly in the latter half of December. My friends and I chose to greet the new millennium with songs, prayer, and the lighting and extinguishing of a candle.

At about fifteen minutes before the stroke of midnight, the candle was lit, a couple of songs were sung, and each person told his or her wishes and hopes for the new year and the new millennium. As the final countdown began we each placed a hand upon the candle and with the stroke of midnight, blew it out as we spiritually and mentally moved the light from the candle wick to our hearts.

May the light within each of us

burn brightly, vibrantly, and continually as the unfolding of the new year, the new millennium, and life itself continues. May one and all and everything, blessed and loved ever be. Amen.



Recommended Reading

Illusions by Richard Bach. I read this small paperback many years ago and found its perspective and assertions fanciful, challenging, and subtly profound. The subtitle is "the adventures of a reluctant messiah" and within the story are frequent references to the "Messiah's Handbook." The text of the last page of the handbook still makes me a little dizzy every time I remember it, but I won't spoil the reading by telling you what it is, in case you've never read this book before.

Ultimately the book offers more questions than answers, leaving the answers to be found by the reader within whatever relationship to the Divine that the reader has. I have never quibbled about any particular person's definitions or understanding of God, because I decided long ago that, that which is truly God can teach person whatever that individual person needs to know or understand. I am a servant, not an intermediary between God and humanity.

"Whoever would be greatest among you must be the servant of all," Jesus said, as he went around washing his friends' feet, just before their last meal together, immediately preceding his crucifixion.

In a very real sense, we are all each others' questions and challenges, working to nurture the growth of each others' souls.

Recommended Movie:

"The Great Muppet Caper." A superficial presentation of comedy is not inconsistent with deeper themes of life, if we know to look for them. Time after time, this movie pokes fun at our "need" to be entertained and also at how light-hearted partying can blind us to what's really going on around us.

Yet the two principal forms of theatre (comedy and tragedy) are not incompatible, except perhaps within human perception. It is not a question of "either...or..." but rather of discovering how to have "both...and..."

Even in the midst of apprehending jewel thieves, the Muppets lose neither their sense of humor nor their commitment to acting on behalf of fundamental social ideals. I grew up being told that honesty, justice, compassion, inclusiveness, and diversity were good things. I continue to be confused at times, when social institutions or large corporations treat these qualities as if they were optional or irrelevant.

In the midst of life's struggles, the Muppets (well, most of them) have not forgotten who they are and how to act with integrity. Kermit, for a moment, initially decides to pursue a career opportunity alone but before even leaving his hotel room remembers who his friends are and that more than friends, they are his family; he cannot leave them behind without leaving a part of himself behind. Miss Piggy, struggling to decide between career opportunities and personal integrity, eventually returns to a commitment to herself and her ideals with a dedication that ultimately saves everything from disaster.

Always weave your dream-catchers toward the center.

A Ritual of New Beginnings

Of the many possible ways to combine actions and prayers focused on the subject of new beginnings, here is a possibility to consider.

Choose a candle of your favorite color and fragrance. Collect some seeds or flower bulbs of whatever kind is also your personal favorite (or one of your personal favorites). Light the candle and pause for a moment to think deeply about immediate-past life experiences, present life-experience, and desired future life-experience. Mentally (out-loud or silently) list all the things your favorite color could symbolize. While either singing or playing recorded music that mirrors what you wish to invite into your life, plant the seeds or bulbs in a medium-sized flowerpot, also holding in your mind and heart the specific dreams you wish to follow this moment of transition. After a long moment of focusing mentally, emotionally, and spiritually upon the connection between the seeds in the flowerpot and the seeds in your own heart, extinguish the candle with gratitude for the simple fact in time and space of a new beginning.

In the days that follow, remember to add water only as needed, allowing chronological cycles of wet and dry soil, checking for growth each day without actually disturbing the soil. In a similar way, think of little things you can do to nurture your dream and be sure to do them, each and every day. Now, most importantly, be patient and--without being blind to whatever transpires--have faith that the triumph of life is inevitable.

"It is just as important to listen to the music, as to dance with all your heart."