

sister who's perspective

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Overview

Maintaining the strength and vision of one's spirit within adversarial circumstances possessing greater power and resources than one's self, is never an easy task. One could insist that difficulties, like weights, are for building muscles, but I remain dissatisfied with tolerating invisible abuse and injury in the world around me. Yet in powerless times, the seeds of future times of healing, can still be guarded and carried deep inside.

Non-surrendering Acceptance

It was not the fault of the first such platypus, that it was transported to England for study. Unfortunately that poor creature was unable to choose any fate other than the one dictated by the scientists by whom it was essentially kidnapped. Obviously this is an irritating dynamic to current pop psychology, which seeks to place responsibility for life experiences exclusively within the self.

One might imagine how things would have been different, if the scientists instead began by studying the platypus within its native environment and--perhaps in a Dr. DoLittle fashion--even learned to respectfully converse in the animal's native language. A whole collection of painful experiences could have been altogether prevented.

In so many ways, individually and collectively, human beings are still stumbling around in the dark, breaking things they cannot yet define as they do so--including each other. What is known is only the tiniest fraction of what can eventually become known. The challenge which thereby comes into view is that, individually and collectively, humanity must integrate that it is "in process" and in many ways incomplete.

What better argument for refraining from all dogmatism can there be? Yet a myriad of forms of such unintelligent intellectual and/or

relational postures populate our collective world. As much as I must accept the reality of countless expressions of dogmatism, for the sake of all the good which may subsequently appear, I must find ways to do this without surrendering to its control.

While no amount of evil can prevent the emergence of persons with faith and vision, the forms of adversity such persons may face are innumerable--threatening weary spiritual dreamers with losing the will and strength to try. Sadly, specifically because spiritual, emotional, and mental wounds are invisible, they are more often ignored than addressed. Additionally, the effects of spiritual wounds often take much longer to heal than those related to any physical injury.

What cannot be named, cannot be addressed--which is to say that the first step is accepting that spiritual wounds are real and not merely imagined. One may also need to acknowledge that the resources required for genuine and complete healing are simply not available--at least, not right now. Even worse, the occurrence of the wound may have been unavoidable.

Yet the essential balance and tension--for absolutely anyone holistically engaged in living life's greatest possibilities--is to refrain from resigning one's self to such negative realities as if they were the only ones that exist. It is little comfort that such painful conditions are temporary in nature, if they are precisely what one currently feels. The greatest danger is that their intensity may blind one to the reality of the sharply contrasting conditions which may follow.

Yet the invisible truth within such difficult times is that while one may be unable to physically leave a corner into which one has been forced by wounding circumstances, the true self remains ever and always too large for that space to ever encompass--waiting for its moment to re-emerge.

May one and all and everything, blessed and loved ever be.

Uncynical Honesty

It is at times so very important to reject the apparent lesson circumstances seem hell-bent on imposing, in order to sustain the life of greater possibilities. Additionally, the intensity of such struggles may remain quite invisible to or unnoticed by, those likely to be counted as one's surrounding community. I do not yet have a conclusion to offer to such relational tension, however, because I am still seeking an understanding by which to be simultaneously forgiving and accountable to genuinely truthful ways of being.

If others have revealed by their actions that they do not have the awareness or the conviction to live their creeds during times of adversity, shall I penalize them for being what they are--souls too young to deal with the current conflict? The demonstration I must make within such moments, however, occurs simultaneously with my struggles to maintain the higher principles by which I pray these youthful spirits will someday also be known. If that day comes and their example is something far less, I must at least know in my heart that it is not due to my negligence.

On one hand, the ancient advice is to refrain from "throwing pearls before swine," but this is opposed by the exhortation that "freely you have received; freely also give." I have too often found within the moment of decision, that the circumstances within which these possibilities seem logical and correct, are astonishingly identical in appearance. A hasty philosophical perspective might insist at that point either that no right or wrong choice is available or that every decision is equally good, regardless of long-term effects.

More growth and the survival of one's best self might be accomplished, however, by patiently wrestling with the question rather than rushing to a premature resolution. It is not a failure of any sort, to deliberate long and hard, regarding the moral qualities of a possible outcome--as long as one does not slip into utilizing the deliberation as a form of avoidance or stalling. The quest for the truly best response must remain genuine.

Having faith within such struggles, anticipates success rather than failure, yet

truth recognizes the equal possibilities of both. The always enigmatic power of choice, honestly held, allows for being profoundly pivotal. Each of us must choose.

Simultaneous dishonesty within others only makes the sacrifice and true nature of the action all the more sharply obvious--like a brilliant star on the night of a new moon. In looking upon such a contrast, however, my autistic excessive empathy acknowledges how very solitary the star must stand in order to convey this to me--and I am thus deeply grateful. To the star, I have no means of expressing my gratitude, but in relation to an honest one standing alone, I am now the one who must choose whether to stand also.

Will cynicism keep me in my seat or will love drive me to my feet? The difference is often far more important than the moment in isolation can reveal--much as the star in the night sky does not know how many sailors have safely arrived at home, guided merely by its nocturnal presence. The star cannot know it, but the world has subtly changed.

Honesty knows such possibilities to be absolutely true. Cynicism does not even look for them. To endure and be the most beautiful and magical phenomenon that it is, life absolutely depends upon their reality.

So if, once again due to my experience of autism, I have endured countless sleepless nights, my response is that I have done my best to transform such periods into times to seek out literal and metaphorical stars. In a great many instances, my efforts seem to have been rewarded, even if the daytime world remained oblivious to such inner shifts of consciousness. I have often said that I would rather be punished for what I am than rewarded for what I am not--but I hasten to add that my preference is for such a choice to remain completely unnecessary.

I remain thankful for what I have known and--in my weaker moments--pray for its return. The divine calling upon my life, however, insists upon a forward march to an amazing manifestation yet unknown, when the time is finally "right," of which no cynicism could have imagined.

May one and all and everything, blessed and loved ever be.

Unblinded Faithfulness

I've always found the expression "blind faith" a bit puzzling, because any assertion that the spiritual world is not directly tied to the physical one has never made any sense to me. To my way of thinking, they must be two sides of the same coin--in much the same way that my thoughts and my actions always have some sort of correlation to each other. What makes the actions "unblinded," is taking the time to consider from what they come and how accountability can be maintained to original values and intention.

Acts of faith should never be strangely disconnected from the wholeness of one's self, like a severed limb within a low-grade horror movie. Phrased another way, prayers and wishes should never go where one's soul has no desire to follow, because one's thoughts sometimes provide inspiration and opportunity to one's hands and feet. From a certain perspective, life is where the visible and invisible parts of one's self meet.

Among life's curiosities, however, are the ways that memories pile up behind my steps, as time relentlessly marches onward. From one perspective, I'm as young as ever. Yet from a contrasting one, a pile of perceptions to which I can return as quickly as a thought can cross my mind, gives a certain sense of timelessness to my ongoing reality.

My job is to turn that into an advantage to the world around me. To the extent that I remain faithful to commitments of love and wisdom, this becomes not only possible but also probable--because these are the seeds of good things to follow. I have thought long and hard, but a single instance of a positive manifestation without a preceding instance of love or wisdom, I have not been able to find.

Perhaps this is why it is so important for love and wisdom to remain part of life's

*"It's better to do things
the hard way,
than to leave important things
undone."*

-- Sister Who

unfolding and ongoing reality. There would otherwise be nowhere good for life to go and consequently no reason to continue any sort of individual or collective journey. Filled only with emptiness, motions would be devoid of meaning and purpose.

Yet one knows this is not the case, each time a glimpse of beauty within a flower or another human soul is encountered. If I can be such a presence for others, then my life is not without purpose. Yet when my moments are filled by others with meaninglessness, I too often forget that it may not be so much a question of toward what my life is moving, as of what causes within the lives of others my life is unwittingly serving--just by being me.

Someone asked many years ago what exactly I contribute to events and social interactions and I was unsure of what reply to offer, until a person nearby interjected, "A presence; as long as Sister Who is there, I somehow know that everything will be alright." I've been reminded of late, that for some, the essential service and contribution I provide is maintaining the existence of love and wisdom within a world racing in the other direction. It is not so much what I say, as that I say or sing or do something that in some way or another is deeply meaningful.

It could be argued that there is no need to go through life with one's metaphorical blindfolds removed, if there is nothing around one's self to see. A contrasting perspective, however, would argue that such absence could not be confirmed until one's particular blindfold is in fact removed--leaving as a presumption that there are indeed wonders of every sort awaiting discovery. Yet such a speculation is certainly far more empowering than the short-sightedness of any sort of cynicism, pessimism, or skepticism.

The point I'm trying to make, however, is that such speculation requires no blindfold, but rather invites exploration and dialogue--specifically so that the size, population, dynamics, and shape of the surrounding creative possibilities within one's world can be fully discovered and embraced--and most especially what is hidden within each other.

May one and all and everything, blessed and loved ever be.

Spiritual Freedom

Considering the way the world around me seems to be going, I sometimes wonder if spiritual freedom may be the only kind still available. Human history has included a great many times, however, when freedom was minimally available, so there seems to be no guarantee than any current freedom will always be within reach. Be that as it may, I'm glad to have memories of such.

Ideally, the freedom one feels within, can ultimately become that which one externally experiences. Building our internal realities into our external world, however, requires hard work and perseverance. Those who wish for an easy life, might want to take note of how undeveloped spiritual muscles are, within those who have never had to exercise.

So it would seem that freedom is not just a gift for which to be thankful, but actually the product of personal investment in developing self-discipline, communal awareness, and personal ingenuity. If these are lacking, then there is no better time than now, to begin infusing them into every moment of one's day. Waiting until one has a complete and clear conception of goal-oriented success, may be the delay that unintentionally keeps that success from ever happening.

Inherent within spiritual freedom, is the daunting task of learning to trust what one cannot see, to do what is beyond one's personal or immediate capacities. Yet I have often found that life is wiser than I am, if I will simply persist in showing up for any act of kindness or love that I can do. These are in fact the actions that build toward the freedom I envision, in ways that are more indirect than direct or obvious.

What is included within that challenge, is discerning effective response to those who impose well-intentioned but misguided sorts of structure, which are not appropriate to the idiosyncrasies of my spirit. It is not that I am being narcissistic, but rather that in some mysterious and indescribable way, I know my own integrity--which may inspire the freedom I truly need, to do what I was born to do.

May one and all and everything, blessed and loved ever be.

On a Personal Note

It is often difficult for me to measure my current life experience, because I am aware of so many legitimate ways to do so. Certain events and elements are so intensely real that they are difficult to ignore--such as a repair bill of more than \$1400 after someone tampered with my motorcycle. As I've said in the past, however, one does not need to be the embodiment of every negative thing that has been done to one's self.

So each day I wake and immediately begin seeking ways to push circumstances in positive directions. Within the past week this has included finally discovering a configuration by which I can record episodes of "Sister Who Presents..." without a camera operator present (two previous attempts were completely unsuccessful)--and response has already been positive. I am still working on trusting my intuition, but find the most success within remaining honest and open, rather than pretending perfection.

An amusing quirk for the attentive, however, will be several appearances of Gawain's black tail (one of my two registered ESAs) across the bottom of the screen. The trill of the cuckoo clock that I forgot to silence, however, I was able to remove during the editing process. There are just so many details to remember.

Yet as long as I am helpful to others, the struggle remains worthwhile.

May one and all and everything, blessed and loved ever be.

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