

SISTER WHO'S PERSPECTIVE

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Overview

I once remarked to someone that I'm not certain I could live with the notion that nothing exists beyond the reach of the five physical senses. I rather doubt as well that humanity can ever be fully understood without pondering what defies and transcends literal perception.

Perceiving the Invisible

Perhaps the invisible's greatest inherent challenge is the ever-increasing volume of what can be neither proved nor disproved. Yet since the integration of rationality, comprehension is chronically dissatisfied with any reality beyond measurement. Living within the presence of the invisible is unavoidably an experience of faith.

Making decisions and engaging in responses to the unseen consequently requires creativity, imagination, and releasing ideological limits. Yet that is the realm within which nearly all true life and growth arise. If one statement could be made, it is that such elements are never safe.

One must risk creating what has never previously existed, which might equally turn out to be either a most beautiful dream or a terrifying nightmare. Which it will be is usually decided by one's ongoing involvement. No such work ever emerges in finished form, but rather only as raw material needing additional effort.

Those who seek to make life easy, peaceful, and without struggle, usually produce nothing of enduring value. By utilizing multiple angles and perspectives, conversely, the greater wholeness of one's focus becomes clear. Yet it is peculiar to speak of perspective when focusing upon the invisible, since this inescapably requires utilizing perception that transcends physical eyes.

Without utilizing such capabilities and resources, the wholeness of consciousness and experience may never be known. What has nonetheless been noted is what cannot be *unseen* after perception has occurred. This act creates eternal change on one or more levels.

The unavoidable question is thus always,

"Where does one go from here?" More difficult is any insistence the particular perception is not in some way real, simply because it seems incongruent. Interpretation can continue endlessly, but nonexistence is no longer a legitimate conclusion.

An added complication is any instance in which the relational dynamic is reversed; that is, when that which is regarded as invisible is one's self. It has, for example, always been intensely difficult for me to come to constructive terms with being regarded by others as optional. I am by nature inclined to give my best to every person I meet, but more often than not find such consideration is not likewise returned.

Shall I give less than my best and thereby be less the person I truly am? That would only lead to a greater reduction in integrity. The definition of a gift, of course, is that one gives without expecting any specific return.

The challenge is only magnified if one is an embodiment of a *divine* gift, because inherent within every such gift is the possibility of no response at all. Perhaps one will thus know how Godde might feel when gifts are treated in a dismissive way or taken for granted, hopefully encouraging greater humility within one's self. It may also be that one can know thereby whether or not one's love is genuine and whether one has selfishly slipped into inaccurate self-perception.

My hope within such instances is that integrity can be its own reward, but experiences of such have seemed rather unfulfilling. It could also be one's gifts are most truthfully addressed to a future not yet born, but that may likewise be unfulfilling within the present moment. So what persists, by my choice, is remembering I live for purposes and effects reaching far beyond the moments I will directly experience.

An added complication is that narcissists I encounter are rarely aware of the devaluation they project. Directly informing them of one's perceptions may likewise be ineffective. Yet the inherent duty and identity of each star is to shine.

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

Touching the Intangible

How tragically uninformed my soul is, in relation to a myriad of instances requiring some sort of interpretation. It is often only afterward that I recognize opportunities that have passed without response, for which I cannot forgive myself. Yet regret doesn't create more chances.

Even worse is that I am often blind to what is right in front of me. No matter how I strive to see all there is to see, there are significant elements escaping my attention. Whatever else being human is, it is inseparable from limitation.

How peculiar then that a species defined by limitations carries capacities to connect with transcendence--imaginatively, creatively, and even spiritually. Restricted within limited forms, one will never fully understand humanity without integrating its unlimited abilities to exceed all boundaries, definitions, and perceptions. When Gene Roddenberry first conceived of the Vulcan IDIC (infinite diversity, infinite combination), what he may or may not have realized was that he was offering an alternative explanation of humanity's very essence.

Each time an individual imagines being cornered, it is actually an invitation to discover a space larger than the particular corner, both of which are shared with innumerable others--many of whom are temporarily invisible. Even the idea of touching the invisible thus becomes a metaphor for joining hands and working collaboratively with others not physically present. In various instances this means integrating ideas, efforts, and expressions.

Yet consciously or unconsciously touching any idea can create new, unexpected, and different opportunities. Whether those around will therein discover new growth or conversely respond with rejection, determines to a large degree whether they will empower or sabotage themselves. Allowing them equal freedom to make right or wrong choices, is one of the ways the personal and spiritual growth of others is continuously touched, but such allowance does not conflict with also offering positive guidance, insight, and encouragement if one is able.

One potential summary is that in looking at a human individual, one never sees all there is, because each individual is an integration of physical, spiritual, intellectual, emotional, and social elements. Additionally, in touching others'

lives, possibilities of community and unlimited collaboration are created. How far those will go is dependent upon the specific persons involved.

Unfortunately, this dynamic extends in both directions. Prior to any discovery or scientific measurement using a Geiger Counter, radiation existed and created illness. Environmental hazards ranging from radon gas to damaging EMFs (electromagnetic fields) may be present and negatively affecting one's health, but until they are discovered and appropriate protections are integrated, enormous suffering may follow.

It is not so much that one chooses to touch such intangibles as that one is touched by them, simply by being in close proximity. A perspective of thought that obnoxiously asks how one drew negative effects toward one's self, implies that an individual who happened to be present during the occurrence of an earthquake somehow contributed to its cause. If someone actually has that ability, there are a number of places I'm tempted to suggest for future occurrences.

The more important question within such event-oriented intersections, is what sort of person one will show one's self to be. If what one believes and practices is not making one a wiser and more loving person, as much as I strive to avoid being judgmental, I'm inclined to conclude, "I think you're doing it wrong." Central to such occurrence is often that someone has been blinded by narcissism.

My recent reading quoted a book I read of my own volition while doing undergraduate study: *People of the Lie* by Scott Peck. What did not register at the time, because I did not understand the phenomenon the way I do now, is Peck's assertion that at the heart of perhaps everything evil is some form of narcissism. This would make perfect sense if one understands that forms of *genuine* life are consistently symbiotic.

Narcissism, conversely, is the negation of relationship. Touching the intangible is among the ways that relationships are healed. If one insists upon interacting exclusively with tangible aspects, genuine healing never happens.

Love remains a fundamental means by which intangible realities can be touched. Truly listening and looking are additional ways. If one instead projects expectations and dynamics devoid of symbiosis, the best can never happen.

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

Embracing the Unverifiable

It would be very easy within the current time to unknowingly slip into being afraid of virtually everything--and allowing one's awareness to diminish so much that nothing other than the current time is completely real. As often as I complain about being a creature of time and time's limitations, however, there are at least two sides to consider. It is specifically because humans are creatures of time that a general invitation extends to everyone to find purpose and meaning within embracing much more than any current moment encompasses.

Yet none of those possibilities can be verified while they reside exclusively within the future. Only an embrace within the present can transform them from one place within time to another. That power of transformation resides within each individual until constructive development, disclosure, and distribution transfers future possibilities first to the present time and then to a community.

At times I worry that I am no more than a distraction or entertainment within the lives of others, since actions--or inaction--within their lives suggests they aren't truly listening. I do not wish to be merely one who enables the current dysfunctional societal configuration. If all one ever does is watch trouble and suffering within others' lives, without ever actively responding in ways that vary in effectiveness and sometimes may be only symbolic, then no growth or empowerment has occurred.

It is consequently a bit depressing when certain individuals want to "check on me" in ways that reinforce inactivity and an absence of growth. Specifically because growth may follow, I'm uncertain whether to discourage such relationship. What is needed is not an audience, but rather purpose beyond myself.

Nurturing the growth of others is such a purpose, but can never be scientifically measured and verified. The effects of growth are often later obvious, but unverifiable at the

time of their occurrence. Embracing the possibility of growth within the lives of others thus becomes an act of faith.

Yet faith is not especially rewarded within the present time. Be that as it may, lives without faith expand the definitions of being empty and meaningless, in which case the daily struggles of life sometimes become intolerable. Within embracing the unverifiable, one can often find greater strength to persevere.

Within restricting one's perception to only that which can be verified, no adequate reason for living remains within reach. As judged by my experience, living itself remains a daunting challenge. I concede that my experience may be unique, but isn't everyone's?

A problematic aspect of embracing that which can neither be measured nor verified, is the diversity of perception and experience that are encountered. Allowing both others and one's self to be unique and individual, remains a fundamental challenge of life within every age. I hasten to concede that the belief that no two snowflakes are identical is common and that similar uniqueness within humanity is equally accepted, but very limited allowance for this is evident within most human relational dynamics.

As much as commonalities often create communities, any insistence that nothing else is real, robs humanity of essential ability and potential. In fact, embracing uniqueness is virtually inseparable from embracing unverifiable and transcendent life. Failing to do so, results in a world defined by death.

This again points to the essential distinction between integration and assimilation, because the former allows uniqueness while the latter does not. It also raises the question, "If yours is the only life I'm allowed to live, can the world survive without the potential contributions of my own? One could likewise wonder what sort of world would result from such deprivation.

In opposition to such restriction, innumerable variations of butterflies, flowers, animals, and identity await discovery, each likewise equipped to make contributions that no other can. So very much can be learned that it is irrational to ever stop. Perceiving and understanding this is why life lasts as long as it does--so creatures of time will actually be able to do it.

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

*"Love, wisdom, and dreams
are essential to
life's forward movement."*

— Sister Who

Becoming the Unprecedented

As a writer when reviewing others' work, I occasionally choose to respect others' words when I notice they are being used stylistically rather than correctly. The rules of grammar were never intended to be the limits of human creativity or comprehension, but rather to facilitate effectively conveying diverse ideas and understanding. A unique way of using words is thus not so much concerned with reinforcing what already is, as with introducing new ways of perceiving and understanding.

That being said, if a new way of expressing is to be embraced, it must be done consistently rather than chaotically. It must also be willing to be reflective and contemplative, as it gradually finds new forms--wrestling with questions such as, "Why did you select those symbols and words at that particular point?" Sometimes the consistency is not obvious, because of orienting to previously undiscovered principles, but the common threads must still be present if the metaphorical tapestry is to retain integrity.

Sometimes those threads are not yet fully defined. This may indicate that the work is not yet ready to be shared with the general public, but rather still in a formative stage. An artist who regurgitates a work inadequately formed is dynamically indistinguishable from a pregnant woman who gives birth to a fetus not yet fully formed, which may not have essential ability to live for any significant length of time.

Yet in allowing physical and ideological pregnancies, one embraces possibilities of life emerging in new and mostly uncontrollable forms--which can happen physically, spiritually, emotionally, mentally, socially, or through any other imaginable dimension. Yet processes must be devised by which both new and old forms are able to live in harmony with each other. Refusing to be sensitive to other beings is never a good means to accomplish this and is inescapably narcissistic.

A remaining challenge, however, is whether the others are willing to embrace dialogue and growth--potentially resulting in healing of what previously was considered to be incurably wounded. Isn't that ultimately what growth is?

So please come heal and grow with me.

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

On a Personal Note

I often hesitate to compose this final essay early, because significant insights may occur and their inclusion be postponed until the following month. Current investigation of significant neurological limitations, for example, has yet to reach any helpful conclusion and I remain for now within profoundly unhealthy circumstances that make further activities of video production and audio recording extremely difficult if not temporarily impossible. I strive to persist in activities essential to future creativity, but this suggests that the final two months of this year will be extremely busy indeed.

It is easy to wonder during such moments whether any of what I do is or will be truly appreciated within current or future times. My persistence itself is consequently a personal act of faith, made obvious by living within a time when such actions have apparently become infrequent. If I fail to act, however, Godde will have less raw material to apply to a future age.

So as much as my life and all it includes may be gifts from the Divine, what I do with all of that is my gift to every subsequent person. It is those gifts rather than my bank accounts that have real potential to make more significant difference, even if no one remembers. Seen in this way, insignificant details may not actually be without meaning and value at all.

How far will I go and what differences will actually occur is not my concern. They will attend to themselves, as long as I am faithful in maximizing the potential of each moment.

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

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