

sister who's perspective

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Overview

I continue to find the relationship between belief and manifestation to be mysterious. That there is sometimes an effect I cannot deny, but experience suggests that the effect is far less predictable than many would prefer. Nonetheless, perhaps a bit more awareness of how vast invisible reality is, could empower our interactions with that part of reality that is in fact visible, tangible, and literally within reach. May one and all and everything, blessed and loved ever be.

Invisible Disability

The more of another's story one knows, the more one can understand that person's choices and actions. There have been many times when I revealed painful details of my past to someone, not because I wanted sympathy or attention, but rather because I was trying to build mutual understanding so that my choices and actions would be less mysterious to that person. A central component of nearly every spiritual path's practice, is coming to terms with truth.

The definition of truth gets a little murky, however, when we consider that the larger part of who and what we each are, is shrouded in mysterious invisibility within us. Rationally, this means that self-discovery is on-going. A significant challenge potentially hidden within all such processes, however, is the discovery of some sort of disability.

Occasionally I hear the more accurate but rather unwieldy description of "differently abled" instead of disabled, which directly acknowledges that we each have different ways of getting things done and of getting our needs met. Having seen the efficiency with which numerous so-called disabled people get things done, the true meaning of disability seems to be that one's methods and means somehow contrast with prevailing norms.

Whether in relationship to disabilities or to personal uniqueness, it is offensive to me whenever a suggestion is made that either incongruities are to be hidden or that they must not be real if they are not obvious. Is it truly necessary for a person with epilepsy to experience a seizure upon request, in order to confirm that epilepsy really is potentially one of that person's daily challenges? Is it similarly necessary for a person with autism to have a public "melt-down" in order to prove that autism really does make basic coping more difficult?

There are many things which cannot currently be accurately and reliably measured, leaving us dependent upon personal reports.

Since any rejection of truth is the introduction of a lie, why should anomalies be hidden? Among possible reasons, the one I encounter most is that people living in apathy and complacency object to reminders of things incongruous with the illusion that "everything is fine." They are the same people who refuse to speak up about anything unpleasant, while serious problems grow; they embody the insight that, "All that is necessary for the triumph of evil, is for good to do nothing."

In effect, such persons have made themselves blind, refusing to see what may be right there in front of them. Like an alcoholic refusing treatment, their self-created disability is actually invisible only to themselves. How peculiar, therefore, when they insist that no consideration be given to others with genuine disabilities—epilepsy, fibromyalgia, autism, chronic pain, and all the rest—that are of a less-obvious nature.

Central to accepting one's own disability, is the eternal, universal, and ongoing quest for truth and the ability to live that truth openly and honestly rather than cowering in fear of societal disapproval. Discovering complete truth, however, equally includes finding other ways one can still do whatever needs to be done.

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

Invisible Ingenuity

A principle challenge of relating to anything invisible, is the temptation to think that invisibility equates to non-existence. Just because I've never done a particular thing before, does not mean that I am unable to do it now. More importantly, just because I never noticed someone's presence within a crowd, doesn't mean that person was absent. No human being is designed or equipped to notice absolutely everything that any particular moment of life includes; there is always a little bit more to discover, the closer one looks.

The immediate relevance of this within this essay is the ongoing invitation to discover ever-increasing ingenuity within ourselves, rather than resign ourselves to limitations imposed by others' perceptions, definitions, and expectations. By virtue of one's humanity, thankfully, one can genuinely be or become more than what others (or even one's self) believe is possible.

This is a significant component of my understanding of the words, "created in the image of the Divine": infinite potentiality. Yet a principle challenge of life is the invisibility of this potentiality. Specifically because there are aspects of myself that I have not yet seen, it is difficult to remember that mysterious unknowns exist at all and that they are perhaps even eagerly waiting, wishing, and yearning for me to discover them.

Clearly it is much easier and much less work to allow one's self to sink into apathy, dogmatism, routine, complacency, and the presumption that the current methods and interpretations are good enough. As a person with autism, I do use routines to cope with a great number of daily challenges, but I have also maintained a commitment to revising my routines whenever better information becomes available. More concisely, I have committed myself to integrating verifiable ingenuity regardless of whenever, wherever, however, and from whomever it appears.

Similarly, whether one considers the phenomenon of Susan Boyle or a hundred other similar examples, it would not be difficult to argue that invisible ingenuity is hidden within every single one of us—suggesting that we

would be wise to value and nurture each other far more than we generally do.

As frustrating as it usually feels to be overwhelmed by adversarial circumstances which we do not have sufficient resources to effectively answer, our experience of need may often be someone else's invitation to finally bring his or her ingenuity out into the light. If needs were things that everyone could resolve without help, there would be no opportunity for others to discover new and greater capacities, nor would there be any compelling need to create new examples of community. At the heart of what most fundamentally creates community, are demonstrations of invisible yet collaborative ingenuity.

Bearing in mind that the part of ourselves which is invisible is for all essential purposes much larger than the part of ourselves which is visible, our perceptions may from time to time testify to components and dynamics the existence of which we are presently unable to confirm. I cannot, for example, scientifically prove the existence of my mind, although I do experience it in various ways each and every day of of my life. I cannot also scientifically confirm the existence of my soul, but I find it significantly empowering to nevertheless believe in that existence.

Would everyone have the same experience as I do, if they were to believe exactly the same as I? Probably not, but there may nonetheless be commonalities and, consequently, things to be learned by hearing of others' experiences. Arguing against the existence of the invisible and the yet-unknown, however, accomplishes nothing other than to paralyze our own growth and development.

The hope of invisible ingenuity is that invisible resources may already be available and able to empower our invisible parts to not only survive but also thrive. The joy of invisible ingenuity is that it potentially resides within each and every one of us. The love of invisible ingenuity is that it leads to the creation of better forms of ourselves than the world has thus far ever seen. The faith of invisible ingenuity is demonstrated by taking just one more step, over and over, all through life's journey.

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

Invisible Interdependency

I have had houseplants as at least a minor hobby since I was twelve years old or perhaps even earlier. I've probably never been as consciously grateful as I should be, however, for their persistent provision of fresh oxygen within my home environment. Then again, it's not like they've ever said "thank you" to me either, for providing an ongoing supply of carbon dioxide. In spite of our lack of communication, however, there is no reason to question the ongoing interdependent and scientifically symbiotic relationship we have.

It is nonetheless a completely invisible relationship, except during those few moments when I add water, clear away dead leaves, or trim branches in order to create better form.

Similarly, the relationships I have with the companies that provide electricity, water, and phone service to my home are for the most part invisible. Specifically because I understand these relationships to be real, I continue to pay the bills and the respective devices coincidentally continue to operate (usually) as expected. If the devices ever fail to do so, it is considered unacceptable and repairs are made by one means or another.

Going yet a step further, I recognize the invisible relationships between myself, my friends, and even the spiritual transcendent consciousness whom I personally refer to as Godde. I acknowledge also the ways that I am psychologically, emotionally, and spiritually dependent upon the continuation of these relationships. I also acknowledge that for perhaps a variety of reasons, Godde has chosen to reveal Godde's self to others in ways that are often unique to each of them.

A primary characteristic of apathy and

*"Blaming only dismisses
inter-connected relationship
from consciousness;
the reality remains and continues
to invite response, without which
we remain incomplete."*

-- Sister Who

complacency is a general denial of the reality of these invisible relationships; of the reality that without you, I cannot fully be me; and of the inescapable reality that the loss of any one of us negatively impacts all of us.

Perhaps one of the primary problems of living within a material world, is the temptation to slip into measuring everything only in those terms. Even more specifically and perhaps more tragically, one who lives most of the time within a world oriented to monetary or political concerns, may slip into measuring everything else only in those terms. Just as problematic, however, is the temptation for one living within a world preoccupied with spiritual concerns, to slip into measuring only by those values.

The life of humanity, conversely, has always been a unique convergence of physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual. Even the most uneducated and primitive peoples assigned divine identity to things beyond their comprehension. Whether or not their assertions are scientifically verifiable did nothing to restrict the influence such beliefs had upon their daily lives. Similar assertions could be made about contemporary people claiming belief in extra-terrestrial beings whom they have never met.

Is it all possible? Of course, but that's not the point of this essay. The central concern of invisible interdependency is the recognition of the complexity of our mental, emotional, and spiritual processes and components—all of which are invisible—and empowering ourselves and others by the personal and communal understandings we choose to embrace.

Life is not meant to be lived in some preprogrammed, robotic, or meaningless pattern of motion. What makes us most human, in fact, are all of the parts that are invisible which are quite curiously and amazingly interdependent between one independent consciousness and another.

In rediscovering the invisible wonder of each other, therefore, we move toward not only knowing ourselves better, but everything that currently lies beyond our comprehension as well—hopefully recognizing also a need to grow.

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

Invisible History

Imagining that the history which has been written is all the history that there is or ever was, leaves a great many artifacts and effects beyond explanation. Even the basic question of "from where did it come" is incomprehensible without first conceding that history is real even when it is unknown. Some have said that curiosity is what makes us most human. Well, if it isn't, it's certainly one of the obvious possibilities.

Perhaps in many cases subconsciously, the question which lingers behind the ever-present "from where did it come" is the more highly valued question of "from where did I come and consequently who am I?" The answers to this more basic but also more complex question, generally prove to be the most influential of any that ever consciously or unconsciously enter our minds. Thankfully, these answers are also able to shift, as the unwritten and invisible history within our minds and hearts unfolds.

A characteristic of any genuine history which must be respected, however, is that regardless of being known or unknown, its effects must not only be respected but will in fact demand to be answered. One may not know, for example, that a previous visitor to a water supply maliciously chose to poison the supply, but this ignorance will not protect one from the effects of the poison.

Similarly, one may not know the identities of predecessors who prepared the way for better things to happen; one may not know that current blessings are the harvest of past generosity; or that one's abilities within the present are the cumulative result of thousands upon thousands of seemingly insignificant wise choices in the past.

The consequently invisible historical reality, however, is that each act of kindness, generosity, wisdom, or love was essential to any subsequent manifestation of beautiful life.

This is the invisible history which our words, thoughts, prayers, and actions can write each and every day of our lives—made even more potent and real by awareness thereof.

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

On a Personal Note

Well, the attempt to participate in the annual People's Fair event was a complete disaster due to deception and mismanagement by the administrators of that event, which created circumstances within which it was impossible for effective ministry to happen.

In stark contrast, however, everything is gradually falling into place for the first-ever performance of three modern "morality plays" at the South Broadway Christian Church (23 Lincoln Street, Denver, CO 80203) on Sunday, June 23, from 4-6 p.m. Please pass this news to anyone and everyone whom you think might be interested in attending—especially those unfamiliar with what sort of creative stuff this unconventional ministry does. Tickets will be sold at the door and are \$10 for general admission and \$7.50 for seniors and students. If anyone is genuinely interested in seeing the show and unable for whatever reason to afford the ticket price, however, he or she is encouraged to contact my friend and business manager, Pamela McAlpin (phone 720-365-5082), in order to make other arrangements.

In other news, in response to intuition, I have registered to participate in the archery competition of the World OutGames in early August in Antwerp, Belgium, and, bit by bit, essential resources have been provided. An additional quirk, however, is that the plan now includes participation while dressed in the ritual garb of Sister Who. It will be interesting to see what additional effects this will have.

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

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