

sister who's perspective

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Overview

We live within a world that often seems to value only intentional actions based upon presumably intelligent preconceptions. We are nonetheless surrounded by wonders beyond our current comprehension, which can only be approached indirectly--and we would do well to remember this much more often than we do.

I hope these words are thus helpful.

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

Allowing a Need for Healing

Were it not for general awareness of how commonly people play mental games with themselves, it would make no sense to speak of allowing for the existence of something that already exists (i.e. a need). From earliest childhood, however, most are relentlessly conditioned to hide personal needs, rather than disclosing them in ways that they could be legitimately satisfied.

An additional challenge occurs when one unconsciously goes so far as to hide that awareness even from one's self, such that any notion of allowing time for one's self to heal seems utterly ridiculous. A peculiarity of life within such circumstances, is that the particular components and dynamics which ultimately nurture healing, are often not as imagined.

To some extent, I do know far better than anyone else, what will help me to heal, learn, and grow. Others do not know my thoughts, my emotions, or to any significant degree my history. They are therefore never able to integrate these additional influences when calculating a solution on my behalf.

From another perspective, however, that first acknowledges that my healing resides within my future rather than within my present, I cannot with any reliability say what it is that will genuinely accomplish what has thus far never yet been accomplished. As a quote from

popular media observed, "I don't know how to act my age, because I've never previously been this old." We have to keep "making it up" as we go, but this is as much an opportunity as it is a challenge--if we create space within our minds and hearts within which new ideas and methods can take shape and find expression.

If my relocation to New Hampshire was ultimately an expression of a divine intention to create a space for self-healing, the challenges and circumstances I've found here contrast dramatically with what I would suggest as a genuinely good healing environment. I am nonetheless trying to allow for the possibilities that I do need a time of healing and that the resources available here could be effectively applied in that direction. I suppose the best suggestion I can offer at this point, is to ask whether I was right, when this time has passed.

Life has often been described as a battle to fight, specifically because of the amount of struggle that it often includes. Frederick Douglas asserted that "Without struggle, there is no progress." If struggle is all one has ever known, however, it can actually seem normal--so much so that one loses awareness that one is, in fact, struggling. The existence of any other way of living seems dubious.

Allowing a need for healing, therefore, is first of all acknowledging the possibility that contrasting realities exist, that do not contain the painful or wearying effects common throughout one's current experience. Although sometimes even subconscious, this is where having any sense of faith begins. Love then fuels the journey while hope provides direction.

All three are required, however, if growth and development are ever to occur. It does not matter whether it is my growth or someone else's, because of how interconnected all of life is. The blooming of flowers and the flapping of butterfly wings all contribute to a beautiful world within which each one can sing.

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

Allowing a Time for Healing

It seems time has become the most valuable of commodities and perhaps in some ways the truest measure of what we value--whether or not we like what reflection upon this reveals. While it makes perfect sense to give my time to dreams, wishes, goals, and projects, I must also be honest with myself about the amount of time I give to wrestling with adversarial concerns, distracting ideas, and entertainments that serve no purpose.

In amongst the rest, however, is also the challenge of being or becoming aware of the ways that living itself creates a bit of "wear and tear" on our bodies, minds, and spirits--some of which responds to therapeutic efforts oriented to healing while some does not. In keeping with the time-honored "Serenity" prayer ("Godde, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference"), I must also be willing to give an appropriate amount of time to healing myself in whatever ways I can, in order to empower all of life which follows. Specifically because I am so often so busy doing some activity of life, it becomes easy to overlook needs for personal restoration.

One example of this is allowing adequate time for sleep--which is generally the first thing sacrificed when a day will not easily contain all of the accomplishments we want the day to contain. Even in childhood, taking time out to rest was never a high priority for me, regardless of how necessary it actually was. I have tried to be more compassionate toward myself as the years have passed, however, recognizing that if I fail to do so, I may wear myself out prematurely.

In the larger picture of my life, it is a delicate balancing act: deciding when to pause and when to push myself a little harder to accomplish a particularly auspicious breakthrough. I am reminded of the question posed at the conclusion of one of the "Matrix" movies, asking how long a peaceful sense of life can last, to which the answer is "As long as it can."

Life does not honestly contain a great deal of certainty, regardless of how essential the current generation of humanity considers

this to be. From a particular perspective, allowing a time for healing seems like an example of wasting time, because the only thing I have to show for such an investment is a more empowered version of myself. It is specifically that empowerment, however, which makes everything that follows possible.

Within any process of healing, however, is an amazing volume of activity that somehow often goes unnoticed. The cells of my body regenerate at an astonishing pace, the most disturbing thoughts and emotions fade into a sort of acceptance that re-establishes equilibrium (if not also resolution), and the spiritual constellation within which my unique and individual soul resides, silently floats into a new configuration. It is not at all a case of nothing happening--if I take the time to see it.

Seeing the activity is nevertheless only the first step. Next is the challenge of valuing that activity; of recognizing and affirming its importance; of acknowledging the ways that such activity actively forms a foundation for greater things to follow. It is in fact often the anticipation of what will follow, that provides the strength to endure the sometimes painful refinement process. Additionally, to the extent that I neglect such awareness, this process seems to take even longer. If I am instead very engaged in awareness, contemplation, and discovery, the particular process of healing takes on the aura of being a quantum leap of holistic understanding in body, mind, and spirit.

Surely that is a more than adequate reward for investing some of my time into such activity. Yet there are times that I am a little too human and consequently not interested in doing more work than is truly necessary. If I could see the creative work of my life from a higher perspective, however, it seems probable that I would immediately respond, "Wow, I didn't realize it was *that* necessary!"

If laziness is thus nothing more than an indication of inadequate awareness, then the essential task of raising one's awareness is therein made obvious and its importance and value are confirmed. This is meaningless, however, if I do not return from my times of healing, ready and eager to live actively again.

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

Allowing a Space for Healing

Spirits and thoughts don't need physical space, but they do need spiritual and intellectual space--gaps between ideas where new approaches and forms are imagined, conceived, and allowed to grow, until the time is right for them to emerge in ways that can be shared with others. If one allows no gaps, no wonder, no curiosity, no exploration, and no experimentation, one sabotages the very essence of life itself. One does not need to be reckless in one's engagement with such things, but one does need to find ways to let it happen.

The world seems at times to be a cornucopia of chaos and order; a confusing combination of meticulous organization and unbridled spontaneity; and a perplexing mix of monstrous and mystical. A benefit of this is the existence of infinite possibility. A challenge is having too many available choices to quickly discern which is the right one.

In allowing a space for healing, one must recognize that some higher wisdom and/or love exists that holds the answers one lacks. Even for medical doctors, it remains an enigma in many cases, why some persons heal while others do not. For a doctor to do his or her work, however, there must at least be a space within which to do it--even if the doctor must sometimes be one's self.

Somewhere between exuberant spontaneity and meticulous organization, one must carve out spaces for the often mystical processes of healing and growth. It is not true that healing will always happen if we just stay out of the way. Sometimes we must listen and look in order to learn what is needed, for

"Without an investment of quietness and rest, actions which follow are self-sabotaged; without actions which follow, quietness and rest serve no constructive purpose."

-- Sister Who

something better to unfold.

If I spend too much time obsessing about what was or might have been, numerous opportunities for unanticipated creative works will slip by unnoticed. This can be complicated further, however, by the unfinished potential of ideas conceived in the past, which were for whatever reason not brought to completion.

I often wonder when I find myself in a new place, whether this environment is more able to support dreams conceived in the past but never realized, than a previous life-context might have been. It is difficult to know if the particular idea was waiting for a future time or if the idea was merely a stepping stone to a new perspective, which has no need of the specific idea being further developed. If the measure of growth is the person I become rather than the product which is produced, then an idea that never finds a form may have still served its most important purpose.

It is specifically in becoming more than I have been, that healing can be legitimately said to have taken place. It may have just turned out to be something quite different from the healing I had previously imagined. My task is simply to allow for more beautiful and wonderful things than I imagined, to find a place, a way, and a time to be.

I must also consider that those who enter my healing space (metaphorically the equivalent of doctors, nurses, and other specialists), are not automatically adversaries but may in fact be divinely appointed to help--not because of whatever good intentions they may have, but rather because life is willing to utilize their contribution to my holistic health. In every hospital, it is important to distinguish the doctor from those who only look and sound like they have received the education and training which doctors have received. What will matter most is what they are actually able to do.

In a similar way, a genuinely holistic and effective healing space will not be such because of the artwork hanging on the walls or the impressiveness of the uniforms of the professionals therein present, but rather because genuine healing ultimately occurs--if one allows it to do so.

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

Allowing a Manifestation of Healing

I have often heard it said that persons one may describe as wounded and/or broken sometimes choose to remain so, because of the manipulative power such states seem to exert upon others. I can only imagine that this would be because they do not see the more empowered life which could follow the time of healing. Yes, they would need to learn new coping skills and understand that the power to manipulate is unneeded if one is surrounded by people who reliably demonstrate love for those around them. The immediate protest, of course, is that people do not always do this.

A manifestation of healing must thus take into consideration that one will become an anomaly by being a person who has been healed, but who is still surrounded by many others who have not. Perhaps in some ways it is analogous to extended recoveries within rehabilitative institutions, during which new friendships are forged, which are most often left behind once one's healing is complete, since the friends one has come to know and love within such places, may not yet have completed their respective processes of healing. One must return to the very dangerous world outside of the very safe institution without the support of those new friendships formed there.

What one must remember when making such transitions, however, is that additional new friendships are waiting to be forged within the world outside of the institution and the worlds in and outside of the institution are not nearly so separate as they may superficially seem. All things are interconnected; it is just not always particularly obvious how they are interconnected. The discovery of the myriad of ways that symbiotic interconnections persist, is the fundamental substance of life. When I talk about "living life to the fullest," I am speaking of an ongoing process of truthful discovery--of healing not just myself but also the entire world, one person at a time.

Yet to allow this greater manifestation of healing, I must be willing to release and leave behind the my rehabilitative spaces.

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

On a Personal Note

Wow... so much has been accomplished this month.

After countless hours of editing, twenty-one new episodes of "Sister Who Presents" are finally complete and are now available at www.YouTube.com/DenverNeVaar as well as in the process of being submitted to Denver Open Media, the public access television entity of Denver, Colorado.

The inspirational calendar, "Integrating Contrasts in 2016," is complete and available at www.SisterWho.com/calendar.htm. If you do not have access to the Internet or do not have a computer printer, I am also happy to send the calendar to a postal address, but please do specify whether you would like a wall calendar, a desk calendar, or both. There is no charge (as long as I have adequate resources), but all donations to cover printing and postage expenses are very much appreciated.

The second morality play, "A Sequential Journey," presented on Saturday, November 7, 4-6 p.m., at WREN Maker Studio in Berlin, New Hampshire, was followed by open discussion of the video's content. The third play, "A Surreptitious Journey," will be shared in much the same way on Saturday, December 5.

Although far from completion, work has once again resumed on an autobiographical manuscript relating some of the history, experiences, and development of this unique ministry and its central persona. Responses to excerpts of the work have been encouraging.

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

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