

Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture

Since 1982

Vol. 27#2

Dream Network



Women for Peace

Award Winning Cover Artist: Bert Monterona

Paying Tribute to Two Women for Peace & for Dreams: Rita Dwyer & Jean Campbell

... dreams on the street ~ Russell Lockhart, Ph. D.

Apocalyptic Asteroids ~ Artemis

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JOSEPH CAMPBELL'S personal papers and collections have been entrusted to the OPUS Archives and Research Center on the Campuses of Pacifica Graduate Institute. The renowned author, scholar and mythologist was a long-time friend of Pacifica, and a frequent guest lecturer. The OPUS Archives and Research Center on the Campuses of Pacifica Graduate Institute is a non-profit organization that also holds the collections of James Hillman, Marion Woodman, and many other key figures in the development of depth psychology.

Billions of Dollars!

As lovely sunshine greets the day, I am enjoying the company of a small group of compatible women, a dozen or so, in a quaint cabin perched on a high hill in the lush countryside. We sit in rows in what feels like a woodsy auditorium within this cabin.

After much joyful bantering between friends and the gusto of a hearty meal shared, it is time to start the proceedings, although I have no clue as to what this might entail.

At this moment, a Lady of obvious Presence stands before us as our collective attention is riveted toward her. She emanates only Truth and Wisdom within her Beingness. The Lady astounds us as she speaks in a deep resonant voice,

"I am offering all of you a way to save our Planet Earth
from destruction and to live in peace."

This gets our attention!

The Lady continues, "However, one thing is needed right away since time is of the essence. I need a check for a certain amount of Billions of Dollars to set all this in motion."

As you might guess, this mundane request initially stuns our group.
We wonder as to the sanity of this woman?

However, my friend Pawnee, who sits beside me, shocks all of us as she says to the Lady,
"I have all the billions of dollars that you need."

I watch with astonishment as Pawnee writes the check, then she adds,
"However, I can only do this by giving you ALL the money I have,
down to my very last cent. I now do this willingly."

With a huge smile of appreciation, The Lady assures us that
"True Enlightenment Can Only Occur When
Natural Spontaneous and Total Surrender to God occurs. Peace."

Statement of Purpose

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Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture ~ Since 1982

Our purpose is to raise individual and cultural appreciation for the value of dreams by making available information that will assist and empower you in taking responsibility for your personal/physical, emotional, psychological and spiritual well-being, with the help of dreams.

Our goals are to unite and serve individuals who respect dreams, to empower dreamers in demystifying dreamwork and to assist with the integration of dreamsharing into our everyday lives and culture...in whatever ways of integrity are shown and given us. We believe that dreams are agents for change and often reveal important new insights about the life of the dreamer on many levels: personal, cultural and global.

Recalling a dream is a signal that we are ready to understand the information that has been presented. Helping you to learn to understand the meaning of your dream—by journaling, studying, sharing your dreams with others one-on-one or in groups—is our primary mission and the purpose of membership in our esoteric organization. Enacting or manifesting the dream's hint can bring healing and personal empowerment.

We seek to provide a balance and to give all cultures/nations, voices and schools of thought an opportunity to be heard. There will be times when a particular area of interest will be given greater emphasis than another because of that which is surfacing and given the limited space in the print and Online Journal. The emphasis will change over time to allow for a wide range of ideas and opinions to be explored and expressed. We invite you to indicate areas of interest and questions you would like to see explored on our website and in future issues.

Dream Network

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Upcoming Focus

for AUTUMN Vol. 27#3

Dreaming Politics:

Share your dreams
about Earth,
the next U. S. President,
or Spiritual Politics

Lifeline: 4 Weeks
after you receive
this issue.

Cover Art: "Women for Peace"

About Our Cover Artist Bert Monterona

Bert is a Filipino visual artist from Mindanao, Philippines. He is an Artist in Residence of the Vancouver Film School in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. He is an educator and cultural worker doing designing, illustrations, painting murals, sculpture, installations, set and props for stage performances and TV shows. Internationally and nationally acclaimed, he is a recipient of the Australia Council for the Arts Grants, Asian Artists Awards of Vermont Studio Center, U.S.A., Philip Morris Group of Companies ASIAN Art Awards, GSIS Museum Artist of the Month and Art Association of the Philippines Best Entry Award.

He was the Regional Coordinator of the National Commission for Culture and the Arts of the Republic of the Philippines from 1996-2001 and the founder and program director of the Mindanao Alternative Center for Visual Arts, Inc. As an artist-educator, he has organized art workshops in schools and communities for skills development, art-as-therapy and peace building. He facilitates art workshops and lecture-presentations for art educators, social workers, street children and out-of-school youth.

He also does commissioned works on mural for public and business establishments. He is known for his bamboo-stick painting and tapestry works and has been exhibited in Japan, South Korea, Hong Kong, Australia, U.S.A., Canada and Philippines. Monterona's art elevates social realities to aesthetic heights.

www.bertmonterona.com

Editorial



That's yours truly, (R) along with my friend/partner Michael, (L) leading the parade at a weekend long event celebrating Cultural Diversity in Moab, May 3, 2008. The Banner was my idea—Right On.

In the midst of the visions of total annihilation on Planet Earth presented in this issue, we are also gifted with Visions of abundance and salvation, of war and how to end it.

Being, myself, in the midst of the storm—as are most in contact—the best of advice I've been gifted from within and without is "... go out of your mind and get into your dreams, intuition and instinct." "Maintain inner balance and keep a focus on the work you've been gifted and/or chosen to do." "Whatever you do, don't give up!" "Never, never, never stop moving." The 'blink of an eye' moment will come soon, I know.

As well, there are a growing number of rare individuals who maintain a vision of the Earth as it will be after the Shift/storm and who work

vigilantly to help manifest that vision. Among them, within the field of dreams, many stars shine. The past three years, we've begun a new tradition in DNJ: that of paying tribute to some of those individuals. Two years ago, Monte Ullman graced our cover/issue; we learn now that Monte died yesterday. A star in the night sky shines brighter now. THANK YOU MONTE for all you've done; we will miss you here. I feel certain I'll see you in my dreams.

This year we have selected two Stars in the field of dreams to honor: Rita Dwyer and Jean Campbell. The articles within say it all, as does our cover art, "Women for Peace".* I will only add that Rita's own account of the life-saving event that propelled her onto the field of dreams appeared in Dream Network's Vol. 4 No. 3:

May/June 1985.

Since I don't expect to be around next century, I would like to honor here a few of the 'People for Peace and Dreams' who have made significant contributions over the years: Allen Flagg, Lorraine Grassano, Deborah Koff-Chapin, Brenda Ferrimani, Lorraine Grassano, Jill Gregory, Lucia Howell, Marlene King, Justina Lasley, Russell Lockhart, Linda Magallon, Paco Mitchell, David Sparenberg, Margy Stewart, Rosemary Watts, Noreen Wessling, Michael Whisman, Jeanne Wright Tasker and Victoria Vlach and if you're reading this, YOU too.

* Thanks to David Sparenberg, for asking his friend, Bert Monterona, to allow his painting/mural for our covers, front and back.

Namaste, Roberta O

Letters, Questions & Dreams

An Avenue of Safety: A Way to Help the Children of Iraq

Recently I have come up against a big question, and I could use your assistance and advice. For several years now, the World Dreams Peace Bridge has sought out ways to aid the children traumatized by the war in Iraq. We have supported the programs of Seasons Art School in Baghdad and the Webdah School for Iraqi refugee children in Amman, Jordan.

In March, the Peace Bridge received a request from Dr. Wisal Aldouri in Baghdad. In brief, it asked for clothes and shoes for children between the ages of four and sixteen, and also for medicines particularly for diarrhea and cholera and severe allergies, as well as insulin for children, in packaging that can withstand the heat--because over 70% of the people of Iraq do not have potable water to drink, nor is there refrigeration for medicines. With the prompt response of several members of the Peace Bridge, we were able to send \$1,000 to Dr. Aldouri via a safe route .

Dr. Aldouri has asked for something else though. Even before the war, a Dr. Wisal, known as one of the best child psychologists in the Middle East, is currently working for the Department of Education, creating Gifted and Talented Programs for the children of Iraq. She has established four such programs over the past year, and plans to

establish a fifth in Erbil, Northern Iraq, in the next few months.

Now I want you to imagine this courageous woman, working as hard as she can inside of Iraq to make things better for the children. What she is looking for in addition to clothes and shoes and medicines, is the funding to conduct workshops for teachers in how to recognize the symptoms of PTSD in children. She wants to set up "camps" in Erbil ("where it will be more safe") for the children of Baghdad who have been most traumatized by the war. There are other physicians and therapists in Iraq ready to work with her, and they are willing to accept any help.

Yes, this is a big challenge. No one is footing the bill for Iraq's humanitarian crisis. Read Kathy Kelly's most recent article in TruthOut to see her response to the idea that Iraq should pay for its own destruction with profits from the sale of oil. See http://www.truthout.org/docs_2006/041808R.shtml

The difference between the Peace Bridge approach and that of some other groups is that we have seen the value of responding to the crisis of war on a person-to-person basis. We have right now a golden opportunity for people coming together over the health and well being of the children. My question is how to do it best and most effectively. I hope that you'll help.

What is needed are partnerships and alliances in order to support the PTSD workshops for teachers and the "camps" for the children. Do you happen to know a group: a church group, a school class, a dream group, a business, in which

people might be willing to partner with a school or group in Iraq? I think we are ready for that. Does your church ever take up a special purpose collection? Would you like to put information on your blog or your web site?

Do you know people who would like to give up the cost of one gallon of gas per week to see the children thrive? Do you know a group of therapists or researchers who would like to work directly with others fighting the effects of post-traumatic stress in children? All ideas are welcome.

Of course, if you would like to make a gift to the Aid for Traumatized Children Project now or in the future—<http://worlddreamspeacebridge.org/aidforchildren.htm>—that would be wonderful. That money will go directly to Dr. Wisal for clothes, shoes and medicines, and to other Aid For Traumatized Children Project work as soon as we can collect it and send it on. Dr. Wisal promises to send photos. I would love to be able to demonstrate to her that we share her concern for the children.

Thanks for your help.
Jean Campbell, Portsmouth, VA
JCCCampb@aol.com

Our 'Letters' section is the place for you to ask Questions about dreams—yes, even your own dream—and to share your experience, inspirations, or critique. You may also choose to initiate a controversy or debate!

Please send your letters to:

**LETTERS % Dream Network
PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532
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Apocalyptic Asteroids

I am outside in the night and see what seems to be a falling star to the East I watch it as it moves towards a distant horizon. But it silently strikes the Earth and a tremendous cloud starts to rise from that horizon. I watch it spread over the sky.

I realize a horrendous thing has happened for the people there. I feel compassion and sheer awe. Then chunks of rock, some flaming, start raining down, emanating from the North... just small pieces.

So I seek cover under trees and that's shelter enough to stop them from hitting me. Then the chunks of rock start getting larger. So I start looking out for them, so as to move and avoid getting hit, and now I notice more people around me, milling everywhere. It's chaotic in one way, but not fearful... and I'm not fearful, only cautious.

This goes on for a while and then I see a darkening begin to creep across the clear sky. Then I realize, another GIANT asteroid is heading right into our vicinity. I begin to run to the North. I realize there is no shelter from this one. I wonder if I'll die, but again, no fear, just awe and a little disappointment. Of course, I want to live. I enter a house and lose my glasses somewhere in the house,

I have set them down and in the rush to run out again, cannot find them. No time. I'm in more of a panic, trying to move somewhere, still seeking safety.

I meet up with Joanna Macy and a blonde man. She asks what to bring, what should we do? I am feeling more calm than she appears to be acting. Without answering, we start to flee Northward together. The debris has ceased falling, but the sky is getting darker. We can't quite make out any details of the giant, shadowy mass headed for us. It is so huge. We just start running for the woods.

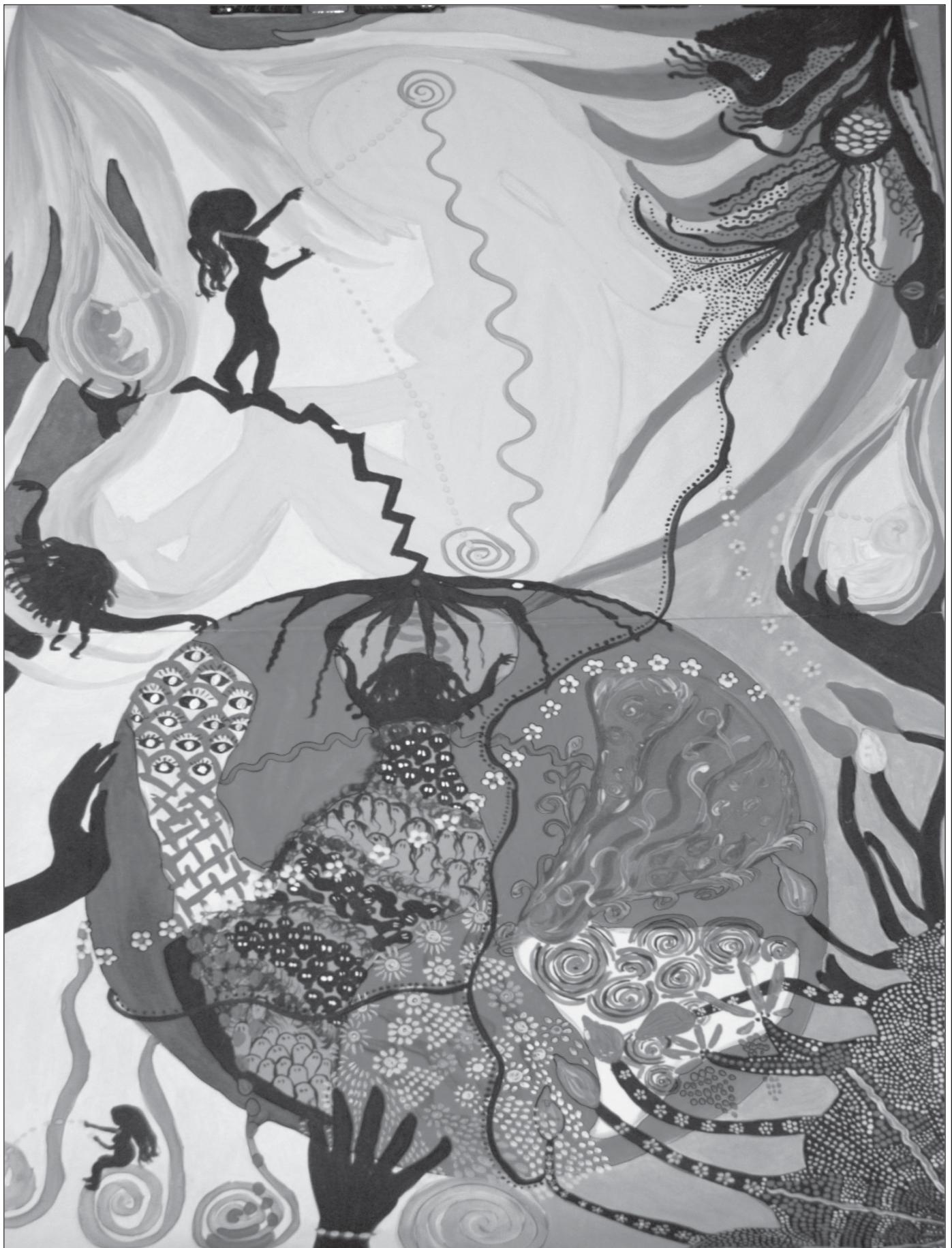
I have no glasses, I think to go back to get them from the house and notice that I have lost other articles along the way. Ahhh, what's the point? I think. But I'll get a headache! Oh well!

I begin to wonder if this is only happening to the USA? Is god punishing the US for Iraq? I briefly feel badly for not somehow doing more to try to stop the war.

We start entering some woods and I know the trails, I know the land, but there is no light. It's darker and darker. I ask Joanna and the blonde man if they have lights? No, no lights. I see the trails we can take, North and Westward. We meet a woman running in the opposite direction, coming out of the woods and going towards the settlement we came from. I notice that the settlement area felt more tropical, heavily wooded, hotter and moist, compared to the woods we are now entering, which is more temperate. The woman has two small children, one she carries on her hip, and she asks, "How much time do we have?" I shrug, I don't know. She seems expectant and alert, but not afraid.

She keeps running past us. I notice she is headed in the direction of the asteroid, or the thing which is approaching and I let myself feel the doubt that we will escape the impact. It's so huge, how could we outrun it? I feel goaded by self-preservation to keep running anyway.

"The Darkness Shall Become the Light"





Artemis

I awakened from this dream I call *Apocalyptic Asteroids* not at all afraid. I would not call it a nightmare, for there was always some kind of trust at the bottom of it all, even though I wanted to preserve myself, to escape what is coming.

Apocalyptic

Asteroids

©2008 by Artemis

WHILE I FIRST OBSERVE a falling star in the East, I name it an "asteroid" when it impacts the Earth. When I turn to notice a dark, shadowy mass creeping into the sky above me, I interpret it as an identical threat.

A consultation with an Osho Zen tarot deck suggests that my waking ego's relationship to the asteroids is embodied in the card of "No-Thingness," which is how Osho translates the Buddha's word for emptiness, or *shunyata*. The "No-Thingness" card does seem to correspond to the obliteration of self-concept which is the destruction promised by the dark mass blotting out the sky, coming inexorably for me.

The concept of *shunyata* expresses the Buddhist understanding that the impermanent nature of form means that nothing possesses essential, enduring identity; however, *shunyata* is definitely not the same as "nothingness," as implied in English. Rather, No-Thingness re-presents the pure potential from which all forms or things arise.

My dream ego immediately wants to preserve itself, and it strikes me that it is the ego which has the experience of no-thingness, which

needs to have that experience, in order to let go of its "false identifications," the perception of boundaries perhaps, or as Alan Watts put it, "... the illusion of a separate, skin-encapsulated self." My evasion might represent a denial of the fact that all creation involves apparent destruction, as illustrated by the Hindu myth of the Dark Mother Goddess Kali, the compassionate (and utterly terrifying) destroyer of unreality.

Ego has to "die," this dream portends, but while Buddhist teachings on *shunyata*, or no-thingness, have an intellectual dimension, their true understanding can only come through personal experience.

While I feel awe of Nature and compassion for others who are undergoing the traumas to the East, when the great shadow approaches me, I take fright. Intellectual comprehension may provide insight but, in my experience, this seems to lack the aspect of compassion for all beings. Only through suffering through my own Earthen, bodily experience, fully present, might I begin to feel compassion to my very marrow. Perhaps this is all about the ego aspect, that it is ego which needs the tempering that the fire of experience brings. Furthermore, this

experience is not under my control!

Ego harbors the illusion of "control," and maybe that is its navigational purpose; however, life happens, and stars or asteroids may fall outside of anyone's personal control. Yet, life can happen either "to" us or "through" us; the chance for participation is there, but does one open the door to the postman who so insistently knocks? Or to the obliterating asteroid (or is it a falling star of wisdom?) that is looming overhead, on its way—with or without my personal say?

The dream asks me about the war in Iraq, which brings up a lot of deep-seated turmoil that I thought I had overcome. I was an anti-war activist and participated in the unprecedented global protest against the proposed U.S. invasion of Iraq, but who did not retreat, once the bombs started falling. In the dream, I have "lost my glasses," perhaps my previous way of seeing the world, and indeed, following a period of self-education on our global situation, I decided to respond in a different way to the war on Terra. The unconscious teases me, suggesting that resisting the



change of view will result in a major headache.

Using Joanna Macy's framework for a three-pronged global social movement, which she calls *The Great Turning*, I found my energies drawn towards building alternative systems: spiritual and cognitive shifts in perception. I left the holding actions—protests, blockades and refusals—to others. Although my passion and my direction are definitely drawn to those other two dimensions, this dream indicates that I have not rid myself of guilty feelings that I should be doing more to stop the war.

So once again, I have to face my perception of being a separate individual struggling in isolation, belying the fact that all of the efforts in each of the three dimensions of *The Great Turning* are connected to the same goal. All aspects of The Great Turning are important to turning *away* from blind, unconscious destruction, and turning *towards* consciously creating a life-affirming world.

Synchronously, not long after this dream, the following Buddhist proverb came to me: "No single raindrop ever blames itself for the flood." The person who reminded me

of this is a veteran who fought in the First Gulf War, and whose tragic involvement in that conflict haunts him to this day. When his battalion engaged the Iraqi defense forces in one of their first fire fights, they received news back that the battalion's first confirmed kill was a small child, an innocent Iraqi boy. He continues to be tormented by the recurrence of visceral, soul-searing nightmares.

Now suffering from Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD), my friend must also cope with Gulf War Syndrome, which is slowly debilitating him.

His experience reflects the civilian face of modern war. In World War I, civilian casualties accounted for about 5% of all deaths. Since World War II, that figure has risen dramatically, as battlefronts have moved into cities and towns, such that civilians comprise from 75% to 95% of all victims of war in our post-nuclear world.

I ponder what it is to be a light in this dark world today, when optimism seems fatal, yet hope is vital. The woman with two children, running towards the tropical village which I am fleeing with Joanna Macy, is running into the peril. "How much time do we have?" she asks me. Maybe she is asking me about my hope.

This sort of hope must have deep, deep roots in the feeling that our lives have meaning, or as Václav Havel says,

"Hope is a state of mind, not of the world. Either we have hope or we don't; it is a dimension of the soul, and it's not essentially dependent on some particular observation of the world or estimate of the situation. Hope is not prognostication. It is an orientation of the spirit, an orientation of the heart; it

transcends the world that is immediately experienced, and is anchored somewhere beyond its horizons. Hope, in this deep and powerful sense, is not the same as joy that things are going well, or willingness to invest in enterprises that are obviously heading for success, but rather an ability to work for something because it is good, not just because it stands a chance to succeed. The more unpropitious the situation in which we demonstrate hope, the deeper the hope is. Hope is definitely not the same thing as optimism. It is not the conviction that something will turn out well, but the certainty that something makes sense, regardless of how it turns out." ∞

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Because Sustainable Ballad is my hope, myself and the other two original co-founders (we actually consider everyone who is active with SB to be co-founders as well), walked through the valley of the shadow of death together, learning about the "perfect storm" of crises brewing on Earth today. We did find the Light to guide us through to the other side. It is the Light of Love within every human heart, for as my greatest mentor, Gandhiji, says, "Where there is Love, there is life." Sustainable Ballard was our response, our gift of Love to our planetary family, by starting right here, in gratitude, right where we are, and with what we have now.

Visit <http://sustainableballard.org>

~~∞~∞~∞~∞~

Artemis is a co-founder of Sustainable Ballard, a non-profit organization developing a grassroots vision of sustain-ability for the community of Ballard, in Seattle. You may contact her directly at Artemis <artemisian42@gmail.com>

Dreaming Humanity's Path

I want to recount my dream to you, not because it was upsetting, but I do not understand why I had it. It was so real and I had such an urgent feeling to pass on the message.

In my dream...

I am in a space craft of some kind traveling away from earth. The earth is about to explode and we know it will incinerate us.

(I am not sure who else I am with)

Then, the earth does explode and our craft and myself are incinerated.

Next, I have the feeling that I
(my spirit not my body) am sand on a beach.

The Earth is clean and beautiful.

The Sun is shining.

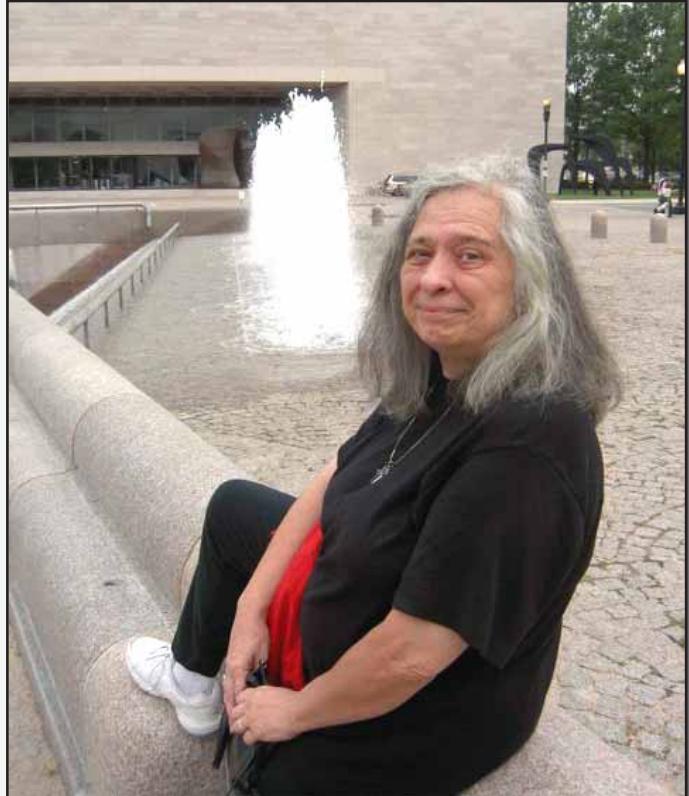
A female face kisses me on the cheek and says,
"They never understood. All they had to do
was stop fighting with each other."

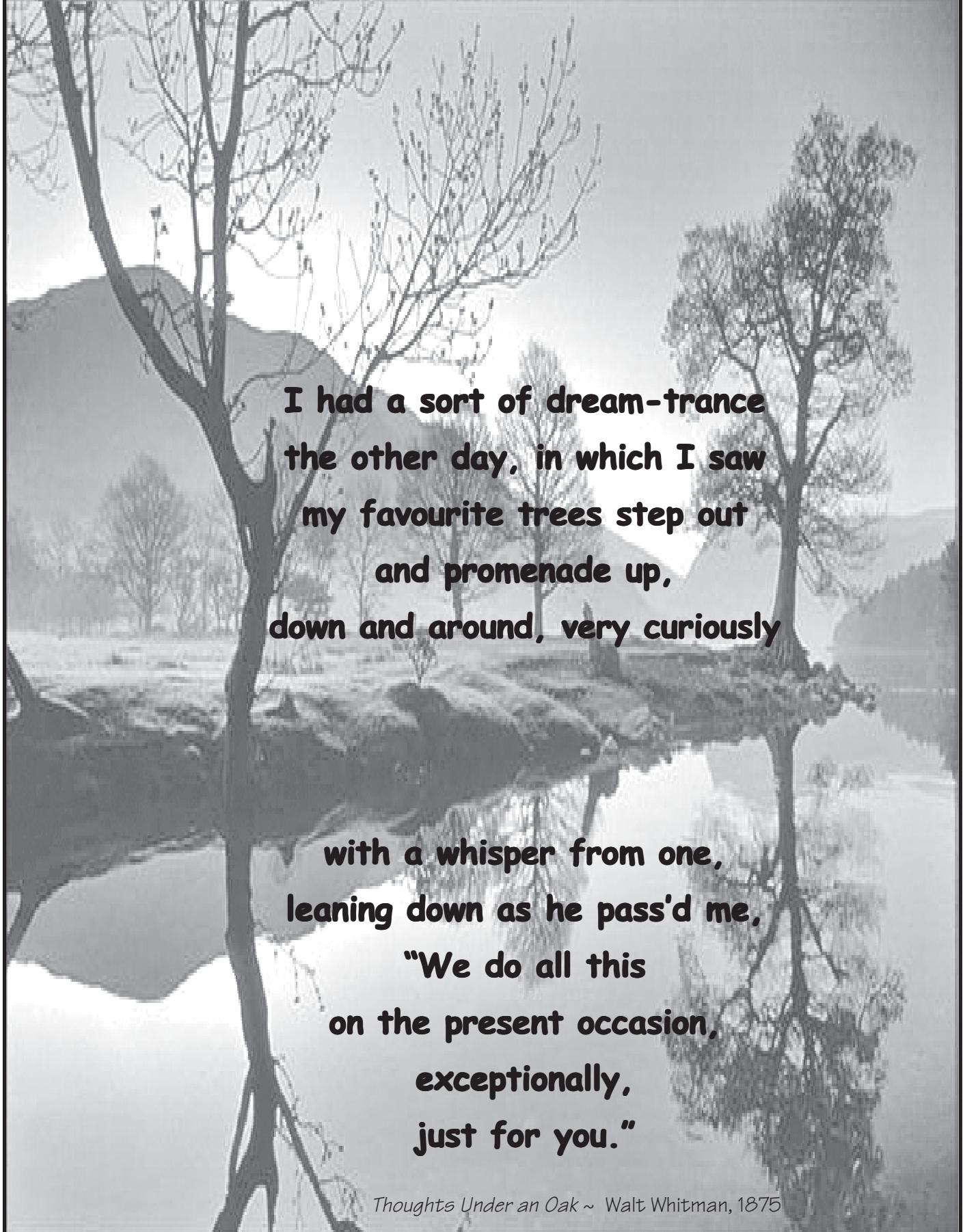
Next, I have the feeling that I know all the answers and feel very, very peaceful.

I don't clearly remember her saying "They just had to love one another." I might just have gotten that feeling.

Paying Tribute to
Two Exceptional Women
Working Vigilantly
for Dreams and for Peace:

Rita Dwyer & Jean Campbell





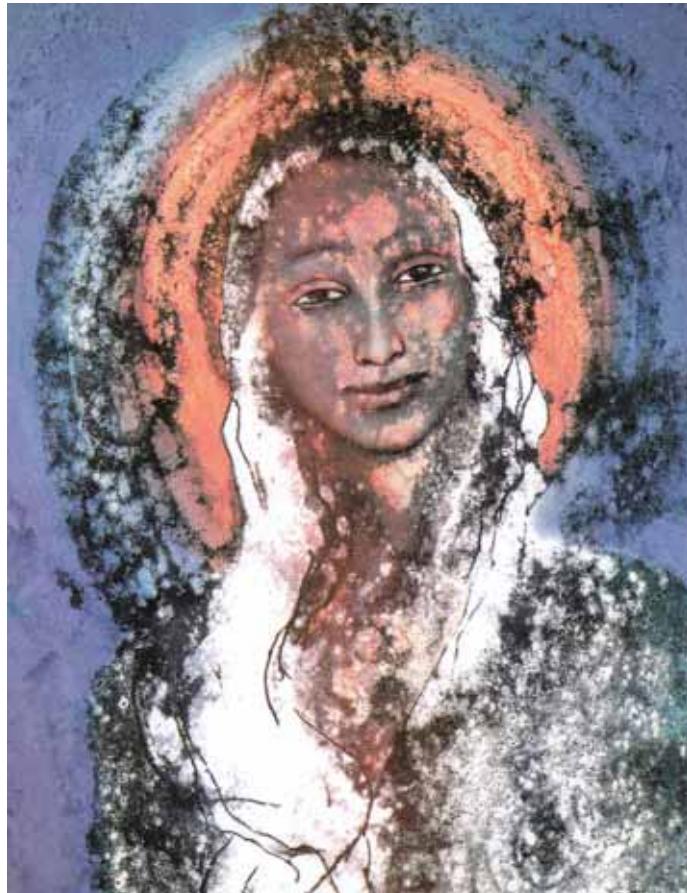
I had a sort of dream-trance
the other day, in which I saw
my favourite trees step out
and promenade up,
down and around, very curiously

with a whisper from one,
leaning down as he pass'd me,
"We do all this
on the present occasion,
exceptionally,
just for you."

Thoughts Under an Oak ~ Walt Whitman, 1875

Dreaming of Rita

Article & Testimonials Gathered by Jean Campbell



MY FIRST ENCOUNTER with Rita Dwyer was at the 1996 Conference of the International Association for the study of Dreams, held in the Victorian wedding cake of a hotel in the Berkeley hills, the Claremont Resort.

I was alone in the middle of the echoing hotel lobby, still trying to process my shock at the standing-room only crowd which had materialized as if by magic to attend the first IASD conference presentation I had made in twelve years... (I'd expected no one to attend) when a tiny little woman—short as I am—approached me, hauling behind her a huge bear of a man.

"Here," she said, leading him up to me. "This is the person I told you about. This is the person you need to meet." I looked around to see who she was referring to. Not me. I didn't know either one of them. "This is Jean Campbell," the woman went on. "Jean, this is Robert Moss." And she turned away to talk with someone else.

Who was this person? Did you ever have a dream in which all the people knew you, even if you didn't know them at all?

Later I would learn why Rita Dwyer seemed to know me so well, but what I saw that day at the Claremont was classic Rita: a wonderful person, who sees it as her role to bring people together, to smooth the way toward people enjoying one another and enjoying the healing power of dreams.

I didn't realize then that Rita was a past President of IASD, or a Board member, or that she was the person who had cheerfully and efficiently

been running IASD's business office in Virginia totally without pay for years. That would come later. At that moment in the Claremont, she was only a swirl of brilliant color amid much other color against the white walls of the lobby, followed by a bear hug from a huge man who walked me away down the hall with his arm around my shoulder.

That evening, in the cavernous basement of the hotel, members of the Bay Area Dreamworkers Group (BADG) sponsored a slumber party. This same woman, Rita, dressed in colorful lounging pajamas, settled down on a pillow next to me, still acting as if she knew me. I wracked my brain trying to remember where I had met her before. Not wanting to seem impolite, I asked where she was from.

The story I heard touched me deeply, because it was one of those "we never know what the result of an action might be" tales. During the late 1980s, not long after her physical

recovery from the near-fatal burns she received in a fuel explosion at the aeronautics laboratory where she worked as a research chemist, Rita began to work with Dr. Robert Van deCastle and Dr. Henry Reed in their Dream Helper Ceremony workshops. Her life had been saved because a co-worker took his precognitive dream of the explosion seriously enough to pay attention to it, and to know that Rita must be pulled from the fire. Now Rita, who had never been particularly interested in dreams, wanted to learn all about what dreams could do.

"Bob and Henry were always talking about you," she told me. "They had me read your book, Dreams Beyond Dreaming, because it talks about precognitive dreaming. I feel as if I've always known you."

Even though I was one of the people involved with the beginnings of IASD, at the time Rita was working with these two brilliant dream therapists, I had moved on from directing a research nonprofit organization in Virginia Beach to graduate school at The American University. I was only a few short miles from where Rita lived, but was way too busy to be involved in dreamwork.

With her quick wit and sharp humor, her air of concern that all of the people around her feel comfortable and welcomed, I soon felt as if I'd known Rita all my life as well. Though I was cautious at first about becoming too deeply involved in IASD again, as I was still teaching full time, I gradually became involved in some projects which necessitated phone conversations with Rita.

Now Rita is practically a neighbor of mine in Virginia, living only a few hours closer to Washington than I do. But in the summers, she and her entire extended family moved to the North Country, to the family's "camp" in upstate New York.

I was near rolling on the floor in laughter at a typically-Rita story, which she told me one summer over phone lines crackling with static. Seems that Rita—going out to enjoy her back yard in the country—had come nearly face-to-face with a bear. Most people I know—especially anyone who has ever come close to a bear of any kind—would be terrified, quaking, and shouting for help. Not Rita! "They'll come after you if you run," she said. So what did Rita do?

She strode purposefully and cautiously to a garden shed, where she waited until the bear lost interest and went away.

Throughout the first few years after my return to IASD, Rita kept encouraging me to become a candidate for IASD's Board of Directors. I continued to put her off, teasing her with the comment, "You want an active IASD membership. I'm the membership!"

Then in the spring of 2002 I had a dream. In the dream...

I was riding in the front passenger seat of a car. Rita and two other women were sitting in the back seat. I turned to her in the dream, speaking to her over the back rest, "I guess it's time, isn't it?" I asked. She smiled and nodded. I emailed her that day to tell her I'd accept the Board nomination. How could I refuse her when she'd been patiently waiting in my dreams?

In the time since then, due to our common involvement with the affairs of IASD, Rita and I have been in weekly, sometimes daily, contact. But nothing has been more enjoyable than our decision to co-host IASD's annual PsiberDreaming Conference.

Rita, Ed Kellogg, Richard Wilkerson, Linda Magallon and I became cohorts in the early days of IASD online,

attempting to create an environment where all dreamers could be more comfortable discussing "psi" or "paranormal" dreams. It was clear to those of us who spent time online that the number of people who wanted to discuss their extraordinary dreams outnumbered those who wanted to discuss ordinary dreams by about three to one. Many people—old and young—from all around the world, came to IASD's online discussion board to ask about their psi-dreaming experiences.

Rita and Ed had already begun the discussion of psi dreams in IASD's Dream Time with their reports on the Dream Telepathy Contest held annually at the IASD membership conference. It seemed natural to put these reports online. But then Ed took the information gathering a step farther, creating the online Paranormal Forum.

By 2001 we decided, with the approval of IASD's Board, to create something that was cutting edge on the World Wide Web: a two-week online conference, featuring presentations, workshops and special events from some of the world's leading experts on psi dreaming in a bulletin board format through which the audience could discuss the topics with the presenters. The name of the conference, of course, was the Psiber Dreaming Conference. Rita recreated the Dream Telepathy contest with Bob Van deCastle for the first Psiber-Dreaming Conference.

An immediate hit!

In 2006, after Ed Kellogg had hosted the PsiberDreaming Conference for its first five successful years, Rita and I agreed to give him a break. We hosted our first PsiberDreaming Conference together that year and will co-facilitate the 2008 PsiberDreaming Conference online in September.

Working closely with Rita on these online conferences has been a treat.

People who attend the Psi-Dreaming conferences see Rita as the generous hostess, conducting the online version of the Dream Telepathy contest, asking astute questions and praising the variety of presentations, discussions and art works which are part of the conference. What they do not see, however, are the three or four months of preparation during which special guests are invited, ideas firmed up, and every paper copy-edited by Rita, who has also served for years as copy editor for conference programs and other IASD publications. With her background as a research scientist, Rita is also the first to assure that the psi aspects of dreaming presented at the conference have a foundation in scientific research.

The Internet has become the home of the international dream community, the place where dreamers from around the world can meet and discuss their various dream experience. There is nowhere more welcoming than the IASD E-Study Group which grew from a workshop conducted by Rita and author Rosemary Ellen Guiley at IASD's annual conference in 2002 at Tufts University in Medford (Boston), Massachusetts. There, Rita and Rosemary gathered a group of people who began what they have called a monthly "Awakened Heart Dreaming," which has continued on the tenth of each month in the E-Study Group. Members of the group set a personal intention of dreaming for peace or ways to better the world, and then share their dreams within the group. There is almost no dream research activity that Rita does not know about, and there is almost no dreamer involved with dream groups of any kind who does not know her gentle touch and encouragement. Her own dream group, the Metro Area DC group, still meets monthly over twenty years from when it began, and

is one of the longest-running dream groups in existence.
~~~~~

Consider these testimonials from:

**David Kahn,** *President of IASD and currently on the faculty of Harvard Medical School in its Department of Psychiatry.*

I have known Rita since my first days as a member of ASD (now IASD) in the early 1990's. During all this time I have seen the many wonderful qualities of Rita. I have seen her offer up countless hours of her time to help all of us in our roles as Officers or Board members of IASD. I have seen and benefited from her counseling on how to work compassionately and fairly with people.

I have also benefited from her advice, understanding and wisdom in dealing with complex matters such as the need for new IASD Bylaws and Procedures. I have also seen Rita's playful side. One example that stands out for me personally is when, at my first ASD dream ball where I came dressed as my dream character, the Green God of Fertility, Rita—who was dressed as her pregnant dream character—accusingly but with a big smile on her face, shouted, "You did it!"

I must say that I have personally benefited and grown as a human being from her warmth, integrity, wisdom, and uniqueness as a gifted and kind human being. ~~~

### **Marcia Emery, Ph. D.**

Rita Dwyer has been an illuminating and shining presence in my life since we met 21 years ago at the 4th annual IASD conference in Virginia. Rita is a superb communicator in every sense of the words which flow from her mouth or pen (computer). Over the years, these words have been an incredible source of support. In the early years, I presented the results of my exploratory precogni-

tive dream research with great trepidation knowing that psi-related work coupled with astrology was foreign and unacceptable to many members. Rita cheered me on from the wings and always supported my efforts. Over the years, she was there to dole out praise and encouragement, especially when my steps as regional co-chair felt wobbly. Most importantly, I will always be grateful for her words of comfort to me throughout my husband Jim's two bouts with cancer. Rita, I thank you for the unconditional love, praise, support, and comfort you have given me and other IASD members over the years. ~~~

### **Robert Hoss**

Rita Dwyer is one person who has been with IASD since its inception that has consistently exemplified the positive anima of IASD, the gentle but strong feminine side. She is indeed the "Great Mother of IASD" who has not only guided us from the very beginning but consistently exudes warmth and acceptance... an attitude that says, "Come on in, IASD is for everyone." ~~~

### **Nancy Richter Brzeski**

My first memory of Rita Dwyer is from the ASD meeting in Arlington, Virginia, 1987. Encouraged by Gayle Delaney and Loma Flowers, I brought my cumbersome art works from San Francisco to Arlington, to exhibit in the first ASD art show. I remember Rita's beautiful smiling face and her friendly welcome. At subsequent meetings she always greeted me as if I were a long-lost cousin, and expressed great enthusiasm for my work. Her support meant a lot to me in those early days, and still does. In recent years, she has been my big sister, to whom I can always turn in times of need. She encouraged me to give the Dream Art Awards, now in their third year. I said to someone, "She is my Fairy Godmother!" My friend said, "She is everyone's Fairy

Godmother!" Without her nurturing, wisdom, and compassion from the very beginning, IASD wouldn't be the thriving international organization it has become. ☾

### ~~~~~ **Cynthia Pearson**

The Top 10 Things that Make Rita Dwyer so Special:

- 10.** When she became President of IASD, Rita gave such an inspiring speech that I, for one, wanted to be a lifelong member.
- 9.** When challenging decisions have to be made, hers is the voice that can be relied upon to speak to what is fair and principled.
- 8.** She is a walking history of the organization and its members.
- 7.** She has served as the welcoming presence at IASD conferences ever since I can remember (1987).
- 6.** She is unfailingly generous with her experience, wisdom and guidance.
- 5.** She is a crackerjack editor.
- 4.** Even when a question at hand is problematic, Rita somehow manages to be both frank and supportive.
- 3.** She provides encouragement to those who could feel marginalized by astonishing psi experiences.
- 2.** IASD survived its childhood because Rita ran its office.
- 1.** To know her is to love her! ☾

### ~~~~~ **Wendy Pannier**

I was fortunate to meet Rita at my first IASD meeting in 1995. I had received permission from my oncologists to postpone my next chemo until after the conference. It was a very difficult period of my life and I came to the conference not knowing anyone and feeling very vulnerable. I went to the Members Meeting and sat down front. As luck would have it, I sat right in back of Rita. She turned around and, not recognizing me, introduced herself. She was so warm and welcoming I almost cried. She told me about the organization, what it offered and encouraged me to become involved. What a

wonderful ambassador!

Over the years I have watched her nurture—not only myself—but many others into positions of leadership, believing in us more than we believed in ourselves. Always active on the Board, she has consistently presented historical insights and wisdom. Rita never fails to take the opportunity to acknowledge members' efforts—appreciating their contributions while subtly encouraging them to try new things.

Rita has a keen sense of who is ready for Board leadership and who needs a bit more seasoning. She is a firm advocate for diversity... across gender, countries, and dream specialty. ☾

### ~~~~~ **Justina Lasley**

I have to wonder where my dream journey would have gone without the support and guidance of Rita. I'm certain it would have been different. Actually, I believe the dream journeys of all who have had a personal relationship with Rita have been directly affected. She has influenced not only dream enthusiasts, but also enhanced interest in dreams, internationally.

I am surely not the only person who turns to Rita when encouragement or understanding is needed. She always takes the time to be available for her friends although she is a busy lady wearing many hats as mother, wife, grandmother, daughter, community leader, editor, and ever-present advisor for IASD.

Thanks, Rita, from my heart to yours. ☾

~~~~~

As you can see, the attitude that Rita brings to dreams—which is the attitude she brings to her life—might be summed up in a few short sentences which Rita said to me recently in a phone conversation, but I have heard it ever since we met so many years ago in the Claremont lobby: "My belief," she said, "is that you just send out love. You don't have to be known for it; you don't have to ask for anything back." A wise woman, Rita, with much to teach the world. ☾

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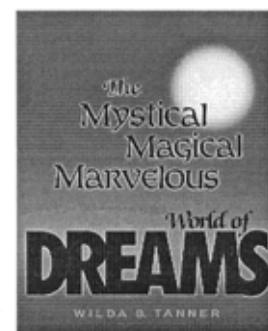
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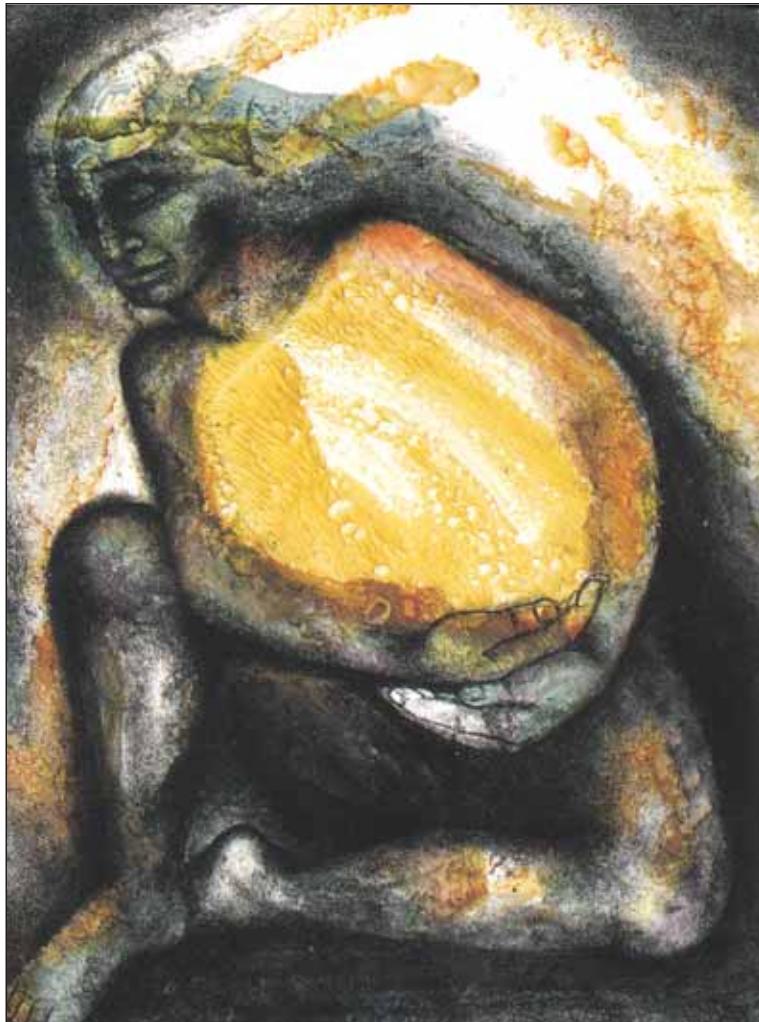
Rita on Fire

by Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.
Professor of Psychology, Saybrook Graduate School

MY MEMBERSHIP in the International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD) has provided me with numerous benefits. But one of the loveliest perks I have received has been my friendship with Rita Dwyer. Shortly after I joined IASD, we were two of several guests on a television show broadcast from New York City, hosted by Geraldo Rivera, and focusing on precognitive dreams. Rita's colleague told the audience about a recurring dream in which...

He was working in his chemistry laboratory, heard an explosion and rushed to the nearby laboratory, saw Rita on fire and dragged her to safety.

One day, during waking life, he heard an explosion and simply repeated the activities he seemed to have rehearsed from his dreams, dragging a burning, semi-conscious Rita to safety and dousing the flames.



After this literal birth by fire, who would ever look at dreams in the same way again? Certainly not Rita. She became a vital force in our nascent organization, eventually becoming our first "lay president," one without scientific or psychotherapeutic training in dreams. However, Rita had earned a reputation as a com-

nation midwife and den mother for IASD, as well as a confidant to many members, including myself.

When I was diagnosed with prostate cancer shortly before an IASD meeting, Rita was one of the first people with whom I discussed my condition.

Her understanding, her sympathy, and her supportive love preceded my radiation therapy and, I am convinced, laid the groundwork for my eventual recovery.

Years before I met Rita, Montague Ullman and I had collected a decade's worth of data on non-temporal and non-local

dreams, and Rita's colleague's nighttime premonition was in the same ballpark. What accounts for dreams about future events? Many of them are coincidences. Others are the result of faulty memory, or prevarication. Those that we collected in a laboratory under experimental conditions can not be explained so

Lovely Rita

by Robert Van deCastle, Ph. D.



Robert, Rita (from left), Carol Warner and Helen Carter at an IASD Conference

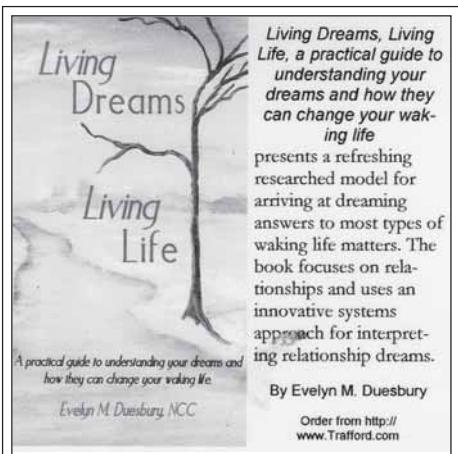
THE BEATLES released their classic album *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Band* in 1967. The cover features the song "Lovely Rita Meter Maid" which describes an initial encounter between the singer and a meter maid who is taking his number. Although initially annoyed, he realizes that "it would be better to love her". In waking reality, Rita has been "taking the number" of the collective dream community and moving about through the streets and byways of our global community to encourage drivers to be mindful of their dreams and evaluate whether they had been parked and inactive for too long a period of time before taking action and getting moving. Anyone lucky enough to have Rita personally "take your number" has definitely come to

love her and she has become a legendary, beloved figure among the global dream community for the last quarter century.

I first met Rita in 1983 at a dream retreat workshop held in Batesville, a small community located a few miles outside of Charlottesville, Virginia. Henry Reed and I were conducting this workshop and, besides Rita, another dream appreciator who also participated was Carol Warner. At the conclusion of the workshop, we wanted to gather all of the participants together to take a group photo, but Rita declined because she was extremely sensitive about her personal appearance as the result of having been the victim of a tragic accident in an aerospace lab where she was working that resulted in her

undergoing extensive skin grafts over a period of many years. That NDE led to a complete redirection of her energy and becoming a spokesperson for the power of dreams. During the subsequent years, she has maintained a close relationship with Ed Butler, her lab colleague whose precognitive dreams enabled him to instantaneously appear at her side and save her life after her other lab partner had abandoned her and fled from the dangerous situation.

At the conclusion of our Batesville workshop, I encouraged Rita to attend the forthcoming first ASD conference to be held a few months later in San Francisco, and she went to it. It was clear that dreams were an important personal topic for her and she was hoping to meet other



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individuals who also shared her excitement about the unlimited possibilities of dreams for unlocking human potential. I hosted the subsequent ASD conference at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville the following year. I drafted her to serve as Secretary for our various board meetings and she quickly became an absolutely indispensable component of our organization. In addition to having served as Secretary at that Virginia conference, she has also served as a Conference Host, Chair of the Board, Vice President, President, and Executive Officer of ASD. In addition to being the "connective tissue" for the body of that organization's activities, she has also served as the organizer for the world's longest continuing dream group, the Metro DC Dream Community, that she founded in Vienna, Virginia in 1983. Rita has never charged a fee for attending these meetings that she hosts. There is a line in the *Lovely Rita* song that asks "... where would

I be without you?" That's a good question to ponder for all of us, as the answer might well be "nowhere", if she hadn't continued her rounds of monitoring whether the dream scene was stagnating and inactive or was showing tangible movement. When the singer entices Rita to have tea with him, she turns out to be the one who winds up paying the bill. I'll let the reader develop that metaphor in their own way.

Rita's attendance at all our ASD events and board meetings has been exemplary and no one else comes close to having earned as many gold stars for attendance and participation as she has. Rita has also been an advocate for attempting to bring dreams to other settings besides those of the annual conference and has been extremely active in serving as the coordinator for regional dream events held at many locations throughout the country. She has also twice organized weekend programs presented at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington DC to bring public awareness of dreams to that prestigious setting. She attended the international ASD meetings that were held in Ottawa, London, Leiden and Copenhagen. She quickly established family bonds with all these attendees in foreign countries, and once she has met someone, Rita displays an uncanny ability to later remember their names, names of their family members and the town that they lived in. She is one of those remarkable people who seem to display a "photographic memory" for faces, names and places. Many have entrusted their personal dramas to Rita and people turn to Rita much as they would to Dear Abby's well-known advice column.

I have very many special memories of when Rita and I traveled together to Moscow to attend the "Dreaming in Russia" conference organized by Robbie Bosnak. It was an extraordinary time in history because when we arrived in August, 1991, the

former Soviet government was collapsing. We were stunned that we were greeted by the sight of Soviet tanks in the streets and armed soldiers who were standing at guard throughout the city. The plan was to have 50 Russian and 50 American dream representatives share their respective views about how dreams were researched and utilized in our respective cultures. While there, we had no contact with the outside world for several days during the emergency period that was declared. These unusual circumstances offered a wonderful opportunity to interact at much deeper levels with our Russian dreaming cohorts and discover, among many other surprises, how much spiritual emphasis was given to efforts to understand the source of dream imagery.

Rita has always been a firm proponent for considering dreams as a vehicle to discover "the interconnection of everything, including angels and all beings, lower or higher.. All parts of creation in this flowing, unfolding universe and perhaps beyond." She and Rosemary Guiley came up with the idea for a dream activism group following the 9/11 tragedy. A reminder is sent once a month for the purpose of dreaming "the awakened heart." As Rita explains it, "... this focused intent isn't just about having good dreams, for all dreams come in service of wholeness and healing, but rather about having dreams that move us to concrete action within the parts of the world in which we reside, waking us up to our personal soul purposes or callings that can improve our world through our works, large or small." The request made to the group once a month is to "Please join, wherever you live on this planet, aligning spirit, soul and psyche searching for dreams that will awaken our hearts and move us to actions."

In addition to playing a central role in several online dream groups, Rita has also been active in the annual Cyber

Dreaming Conference which has been taking place in early Fall for the last seven years. Approximately 150 dreamers from around the world participate in this two-week event which provides non-stop possibilities for sharing questions and observations about dreams in response to papers written by well known experts in many topics related to psychic dreaming. Rita has teamed up with me for several years to conduct our annual Dream Telepathy contest at our annual ASD conference. She helps to facilitate all aspects of the contest while it is ongoing at the conference, and also writes up an interesting detailed report about many of the impressive dreams which were submitted and their close correspondence to the pictures which served as the target material. Rita herself possesses impressive psychic skills as a dreamer and her "hits" frequently receive prizes for the skills that she demonstrates during the Cyber dreaming contests and are also acknowledged by members of her dream groups.

I felt especially honored when Rita served as the moderator for an address I gave on the topic of Angel Figures in Dreams at one of our ASD conferences. This experience was particularly meaningful to me personally because, of all of the people that I have encountered during my span of 80 years, Rita is certainly the most angelic being that I have ever been privileged to encounter. She exudes warmth, kindness, love, support, understanding, acceptance, and a long list of other positive attributes. Rita is an exceptionally advanced spiritual person who seems to be nourished by an intense inner light that enables her to manifest all of these qualities so steadily and effortlessly.

Her generosity of Spirit is pervasive and extends to every single member of the global community. I don't know of anyone who has ever dealt with Rita

in any encounter who did not feel the presence of an extraordinary amount of love and compassion. These maternal qualities also expand out to her extended family, including her nine grandchildren. She embodies the archetypal imagery associated with "The Earth Mother" and seems to represent a very wise clan mother who reaches out to and nourishes every member of her dream clan.

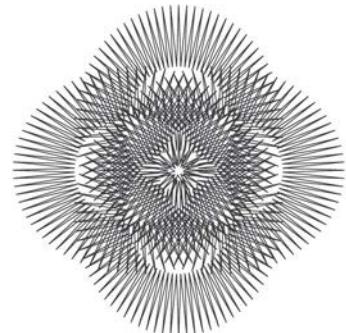
I was recently reading some comments that Rita had prepared for Amazon.com for one of the books she had reviewed, She Who Dreams : A Journey Into Healing Through Dreamwork by Wanda Easter Burch. Rita wrote:

"This is a deeply inspiring story of a woman's brave battle with breast cancer... these stormy seasons of her soul are tempered with an in indomitable will to be healed at all levels of her being. Experiencing surgery and then chemotherapy with its dreadful side effects never stops her from turning to her dreams for help and healing. She recounts dreams, her ways of sharing and working with them and using the wisdom she reaps from them. Tested to her depths, she emerges as a beacon to others, a Wounded Healer whose example offers the greatest hope of all to those of us who face life challenges. Her illness may have stolen her breast, but it didn't harm the caring heart beating beneath it, nor her sharp mind, nor her glowing spirit... all of which are put to use as she rewrites her life contract and now walks on a new path as a Dream Guide and Dream Bringer to others."

These words used by Rita to describe Wanda's challenges and how she triumphed through dreams seem to correspond extremely well with the journey that Rita herself traveled after her traumatic encounters when her own body was engulfed in flames in 1959. ∞

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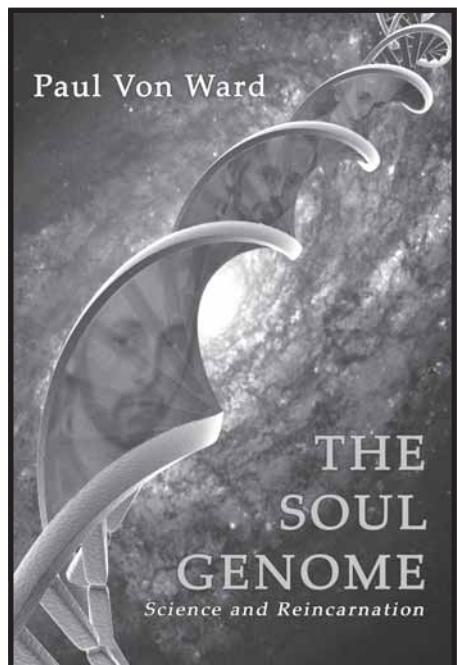
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Regarding Jean Campbell, Globally

Article & Testimonials gathered by David L. Kahn

OVER THE COURSE OF THE LAST FEW YEARS it hasn't been difficult to find conversations on such subjects as war, foreign policy, political agendas, and economics. Though it has been a long time coming, it now isn't even beyond the scope of normalcy for discussions to commence on the plight of children in Africa including AIDS orphans, extreme poverty, disease, and wars that many Americans do not consider to be their concern. Many well-intentioned people express their opinions on these topics and cast their votes for political offices based upon those opinions. A smaller but media-present number of people and organizations go a step further by donating money or time to causes aimed at benefiting innocent victims of these tragedies. Still a lesser number are inspired enough to begin a movement of their own and among those are a handful that are so effective in motivating people to

do their part in non-partisan, ego-less assistance to those most in need that their followers believe the idea came from their own mind. Jean Campbell is one such individual.

What makes Jean Campbell's work with dreams so unique is that she includes a deep sense of human spirit within the work. Her research on mutual dreams has turned into something much more than questioning whether or not it is possible. Instead the assumption is made that we are all indeed connected to one another, and as such we all have a responsibility to something bigger than ourselves. Her guidance branches out far beyond the people that she directly assists, as those people continue spreading her spirit by planting new seeds of their own.

You don't often hear people say that they first met someone in a dream, but that seems commonplace with

Jean. Those who meet her this way don't think of it as strange or unnatural, but are instead only filled with a sense of gratitude for what they have gained by knowing her both in and out of their dreams.

The following testimonials come from people all over the world that wanted to share their experiences and feelings about Jean. The pages of a book no doubt could be filled with similar such stories.

Yvonne Gonzalez-Baez, Mexico

Jean, the dreaming star. I first met Jean in a dream before I met her physically. "You will work with crystals" were her words to me in that dream. When I met her in waking life and asked her if she knew about crystals, she started giving me what became my first course in crystals and my first shot of how dreams could transcend and open ways in our lives. Needless to say, that dream—and her

lecture in crystals—changed the course of my life. Since then, she became my dreaming star and has been the light that has shown me the path to go ahead in the dreams realm. Actually, I have continued in this dreaming adventure because of her.

She first invited me to become a member of the World Dreams Peace Bridge when it started, after 9/11. At that time, I didn't know how dreaming for peace would make a difference nor how to put our dreaming efforts to help others. After so many years in the group, I have witnessed all the projects that have seen the light because of the dreams we have incubated, dreamed of, and put into action. She simply showed us how we could make a difference in the world... dreaming! I admire her and her stamina so much.

Jean has been more than a mentor to me: She has also motivated me to keep studying, participating, and inviting me to help out in the edition of her book Group Dreaming, Dreams to the Tenth Power. She also asked me to participate in the Psiber Dreaming conferences and the International conferences as volunteer. Because of that, I have learned much of what I know in the dreaming arena today.

If it wasn't for her, I wouldn't have fought against my fear to start giving dream workshops in Mexico when there were already people interested in them. She was the one who assured me I was ready to take the next step in this journey.

Thank you, Jean!

So here I am, as an active member of the IASD, doing things I never thought I would do, helping others in ways I never thought possible, teaching those who want to know something about dreams and dreaming for peace. All this and more, because of one simple and singular human being: Jean.

This is a tribute—a living tribute—to

this Woman of Peace. To the one who has enlightened the dreaming path of many. To Jean, the star...

~~~~~  
**Rita Hildebrandt, California**

I met Jean at the Santa Cruz conference and immediately was drawn in by her warmth and openness. It was my first conference and she made me feel welcomed and at ease. I got to know her a little bit better during the days of the conference and joined her *Peace Dreaming Bridge* after 9/11/01. This was a deep transformational experience for me as I learned to disclose my deeper self in a community of dreamers, all of us dreaming for peace. And that is how I learned how indefatigably Jean had moved forward with her vision of dreaming and peace since her early years. She and the Peace Dreaming Bridge were and continue being a light of inspiration for me. Through the Peace Dreaming Bridge I joined a Psiber-dreaming conference, prodded by Jean, and last year organized the first Southern Ca. IASD regional.

Without Jean none of this would have happened.

~~~~~  
David Kahn, Ph. D.

2007-8 IASD President, Professor at Harvard Medical School

Jean has been in the forefront of dreams for a very long time. She has contributed to the field of dreams as an author on dreams, as a leader of dream groups in her home town and at IASD conferences, as the President of IASD, as the Board Chair of IASD, as a workshop leader and presenter at many IASD conferences. She is an innovative leader having conceived of and being instrumental in the carrying out the "year of celebration" activities that mark the 25th year of IASD.

Jean has many, many talents. One of the most remarkable is her ability to conceive new ways of exploring

dreams, thereby garnering interest in dreams and dreaming and importantly, to personally see to it that her ideas are executed in a thoughtful and efficacious way.

Jean is a true leader in the field of dreams.

~~~~~  
**Robert Waggoner, Iowa**

IASD is full of welcoming, friendly people, but Jean Campbell takes it a step further. Through the internet and her vast network of friends on the internet, she welcomes people across seven continents to dreaming and IASD. She responds to their interests, finds them people interested in the same subjects, expands their interests and makes them feel at home in the electronic world of dreaming... the computerized collective unconscious.

When I log onto my email, it cheerfully says, "You've got mail." When Jean Campbell logs onto her email in the morning, it must groan with the collective weight of hundreds of new messages from all around the globe. It's amazing... and Jean is amazing for taking it on and welcoming so cheerfully all those who appear.

~~~~~  
Misa Tsuruta, New York/Japan

I first met Jean consciously in 2006, in her morning group at Bridgewater international conference. In one particular group, Lana X shared her dream in which *she dropped her friend's baby into a crack on the ground*. Subsequently in the group, we all became that baby. Looking back, that was the time when a "baby" was "injected" or "installed" in me. Now, about two years since then and fifteen years since I got married, I am now expecting my own, real baby. I somehow don't think these events are unrelated because I believe that a baby starts its life as a mental image of its parent(s).

My perception is that Jean, as a group

worker, has an extraordinary ability to work on shared consciousness of people. I don't see this in too many people - some are good at working on dyads, families, etc. Her ability to work on shared consciousness is obvious also from the way she works at World Dreams Peace Bridge.

Jordan Quaglia, Virginia

I met Jean for the first time over lunch about one month ago. I had sent her an email requesting to speak with her after discovering that she and I shared the same mission of helping children in the world to dream. What I did not know when I contacted her was that Jean was also the Chair of IASD, which she mentioned in the first few lines of her reply. My initial thought was, "Oh no! Why in the world would the chair of IASD want to take time to speak to a college student like me!" Of course everyone that knows Jean probably also knows what she said next. Not only was she willing to speak with me, she suggested we meet in person as we'd have plenty to discuss. I think this story is a perfect parallel to the rest of my time spent with Jean. Her passion for dreaming is contagious, and she's building a dream culture simply by being a dreamer in the true sense of the word. In my short time knowing Jean I've discovered this: Jean loves life in its entirety. As if this weren't a rare enough trait these days, even more unique is Jean's willingness and readiness to share that love with others—including a perfect stranger like me who just happened to send her an email.

Thank you, Jean.

PasQuale, The Netherlands

I have gotten to know Jean through her mailing list, the World Dreams Peace Bridge, and later she dragged me into PsiDC, which eventually lead me to becoming an IASD member, which eventually led me to become more and more involved in IASD.

So, that would be a real life example of Jean stimulating interest. If she doesn't do it through internet, she will show up in your dreams too! I feel rich to have Jean in my circle, or to be in Jean's circle. Dream on Jean, and make those dreams come true!

Kathy Turner, Australia

My thought is HOW Jean follows her dreams! It was a dream that led her to setting up the World Dreams Peace Bridge. Once Jean has a dream, what is so wonderful is the way she nurtures it. She doesn't just think the dream will automatically bear fruit... rather she gives her whole self to keep the dream alive. For example on the WDPB I've noticed the particular love and attention Jean gives to each member on the Bridge. She notices what is said or done. This morning is a great example: she asked Kotaro from Japan about the light on his flower image for that day. Indeed her noticing and asking was right on; Kotaro responded telling us how he had paused in his early morning flower search for the Bridge to wait for just that moment when a ray of light touched the flowers. Jean's attention allowed all to see the love and care given by Kotaro to his flower gifts each morning. In that moment we on the Bridge from the US, Turkey, India, Canada, Australia, Jordan, and Japan and etc. were all united in wonder at one ray of sun in Japan. That is perfect peace to me. Of course Jean has worked towards peace in so many other ways too on the bridge; I'm sure you will have plenty of information about that. I'd like to add just one note to all that information. The reason Jean can gather such a range of contacts all working for peace is that she is remarkably open to whomever comes her way. It is as though she treats the waking world as she does the dreaming world: with acceptance. Of course that is what peace is about, it allows a dance with what is.

Ilkin Sungu, Turkey

Jean entered my world when I began to search for dream information when my disaster dreams became more and more unsettling. Inviting me to World Dreams Peace Bridge, she opened a new consciousness for me. I had been an activist all my life but never imagined it could be possible to combine peace and human rights with dreams. She opened a door, offered a dimension where my life-long dreams melt in a dance with my strong ideals and can be applied in waking reality as if by magic. When I look back, it seems like Jean was always in my life. She entered and stayed in my life not only as a guide, a mentor, a fellow dreamer, but also a strong supporter in good times and bad, in sorrow and joy.

I had the honor of being one her Busy Bees when we decided on our Aid for Traumatized Children Project at the WDPB. Wow, we were really busy! All that traffic with international NGOs, finding local people, making decisions, dreaming night after night to find our way in the middle of strange lands, to reach the children in need who were undergoing bombings. WDPB has done and is doing the impossible. After all these years, it still amazes me every time we dream for peace together and every time our dreams light our way for a new step.

It is a privilege to have Jean as my Fairy Godmother. It is a honor to have her as a comrade in dreams and in our mutual struggle for peace.

Harry Bosma, The Netherlands

It must have been the discussion board of online IASD where I first met Jean Campbell. A small group of dreamers chatted about dreams, but the place lacked something. That changed with the arrival of Jean. Jean Campbell greeted every newly arrived dreamer and made sure that all questions were answered. Gradually the

board seemed to take on some of Jean's personality. Jean has always emphasized a fun-loving approach combined with common sense. Where needed she will always offer gentle suggestions, but typical for Jean are also the encouragements to trust one's own insights and decisions. I've always appreciated that about Jean myself.

After 9/11 Jean founded the World Dreams Peace Bridge. I've always found the World Dreams Peace Bridge very interesting as an approach to use dreamwork to promote peace in the world. Its membership is international enough to give a sense of how people from different cultural backgrounds won't always easily agree.

The dreaming and especially the group dreaming at the Bridge have demonstrated in what ways working with dreams can facilitate cooperation and peace.

The dreams of a group of people dreaming together can flow together in surprising ways. People who have attended one of IASD's Psiber Dreaming Conferences will have seen this at the mutual dreaming contest. Jean is one of the main pioneers in group dreaming. Jean once told me that peace work isn't necessarily mainly about stopping war machines. This is group dreaming comes in, as it shows how people are connected to each other. Another nice benefit of group dreaming is that by paying attention to dreams in a group, the dreaming becomes more alive. It's an old ideal of many dreamworkers that dreamwork could improve their life and perhaps everybody's lives, but mainly from an individual perspective. Jean spends much of her time figuring out how groups of dreamers can dream together.

The most interesting and most challenging area where Jean's been working on has to be children and group dreaming. Several years ago she created an interactive program called the

Dream Scouts to introduce children to dreaming. The Dream Scouts involved a book, a website, and dream journaling software. I really admire the ambition level of such a project. It will only work in as far as parents of the children are comfortable with dreams. Envisioning a world where children dream together and consider that normal, means envisioning a world where parents and everyone else do the same. It makes the Dream Scouts project a challenging project, but also a very exciting one!

Jean, thank you for everything you do, thank you for what you've done for the dream community and for bringing dreaming to the larger world! I'm sure that many people appreciate all your work very much. I know that you're researching a second and probably larger version of the Dream Scouts project, which I want to mention just to show that you're constantly working on new ideas. Know that you have at least one big fan for everything you do.

~~~~~ **Ralf Penderak, Germany**

"Women of Peace." I would say that Jean's life perfectly fits with that motto. From what I know of her rich life I can say she has been a political activist up from her youth. But that is second hand knowledge. First hand is how I found the World Dreams Peace Bridge, her group. And what happens there. Main point is the way she communicates: peaceful, non-judging, always trying to bring out the best from each discussant, Pushing us into higher understanding and opening up new creative ways to come from dreaming to peaceful actions.

I admire her persistence in the face of all the setbacks surrounding the "Aid for Traumatized Children", supporting children in Iraq, especially Baghdad.

One other jewel in her chest of treasures is her vision. She is certainly

on the edge of application of dreaming skills in finding creative and peaceful solutions to the challenges we are facing in our projects. This I feel emerges from her deep spirituality, but one that lets her find surprising ways to succeed in spreading peace in our world.

~~~~~ **David L. Kahn, Minnesota (author)**

In July 2006 I dreamed of *being near the top of a mountain with the president standing to my side. I felt a strong sensation of peace as we overlooked stunning scenery. We then climbed up a cliff, at which point we were standing on a grassy area in a new country. A teacher was there with many children of different ethnicities.* Several months after this dream, I learned about and joined the World Dreams Peace Bridge. At that same time I was also discussing some options for my book with my publisher, including copyediting, proofreading and costs. After learning about the Aid for Traumatized Children Project, I decided that this is where I wanted my royalties to go and my publisher was pleased to be involved. Unbeknownst to me, Jean had previously worked as a copy editor and literary teacher. She not only wrote the forward of my book for me, but without even being asked she took the time to copyedit it for me. Jean was president of IASD at that time, and my connections to the words 'president', 'peace,' and 'children of different ethnicities' took on new meaning.

As the testimonials were arriving in my email box, it became clear that the kindness and friendship I have received from Jean is something that everyone who knows her is fortunate to share in. Her ability to bring out the best in each of us is a tribute to her leadership. She has created a web of peace that spans the globe, each of us linked to the other, with all connections leading back to her. There is not a better single word to describe her. Jean Campbell *is* peace. ∞

easily. Montague Ullman sees a link between anomalous dreams and the "implicit order" and "holomovement" described by the physicist David Bohm. I see them as examples of the "long body" spoken about by Native American shamans over the millennia. In any event, they represent one of the many enigmas in the field of dream research, and Rita's fiery introduction into this fascinating world serves as an anecdote that was personally meaningful as well as exemplifying one of the many challenges dream researchers confront.

The IASD has pulled together an incredible collection of neuroscientists, social and behavioral scientists, psychotherapists, artists, writers, educators, dreamworkers, and people from other fields who are fascinated by this "language of the night." Rita Dwyer has been there to offer support, counsel, encouragement, and inspiration. She has combined business savvy and organizational skills with a loving heart as vast as the dream world itself.

And what can we make of the scars that are the sequelae of her brush with immolation? For some, the burn marks would represent a disfigurement and a mark of shame. But Rita wears her scars proudly, like a shaman who has undergone an initiatory ordeal or a warrior who has survived a bloody battle. Rita's smile is so infectious, and her inner grace is so luminous, that the scars actually enhance her grins, her smiles, and her laughter, making them a lattice-work of beauty marks.

There is an old show tune that begins, "Rio Rita! Life is sweeta, Rita, when you're around." And life at IASD is certainly sweeter when our Rita is around. Indeed, she is an angelic presence, a mischievous sage and a reminder that dreams belong not only to the experts but to everyone who remembers and appreciates them. ☾

Beyond Jean Campbell

by Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.
Professor of Psychology, Saybrook Graduate School

I FIRST MET JEAN CAMPBELL when she was living in Virginia Beach, nearly three decades ago. A friend gave me a copy of her book, *Dreams Beyond Dreaming*, which was a pioneering effort to report people's claims of entangled dreams and how to facilitate them, a phenomenon that has also been referred to as "collective dreams." I was impressed by Jean's original perspective on dreams and her willingness to find new and creative ways of investigating anomalies in dream reports. Montague Ullman and I had been studying non-local and non-temporal effects in dreams, so Jean's work was of special interest to me.

After this initial meeting, we kept in touch and it was only logical that Jean would join the International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD). It was not quite as logical that she would assume the presidency of this group, representing an outlook on dreams that veered sharply from mainstream paradigms. However, Jean brought zeal and passion to her presidency that strengthened the organization and expanded its frontiers, both ideologically and geographically.

It is a delight to share time with Jean, whether it is in official IASD Board meetings, at receptions, or over lunch. She has a splendid sense of humor that enlivens conversations with her, as well as workable proposals that enhance the functioning of the IASD around the world. The internationalization of IASD, to a great

degree, reflects Jean's efforts to "globalize" dreamwork throughout the years.

In recent years, Jean has written another memorable book, *Group Dreaming*, one that is less esoteric and more accessible than Carlos Castaneda's well-known opus, *The Art of Dreaming*. When I asked Castaneda about this book he claimed that he had placed it in "the second attention" upon finishing it, since it was too outrageous for the world to take seriously. When his publisher demanded the book to fulfill contractual obligations, Castaneda claimed that it took him two weeks to retrieve his manuscript, computer files not yet having become accessible. I was thinking that Jean would simply have put her book in a wall safe or a safety deposit box had she wanted to protect a manuscript from plagiarism.

Jean balances an esoteric spin on the dreaming process with a shrewd, practical, and down-to-earth way of bringing the general public into the dream discourse. When I first met her at Virginia Beach, I was giving a workshop on dreams for the Association for Research and Enlightenment, a group devoted to the promulgation of Edgar Cayce's philosophy on dreams, holistic health, past life reports, and numerous other topics. That was an appropriate setting for Jean at the time, and the International Association for the Study of Dreams is fortunate to be infused by her enthusiasm and her expertise today. ☾

Shared Paradise

I am a guest faculty member at a university in an Israeli city. I wander the streets of the city, and I observe how different the lives of Israelis and Palestinians are. In one area of wide boulevards and sidewalks, there are many gun shops. I see a tall Palestinian youth who has disguised himself as an Israeli soldier in olive drab. He enters a walk-up gun store and purchases a semi-automatic rifle. He emerges with the gun and triumphantly shows it to the other members of his street gang. He remarks to them that, "If we could all get guns like this, it would be Paradise."

I am shocked by a sudden realization about the nature of the Palestinian-Israeli conflict.

I return to the university to share it. I am in a large, oval hall with a black floor; my wife is sitting with me in the front row of the audience as we face a group of 3 faculty panelists, two women and a man, who are presenting their views on the conflict.

Their position is fairly liberal, like everyone else at the university, but they really don't have anything new to say. After they talk, the floor is open for discussion by other faculty.

I let a few others speak, and then I rise and ask to be heard. I say that, as a guest, I know that I don't have a lot of status here, but I ask them to listen and they agree to do this.

I relate the incident at the gun shop. I tell them that of course this is a nauseating distortion of Islamic teachings about Paradise. But then I say, "Here in Israel, you Israelis are all living in Paradise. You are well fed, you have good jobs, and you are in Eretz Yisroel. If it were not for the fear of terrorism, you would be completely in Paradise. But the only way to eliminate that fear is for Paradise to be SHARED."

The Palestinians have no such access to the Paradise which you enjoy.

The only way they will give up violence is if you open the doors of your Paradise to them."

I go on to compare the status of the Israelis to the spine of an old book, bound in red leather with gold letters; and the status of the Palestinians I show by unfolding another book spine from the top down – only the lower segments taper off to a point. I show the two book spines, side by side – they do not match. My speech is shocking to many people there, and a lot of them walk out. My wife chides me for stirring up trouble, but I feel that it was necessary to share this message.

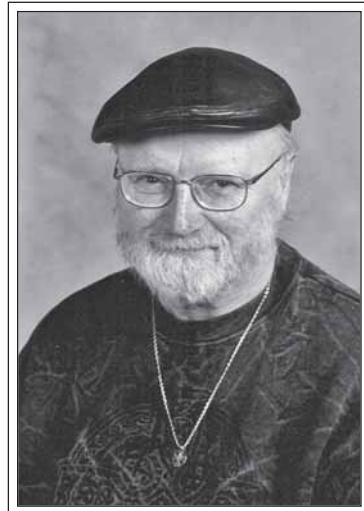
As we exit the hall, I see a sign like an enneagram engraved into the base of the threshold, which we have to step over, that the oval hall was designed by Kaleil. I ask my wife about this, and she says that his design has long since disappeared under water.

Certainly it cannot be seen any more in the darkness of the empty hall.

DREAMS IN THE NEWS



... dreams from
the street...



by Russell A. Lockhart, Ph.D.

I WENT OUT WALKING, finally warm enough in a long-delayed spring, to wear the Earth Shoe sandals I love. As I crossed an alleyway, a man approached me on a bicycle. His scroungy hat, last-century bike, clothes that had never met a Maytag or any other washer, all announced a beggar man about to ply his trade. I nodded to him in the friendly way I do, to which he responded hesitantly, "Can you spare some change?" My old, faded, owl-pictured T-shirt, my torn shorts, my drooping socks, my well-worn Scots leather cap... this fashion assemblage must not have inspired visions of receiving much—hence his emphasis on "spare."

I always respond to these requests—but in an odd way. I never just give money. Instead, I'll respond with something like this: "Well, I don't know how much change I have, or whether I have any at all, but you are welcome to all I have... if you

will tell me a dream you remember." This never fails to elicit the most varied and interesting conversations. Sometimes I get no dreams. Sometimes only crazy fragments, like shards of something broken. But quite often, I will receive a real pearl of a dream bearing wisdom worth far more than the few coins I give in exchange.

"Wow!" he says, "No one has ever asked me that." His eyes sparkled a bit—something I have experienced many times in doing this over the years—and he told me a dream. In the dream...

...he was biking as he always does along a familiar route and he goes by a tree that is not really there and in the tree is a very large owl.

As he stops and stares at it, the owl makes an enormously piercing sound. He could not describe it better than to say it was incredibly loud and piercing.

"You think it means something?" he asked.

"Yes, I do. The owl is trying to break through into your daily life, and you are not alone in this. The owl has something to say to all of us that we urgently need to hear. It cannot be ignored. It cannot be denied. And, most likely, you will find out more, if you listen to the owl." His eyes got big—I think he had an experience he did not expect. And, he got \$0.74 for his dream.

What is this piercing cry of the owl? I am not going to regale you with a foray into the "symbolism" of the owl—you can do that yourself. But I will tell you what happened next. I told Paco Mitchell of this experience during one of our conversations (see a piece of our dialogue elsewhere in this issue), and after I had relayed the above, he said, "He got a lot more than \$0.74!" True or not, the impact on me of Paco's statement was enormous. It let loose a



*Always the wise owl
shall be on watch*

flood tide of dreams I now recalled that I had "heard from the street." As this tide poured over me, I wondered: can dreams from the street be news? Is this piercing cry of the owl news?

Then Paco emailed me a quote from a book he was reading, Dan Noel's, The Soul of Shamanism: Western Fantasies, Imaginal Realities:

"Merlin returns... through our attentiveness to the cries of the unconscious, the murmurs of the imaginal or soul realm which we Westerners lost in modernizing the world. But we have rediscovered this realm thanks to Jung and those who are realizing his legacy, allowing us to comprehend Merlin's cry and greet his return as we pursue the realities of shamanic imagining."

What would make Merlin's Owl news, rather than a mimetic rendition of already-told tales, would be a story not yet told. This is why I emphasize that all dreams are the future forming. To symbolize the owl in and through images and tales already known, is a move away from the immediacy of the story-generating capacity of the freshly dreamed image. So, in this dream of the owl's piercing cry—which we can take as a portent of Merlin's awakening and return—the key idea is that this news must lead to the "realities of shamanic imagining." I think it is this I was referring to when I told the dreamer "you will find out more if you listen to the owl."

As I write this, another street dream I heard a couple of years ago seemed to insist on itself as belonging here. In this beggar woman's dream, which she told me after laughing

hysterically at such an absurd idea as someone wanting a dream...

...there was a man dressed in black with a strange black hat and when he finally coaxed her to reveal the coins in her hand, they began to liquefy and puddle and finally dripped through her hands falling to the ground, reminding her of solder—not hot, not burning her—but now an endless stream pouring from her hands to the ground.

"Now what good is that?" she asked. "Man, I need money, not solder." I could have told her of George Soros' The Alchemy of Finance, but instead said something like, "I think your man in black is showing you what is coming, that this is a picture that we will all experience in one way or another, whatever gold we have turning to lead. You won't have so far to fall as some of us and maybe we have something to learn from you and your plight and maybe you as well have something to learn of the value of your moneyless condition." I gave her a dollar bill because I had no change, to which she said, "Well, at least this won't melt!"

I took her dream as news, but did not act on my impulse to write about it back then, nor did I take its warning seriously. I regret that now. I did not hear this news from our leaders, our financial cheerleaders, or our leaders in waiting. I heard this—as Johnny Cash, that man in black has told us—from "the poor and beaten down," from those "livin' in the hopeless, hungry side of town," from "the sick and lonely," from the "ones who are held back," from those whose "lives could have been." I hear it as news from those I believe who are hearing first among us, the cries of Merlin's return, and sensing his magic afoot.

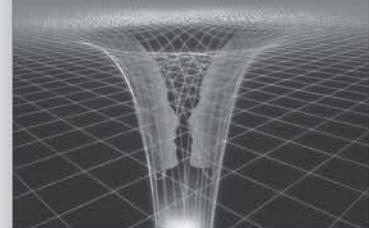
Yes, there *is* news in dreams from the street. ∞

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Healing the Soul through Understanding Karmic Patterns



Past Life Dreamwork

Healing the Soul through Understanding Karmic Patterns

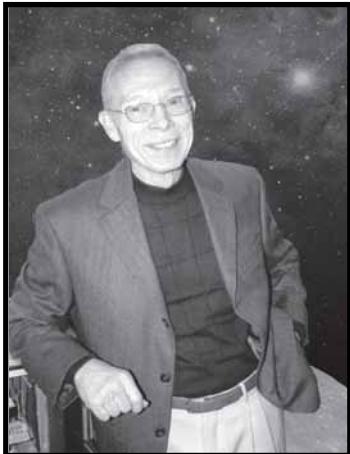
SABINE LUCAS, Ph.D.

In *Past Life Dreamwork*, Sabine Lucas examines "soul bloodlines"—character traits, talents, and life issues that show up in successive past lives. Threaded through dreams, these bloodlines reveal the forces that manifest in this life, and shape individuality and destiny within the reincarnation cycle. Though past life related material regularly surfaces in dreams, until now dreamwork has been largely ignored as a therapy for integrating past life experiences. Past life memories help us work out karma on the macro level and trauma on a micro level. Lucas distinguishes three types of past life dreams—classic, informative, and hybrid—and demonstrates how to distinguish these from other dreams.

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DO YOU EVER WISH you could have a really *BIG DREAM*? You might imagine what it would be like: a great opportunity. Some people report having life defining dreams that remain vividly in mind for years.

Who wouldn't want such an experience? In ones' imagination, the *big dream* might be extremely vibrant, or be of the utmost clarity. Most certainly, it would be memorable and life changing. The dream might spark a spiritual awakening.

In an attempt to find out more about the *big dream*, I looked through my dream book collection. Some of the authors assured readers that their books on dreams provided all the information they needed to know about dreams. Nevertheless, scanning tables of contents, chapter titles, section labels, and indices failed to turn up any direct reference to the *big dream*.

The *big dream* was even elusive on the internet. The term was there. Some "big dream" sites attempted to tell internet surfers what they "really" want out of life. One site had a synchronicity card pack for sale. Another site was about a church building fund. Even "bigdream.com" billed as "your source for virtually anything" wasn't a source of information about big dreams. On a hunch, I revisited The World Dream Book by Sarvananda Bluestone. He used the term, "great dream." He also provided a simple yet significant reminder that "... there are many kinds of dreams,

it lies with the dreamer to determine the nature of the dream and it remains for each person to determine his dreams' lessons."

There is certainly the chance that many of us have had a *big dream* and failed to recognize it. We've been conditioned in our society to expect important things to make a big impression. The *big dream* may fail to get our full attention at first.

Symbolically, the International Association for the Study of Dreams (ASD) has been like a *big dream* for me that began quietly but grew in importance as I worked with it. It has helped me to satisfy my intention to learn more about dreams by providing reading material, group study opportunities, dream sharing groups, and research reports. Most importantly, it has provided the opportunity to be a part of a dedicated community of dreamers. Rita Dwyer and Jean Campbell are vital members of that community.

I met Rita when I attended an Association for the Study of Dreams annual conference for the first time. Prior to the conference, I had little contact with the organization. Rita made quite a fuss over me. She explained how she had seen my name as a founding member of the association on paperwork for about 14 years and wondered who this phantom person might be. Her welcome made me feel very much at home during a personally and professionally rough time in my life. Immediately after the conference, I got to enjoy her company when a small group of members went out to supper before returning home. Remembering the event brought a heartfelt smile as I recalled such a warm feeling of belonging. Over time, I became aware of how vitally important Rita was to the association and all of the people she has welcomed. Years later, at another

conference, I was just turning to leave the ball, when Rita reached out and asked me to dance. I wondered if she had sensed that I felt alone and reached out once again to make me feel right at home.

I met Jean Campbell at an ASD Conference in Copenhagen a few years ago. I knew about her marvelous "Dream Bridge" project that allowed children from different countries to share their dreams. I can recall with fondness, sitting on a restaurant boat with Jean and another member as Jean shared her dreams, plans, and hopes for the organization. The weather was chilly and rainy, but she projected an air of confidentiality that made me feel like a life long friend. At a subsequent conference, I was pleased to learn that she had been elected as president of the association and I worked just briefly with her on a project. More recently, I received a note card from Jean in the mail. She was complementing me on an article I had written. I was tickled to read the compliment in her beautifully written script even before I had gotten a chance to see the article in print myself.

Like dream characters, Rita Dwyer and Jean Campbell came into my life for an admittedly brief period of time, but have had an ongoing and meaningful effect. In order to fully appreciate the positive impact these two dedicated individuals have had on the lives of others, however, we would literally have to visit with people all over the world. You can bet that Rita and Jean represent portions of the big dreams of many individuals. So, if you get a chance to meet Rita and Jean, be sure to see that opportunity as potentially life changing, something like a *big dream* coming your way. ∞

Bluestone, Sarvananda. The World Dreambook. Rochester, Vermont, Destiny Books, 2002,



Wisdom in Dreams

PART ONE

HUMANS HAVE ALWAYS FLIRTED with wisdom, even courted it. From the Venus of Willendorf to the cave paintings of Lascaux; from the Great Pyramids of Egypt to the Healing Temples of Aesculapius, a sheen of wisdom has lain over the human enterprise, gracing our intelligence, skill and inventiveness with an imponderable *something*. When wisdom smiles on human endeavor we seem truly gifted, lifted beyond ourselves on wings that do not melt if they approach the sun.

Ancient cultures recognized this "something" as an enveloping, transcendent presence. They even dared to give it many names: Sophia, Shekhina, Athena, Nebo, Ea, Christ, Buddha, Mohammed, the Goddess, Venus, Thoth, manna, the magi, the daimon, among countless others.

Modern culture, drunk with the hubris of power and mesmerized by its trinkets, trains us to look with amusement on those early cultures. We scoff at the naïveté of the ancients, who not only saw fit to personify wisdom but also looked upon a world suffused with the quaintness of soul, the superstition of spirit.

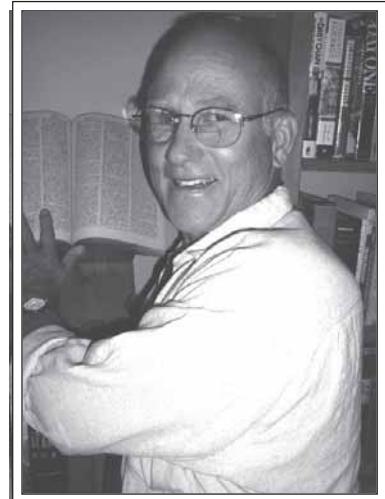
But we live in a time when much of humanity seems gripped by a strange, fateful inertia. It is as though we were

(are?) incapable of tearing ourselves away from our labors and amusements long enough to face the deadly paradox: that the mythological machinery of technological prowess and economic "growth"—if not somehow brought under control and harnessed to serve wiser ends—might conceivably bring the human enterprise to an unseemly, premature end.

In such a time we might ask whether knowledge alone—severed from wisdom—is worth what it is costing us. And if it is not worth the cost, how then are we to bring wisdom, however haltingly, back into our lives, re-connecting it with knowledge?

The Philosopher's Stone

The aim of this article is to consider dreams as a potential source of wisdom. But first, let's consider a few qualities of wisdom itself. Admittedly, sometimes wisdom rises to the level of rarified mystical insight or philosophical perception. But equally striking, and perhaps more important for our purposes, is the very commonness of it. An alchemical saying, referring to the Philosopher's Stone, expresses it thus: *"Here stands the mean uncomely stone, 'Tis very cheap in price! The more it is despised by fools, the more loved by the wise."*



by Paco Mitchell

On a practical level, wisdom may come into play when we exercise discernment and insight. If a politician lies to us, for example, and we cannot discern the lie, then we can have little insight into the personality of that politician and little chance of responding wisely to the slogans and propaganda issuing forth from the media under his or her control. How can we be wise citizens in a troubled time if we do not actively seek such discernment and cultivate such insight? But with discernment, we are one step closer to wisdom.

Ironically, young children sometimes have an uncanny ability — and why not call it wisdom? — to see through social poses and put their finger on the telling characteristics of someone they meet. This reveals an unconscious capacity for discernment. The fairy tale about the Emperor's clothes points to the presence of wisdom in the young, as does the expression "Out of the mouths of babes." But what is freely given in childhood is too often drummed out of us by the time we are adults. The attainment of wisdom then becomes a matter of recovering something that we once had, but lost. I wonder if this in part is what Jesus referred to when he said "Except ye become as little children...."

"Unto the seventh generation"

The word wisdom means "seeing doom" or "seeing judgment," in the sense of seeing an outcome in advance. A long-term perspective is therefore implicit in a wise response to processes that affect us and others. An example would be native people's ecological concern for the effects of an action on "seven generations." Contrast this with the contemporary ethos of "resource-extraction for immediate profit," and ask yourself which is the wiser course.

Wisdom can enter into our life-choices in subtle ways without our knowing it. "Mistakes," for example, can further the larger process of becoming whole persons. Wisdom is always greater than we are. And whether we wish it or not, the shadow side of the personality forms part of the greater whole and, one way or another, will have its say. If we deny and repress the shadow, then—willy-nilly—it will express itself through projection. Thus the evil eye casts about for an enemy, seeking yet another resting place on which to displace one's own darkness into the world. Would it not be wiser to come to terms with our shadow, however unpleasant the process, than to force someone else to carry the burden for us?

It should be evident from these everyday examples that wisdom is not always out of reach, even though from earliest times we have imagined it as a gift from the gods. But I believe the ancients' attitudes, in many ways, to be healthier than our own, and more accurate. Ironically, in the "science" of wisdom they may have been more astute than we are.

For we have turned our backs on wisdom in favor of efficiency, expediency and power. In the process we have displaced wisdom from the elevated temple it once occupied as a ruling principle of the universe, relegating it instead to rarified individuals whom we then either dismiss as impractical fools, or place on pedestals, out of reach of the rest of us.

Only a stunted culture could imagine that wisdom is not a property of the universe, free for the taking, like honey for the bear, available to anyone with eyes to see.

The Wisdom Vessel of Dreams

Dreams provide a great corrective for the myopia of our age, insofar as they force us to look at ourselves more honestly. They confront us mercilessly with our shadows and our complexes, our fears and inflations, our manic ambitions. They show us the damage we wreak on the unknown creatures and persons of the soul. Whenever we take dreams seriously and allow ourselves to be challenged ethically by the claims they make, we have inched a little closer to wisdom in ourselves and in the world. For it is far more difficult to judge someone else wrongly, once we have seen the wrongs that we inflict on ourselves. It would be difficult to overstate the benefits of this kind of psychological hygiene for the world itself.

By showing us that we are not masters in our own psychic households, dreams help us to ratchet down the rampant egomania that threatens the world and all of us with it. Matthew Fox equates this egomania with "anthropocentrism," which he calls one of the great unrecognized sins of our time, along with ecocide, geocide and biocide. For example, were we not so egomaniacal and anthropocentric, we would find it more difficult to look with such stunning, apathetic complaisance at the extinction of animal species taking place today on all sides.

These two features of dreams alone—that they confront us with our shadows and thereby undermine our titanic egotism—constitute a massive potential for the influx of wisdom into the suffering world.

But note: It requires the moral courage of a fearless witness to look at dreams in this light and to allow oneself to be transformed, not into what one would like to be, but into what

one actually is. This same moral courage also forms a crucial part of what I am calling wisdom in the person, the dream and the world.

I say "crucial" advisedly. The word derives from the same root as "crux," "cross" and "crucifix." The individual who confronts the wisdom in dreams may indeed undergo a kind of psychological crucifixion, an excruciating suspension between the opposites. But how else is the one-sidedness that is tearing our world asunder to be brought into balance, if not through the moral courage of individuals, who find the wisdom to recognize both sides of their own story?

Balance, moral courage, discernment: all are parts of wisdom, as is the seeking of it.

Communing With the Animals: A Dream

We could fill volumes with examples of dream wisdom, once attuned to its subtleties. But I would like to cite just one simple dream, before concluding, as an example of what I consider the "wisdom-voice" in a dream. A woman dreamed:

I am standing in a field, on one side of a wire fence. On the other side of the fence a group of people calls to me impatiently, "Let's go, let's go!" Instead of getting caught up in their impatience, however, I calmly say: "No, first we must commune with the animals."

Several aspects of this dream reveal what we might call the "vector of wisdom."

First is the distinction between the individual and the group, which are placed on opposite sides of the fence. So long as the dreamer is caught up in collectively-determined impatience—driven-ness—she will probably not be open to wisdom. But she is on the "other side of the fence."

Second, the wire fence is a porous division, not an absolute barrier. She can see the group and hear its call throughout the dream. But whereas they are agitated, she is calm. In this

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respect the dream shows the dreamer resisting the emotional pull of a complex, which usually draws one into a less-differentiated state — a form of regression. We function at a lower level than what we are capable of.

Third, it is probably because she is standing "on her own side of the fence" that she is able to give voice to the wisdom-perspective. If she can stay grounded in this way, she may be able to detach herself from the complexes with which she has been aligned or identified in the past. They won't disappear or stop exerting their pull, but at least she has established a precedent of "standing her ground."

Fourth, the wisdom-message that "first we must commune with the animals" suggests that the dreamer is aware of a priority lost on the group: communion with the animals in some way takes precedence over pursuit of worldly concerns.

Fifth, it should be noted that "the animals" do not appear in the dream.

They are not visible. Interestingly, this suggests that the "communion" need not be taken literally, that is, it can take place inwardly. The animals are always present, we just usually ignore them.

Finally, we should note that this small dream is an exception that proves the rule, since the wisdom-voice usually emerges from the depths of the dream, carried by a figure other than the ego. This is in line with our traditional notion of the angel, who flies from "heaven" to deliver a healing message to the receptive ego. Thus, it often happens that a stranger, an animal, even the structure of the dream itself, gives voice to a wisdom the ego is lacking. Here, the dreamer finds herself aligned with the "angelic" message.

This dream suggests that a shift is taking place in the dreamer's psyche, a loosening of the ties between the ego and the complexes with which it is normally aligned or identified. The dream therefore points to new

potentials that are within reach of consciousness—if she can only continue to stand her ground.

A deeper implication is that the wisdom flowing from the Self, as an expression of the Whole, is close by, ready to manifest itself to her and, through her, to the world.

As we go deeper into our dreams, and incorporate more and more of their inherent wisdom, we may gradually find in the individual soul a reflection of the underlying patterns humans have always recognized as "divine." In this sense, as individual sparks of the divine fire, we all participate in the cosmic currents of wisdom that, I believe, permeate the universe and everything in it.

Let us all seek wisdom, then, in ourselves, in our dreams, in one another and in the world. And whenever or wherever we find it, may we find the courage to live it, embody it, bring it forth and let it shine. ∞



THE DREAM: A THREE ACT PLAY

©2008 by Marlene King, M.A.
contact@dreamtimesguide.com

EVER THOUGHT ABOUT YOUR DREAMS being produced as a play? A film? A narrative that has a beginning, middle and end? It is not only possible, but it is a valuable way to view and work with dreams. Converting the dream to a story benefits your interpretation skills and can be applied to one dream or a series you have in one night.

According to scientific study, we author five dreams per night; five scenes that occur during REM (Rapid Eye Movement) sleep approximately every 90 minutes. And imagine you could recall all five of these dream sequences. You might find a cohesive story that has a definite theme strung together like pearls. It is unusual to remember all five REM dreams, but three is feasible.

The following are three dreams from one night; the content creates a perfect story:

Act (dream) #1 -

I'm with girlfriends, but meet my husband for an appointment with a top notch attorney. We go upstairs in an office building and hundreds are waiting; I decide to find a restroom upstairs. The wood floors are slick. I slide almost falling. "New" people have written their children's names on slips of paper and placed them outside office doors. I pick one up and read, "Mythic." I go back downstairs and tell my husband about the names.

Act (dream) #2 -

Downstairs an attorney comes out of his office, wears shirt and tie and has a

gold "clip" between his shoulders in the back. My husband says it means a sign of excellence.

Act (dream) #3 -

I'm driving in a desert to meet my girlfriends to explore a temple on a mountaintop. I park next to their cars in the lot then start up the temple steps. They are carpeted in a pale aqua with a tan Greek key pattern. When I reach the top, I'm winded and then I'm surprised how high it is and they say it's the temple of Athena.

~M.J. Burnsville, MN

Rich symbolism permeates this dream, but it is also a story. Carl Jung characterized dreams as "drama taking place on one's own interior stage."¹ Notice there is a beginning, middle and end – a full circle of people and images.

The first part of the dream is the exposition—including a statement of setting, the second stage the development of the plot and the third is where a marked change occurs (the culmination).² The dream starts out with the dreamer outside (physical level) an office building.

In Act #2 the plot is revealed. She is upstairs (the intellect) to conduct business with her husband. The "gold" clip that appears on the lawyer's back as a sign of excellence may have many meanings. To "clip" means to take advantage of someone (dream pun) and conveys the stereotype attorney "clipping" his clients. It may also be the excellence or "gold" within the dreamer – what Jung referred to

the authentic self (gold). When the dreamer goes upstairs (the Higher Self) to find a bathroom (elimination), she finds names written on paper and remembers "Mythic" which foreshadows and is the link to the next dream.

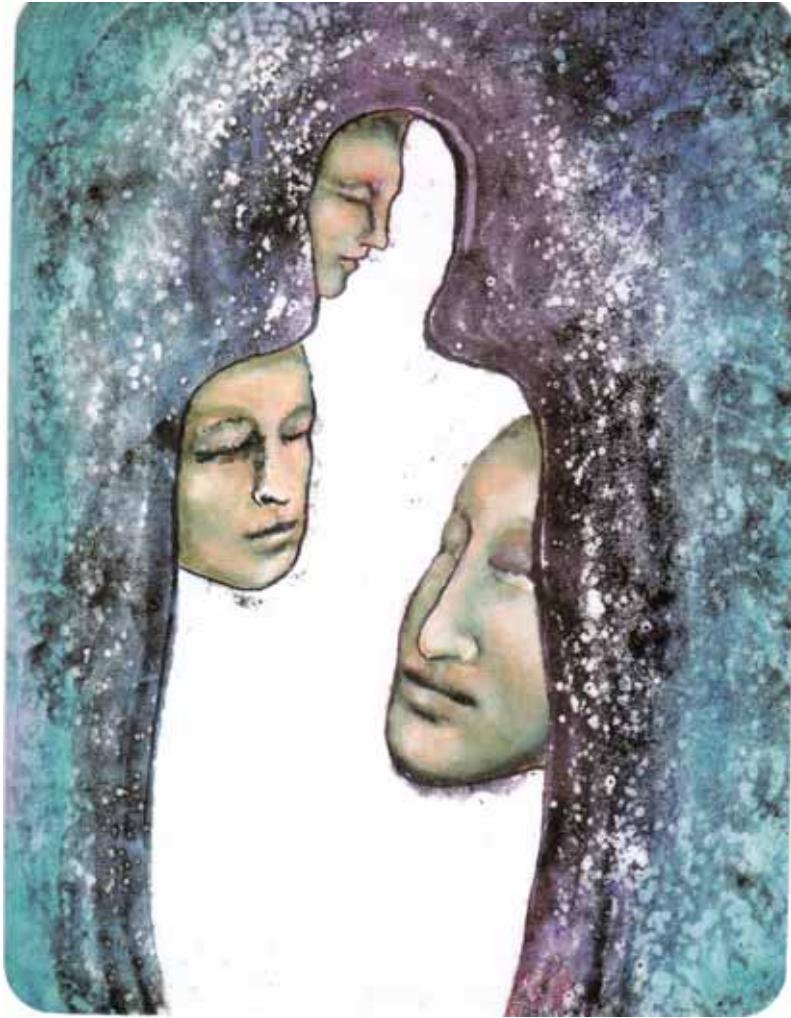
In the conclusion (Act #3) she is in the desert (low elevation/physical level) to meet with girlfriends. They are already there to explore a temple on a mountain. Again, she "goes upstairs," but these steps are carpeted and easier to traverse vs. the slick wooden flooring she encountered in Act #1; the floors/ground are important throughout all three acts—one starts at the physical and raises to the intellectual then the Higher Consciousness. Act #3 is based on reaching a mountain top, rejoining friends; the "Mythic" name is Athena and the dreamer is visiting her temple (a spiritual center) vs. a place of doing business. Thus the going up the stairs is a different experience – it nearly takes the wind out of the dreamer (the essence of life/spirit). Therein is the decisive change—a rejoining of friends (parts of self) in higher consciousness.

Catch as many dreams as possible each night, record them, and find the narrative. It is fun to see a story evolve, and this aids in analysis and detecting meaning in your dreams. ∞

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[1] *Understanding Dreams*, Mattoon, Mary Ann. Spring Publications: 1984. rev. ed., p. 57.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 57



The Quiet Strangers in Our Dreams

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LIKE A CLASSROOM OF SCHOOL CHILDREN raising their hands to get the teacher to call on them, symbols in our dreams often vie for our attention. These symbols show up in many different forms, and their attention-getting methods can be quite creative. Objects often make their case for importance by showing up as larger than they would be in waking life. At other times your focus is literally directed to a particular

object as though you are looking through a zoom lens. Places and scenery may include bright lights or spotlights, grand theaters or sporting arenas, magnificent natural landscapes, or extreme weather conditions. Some characters in your dreams want the limelight, as though they are auditioning for a leading role in your nighttime reveries.

Taking notice of whomever or what-

ever it is in your dream that is calling your attention, you may be able to quickly make sense of the general theme of the dream. A birthday cake that is 4 feet wide may symbolically represent your feelings about your upcoming milestone birthday, or a storm in the distance may be preparing you for difficult times ahead. If your uncle Ralph is someone that you associate with flashy materialism, when he shows up in

your dreams it may be cautioning you about how you are handling your finances. You shouldn't have too much trouble finding these focal points in your dreams and, in fact, they are often the parts of our dreams that we are most likely to remember.

What is not so common is to specifically take notice of the people, objects, and places in our dreams that do not command that they be the center of attention. This includes the objects in the background and those that do not have any particular anomalies in shape, size, color, texture, and so forth. The places are everyday scenes that don't strike you as unusual, with normal lighting and average weather. Characters that fall into this category often have little to say. You are aware of their presence, but they tend not to intervene in the scene. These characters seem neither to bother you nor excite you, almost as though they are there simply to observe.

Concentrating on these non-influential dream characters, let us take a look at what some of their purposes may be. First, let us assume that there is indeed a purpose not only for these characters to appear in our dreams, but for them to appear in the way that they do. As most of us that study dreams know, everything in dreams is intentional at least on a subconscious level. Realizing that your "friend" has been placed there on purpose, and with the specific personality that they have, helps to put the focus on them in a way that was not done within the dream.

Even if your dream character at first appears to be doing nothing, in reality they are doing *something*. They may be working quietly, resting, or simply observing. For example, you dream of being at the park on a nice sunny day. There is nothing unusual about the scenery including

a character sitting on a bench doing nothing other than enjoying the day. The "you" in the dream, however, is stressed. You are running through the park trying to get somewhere to do something you feel needs to be done, and most likely there are obstacles preventing you from reaching your destination. In waking life perhaps you feel constantly rushed and never able to get as much done as you'd like. Much like the ignored dream character that is enjoying the sunshine, the part of you that needs to stop and smell the roses is also not getting much attention. It could be that the "non-important" character is simply being ignored. The only reason that the character sitting on a park bench enjoying the sunshine isn't seen as equally important as other characters in the dream, including "you," is because that is how you treat that aspect of self in waking life.

In western culture, we are so focused on *doing* that we frequently fail to see the value in *being*. I often have noticed dream characters doing nothing but observing. There are times that the "I" in the dream has taken on that role, and at other times other characters do. Recently I have had a series of dreams in which a quiet stranger accompanies me. It is usually a younger man who says nothing and takes no active role in the dream. During this time frame I have been reading a book about the *Tao Te Ching*. Among the aspects of the Tao that I find compelling is the concept of non-interference. Too often I have approached my problems wondering what to do to resolve them, not realizing that often the best answer is to do nothing. Things often have a way of working themselves out. This thought pattern has slowly woven its way into my dreams as characters that do just that: they observe without interference.

In one such dream, *an active character asked me to describe a particular political candidate. I answered by saying that the candidate was someone that "we both just beat," meaning that both I and my silent friend surpassed the candidate in question. As I said that, I realized that my silent friend had passed me in the running as well, and I had conceded the candidacy to him.* The entire time, the quiet character never said a word, including when I patted him on the back and congratulated him on his success. He simply was not in competition, nor did he need the pat on the back. He just quietly did what he felt was right and let others express themselves as they saw fit.

If you make it a personal assignment to take note of characters in your dreams that don't take center stage, you may well find that there is indeed a reason for it. Consider what kind of thoughts go through your mind everyday. Do you often take one side of an issue over another, or do you find it easy to stay in the center? When you have some free time are you likely to relax, or are you always looking for something to keep busy?

By taking notice of what we ignore in our dreams, we may open the door to doing the same during waking life. It could be that the only difference between what is important and what is not is our own judgment of it. ∞

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David L. Kahn (not to be confused with David Kahn, now IASD President) is author of *A Dream Come True: Simple Techniques for Dream Interpretation and Precognitive Dream Recognition* (Cosimo, 2007) and columnist for The Lucid Dream Exchange. He is a member of the International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD) and the World Dreams Peace Bridge, and was a presenter at the 2007 IASD PeiherDreaming conference. His website is www.dreamingtrue.com.

Book Review by Paul Von Ward



Past Life Dreamwork

by **Sabine Lucas, Ph.D.**

(Bear & Company, Rochester, Vermont, May 2008.)

ISBN 978-159143075-9)

Review by Paul Von Ward,

author of The Soul Genome:

Science and Reincarnation

Pioneer psychologist Carl Jung, near the end of his life, wrote "I could well imagine that I might have lived in former centuries and there encountered questions I was not yet able to answer; that I had been born again because I had not fulfilled the task given to me." He went on to speculate that he might have to be reborn again in order to find the answers still left undiscovered, or someone else would have to assume the task. pp. 318-19

While not precluding another reincarnation by the soul genome that animated Jung, I would suggest that Jungian analyst, Sabine Lucas has taken on his unfulfilled task of substantiating the role of dreams in the continuity of individuated consciousness. With a central space in the life of the mind, dreams help maintain the coherence of unique personalities through the evolution of consciousness.

Sabine's beautifully and sensitively written book provides valuable evidence that our nightly dreams preserve memories from previous lives that clearly influence our emotions and behaviors today.

Her personal and professional story, buttressed by the cases of four people with dreams historically grounded in individual previous lives (not generic archetypes), graphically supports the theory that an individual consciousness transcends a single lifetime.

From my perspective, as the proponent of an integral model of reincarnation, her book addresses the central issue of reincarnation research: whether the experience and learning from previous lives play a significant role in one's present lifetime. Her carefully documented work clearly adds to growing evidence that personality traits developed in earlier incarnations persist and provide the foundation for each person's ongoing psychological development.

Sabine's therapeutic skill gives considerable credibility to her posited connections between past life experiences and the individual's current personality. Consistent with others' research, her cases suggest past-life experiences, whether constructive or destructive in personality terms, influence today's emotions and behavior. She demonstrates the value of integrating insights from several lifetimes in order to make constructive choices if individuals wish to seek opportunities for further experimentation and learning. Her cases demonstrate that the recognition and resolution of predisposed destructive tendencies helps clear the path for such growth.

Sabine's work is clearly the logical extension of Carl's tentative, end-of-life musings about the possibility of reincarnation. Her discoveries can be seen as a continuation of the research direction that he was finally ready for, but had no time left to explore. Her book should be read in this Jungian intellectual context, revealed in his personal life review described in Memories, Dreams, and Reflections.

Jung's End-of-Life Views

Many of Jung's childhood dreams are reminiscent of what we now consider to be past-life dreams. They are filled with clear historical detail and appeared at an age before he could have acquired the information through normal channels. Even had he been exposed to relevant texts and images prior to his dreams, that form of acquisition of knowledge could not account for his emotional responses when recounting them. In his analytic practice, consistent with his own experience, he found three- and four-year olds whose psyches were filled with content, rich in historical detail and meaning.

At the time he attributed them to a general level of collective unconscious memories (his concept of archetypes). However, later he struggled with whether some of these memories (in his own dreams and others) might be personal rather than collective. His notion of the individuation process (as his own is characterized in the opening paragraph) suggested a personal continuity might be responsible for specific emotions and abilities.

Sabine's therapeutic technique, involving the search for real-world corroboration of dreams, provides powerful evidence for the individualized nature of such childhood and adult dreams. As summarized below, her selected cases make a compelling argument that the individuals involved manifest today emotional patterns and personality traits that can be identified with specific historical personalities. It is clear that those lives provided the content of present-day dreams.

My book The Soul Genome, based on empirical evidence, posits the existence of a psychoplasm (a genome embedded in an information-rich, biogenetic field) that provides for the process that Jung called "individuation" or the transformation of the

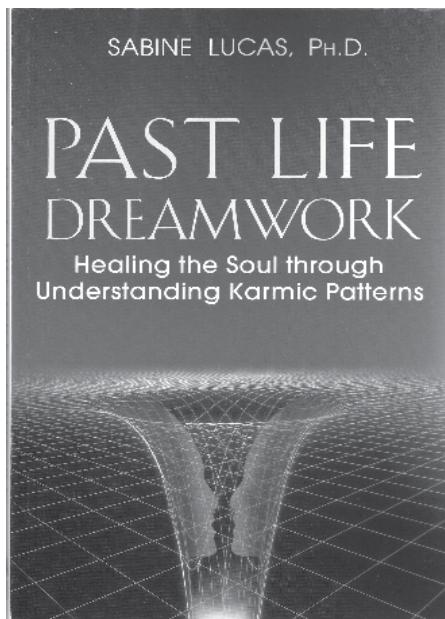
psyche through the relationship between the ego and the contents of the unconscious (including the collective unconscious). Thus, the concepts of linear reincarnation and the collective unconscious are not mutually exclusive. The individuation process can evolve personal material from previous lives as well as archetypal material from the collective unconscious.

Using Jung's terminology, we now would say that reincarnation involves the personal component of the unconscious. He seems to have recognized that possibility, as it relates to artistic gifts and other exceptional characteristics. He writes of "meager hints of dreams and similar spontaneous revelations from the unconscious." And then describes them as giving "the probing intellect the raw material which is indispensable for its vitality." p. 316 Sabine's work supports the hypothesis that cognitive functions and other personality aspects can be predisposed by the accumulated experiences of many uniquely personal lifetimes.

Illustrative Lucas Cases

One of Sabine's cases involves a Christian monk whose exploration of the implications of past life dreams enabled him to move from his cloistered life to an independent one in the heterosexual world. Through a process of identifying possible past-life sources that appeared to be the origins of his inner conflicts, he was able to integrate his warring feelings and needs into a fulfilling life and marriage. To arrive at that point, he faced the past-life traumas of being gassed as a young girl, serving as an executioner and revolutionary, and periods of learning to balance the sacred and sexuality as an American Indian and African.

A troubled gay, single scriptwriter and professor "rediscovered" a past filled with political and military lives



that also involved being royalty and serving royalty. Two of those contributed to his current skills as a writer and artist. His most recent life as a German woman exercised the most powerful emotional influence on this one. As an artist shaped by Hitler, she became a staff member at one of the infamous concentration camps, only to be executed when she began to sympathize with its victims.

One case romantically intertwined with one of Sabine's own past lives, involved a King of England with incarnations as a Viking warrior, Roman and American soldier, and an African woman. The love transference and counter-transference that developed between Sabine and her client provides persuasive evidence of the interpersonal carry-over from one lifetime to the next.

A fourth case also linked the pasts of the client and the therapist. The dream material from both people and their replay of powerful emotional patterns from an historical father-son relationship led to the empirical corroboration of the previous lives. They felt compelled to take on the necessary biographical research that validated the

historical facts in their dreams. That previous relationship was one of tragedy and alienation that was never healed until their dream work, active imagination, and use of the historical record made possible a mutual understanding of their multiple-lifetime connection.

Sabine's personal thread of posited previous lifetimes for her soul genome reads as a historical thriller that should be experienced without my giving away any clues. It will take you through sex changes, cultural divides, positions high and low, and across continents and the millennia.

In his co-created "autobiography" Memories, Dreams, Reflections, Jung, before his death, mused that his life often seemed like a story that has no beginning and no end. He spoke about the feeling that he was a historical fragment, like an excerpt for which the preceding and succeeding text was missing. p. 318 He goes on to say "When I die, my deeds will follow along with me—that is how I imagine it. I will bring with me what I have done." The book Past Life Dreamwork demonstrates the value of his speculations that he did not live to appreciate. In a future lifetime, he will discover that people like Sabine have helped fulfill this uncompleted task. ∞

[*Memories, Dreams, Reflections. Carl G. Jung and Aniela Jaffe, editor. (New York: Vintage Books, 1965).]

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Paul Von Ward, MSC & MPA, author of The Soul Genome: Science and Reincarnation and other books, created the Reincarnation Experiment involving public input at <www.reincarnationexperiment.org>. His personal email and website are: paul@vonward.com and www.vonward.com.

A Dream Wants a Dream

(an email dream-discussion between two longtime friends, Irv and Barbara)

Barbara, here's an extremely potent dream I awakened from this morning (Wednesday, 3/26/08), which strikes me clearly as a transformative dream.

IRV DREAMS...

I am finding my way over a long passage of emergence from somewhere, the journey includes a crossing of some large body of water... not an ocean, but a huge lake or something. The small boat that carries me seems to know where it is going on its own. I am the only passenger and along the way there are huge futuristic kinds of structures—perhaps island structures—visible in the twilight. Other folks are similarly debarking from voyages when my boat reaches its destination, which is a further challenge, being in some kind of industrial setting. I finally come to the end of the passage, where I unload a big backpack that I didn't know I was carrying and walk out of the premises...

... at which point I awakened to the very oddest combination of sensations. I was having quite some difficulty with my breathing, it was short and shallow, sinuses clogged, but my mind was fully and sharply awake and my entire energy was strong and present, without any of the usual 'waking-up' time lag. It was as if I was experiencing my 'old' physical self with a 'new' inner self at the very same time! Over the morning's course my breathing gradually normalized and when I went out walking, my legs felt stronger and swifter than I can recall them in quite some time. I can't help feeling as though something very unusual is happening to me.

From Barbara in Response:

I think your dream is among the many coming to us now as a result of the higher attunements and personal commitments to getting real, to withdrawing projections, to getting away from ego and roles. If it were my dream... the small boat seems to know where it is going on its own and I, being the only passenger, am being drawn forward irresistibly. My place is certain, my journey sure. We're still carrying our unseen burdens, but when we get across the waters of our unconsciousness, we set them down and walk free, unburdened. I loved your telling of the way you felt the rest of that morning after your dream. My own magical dream came the week before...

BARBARA DREAMS...

that I'm in a woman friend's back yard, a deep forested natural setting with no human-built environment around. I'm amazed to see thousands and thousands of baby turtles just hatching out of their eggs, swarming over the ground in front of me, from my right to my left, climbing over the uneven log-and moss-strewn forest floor. Some of them have wings and are flying off.

Thousands of them, a steady stream! I follow into the forest, looking for the source of the nest.

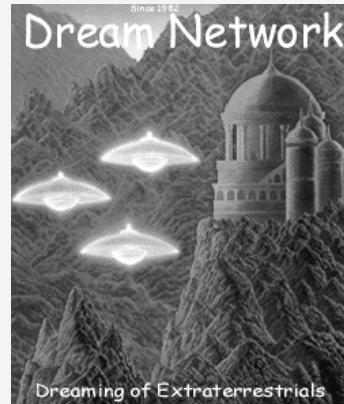
When I get to where the actual eggs are still hatching, I also see a moss-covered carcass of an old enormous turtle shell, hollowed out, caved in, disintegrating, returning to become soil from which her babies flowed.

Even telling this dream now, I feel the powerful emotional **Yes!**... that I'm part of this, that I'm one of these many beings emerging from the place our Mother left us. Our Mother, the Earth, and everything that we're doing to destroy her. But we're all emerging, from the right side of conscious and ego action to the left side of the unconscious, what Eckart calls the Presence of which we are all a part.

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