

# *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*

## *Reasoned Change*

*For reasons I've never been able to fully name, I continue to be astonished by how typically humanity seems to run on "autopilot" rather than apply a little common sense and self-awareness to our experience and development of life. It's been said that change is the only constant in the universe, but I suspect this is more a result of the forces which oppose stagnation than of conscious desire for self-improvement.*

*For several years at least, I have heard many speak of ways in which humanity is going through profound changes and I am generally not in disagreement with this conclusion, but the majority of what I have heard seems to lack depth of understanding and wholeness. It's as if we are moving forward in some direction or another, but with only a dim flashlight to illuminate the path, leaving myriads of details and environmental context completely undiscovered. Like driving on an unfamiliar highway at night, we have no idea whether we are passing dense forests or open fields, whether we are traveling through the bottom of a canyon or upon a precipitous ledge.*

*I am reminded of a medieval story of a traveling merchant who came to a small town, claiming to have a magical product for sale, which could completely change people's lives. Only a very few people dared to take a chance, however, on this new and unusual thing which he simply called a "mirror."*

*The first person to give the mirror a try, was a man greedy for increased wealth, who seemed to think his mirror was some sort of good luck charm. He purchased it, wrapped it in soft velvet, and laid it upon a high shelf for safe keeping. The second was an older woman, busy with the affairs of her community, who was always going somewhere or doing something. She hung her mirror on the wall next to her front door and glanced at it as she quickly passed numerous times each day, on her way to or from this or that social involvement, wondering when the magic of the mirror would become evident. The third person was a young girl*

*with few resources but an open and honest heart, who'd been pretty much overlooked by her community in every way and labeled as someone with no significant potential. She'd never owned anything before which was described as magical, but was somehow drawn to the mysterious little mirror she purchased, barely larger than a dinner plate. Each night and each morning, she gazed at the reflections the mirror presented to her, wondering what they meant and how to respond.*

*When the merchant returned a year later, the first person wanted his money back. The mirror had produced no magic or wealth of any kind, he insisted. The second person said that although the mirror was nice and she didn't necessarily want a refund, it didn't seem to be doing anything for her either. At the edge of the marketplace, however, a most beautiful young lady gazed at the merchant and smiled softly. Her hair was clean and fell softly across her shoulders; her clothing was not made of expensive material but was draped around her body with remarkable gracefulness; and when she turned to go she seemed to float across the ground like a well-trained dancer moving to a music which evidently no one else heard. It was sometime later before the merchant realized that she was the third person who'd purchased a mirror from him and not long after that when a prince traveling through the region asked her to marry him.*

*What was the magic of the mirror which had so profoundly touched her life, the prince's wife was asked a few years later. She paused thoughtfully for a moment but shook her head. "I don't really know. I suppose the more I gazed upon the face I saw there, the more I tried to give to that person whatever would make her more beautiful, more virtuous, more wise, and more loving. The more I looked at her, the less I could ignore her needs and her beautiful dreams of what life could be. Perhaps if we all learned to look at each other in a similar way, the magic would spread to even more people's lives,*

whether or not any of them actually owned a mirror."

Within my experience of life, I've found that nearly every experience, person, and thing can function at various times as some sort of mirror, though I forget almost as much as anyone else, to notice what all these reflections are telling me. The importance, however, seems to be within what is being communicated to me and not within the qualities and descriptive elements of the particular mirror itself.

I've heard people speak, for example, of "raising our vibration to a higher frequency," which I think is supposed to mean something similar to the desires of people in times past, of becoming more holy or spiritual in some way, of somehow being closer to the Divine. In an of itself, however, I'm not sure a higher vibration is inherently any better than a lower one, since each has its place within the larger picture of life.

If achieving a higher vibration is synonymous with more constant and consistent expressions of love and kindness, then I wonder whether questing after a higher vibration is analogous to the brief story of an interaction between Buddha and one of his disciples, which was told to me several years ago. I'm not sure about the details, but the basic idea which I remember was something like this. After twenty years of intense meditation, the disciple exclaimed, he'd finally been able to levitate from the upper floor of his house all the way down the stairs to the main floor. Rather than applause, however, the response the disciple received from Buddha was a puzzled expression and a question. "Twenty years? Why didn't you just get up and walk down the stairs?"

The young woman didn't have to be beautiful, in order to gaze into her mirror each night and we do not have to have a higher vibration in order to demonstrate love and understanding to everyone around us. We can each begin right where we are with however many or few resources we have. The significance is not at what frequency we are vibrating, but rather the more directly accessible thoughts and actions which fill each day of our lives.

Which of course returns us to the basic question and protest (which I've used far too many times myself), "yes, but how?"

In response to this, several friends with whom I've spoken over the past ten years or so, refer to having "spirit guides" who have directed

them to say or do a variety of things. I think I've had similar experiences from time to time, but have found the integrity of such guidance to fluctuate quite a bit. Because of this, I found it necessary to develop criteria by which to discern whether the particular word of guidance was being given to test my abilities to integrate my heart and mind toward the best possible decision, or whether the particular word of guidance was being given simply to be literally followed in spite any lack of understanding I may have with regard to its implications or outcome. Both possibilities have been part of my life experience at various times.

What has drawn me to collaborate (or not) with such guidance is whether the tone of the particular word of guidance is judgmental, limiting, and disempowering, rendering me ever more a victim of my circumstances; or whether on the other hand the particular word of guidance brings more value and beauty to myself and those around me, expanding and empowering myself and my world, and accomplishing more love and understanding (by my active collaboration).

I tend to steer away from hierarchical guidance because of its inherent need to be superior to me and talk down to me, thereby reducing me to some lesser self-perception. I am enormously fond of the biblical instruction that whoever would be greatest, must be the servant of all. Similarly, the best teachers are those who never forget how much more they have to learn and that the insights which are most needed, might come to them through the most unlikely and unexpected channels.

Spiritual guidance which requires me to "just shut up and do it" regardless of the personal cost to me, most often goes unheeded, whether that guidance comes through a person in this material reality or a person in a more spiritual and less corporeal one. I do not believe the Divine would ever speak to me in a way so lacking in love, but perhaps that's just my personal opinion. In any and every case, I do consider mutual respect (a form of love) to be inherent to all healthy relationships.

Another perspective on the changes currently impinging upon humanity's development is the possibility that dimensions of reality are beginning (as if they haven't been in the process of doing so all along) to merge. The first three dimensions are generally defined as length, width, and depth--the three elements by which a three-dimensional cube is represented within a drawing upon a two-

*dimensional page. There doesn't seem to be much agreement, however, on what to call each of the higher dimensions. A note of clarification: a higher number may be assigned to represent a particular dimension, but dimensions with higher numbers are not necessarily superior to dimensions with lower ones, since they are all necessary, to form a complete picture.*

*So is the fourth dimension time, thought, or something else? I've been told by a number of sources that it is now possible to mathematically prove the existence of ten dimensions but that an increasing amount of energy is needed to access each successively higher dimension and that the highest dimensions require more energy to access them, than all of the power plants currently on earth can generate. For this reason and others, the highest-numbered dimensions may be no more than an intellectual concept for many years to come.*

*At whatever point it is time for us to begin to integrate whichever dimension is to be discovered next by humanity, it will doubtless be a very long and perhaps tedious transition, considering how long it has taken humanity to adjust to other changes of much less significance. There will most likely be hundreds if not thousands of people claiming to have authoritative information about the nature or implications of the next dimension, most of whom are not in complete agreement yet have a genuine and valuable element to contribute to the larger picture of human understanding, but none of whom has the complete answer.*

*There will obviously be a lot of stumbling and speculation along such an uncertain and unfamiliar part of our collective journey. There will be times when our ideas need to be completely revised, such as when the general perception of the earth as flat needed to be replaced with the perception of the earth as a sphere, or when the earth as the center of our galaxy needed to be replaced with the idea of the sun as the center of our galaxy.*

*I was recently told that a tenth planet beyond Pluto has been discovered, using a powerful telescope which was unavailable to previous generations, the orbit of which is estimated to be approximately six hundred years. I rather doubt that there would be any direct effect of this planet upon our earthly existence, but anything that alters our perception of our universal environment could nevertheless have subtle but dramatic effects upon the unfolding of our lives, much as the mirror did for the young woman in the story.*

*Within my own life, a minor form of such a dimensional transition was when I replaced the perception of myself as heterosexual with the perception of myself as homosexual, because the former perception could no longer be supported by my increasing self-awareness. I suppose one could say that as I kept looking into all of the mirrors available to me, I discovered someone whom I never expected to be there. Having made such a discovery, however, the only choice which remained for me, was whether to be honest or dishonest with myself and those around me, about who and what I continue to find myself to be.*

*So it is, within my perspective, that positive change begins with self-awareness and grows by thoughtful reflection, integrating the thoughts of the mind with the thoughts of the heart. In doing so, I hope to achieve an ever greater wholeness and ability to endure and eventually to triumph, over each and every one of the challenges I face within the ever-expanding unfolding of my life. It is perhaps because of some stubborn faith that the triumph will eventually come, that I continue to press onward, teaching my feet the steps by which when the time finally comes, I will dance with joy. I hope to see all of you there as well.*

### **Updates and Transitions**

*At long last and after an unbelievable amount of struggle, my home address and environment has changed. Because I consider all of those receiving this newsletter to be trusted friends, I am including my home address and phone number as well, but these will obviously not be included in the newsletter archive within my website, nor will I repeat them here within future newsletters.*

*Because I continue to hope and work toward the expansion of Sister Who's work within the world, I was once again faced with the decision of how freely to publish my home address and thus decided once again to open a post office box for Sister Who which could be freely published on newsletters and within this website. Thus the following is all of my new and current contact information.*

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## *Saying Goodbye; Preparing to Say Hello*

*The night before the morning of the final move from the tiny home above ten thousand feet where I've lived for almost three years, eight inches of snow fell. Considering that the four vehicles which arrived to help move my remaining household items were all four-wheel drive vehicles and that the drivers were originally from Michigan, Wisconsin, Montana, and Colorado, however, this was not a significant problem.*

*The material logistics aside, however, the final moment was an emotional one for me, as I gazed for a final moment at the space I'd rebuilt and three years of memories came flooding back over me all at once. I knew I'd done my best and that I simply did not have the resources to solve several significant lingering challenges to life there, so there was no question that the move was a very positive thing for me. Still, somewhere deep inside, I wished things had turned out differently.*

*I wished the space had been large enough, the neighborhood less threatening, the local law enforcement more reliable, and the ground beneath the home more stable. Yet after three years, wishing and working had been unable to make these things so.*

*I did not, however, wish to write off the past three years of intense struggle there, as somehow a waste of time and energy. I did not wish to dismiss all of the love and kindness I'd extended, whenever I was able to do so.*

*Ultimately, unpleasant as most of life there may have been, it had also been a very growing experience and I do not think for one moment that I am the same as I was when I first moved to that place. I hope that the months and years ahead will demonstrate that I am better and perhaps also that I really did leave that place better than I found it.*

*So after a moment's reflection and as inadequate as it seemed, just before closing the door, the last echo of my voice there, were the words, "thank you."*

*Thank you for the wisdom, the strength, the confidence, and the maturity I took with me, as I drove away for the last time.*

*Thank you for the new abilities and vision I was thereby able to bring with me, as I pulled into the driveway of my new home, just ten minutes' drive from my office day-job.*

*Thank you for all of the things I will be able to do within the coming months, specifically because of all that has happened during the past three years.*

*Thank you that within a world that is more*

*often crazy than sane, I still have a home.*

*Thank you for the friends that make such positive transitions possible. May I return that kindness and love as often as possible, as well as extending these qualities to many others I have yet to meet and with whom I will develop friendships within the months and weeks to come.*

*Thank you that even if the world doesn't know or may have momentarily forgotten how much it needs its sacred clowns and unconventional ministers, there is still much work to be done and no amount of closed doors of opportunity will convince me to be anything other than what I am.*

*I went skiing today to celebrate this positive transition and as I once again faced extremely difficult ski trails marked with black diamonds and double black diamonds, I was reminded of a phrase I coined within a newsletter a number of months ago: "Turn a fall into a dive."*

*Just as a swimmer chooses how he or she will hit the water, I needed to decide how I and the next mogul in my path would meet.*

*I could not control the outcome of each moment going down the slope, but I could mostly control what I gave to each moment--concentration, balance, commitment.*

*Traveling downward was, for the most part, a requirement and not an option. Turning the downward movement from destructive to constructive, was an option.*

*In order to do my best again after each fall, however, I needed to begin by letting go of what had just happened. If I held the experience of the undesired fall too closely, feeling mostly afraid of repeating that momentary failure, the confidence to do better was consistently beyond my reach.*

*So I let go and reached out within my mind and heart for something stronger, more focused and calm, and in all ways better than what had just happened--and it worked. The failure was not repeated; the future moments which followed were indeed better; and I was empowered by each success to create yet another success.*

*May it be so, for each and every one of us, today and within all the days to come. May one and all and everything, blessed and loved ever be.*

### *Subscription Information:*

*"Sister Who's Perspective" is a free monthly newsletter. If you have appreciated this newsletter, please consider making a donation to encourage production and distribution to continue. (Please make checks payable to Denver NeVaar).*

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