

SISTER WHO'S PERSPECTIVE

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Overview

There seems to currently be an obsession with portraying everything as nice and happy, but this causes countless individuals to proceed through life literally half-brained, never perceiving or integrating all that surrounds them in constructive ways. This newsletter consequently strives to be holistic.

The Pain of Being Human

An inescapable aspect of the human form is that its time of physical life is finite and also that each one is not marked with an expiration date, so that its beginning and end are unknown, but can be integrated. An additional frustration for myself as an autistic is coping with numerous occasions I've been victimized by dishonest people. Even my other dogs are obviously depressed in response to Dinadan's passing from this world to the next, even though he no longer is either suffering or blind.

How did both Gawain and Dinadan know when to stop eating and essentially starve themselves to death? I am nonetheless thankful that I lay on the floor with my hand on his chest during Dinadan's last seven hours, but try not to think about the greedy people who made the alternative of euthanasia unaffordable. I hope that I made a positive difference, but was unable to see whether or not I did.

So once again, I must live by faith--that ineffable substance by which transitory and brief physical life takes on meaning. I remain convinced that Rufus the cat within the Disney movie *The Rescuers*, had the best explanation: "Faith is a bluebird you see from afar. It's as sure and as real as the first evening star. Can't touch it or buy it or wrap it up tight, but it's there just the same, making things turn out right."

Yet as much as there is painful limitation in being human, there are also certain things that only a human can do--such as read this newsletter and put it into practice. If humans fail to do what only they can, a great many things will remain undone. Exasperating to me is how

often Godde chooses the least supportive rather than the most supportive circumstances, but perhaps that's why some believe in miracles.

Nonetheless, humans are creatures of time--unable to change what is now past and unable to foresee what the future will bring. Only by carefully considering past and future can the wisest present choices be made. Inevitably, each choice must be determined by insufficient information and understanding, which is why hindsight can always suggest improvements.

For any such possibility to become reality, in many cases, it must be passed to successive generations and done by someone else. To envision possibilities we must be individuals, but to transform them into reality, we must be a community intent on growing. Without the new possibilities, humanity will stagnate and die.

Yet sometimes we can only be witnesses to insanity and death. No words may be adequate to persuade others to leave behind ignorance and instead be wise. Being patient with someone else's process is always tragic, since we long so much to make the suffering stop.

The truth is sadly that there is often nothing helpful one can do. A significant problem is that this is occasionally not true. If individuals fail to do what they can, the hell that earthly life could become will be equally unavoidable.

In a similar way, the problem with Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs and Kubler-Ross's Stages of Death and Dying is not that they are not deeply insightful, but rather that the stages can occur in any order and that successive encounters cannot receive identical responses, if one has grown and is consequently no longer the same person. Yet each encounter is both multidimensional and unique, mandating that the appropriate response be equally so. Still, the specific response must be individually chosen.

Perhaps what is most painful about each moment of being human is the singularity, brevity, and permanence of each expression one creates. May they all be guided by love.

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

The Pain of Being Godde

First and foremost is having to watch while we experience what we do. Next is knowing the ability to intervene, but also knowing how that would sabotage learning. It may even be that the reason Godde doesn't meddle in our affairs is because we ourselves requested this.

That being said, I do not remember any conversations prior to this physical life and I have been unable to convince myself that Godde is unaware of my suffering or anything else I experience--especially when I cannot identify a lesson to learn or a reason for what is occurring. Yet I persist in my belief that life's primary purpose is soul growth and diverse elements are growth-oriented. In truth, I do not know who or what I will ultimately be.

It is painful, after all, to know anything and to simultaneously witness one who does not, while being required to stand apart. Does one stop loving, even if the other does? Generally no.

There are times when I'm glad I'm not Godde. I'm simply not up to all that would require. The challenge remains of being the best I can be, but I have too little information, resources, and understanding to act wisely.

I recall seeing a bumper sticker a number of years ago that said, "God is coming--look busy!", that was clearly intended to be amusing while making a point. A similar point was intended by the New Testament biblical story of Jesus's transfiguration. Godde simply wants to interact with creatures who are loved, but the human tendency is always to create a religion that attempts to recreate the phenomenon of divine presence in a way that can be controlled.

So Godde must remain aloof--separated from what is loved by its own ignorance. It is one of the terrible characteristics of love that it changes everything it touches. On one side is the phenomenon of healing, but on the other is the myriad of ways it is unavoidably a catalyst.

On one side is the miracle of love, but on the other is the necessity of separation. A country song has wisely observed:

"Love is a rose, but you better not pick it.
It only grows when it's on the vine.
Hand full of thorns
and you know you've missed it.
Lose your love
when you say the word 'mine.'"

Love is the curious paradox of being drawn to something one can never truly possess. Godde may be the transcendent mystery of spiritually embodying the greatest form of this paradox that remains so present but elusive to humanity. I can only hope to embody this dynamic as much as possible within this physical life, no matter how much this places me at odds with monetary systems humanity has created for various uses.

Yet the love of Godde persists, especially when I can neither understand nor comprehend it, because it's part of who Godde in absolute integrity is. How does one escape from whom one inherently is? Yet countless people try.

In the meantime, Godde is besieged by requests from those engaging in self-sabotaging practices. As much as I try to respect every individual, it does little good to pray for protection from lung cancer while lighting a cigarette. Yet people do it all the time and expect Godde to overlook their hypocrisy.

It's as if they want to ask, but actually expect Godde not to answer. It's like hiring a plumber and expecting the individual not to know how to do the job. It is always painful to discourage someone, but that is all that many people give.

In that way, Godde must tolerate extensive self-hatred within what was divinely created by the source of love. I cannot imagine that such is not painful. It's like being aware that someone is lying, while the person does so.

How can genuine love coexist with such dishonesty? In such cases, it is not Godde who judges us, but we who judge ourselves. Yet Godde tolerates such painful duplicity--at least for now, understanding that we are very much still in the process of developing.

I recall a pet gerbil I had during late childhood before I began to empathize with everything and understand its possible emotional attachment to me. A favorite game was to spread a sweatshirt across the floor, encourage the gerbil to enter a sleeve, and watch while the bump moved around inside the shirt. Eventually he would emerge through the other sleeve, twitching his nose, and apparently glad to see me.

I never gave him a name and didn't consider his feelings when I eventually gave him away to someone else, but I've never forgotten him. I hope Godde happily remembers me too.

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

The Pain of Living Within Time

Except as memories, humans have only the ability to touch, but never eternally hold. Yet there is a significant distinction between those who know by experience and those who do not, no matter what good intentions are or were otherwise present. Nonetheless, if the road to hell is paved with good intentions, as is said, one can be sure that I am not going willingly.

So I strive to make memories that matter long after they have faded into the mists of time. In this way, I am a curious paradox of temporal and eternal--as all humans could be if various efforts were made. I cannot control what I am to other people, but I can decide the sort of person I will show myself to be and what I will contribute to each of their life experiences.

I am bothered by those who were never able to have a truly honest conversation with me, especially if there is no longer any opportunity to do so. Whatever wisdom and insight could have been shared, will remain eternally unspoken. I can only hope that discoveries of such will be made in other ways.

The contrasting blessing is that what I do share may endure eternally, but I cannot determine whether or not it will be received as well as it could be. Times when my contribution is received well may be characterized by joy, but the reverse will eternally be sad. Yet it is important that I carry both and thereby know experientially and understand the difference.

Whether this results in wealth or poverty doesn't really matter, as long as the truth of one's spirit is consistently obvious. To human monetary systems this can be frustratingly hidden, but not to Godde. The resulting paradox is that the temporal has the ability to determine the eternal.

The fact that one determines the other means that "second chances" may be abundant, but they are not infinite in number. It

***"Godde is unlimited,
but I am not.
Life is the enacted
acceptance of this reality."***

– Sister Who

is consequently essential to do good whenever one can, because the particular opportunity may not come again. This shifting teach-ability is a significant part of the pain of living within Time.

Increasing one's ability to learn within every moment is consequently very wise to do. What many do not realize is that this makes one an agent of the eternal within the temporal. One can be continuously engaged in transforming one into the other.

Yet it is not a mere incantation or ritual performed once and lasting for all time, but rather the existence of one's identity specifically within time and space to forge a bridge to eternity that only some will choose to cross. No one is dragged across this bridge, kicking and screaming in protest. Monetary actions are also somewhat irrelevant, since they are only valid on one side of the bridge.

What matters is any positive difference made in life experience. The only good use for money, as I've previously said, is to show what sort of person one is. Taking monetary wealth along to heaven makes no sense, because it is worth no more than asphalt there.

Leaving monetary wealth to loved ones here on earth may sabotage what they need to learn as well as ignore the ways that the world within which they live is always changing. Even forms of currency may alter generationally. Physical life doesn't come with guarantees, so instead Godde gave us each other--but only temporarily.

So a primary challenge is filling every tiny moment with as much eternal value as one possibly can. Yet each slips through one's fingers like sand and only memories remain--except for effects within another's life. That is why it remains so essential to live for something greater than one's self.

Each is here within this physical realm for a finite amount of time, striving to transform the temporal into the eternal. Sometimes we succeed, but sometimes we don't. Only when there is a final divine judgment will it become known which is which.

For myself, there is great anticipation of reconnecting with love at the Rainbow Bridge, once all the work within this world is done. For now, I strive to remain a faithful servant, no matter what limitations may be encountered.

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

The Pain of Being Timeless

From one perspective, it seems legitimate to say that I don't belong here. From another equally valid point of view, it is my duty to leave behind the largest body of work possible. I can only hope that all or some part of it provides inspiration and insight to countless individuals within generations yet to come.

As unnecessary as I seem now, perhaps future populations would disagree. Obviously there is no way for me to know. It does make sense, however, that if one is truly timeless, the residents of any particular time will count one as unnecessary to their specific needs.

With increased understanding, they might not think so. It is not a question of being generally relevant, but rather of being specifically foundationally relevant. If more can be built upon one's work, the universe remains one of infinite possibility.

The pain is being aware of this, but being powerless to do anything about it. Even being proactive by nature does not always put necessary resources within reach. One can initiate important progress, but be unable to participate in it.

Those who are empowered by that progress are likely to be grateful, both for the foundation upon which they build, as well as for what was endured in order for the foundation to be created. The true measure of the value of the combined work will nonetheless be written within the resulting lives and may very well never be seen by the initiators of the work. One never knows the final effect of even a single act of kindness, yet in the bigger picture of life the effects may be infinite in number and thus without a final one.

In this sense, every act of kindness may in fact be timeless and echo into eternity. Yet the initiator will most likely never get to see what would not exist without the initial action. That which is truly love is not concerned, but rather continues to act from what it truly is.

In this way, one could even say that no one is ever paid to love, since this would detract from love's integrity and essentially change love into something it is not. Love itself is thus timeless, but all other actions are not.

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

On a Personal Note

As the previous newsletter was being sent, I was coping with Dinadan's death. Together we endured the betrayal of trust, the imposition of disability, and the selfishness of a certain narcissistic affluent individual. Dinadan was part of my creative counter-measures to have some sense of home and family within an increasingly insane world, but perhaps it is a wonder that we survived at all, even though we had many good years together.

The narcissist remains part of my definition of human failure, because he never learned to love, in spite of my best efforts to model and teach that in every way. I can only hope that I accomplished as much good as possible in spite of him.

Two master's degrees, a doctoral degree, a silver medal, four international trips, four houses, eight cars, seven dogs, four published books, twenty-six years of newsletters, sixteen ascents of mountains reaching above 14,000', The Tarot of Sister Who, four albums of original songs, and five graduate papers graded 4.0 with no requests for corrections, suggest that I've never been afraid of hard work. These are not things in which I take pride, however, but accomplishments that tell me who I am. If anything, I'm usually surprised by any suggestion that anything I've mentioned makes me special, even though I was also recently told by a music professional that I'm within the 1% of humanity blessed with perfect pitch, as we worked on a fifth album with powerful songs that have never previously been recorded.

One way or another, the work goes on.

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

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