

sister who's perspective

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Overview

Again and again, it seems that in living my life in an open, above-board, unusually honest sort of way, my path is somehow instructive and/or inspirational to a great diversity of people around the world. Like most artists, perhaps, I am my own worst critic and am often dismayed at my stumbling imperfections and lack of polish. Yet my honesty and openness somehow keeps things "real." I hope this is helpful to you.

The Season of Serving

It is perhaps merely human limitations that make the perception of joy within acts of hard work and service difficult, but the reality of the invisible inspiration nevertheless persists. At the time, one is so busy doing, that awareness may be elusive, but in retrospect a pervasive feeling of being okay consistently describes the memory. It is not that everything was perfect, but rather that in a greater and more holistic way, everything was good.

The abiding challenge, of course, is that one lives physically within the unfolding moment of the present rather than within contemplative reflections upon the past. In contrast, all elements of spirit exist within eternal timelessness. Being both body and spirit simultaneously, might explain much of human confusion.

Many wish to orchestrate the future so that both present and past become more pleasant and empowering realms of experience, but as creatures within time, humanity endlessly wrestles with (positively stated) "infinite diversity in infinite combination. That is (negatively stated), too many variables to ever really know what's actually occurring. I do very much believe in choice and that the best choices generally arise from having the most complete

information, but I cannot think of a single moment within my life when I had all of the information I actually needed.

Nevertheless, for me at least, a peculiar awareness persists of being born to serve personal and spiritual growth in whatever ways I can. To be my authentic self while striving to provide education, insight, and/or empowerment for others to do the same, in ways which are respectful of others' choices to grow or stagnate as much or as little as they wish, creates an astonishingly complex configuration of activity. Understanding how overwhelming this could be, especially for an autistic, is basic common sense.

Persuading the surrounding world to behave in ways that allow for honest recognition and response to this challenge, however, is far more difficult and may be what gives a sense of purpose and necessity to a life of service. More concisely, that the world is naturally overwhelming, provides job security for ministers, educators, artists, writers, and mental health workers of every description. That these occupations are often inadequately valued and compensated, confirms degrees of limitation in human perception, awareness, and understanding.

More concisely, we have a long way to go, before we are truly the masters of life that so many claim to be. Perhaps this is the central understanding of Jesus' statement within the Christian Bible that whoever wishes to be greatest must be the servant of all. All things considered, it is specifically by being so, that one would have the greatest number and variety of teachers and the most opportunities to attain greatest wisdom.

A possible conclusion is thus that mastery is a realm of limited focus, whereas service is a realm of vast expansion and growth. It is often within serving the opportunities to help others, that one's own growth is made real.

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

The Season of Sifting

Among the unpleasant realities of having both a sandbox in which to play and also various farm-cats around my childhood home, was the annual maintenance task of passing all of the sand through a colander in order to remove dried cat feces. It may be a bit of a stretch, but in essence this may have been Jesus' intention within the biblical narrative that is often entitled, "The cleansing of the temple." Religious administrators and merchants with appropriate consideration neither for others nor for the world within which they lived, were blocking the path to effective relationship with the Divine for purely selfish reasons--much like the cats who were unconcerned that their method of satisfying personal needs negatively impacted a play area for children.

As I have often said, the world remains first, last, and always a shared space. Just as "the rain falls on both the just and the unjust," those inclined toward joy must coexist with those who are not. As much as human societies favor broad and inaccurate categorization, they also include a vast spectrum of diverse individuals--sometimes positively and sometimes negatively.

Sifting, in this case, is the process by which the unique truth of the individual is rediscovered rather than overlooked. Where the adversity becomes especially apparent is within those instances in which a particular individual contrasts sharply with the categorical expectations and labels society assigns. As much as no individual truly embodies all of the qualities associated with a category, those who look through the lenses that human societies provide, often forget to recognize and respect anomalous qualities that distinguish that individual from the rest--thus allowing the categorization to blind them to the truth of the individual.

The current era of humanity seems to be one of enormous and wide-spread pain, but this time is equally one of opportunity, which virtually begs each of us to rediscover each other. Indeed, in most situations in which pain is an inescapable reality, the dreaded sensation is increased by resisting whatever

reality is confronting those involved. While this is not a recommendation to be less proactive, psychological denial and/or pretending that everything is okay are equally to be avoided.

Sifting the sand required attention to detail, effective tools, and dutifully engaging in the tasks which would ever so slowly make things significantly better. The volume of sand within the sandbox was such that the better part of a day (or more) was required to get the job done. There also needed to be a receptacle for the material that was removed.

It has been widely reported for a number of years that in "throwing [something] away," no discard ceases to exist; it must therefore go someplace specific, where it will no longer cause any sort of problem. Methods of recycling are thankfully becoming ever more advanced, but there are still some things which cannot be recycled--hence the recommendation that such things either be reused or that the initial need for them be reduced. The virtually inescapable truth is that we live within a closed system.

This applies no less to the very diverse spectrum of individuals who constitute the human species. Everyone who exists, must be somewhere and as much as some would want to deny it, humanity is in fact one vast extended family. Making that experience good, however, is a challenge with which a myriad of diverse individuals have wrestled for literally thousands of years.

The fact that so much time has been required, in no way suggests that anyone should give up; that would only allow various environmental circumstances to grow steadily worse. Ultimately, this task of sifting is everyone's job, who wishes to play within the sandbox. Only by everyone embracing this task, will it ever get done.

I apologize to the author whose name I did not recall, who noted that "the problem with life is that it's so daily." The problem with sifting is likewise that as long as there are cats who opportunistically spoil the sandbox, the cleansing will remain at least an annual maintenance activity.

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

The Season of Sacrificing

A common practice in a myriad of diverse forms within pre-modern times seems to be the literal sacrifice of a life as payment for blessings and resources allegedly provided by the Divine. Contemporary humanity is often horrified by such notions, but a close look into any honest mirror might suggest that such practices very much continue in less-than-physical forms. Why is it so much more tolerable to kill someone's spirit than to kill his or her body?

While reports do occasionally surface of individuals who were ultimately able to move beyond a season of spiritual, emotional, or mental lifelessness into a season of personal renewal and an ongoing celebration of being alive, I'm not at all certain there is a full appreciation of the rigors and challenges which had to be embraced, in order to make such a positive shift happen. Interestingly, the miraculous experiences of invisible healing which accompanied such shifts, are often the result of investments of kindness and love by numerous other individuals who had opportunity and acted in ways that pushed states and circumstances in positive and/or constructive directions. In defiance of popular psychology's insistence that each and every person should "save" him or her self, one or more persons chose to value the individual enough to invest--or sacrifice--whatever was available, toward the realization of amazing future possibilities.

As often as I've heard it said that "real love is unconditional," I've also found that real love has no qualms about varying degrees of sacrifice for those who are the focus of its attention. I maintain that human beings are inherently valuable and that love

is never something which must--or can--be earned; it can only be given. The one who is unwilling to ever sacrifice anything for any other person, therefore, is most likely also without any ability to truly love.

Personally, I consider this to be a far more serious problem than even a terminal illness or any physical or mental disability one could name. Sadly, I suspect it is a challenge which more and more people can find within their bathroom mirror. If humanity not only forgets how to love, but also grows unable to do so through a lack of actual practice, what future hope will be left?

Within the fundamental understanding drawn from the Christian Bible but by no means limited to only that sacred text, hope exists as a triad with faith and love; it is extremely difficult if not impossible to ever find one without the other two nearby. An assertion I have often made about faith, is that if one does not believe it enough to do it, one does not truly believe it at all. In most cases, this is faith expressing itself through some degree or form of love and hope providing the initial motivating inspiration.

A curious important quality of sacrificing anything, specifically because of the fact that human beings are creatures of time who exist only temporarily in physical form, is described within the words of the martyred missionary, Jim Elliot: "He is no fool who gives what he can't keep, to get what he cannot lose." When one gives what can only temporarily be owned, the love and growth of mind and spirit with which that action is infused, are the rewards that will can never again be lost. More concisely, each time one does so, one becomes more than one would have otherwise ever been.

Yet there are times when it seems there is nothing left to give--and that may in fact even be true. Faith insists within such times, however, that what follows may be even greater, even if one does not immediately understand how. It is for this reason that when I bid a good day farewell, I rise from my bed the next morning to see how my next efforts will ultimately be rewarded.

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

*"Humanity may someday learn
that economic obsession
is limited to the planet Earth,
because of how unwise
all other life has found it to be."*

-- Sister Who

The Season of Surmounting

It is perhaps within the nature of adversity to encourage--at least temporarily--some sort of perception or self-definition that measures the adversary as larger and the self as both smaller and cornered by the foe's negative agendas and intentions. The first task within such moments is thus to rediscover that sense of self which is larger than any specific corner within which one may feel trapped. In reconnecting with a larger self and equally a larger world, the bully is revealed as being smaller than any adversarial claim suggests.

In deciding whether to remain within my house in New Hampshire--the only house I ever owned which potentially included every creative resource I would ever need--I had to weigh which was more important: a gilded cage controlled by others or my freedom to act and move with all available wisdom. For me, consequently, freedom is no longer and will never again be, merely an intellectual construct. I know what its cost may be and I know that perhaps most of the people whom I've met, could not have made that decision.

Be that as it may, I do wish my choice was far more rewarded by now, but my understanding of exactly what the rewards of freedom are, nonetheless continues to grow significantly. Would I be willing to go back or to regret my choice--to essentially become smaller in order to fit within a more limited context? No, as much as I continue to grieve the loss of that house, making myself smaller in order to satisfy others' expectations is something I could never do.

My sense continues to be that there is a larger work I was born to serve, which has not yet found its way into the current world of materiality. Attempting to explain this to persons with perception too limited to see such possibilities, is usually discouraging--so, as much as possible, I don't. The reality of what is coming, however--perhaps as with any other true artist--compels me onward toward a distant summit.

I am certain the season is coming, yet its timing and form, I must leave to Godde.

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

On a Personal Note

I persist and persevere in whatever ways I am able, striving to be undiscouraged and undeterred by whatever adversity surrounds me. I do not know, for example, whether or how it will be a problem that my car has no working defroster or heater, even though wintertime is quickly approaching. I do not know whether or how it will be a problem that conditions associated with the discharge of educational loans recommends against any employment whatsoever.

Being emphatically proactive ever since early childhood, I have never been one to sit around while there was anything at all that could be done to make things better. I am finding, however, that more and more of my personal energy is being redirected toward issues of mental health and survival, mostly because how self-sabotaging and actually crazy our world has become. All of this only brings greater clarity, however, to just how important this ministerial work is.

I hope within the next few weeks to bring The Tarot of Sister Who to a point that it can be efficiently shared with all interested persons. I hope to also make significant progress in the composition of the book which will offer some foundation for diverse interpretation and utilization of this spiritual tool--to people of any belief system or none.

I hope to still matter, in every way I can.

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

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