

SISTER WHO'S PERSPECTIVE

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Overview

The statement made in reference to the movie, *Jakob the Liar*, starring Robin Williams, is that when one runs out of hope, one makes it up, but it is important to note that his mental conceptions were more truthful than he realized.

We must likewise persevere, especially when there seems to be no reason to do so.

Reinventing a Life Journey

What is a year of life worth? How can sorrow and suffering accurately be measured? Do they truly matter if good--eventually--follows?

No newsletter was created during the months of April, May, June, July, August, September, October, and November--eight months--because survival was almost more than I could manage.

I am disturbed that not a single objection, inquiry, or acknowledgement followed. I have always known, however, that I may be writing for a future generation yet to be born.

I persist in my hopes to create many more newsletters and episodes of my ongoing television series. There's simply so much more that still needs to be said and pondered in unconventional ways. If no one else will talk about certain topics openly, then I am happy to do so--either by myself or with any person who wishes to be a featured guest.

What I bring is, after all, a perspective and not the recommendation of any particular conclusion beyond those I make for myself. I urge sensitivity, awareness, and consideration of one's effect upon others. If any apply loving thoughts to actions that follow, then my work has been successful.

Recent circumstances have prompted many questions--most of them without answers. So I have opened myself to the possibility of a time of reinvention. It must be noted, however, that I have no idea how or when this time will end.

I have consequently had many arguments with Godde regarding manifestations of love and wisdom. Yet I am persistently told that many good times and accomplishments populate the

future, if only I can survive the current extended transition. Sometimes I doubt my ability to do so.

So my most common current personal experience is meaningless and continuous suffering, without any ability to transform any of this raw material into something better. I am equally unable to discern any positive outcome or effect to justify any of the painful experience.

Ultimately, however, Godde is much more concerned about what I do than about how I feel while I'm doing whatever my current abilities will allow. So I continue to embrace specific values and principles, while arguing about experiences and maintaining my sanity throughout extreme frustration using profane linguistic phrases. The words have absolutely no meaning and are merely sounds of extreme frustration--and pass as quickly as the associated feelings.

If anyone listening nearby associates any other specific meaning, they do so erroneously. I can only hope their concern will not be for what I said, as much as compassionately responding to any need I felt for such expression. This is analogous to being more concerned that a complaint was uttered than that a circumstance exists that warrants a complaint.

If only one could prevent an element from being real, by simply refusing to grant any verbal expression, but I have never found this to be true. Instead, the world remains a shared environment with innumerable competing conscious and unconscious agendas. Symbiotic exchanges are thus most recommendable.

What remains is that to which I persist in being most dedicated--whether empowering or enabling that which is central. From a different perspective, it is a question of what sort of person I will show myself to be. This is a synthesis that transcends specific circumstances.

More concisely phrased, it is the synthesis I am becoming that matters most. If I remain defined by that which is truly love and wisdom, my soul is the truest measure of whom I most truly and genuinely am.

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

Reinventing Relationships

In spite of one individual's expressed opinion many years ago that I've had a rather "charmed" life, circumstances and interactions have rarely ever been comfortable or convenient. More often I've been forced by circumstances to conclude that "nothing comes without a fight." In contrast, however, wisdom often advised that no true accomplishment would follow, so respectful closure became my ministerial choice.

On a similar note, no matter how many times I have been victimized and deeply wounded by lies, I choose to remain honest. That which can only be gained by dishonesty, I long ago valued as not worth having. Integrity is more essential.

If it is lost, reestablishing this quality within relationships may be the most difficult challenge one ever addresses. Then again, change is fairly unavoidable, so nothing ever attains its final form. The goal is genuinely good growth.

Additionally, life remains unavoidably mysterious, no matter how routine or predictable one may otherwise strive to be. From one perspective, I am thankful that there is a divine point of understanding within which everything makes sense. Yet I am quick to acknowledge that I am a human without access to that frame of reference and consequently allow for any emotional coloring that may occur.

I try to learn from my emotions, knowing their inclusion is divinely intended, but to never allow them to be the last word of any discussion. That which actually occurs is generally far more complex. Relationships are likewise far more than any moment is able to encompass.

Of great concern has been ongoing paralysis of varying degrees and neurological devastation that is not a manifestation of MS, ALS, epilepsy, or Parkinson's--according to nine different neurologists. The aggressive speed and progression of symptoms has been especially puzzling, complicated by being objectified, plundered, betrayed, and victimized by several persons who presented themselves as being trustworthy. Throughout all of this, I have remained a very human person of faith--cussing and swearing all the way in order to vent anger and frustration.

My greatest personal disappointments may have been discovering after fifty years of doing so, that I could no longer crochet or play guitar--

although I've been assured that I will record a fifth album of unheard songs already written and current limitations are temporary. Obviously, they could not be temporary enough. I very much want to get back to work.

In the meantime, I've been blessed after considerable searching, with Betty, an exemplary home-healthcare worker, although Bedivere is approaching twelve years in age and I am very much in need of a replacement service dog. I attempted two replacements thus far, but efforts were horribly sabotaged by two individuals who had never successfully trained service dogs, who objected to the structure and control I exerted--although they certainly had no objection to Bedivere as the product of such methods. I was once asked, in fact, whether I would like to train service dogs for others, but I responded that I would only do so if I could train the people too.

To the accusation that I am merely "getting old," I point out that I am only late middle-aged and there are many older than I, who are more active. A relevant detail noticed by only one of ten neurologists consulted during the last four years is that specifically because I was verifiably diagnosed with sarcoidosis during the 1990s by means of a pulmonary biopsy, I am on the short list of those able to develop neurosarcoidosis. It remains to be seen whether this finally explains symptoms and has a corresponding treatment.

On a similar note, I don't recall who first spoke or wrote these words, but I read many years ago while compiling a report of Saint Francis of Assisi, that he understood that "While there is power in being a somebody, there is truth in being a nobody." Since Jimi Hendrix noted that "When the power of love overcomes the love of power, the world will know peace," I immediately decided that I wanted and would both seek and practice, truth more than power. I have found, however, that this often includes tolerating false accusations and being unconcerned for who is given credit for any good that is accomplished.

This makes sense, however, if one considers that everything is ideally composed of symbiotic relationships that no individual completely controls. This allows undiscovered wonders to come out and the future to be more miraculous and wonderful than anything that has been.

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

Reinventing Expressions

How does happiness look? How does adequate quality of life or anything else look and does everyone deserve this equally? What is one willing to do, if someone doesn't have it?

On a similar note, I suspect it was a third-century theologian and translator, who first suggested that Godde never gives anyone more than s/he can handle. Actually, I think it happens all the time. What Godde gave us instead was each other.

When we fail to help each other, love does not happen. When theologians sign Godde's name to statements of belief erroneously, theology loses integrity. Whose fault the ongoing resulting problems are, is continuously debated and probably will be for a long time.

As the hands and feet of Godde, when we fail to act, life becomes more oppressive than it needs to be. I also wonder whether or to what extent, life is bigger than Godde, who sometimes specifically decides its unfolding, but at other times does not. All I have been able to conclude is that one must understand Godde's perspective in order to truly grasp the reality of Godde's love--but that perspective is not usually available to me.

Even more discouraging is how long the current chapter of meaningless suffering is turning out to be. Yet I persist in my belief that Godde has the final word relevant to each specific concern or topic. All that leaves for me to consider are the questions of whether I have reached the most empowering conclusion or whether I have stopped far too soon.

What I ultimately determine is what sort of person I will show myself to be. If my actions testify against me, it is not others who have judged me, but rather I who have judged myself, perhaps by aspiring to be someone whom in truth I am not. Integrity must be created and maintained by one's self, if it is to

***"Always remember to live
the bigness of your life
rather than the smallness
of your moments."***

– Sister Who

exist in any way at all.

An enormous amount of theft, loss, murder, and evil have thus been endured that I pray Godde will not forget, because that would assert that I am not loved at all--which I sincerely hope is not the case for myself or anyone else. Love and wisdom are the two qualities I most associate with the Divine, but I hasten to add that divine understandings incomprehensibly transcend any human ideological formation. In the space between the two is where human souls grow in unpredictable ways.

Ideally, expressions are indications of growth, but obviously many do not empower their expressions to reach toward being transcendent. Yet one can always begin now to do so. Every moment can be a new beginning.

I am reminded of Maria's advice to Lisel toward the end of "The Sound of Music," that "You cry for a while and then wait for the sun to come out--it always does." Life includes bad times for innumerable individually specific reasons. Learning those reasons transforms bad into good and is the substance of growth.

Typing eighty words per minute and suddenly being reduced to a fraction of that by neurological dysfunction, has definitely slowed newsletter production to a crawl. Yet I persist, because of who I am. It seems to be the only way to express my thoughts and feelings--and if the biblical statement is true, that "faith without works is dead," how much more this must be true of individuals everywhere.

I'm uncertain who said it first, but concur with the observation that "if you want to see what has never been, you will have to do what has never been done." Hopefully every individual life is a collection of relevant opportunities. In that sense, "it's the way it is" is potentially subject to change within every moment.

"It's the way I make it," however, remains untrue, because every moment is and always will be, an intersection of an incomprehensible number of intentions and influences. The lingering question is what specifically each will contribute. The resulting consideration is what one's contribution will specifically be.

That any contribution will be less than what I wish, seems obvious. As long as it is more than nothing, however, it may be enough.

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

Reinventing Realities

First to note is that accomplishing this requires all of us working together. The next aspect to note is that technological evolution may be proceeding more quickly than medical evolution. Like the scientist within the original *Jurassic Park* movie, the statement arises that “you were so excited to discover that you could, that you never stopped to ask whether or not you should.”

The country of Sweden has recognized a danger related to electrohypersensitivity (EHS) that no one else has thus far been willing to affirm, but the related corporate business behavior is virtually an exact echo of the response to dangers associated with tobacco use fifty years ago. The central query is whether or to what extent humanity is creating an environment within which it is unhealthy to live. Meanwhile, various individuals experience genuine negative inexplicable effects.

Specifically because autistics have long been recognized as more sensitive to a wide range of environmental elements, the concern is absolutely plausible. Individual experiences have made this discussion personally very relevant. Until this is resolved, my physical limitations are dramatically increased, negatively impacting the scope of this work.

More concisely, I am being subjected to the lowest quality of life I have ever experienced. I even interpret that the life that remains available to me is not worth the daily struggle required. Yet a future generation may come to a contrasting conclusion, due to valuing my work more than the current generation does.

I can only shrug in response, noting that I am once again too stubborn to quit. All that being said, my honest comment is that I hate what my daily life has become and my usual inherent proactive attitude is proving to be ineffective. I am thus left with reinventing meaningful relationships, reintegrating what I can, which is always less than I would like.

I can only interpret that Godde values my continuing time on earth more than I do, since heaven has always been equally real to me. As long as my dogs remain, however, they are the immediate family for whom I persist.

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

On a Personal Note

More than one has suggested that I may be ahead of my time. If so, it is all the more essential that I never shirk or in any way neglect my duty--even if within the current time it makes no sense. A particular future may depend upon something I do today.

I am equally dismayed at how often I must repeat that “When money becomes the measure, relationships always suffer.” I have yet to find any exception. Love is the only currency of eternal value.

My recent experiences have mostly been characterized by meaningless suffering, but the good news is that they have not changed who I am. As quickly as resources are again within reach, they are put to good work. Why they and I must be temporarily apart is unknown, but perhaps it is to give others opportunity to act.

Yet whether or not they act is between them and Godde and not something about which I should be concerned. If they are missing innumerable opportunities, it is their growth which is diminished. They'll simply have more catching up to do later.

What matters is whether I am faithful with the opportunities extended to me. Perhaps other elements are simply not ready yet. I only hope I am meaningfully busy in the meantime.

To whoever reads this newsletter, may all efforts be guided and blessed. It is within times that don't make sense that acts of kindness can be profound. If only human thought is satisfied, nothing greater will ever be done.

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

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