

SISTER WHO'S PERSPECTIVE

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Overview

Some spiritual and philosophical views avoid asking “why” and instead recommend persistent adherence to intellectual principles imposed on one’s surrounding reality. Obviously mine isn’t one of them. There is so much growth and development within reaching beyond one’s self.

Reasons to Persist

The residence within which I am currently living has satisfied bureaucratic requirements that are not paying very close attention, If they were, they would note that the heating system is so antiquated that no technician is available to inspect or service it, which is why for the safety of myself and my dogs I have left the system turned off and relied upon other means--which is only partially effective, resulting in high heating costs, due to inadequate insulation. Since the first day I moved into this residence, there have also been ongoing air-quality concerns, which I have attempted to address in every way I can.

Beyond all of that is the concern of being located beneath high-voltage power lines, which have been associated with a wide spectrum of health problems, but no definitive court ruling has been reached, due to a definitive scientific connection remaining elusive. The power lines nonetheless seem related to my registered ESA, Gawain, battling cancer, my registered service dog, Bedivere, having joint problems, and me having new skin problems and more insomnia.

I’ve been trying for over a year to relocate, but bureaucratic administrators are unconcerned and even blocking numerous potentially positive steps. So I’ve done what I could to improve the circumstances, but none of my efforts have been particularly rewarded. If a spiritual purpose for being here exists, I’ve been unable to define it.

As much as I try to accept that I’m standing too close to the situation to accurately perceive all of its details, I also long ago discerned that this is not where my story will end. Perhaps among the most significant developments during

this residence, has nonetheless been completing my doctoral degree. Twenty-four episodes of “Sister Who Presents...” were also recorded during 2020, but the space is so small that the camera operator was on the stairs.

Yet no amount of discouragement is ever sufficient reason to stop. Additionally, I didn’t really think government and social responses to misfortune were adequate, but the last six years has given me a very close look at them. Both before and since misfortune began to define the fundamental physical parameters of my life, a principle I hold is that the needs of absolutely every person must be met and every problem one can name is actually tied to an unmet need.

It makes no sense that humanity wastes and dismisses the essential resources hidden within each and every person, but perhaps what needs to be understood is that perhaps only current examples do so. Past examples may have done better, in spite of whatever negative forces they faced, but perhaps the same will be said of examples yet to come. It may be that the current time is metaphorically a storm and what matters most is planting seeds.

It may also be that future generations will draw inspiration from the ways I loved and survived by symbiotic relationships with my dogs, even if no human was willing to be directly involved in the struggles and invention of resolutions throughout my life. I always hope there will eventually be someone who truly loves me, but if that doesn’t happen, well, there are worse things. Far more important is whether the moments of my life are defined by love--even when expressed as truly righteous indignation.

It may in fact be that the reason some current circumstances are so bad, is that much righteous indignation is still waiting to be expressed. When love, truth, and justice find their voice, nothing will ever be the same. If enduring suffering is the only way to move toward that glorious new day, then I will do my best to endure--and to give what I can along the way.

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

Reasons to Avoid “Fitting In”

Current problems are typically the result of the forms that are tolerated rather than improved or corrected. Conforming to existing patterns reaches backward to the time those forms were created, rather than forward toward anything better. Recognizing that everything is evolving toward better ways of being, conversely, invites positive growth and development.

As someone without usual expectations once advised, “The only thing ‘Don’t make waves’ ever created, is a cesspool.” I maintain that each of us was created for far better activities and purposes. The question is far more often whether others will allow any such occurrence.

That being said, pushing in the opposite direction is equally as problematic. Creating disturbance without constructive reasons, only demonstrates what an absolute amateur one is, in terms of doing ministerial work. Being a bigot is likewise a way of alerting others to one’s shortsightedness, capable of only destruction.

In contrast, maintaining integrity is often unnoticed growth from a simple rock into a most beautiful and singular mountain. In contrast, polishing away all that exceeds expectations and standard conceptions, makes the stone indistinguishable from innumerable others. The reality that it began as one of a kind, is utterly destroyed--but with all the best intentions.

What needs to be remembered is where a road paved with good intentions leads. The implication I find within that, is that divine creativity is not concerned with good intentions, but rather with maximizing individuality in ways none imagined could ever be accomplished. If one has the courage to submit one’s formation to divine rather than human hands, possibilities become infinite in multidimensional ways.

What remains problematic is the experience encountered along the way, which reflects the troubled worlds through which one passes--which may be capable of expressing no more than the trouble that defines them. It must also be recognized that many have neither the courage nor the determination to be singular, so they settle for homogeneity. A quirk of each world through which one passes, is that those who choose to live there, think it is the only one.

The truth, of course, revealed by the Hubble telescope, is that there are so many worlds, that

no physical human will live long enough to see them all. Diversity remains infinite and also available for infinite combination. “Fitting in” is a way to avoid seeing that diversity at all.

The basic question of “fitting in”--or not--is thereby reduced to a question of whether one prefers to be blind or to see. Obviously my choice is the latter, regardless of any associated societal or relational cost. Clinging to physical forms of this world, rather than underlying spiritual and relational realities, makes no sense, specifically because they are so temporary.

So if I cling to them now, it is not because of how they look, but rather because of what they are--which is probably invisible to most others. I see their meaning, however, and thus cannot see them as less. Yet this is also why being parted is so painful, although it simultaneously affirms the love between us.

It may be that such perceptions are more intense for me in particular of late, as I face an extended season of bidding each member of my canine family farewell. I remain angry, however, that toxicity created by irresponsible and selfish humans appears to be the primary cause. I can only hope that Godde will insist upon divine justice, specifically because of love for me.

For now, the most frequent punctuation of my prayers is, “According to your wisdom and according to your love,” because I know that my human determination would probably be much more rash and hasty. That being noted, divine justice is far less escapable. What remains for me throughout any present or future process, is maintenance of the specific integrity that stands in the way of any sort of “fitting in.”

It may even be that the ways that I don’t “fit in” are essential to others awakening, reacting, and responding to ultimately accomplish even miraculous growth, which will reverberate and echo endlessly through future times. “Fitting in” is not only a matter of appearances, but the term may additionally be somewhat turned upside down by a divine ordering of shifts and events within time. Conforming to human expectations is different from harmonizing with divine plans.

Regardless, as Nathan Lane’s character noted within the movie, “Birdcage,” the truth is often that trying to blend in inescapably makes obvious that one does not.

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

Reasons for Joy

A professor with whom I was acquainted during theological school once requested a definition of joy. After a few weeks of intense contemplation, I responded that, "Joy is the triumph of life over its adversaries." Obviously laughter is not required, so this is not the same as some expressions of happiness.

There may even be times when joy is mixed with sadness, because very few events are characterized by a single emotion. In fact, it may be that the emotional spectrum's range within any day's experience is the measure of whether or not one has truly lived. Regardless, if joy is synonymous with triumph, the battle must continue until that is accomplished.

Sometimes that means allowing for seasons of anger, sadness, and even depression. Joy is not, after all, an isolated emotion, but rather one that is relationally defined. If there is no adversary and no triumph after a period of struggle, there will be no cause for joy.

Remaining present with someone during a period of struggle, however, requires genuine love and is not for those with weak or minimal commitment. As much as I hope for romantic love within my future, it will be much more difficult to consider any possibility of such with those who've been conspicuously absent during extreme difficulty. If their capacities of love could not handle difficulties of times that have passed, how could one believe they will be adequate for those of the future?

Perhaps equally important within reflecting upon past struggles, is absorbing the reality that I survived them. As phrased by Candice Rijavec, a brilliantly unique individual, "Never be ashamed of a scar. It simply means you were stronger than what tried to hurt you." Joy may nonetheless look like little more than a smile or an acknowledgment, since its reality is more spiritual and emotional than physical.

*"...for the spirit
within this moment,
can never, no, never
be contained."*

– Sister Who

What sometimes makes an experience of joy all the more remarkable, is that it is often a personal secret that others won't know unless one tells them. All that others might guess is that something has suddenly gone right instead of wrong. Considering how often "Murphy's Law" seems to rule the day, celebration is good.

Yet celebration genuinely characterized by joy is also deep. To speak of the triumph of life over its adversaries, is to have some awareness of both the battle and the adversaries. On too many occasions, I attempt to patiently offer insight to mentally and emotionally abusive persons who twist everything I say into excuses for blaming, but I must ultimately concede that the real problem is not anyone's brokenness, but rather that they are not truly listening.

Additionally, I continue to be dismayed at the ways that independence is attacked, that victims are blamed for resulting dependence, and that in the final analysis what was potentially the goal all along is abusively controlling those who are affected. Yet repeatedly, without love, no human is an effective administrator. Perhaps this is why within exemplary tribal societies, the wisdom of the entire tribe rather than one person, guided important decisions.

Additionally, youth knew that someday they would be the ones responding to questions from others, instead of more often being the initiator of pertinent questions. Whether within life or within relationships, if one lives long enough, one will play all the roles. That being the case, a significant reason for joy, could be the creation of symbiotic relationships across time.

It is specifically within such associations that one becomes connected in ways that are far larger than one's self. It may even be that within specific relationships, one discovers aspects of one's self that might otherwise have been overlooked. Joy thus becomes more or less synonymous with moving into a larger and more empowered sense of self.

Most directly, therefore, a fundamental reason for joy is the wonder of discovering and implementing myself, with the biosphere called, "Earth" and the diversity of relationships that one's life includes. I can only hope, therefore, that I effectively serve such possibilities, rather than failing to even see them.

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

Reasons to Try Something New

As discouraged as I may be when efforts are not rewarded--or perhaps even punished--it is quite possible that alternative methods would not have otherwise been tested. Additionally, it is recommendable for certain accomplishments to occur at precisely auspicious times. Among my favorite cinematic scenes, for example, is George Hamilton dressed as Zorro, moving toward a doorway to make his escape, as a woman calls, "I don't even know your name," whereupon he opens the door and a crowd outside is chanting exactly that.

Subsequent events are that he injures his foot, his twin brother assumes the roll of Zorro, and the climactic scene is a battle requiring both of them to work together for the very first time. If one is still experiencing the previous moment, however, the prevailing perception might be isolation. All of the preceding scenes must be endured in order for the last to occur.

It must therefore be remembered that what is new, may only be so to one's self. If one is too busy feeling superior instead of always being life's student, many new insights might be overlooked. For the same reason, it is wise to find effective ways to quickly process negative emotions such as anger or fear, so that one's mind and heart can once again be available, before any moment potent with opportunity has irretrievably passed.

Additionally, there are wondrous historical events that only occurred, because someone was willing to embrace what had never previously been. Within countless movies, the victory and resolution only occurs, because someone was willing to respond in a new and unprecedented way. On a similar note but conversely, I am inclined to believe that many current problems only exist, because positive alternatives were rejected.

I have little sympathy with the lame excuse that "it wasn't convenient," but still know from too many experiences what it is to be too weary to persist. Weariness may in fact be the best reason to persist, considering how often it only occurs when opportunity is greatest, but personal resources are at their lowest level. It is then that I learn who I truly am.

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

On a Personal Note

The plan is to go from Colorado to Michigan and back July 20-28, to retrieve a puppy who will become my next service dog, but I am still trying to locate someone willing to provide shelter in the Kansas City area on two specific nights. Several attempts are still awaiting any response, but all prayers for this journey are nonetheless appreciated. Gawain remains mostly healthy, but mealtimes continue to be cause for great concern, since each one seems to require more effort than the last, so I remain worried that he might pass away while I'm gone-- thus preventing me from surrounding his departure with love and bidding him farewell.

I had sincerely hoped to begin new HD video production this summer of the nine morality plays I've composed, but between Gawain and dealing with effects of residing beneath high-voltage power lines, life became far too overwhelming and that project needed to be postponed. An acquaintance volunteered to reorganize the YouTube channel, but seems reluctant to continuing managing that resource and I clearly do not have the relevant skill-set to do so. I do well with creative challenges, but those more oriented to promotion and business activities seem to be beyond my calling.

The first complete draft of the book telling the larger story of this unconventional ministry and myself has finally been completed and is in review until August 20, at which point it will be finalized and move toward publication. I pray it will be empowering to readers everywhere.

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

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