

SISTER WHO'S PERSPECTIVE

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Overview

This month's four themes are thanks to a long-time supporter and friend. As with everything, I do my best to see both sides and make any consequent interpretations as positive and empowering as possible. My personal circumstances may be confusing, there is always personal and spiritual growth to do. Each topic, in and of itself, is actually neutral, but invites deeper contemplation of light and dark aspects. Blessed be.

Disengaged

It is not that an alternative isn't real; it just isn't within reach. Paying attention to what is or is not within one's own reach, may be a place to start, but one has not reached any sort of completion until one is both equally aware and proactive about what is or is not within reach for every other person. There is no example of individuality that is able to survive without a constellation of supportive relationships.

When relationships can be accurately described as "disengaged," the potential is clearly present, but the choice to respond proactively is not. As much as I would like to think that being aware of the need is all that is required, a great many have forgotten the truth of the final sentence of the paragraph which began this essay. Like Narcissus, within Greek mythology, they seem to prefer death while staring at their own reflection.

It would not be accurate, however, to say that they are full of themselves. That which actually comprises the self is mysterious and wonderful in multi-dimensional ways that many express no desire to ever know. At the heart of growth, however, is becoming aware of that which lies beyond one's experience.

For growth of any kind to occur, potential must be pursued. Unfortunately not all efforts will be rewarded, but every attempt that is not

made, indicates a reality that will absolutely never come to be. Whether that is good or bad, depends upon both the criteria of measurement and other collaborators.

I still have doubts about the time in 2013 when I traveled to Antwerp, Belgium, to participate in an archery competition of the Gay Games that were being held there. A rather bizarre sequence of negative reactions to my extensive preparations, persuaded me that persistence was not recommendable. I have often wondered, however, if "calling their bluff" might have provided others with opportunity to transcend their previously stated negative intentions.

It was not that I was afraid of what might go wrong, but rather that I did not have the resources to meet those challenges. I liken it to the time when I met a group of protestors that included an individual prepared to pay their bail if they were arrested. Going to jail while taking a stand for issues related to justice, is truly commendable, but does not also provide for other responsibilities (such as feeding one's pets or support animals) during any consequent detainment.

To wisely engage an action, also involves considering consequent effects. Disengaging is thus less work, but also creates diminished meaning and significance within the moments of one's life. I have often wondered whether being arrested in Belgium would have caused positive effects within those who observed precisely how I experienced that. For better or for worse, my best guess was that doing so would have no great significance.

Obviously no one will ever know what might have happened. There was only one interaction which suggested possibilities beyond what could be seen, but thus far I have no way of knowing the impact of my presence. If that interaction were invisibly significant, however, individual lives may have changed in ways that only I could serve.

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

Disconnected

It is not that any is truly powerless, but rather that it has only its own power upon which to draw. Within interconnection and perhaps even consequent collaboration, the sum is virtually always greater than the constitutive parts. Giving good things a chance to happen, may often go unrewarded as well as making a pivotal difference.

In preventing interactive relationship, a whole spectrum of possible future outcomes is equally predetermined to become now and always nonexistent. More concisely, one's universe becomes smaller and submits to controls that rarely if ever value expansive life. Without expansive life, the probability of death and termination increases.

High-level biologists sometimes speak of the essentialness of biodiversity; the idea that the extinction of any species increases the probability that others will also become extinct. My contention is that this dynamic applies equally to non-physical dimensions of life. The less divergent perspectives are present within academia, for example, the more difficult it becomes for any anomalous voice to be heard or discoveries to be made.

More concisely, the relevant community will never know more than it already does. If nothing more is known than what is already known, growth and development within life have ceased, stagnation has been achieved, and no struggle is ever again worth any investment it includes. Every life that begins anywhere on this planet, does so through struggles that are often quite intense.

It may be too obvious, but if the physical struggle is not accepted, no spiritual, social, emotional, or political one will follow. The very dimensions of life will consequently be constricted. It is not that opportunities do not exist, but rather that they are not recognized as encompassing all that they do.

"Learned helplessness" discourages any and all such discovery. "There's nothing you can do" and "It's just the way it is," are words that most accurately belong to tyrants and bullies who do not want to be questioned. If one does not instead stand against such dynamics, that negative reality is enabled to

become one's own.

A puzzling challenge within my current life experience, is the question of diminishing physical abilities. A still-undiagnosed physical imbalance and decrease of precision within the movements of my fingers, has temporarily made application of face-paint too difficult. I am investigating alternatives, being open to life once again changing form, but do not yet know what the outcome will be.

I only know that when I stand and attempt to move through a hallway, my experience is analogous to being within a county fair "fun house," within which the walls and floors are constantly in movement, such that arms and legs do not function in their usual way. My mind may be absolutely clear, but my body is not accurately receiving cerebral commands that have previously been understood for literally decades of life. I can only hope that this challenge is temporary and learn all that I can while it is unfolding.

Regardless, I can absolutely affirm that the experience is not accurately described as "fun." If anything, it is quite frustrating, but I am attempting to compensate. My intention is to connect in every way that I still can, but this includes finding alternative ways to apply the established configuration of face-paint. A few different alternative methods are currently being investigated.

In some ways, it may be analogous to floating through outer space. No context or gravity directs one's movements or orientation toward constructive relationship. No purpose or reason for existence is within reach, within the surrounding distances and darkness.

A sense of family or community would prevent this, but these are not presently among my personal resources. The fact that I am here, however, compels an ongoing quest for understanding. I recall an article about the terrors inflicted by the dictator, Idi Amin.

An African minister later addressed his congregation and reminded them of having all been scheduled for termination. The Divine decided to spare their lives. In conclusion, the minister's statement was simply, "I urge you to figure out why."

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

Dysfunctional

One must first notice that this dynamic is not static; functionality is happening, but it is not the sort that is recommendable or in any way empowering. It has been said that a boat in motion is easier to steer than one that is sitting still. I find the same to be true of my pickup truck, which has no power steering.

Within academia, the common term of "deconstruction" applies to identifying the components and dynamics which comprise that which is being studied. Those who do not wish to engage in deconstruction, will most likely never understand why things exist in the ways and according to the dynamics that they do. Those who engage in such analysis, however, without being paralyzed by the activity itself, will move toward deeper understandings--and sadly be less understood by their peers thereafter.

Ideally, their peers would make efforts to "catch up," but the nemesis of growth is always some form of stagnation and it never is clear, which will ultimately prevail. Far too many have more faith in stagnation than they do in their own ability to grow. Recognizing as specifically as possible the ways in which one is dysfunctional, simultaneously identify the work that is waiting to be done.

In some cases, however, the alleged dysfunctionality is not because one actually is, but rather because one is surrounded by others who are. Consequently, one may be "out-of-synch" with the surrounding world and this may be a very good thing. The choice which remains is thus between strengthening one's position within an adversarial context or conversely moving to a more supportive environment--if the resources necessary to

"If one is more focused upon avoidance than attraction, it is analogous to drawing the back of one's head: neither vision nor a smile will be included."

-- Sister Who

do so are available and accessible.

I am aware of challenging contexts of the past, within which I now see possibilities that were not visible to me at the time. Extensive searching was unsuccessful at making those alternatives accessible. I'm not sure when or whether I will ever understand any necessity those difficulties might have served, but if the choice were mine to go back and rewrite the unfolding of my life, I think I would at least be strongly tempted to do so.

All of which raises the question of what purpose(s) dysfunctionality can serve. The burden seems to rest upon one's creativity and ingenuity. I remember telling someone a number of years ago, that the two currently most important words were "adaptability" and "ingenuity." Although I've tried to heed my own advice, I've too often found the answers I needed, only within retrospect.

So I have to wonder whether experiences actually had, served a purpose at the time, of which I was--and still am--unaware. That being said, I resist any encouragement to neglect discernment or to withhold personal perceptions of functional and dysfunctional, good and bad, or right and wrong. Changing ugly gray clay into fine porcelain, does not render it any less what it initially was.

The challenge is to develop one's abilities to implement such transformations. In the final analysis, nothing is so dysfunctional that it cannot be made functional again. One must allow the story to continue and the metamorphosis to progress, rather than presume that the current state is as far as one will ever get; one must continue to invest whatever effort and ingenuity one is able.

Failures, sacrifices, and setbacks will be part of the story. Without these, there would be no dramatic action. The only reason that triumphs, transformations, and turn-arounds will also be included, is if one never gives up.

It is not a problem if the world within which one lives is dysfunctional. It is only a problem if it stays that way. It may even be that the process by which problems are transformed, is by turning them into opportunities for one's personal and spiritual growth.

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

Disrespectful

At the heart of all disrespect, whether or not it is consciously recognized, is a wish for something to be other than what it is--that is, to lack integrity for the sake of personal preference. If truth is not truth, however, nothing else in life is worth the struggles inherent within its accomplishment. Honesty is therefore inherent within integrity; one can never have one without the other.

I never cease to be amazed, however, at how often dishonesty and the absence of integrity are tolerated--only to be followed by the logical consequences. To add insult to injury, so to speak, subsequent complaints usually focus upon symptoms rather than causes. Careful planning and complete information, conversely, could prevent the majority of problems one encounters.

When I reflect upon personal problems of the past five years, however, I am disturbed at how often the events have been tied to trusting persons who were later revealed to be untrustworthy. Although I demonstrated the sort of person that I am--a trusting, honest, and hard-working person--my efforts and generosity were punished rather than in any way acknowledged or rewarded. In every case, the information available to me was horribly incomplete and the surrounding societal system was oriented to enabling the worst possibilities of human behavior.

I find myself wondering if what has been lost, is respect--and even basic awareness--of life's positive possibilities. Thankfully, an increase in awareness is able to restore even more than what has thus far been. To begin the search, however, one must first believe that the goal is even there.

None would have ever emerged from Plato's cave, if they did not first believe that a world beyond the cave existed and had the capacity to be good. It may even prompt the question of whether releasing persons from their chains was wise. Even before love, one must have faith that something exists which is in fact worth loving--something with infinite capacities for beauty and growth.

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

On a Personal Note

I still have no clear answers, but continue my search for alternative methods, while maintaining this unconventional ministry in whatever ways I can. The neurological system of my body continues to create major issues, even interfering with my ability to complete face-paint applications. Two different possibilities have proven ineffective and two others are still being explored.

For those with access to online shows ([www.YouTube.com/Denver NeVaar](http://www.YouTube.com/DenverNeVaar)), a large number of vintage shows from the first few seasons nearly thirty years ago, are now available. As much as I cringe at the old forms of ritual garb and give thanks for all of the improvements that have occurred since then, response to these old shows has been distinctly positive. A plan has also been devised for next year's inspirational calendar.

Production of television shows as well as the nine morality plays I have composed, is also being planned. Hopefully they will be seen by many more people within the years to come. Among the television shows within the next year is also the 500th episode of "Sister Who Presents..."

I seriously wondered at the end of 1994 whether # 53 would be the last episode, but that was clearly not the case. I imagine I will be equally amazed in thirty years when I once again look back at what has occurred.

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

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