



Association for the Integration of the Whole Person

6182 Country Club Drive, Rohnert Park, CA 94928; (707) 586-9484; e-mail aiwp@aol.com;
web site: www.aiwpetc.homestead.com
Vol. 3, No. 3 October 1, 2004

A Truly Big Tent

As we practice our freedom of religion, the AIWP community explores a dramatic range of phenomena that constitute this assignment of being human. This issue provides a glimpse of the variety we embody as members in service, through our listing of those congregations with their own names, as well as a few lamentably brief descriptions of a few of those congregations' foci and purposes.

We have among our members a number of remarkably generous and talented writers who have contributed often to these pages, among them Kim Chernin and Cat Saunders, both of whom we happily feature again here. In addition, we highlight the work of two learners enrolled in the University for Integrative Learning, Diane Angehrn and Maria Oberem, whose essays are evocative of our credo's statement that "Life is a religious experience as realized in the temple of my being" as they explore the movement/therapy discipline of Authentic Movement. Of course, any attempt to corral our contributors into any one category of description is doomed to fail; Kim's articles reflect some of her efforts in the UIL doctoral program, Cat's article describes her father's final voyage into death, and Diane and Maria's articles, written from the learner's perspective, spill hauntingly over into the realm of the numinous. Thus, we at AIWP not only include many different sorts of folk within our tent, we also honor what Kim refers to as the "flow and movement and intricate connectedness of life" that characterizes us all, and indeed allows us to expand beyond whatever our boundaries may be at any one time.

* * * * *

November 5-7, 2004 - A Convening of Outlaws

We are seven AIWP ministers who find each other compelling in our diversity, our commitment to service and to AIWP. As different as our ministries are, we are people of like mind. We have all been called to our work. We consider our ministries affirmations of life that are empowering and healing for ourselves and others.

AIWP has offered all of us a support for our individual and idiosyncratic work. We are calling all AIWP ministers to come together to explore what each of us is doing in the name of ministry. Join us now in extending Mel's vision by creating a counter-cultural community that has both substance and vibrancy. We have designed a weekend that will stimulate the mind, honor the soul, engage the body and touch the emotions.

Sincerely, Randall, Kim, Renate, Harvey, Kerry, Margie and Philip

Gathering Details:

Date: November 5-7, 2004

Place: Ralston L. White House, a beautiful mansion in Mill Valley CA.

Food and Lodging: Home-cooked meals, home-baked bread, with vegetarian and non-vegetarian options (for any other dietary, needs please bring your own supplies); semi-private lodging with space for 45 people (overnight) plus 15 (day use).

Cost: \$250.00 (overnight); \$175.00 (day use). No camping, pets, or smoking!

For More Information: aiwpgathering@comcast.net

In This Issue . . .

AIWP Congregations: A Name of One's Own	2
New Ordinations	4
Thanking Our Donors	4
Authentic Movement, My Heart's Passion By Diane Angehrn	5
Our Kind of Institutes Elderflower Womenspirit Festival	6
Two Moons Women's Wisdom	6
Art of Assertiveness Relationship Training	6
My Father's Last Dance By Cat Saunders	7
About the University for Integrative Learning	8
Learner Evaluation: Life's Long Learning by Kim Chernin	8
Love's Bibliography by Kim Chernin	10
Rituals—Dance—Psychotherapy: Possibilities of Self-Realization in the Circle of Authentic Movement By Maria Oberem	12
What We've Been Writing: A Brief Review of Our Members' Publications	14
In Their Own Words: "What the Credo Means to Me"	15
Credo	16

Staff Box

Marsha Calhoun, Editor
Melvin Suhd, Founder and President
Kate Markham

AIWP Congregations: A Name of One's Own

We thought you might like to know the congregational names adopted by our ordained ministers, along with their names and their areas of ordination. Also, we are in the process of creating a directory that will include these and all the other ministers who have no other congregational name besides AIWP, along with their areas of ordainment. Why don't you drop us a note or an e-mail to let us know if you would be interested in receiving such a directory?

Center for Spiritual Awareness Foundation for Wholeness Advisory for Life Learning Anam.Cara Foundation Academy of Self-Knowledge Pharetour Center for Humanistic Studies AIWP of Santa Monica Life Force Center for Sacred Counseling Institute for Inner Freedom Creative Artistic Training Center for Bodymind Integration Growth Advocates Jennifer Brondstatter-Suhd Foundation Sanctuary for Inner Peace In Service of Life / Kaleidoscope Center for Alchemical Medicine Congregation of Spiritual & Learning Enhancement Peace Village Sanctuary The Center for Spiritual Psychology Institute of Transformational Healing Center for Harmony and Balance Two Moons Women's Wisdom Wright Center for Progressive Therapies Synesthasia Freedom Acres New Options Enriching Elders Center Triune Light Center The Helping-Healing Program Mission of the Inner Light Congregation of Gaia Institute for Soul Healing & Spiritual Psychology Church of the Etc. The Sophia Project Temple Light The Center for Healing Communication The Fellowship for Authentic Christianity Institute for Inner Truth Institute for Transformational Therapies Congregation "Can" Whole Person Center Silver Circle Foundation Ascension World Center / Gateway to Light Spiritual Outreach Spirit of Life Institute Life Breath Integration Circle of the Living Earth Venus Rising Synergy Art & Design Miracle Ministries Congregation of Gaia Sacred Self Institute Siddhartha Foundation Inc. Institute for Shadow Work & Spiritual Psychology Institute for Personal Empowerment ITLAQ; A Center for Existential Inquiry	Anita Furdek Nancy Bonus David Schwartz Isa Gucciardi Carol Adams Annette Nadeau Clark and Betty Moustakas Glenn Suhd Allen Feldman Frances Hailman Bobbi Liberton Gladys Ostrom Jack Painter Suzanne Brodeur Jennifer Brondstatter-Suhd Michael Day Maria DeBrango-Stickel Carol Hannum Dina Holcomb Linda Redford Neil Schuitevoerder Robert Shubow Barbara Temkin Terra Wise Bond Wright Carin Rosetti Mike Suhd Maryann Grundmann Robert Stecker JacQueline Avis Burnett Ernest Caillat Kim Chernin Diane Christopher Susan Cowen Daniel Craig-Morse Carol Cunningham Frances Fuchs Elaine Gray Suzanne Green Paul Hannig Richard Kimball Cheryl Larson Harold Lemke Marcia Lopez Kate Markham George Moscona Maren Nelson Lenore Norrgard Linda Star Wolf Teresa Ryan Timothy Ryan Renate Stendhal Candyce Du Vray John Turner Connie Zweig Robert Newman Yannis Toussulis	Clinical Physio/Psychotherapist & Spiritual Counselor Psychological & Spiritual Counseling Educational Stimulator Depth Hypnosis Certified Transpersonal Counselor Transpersonal Counselor/Spiritual Energy Medicine Minister of Humanistic Studies Pastoral Management Counselor Spiritual and Psychological Counselor Hypnotherapy, Counseling, Teaching Life & Assertion Facilitation Spiritual Transpersonal Counselor Bodymind Integration Counseling Abuse Therapist/Growth Advocate Charitable Services Minister & Spiritually Oriented Counselor Transpersonal Counselor Spiritual Minister Humanistic Spiritual Educator Psychospiritual Family Counselor, Healing Addiction Counseling and Spiritual Practice Transformational Healing Acupressure and Body Therapy Bodymind Integration Radical Therapist & Reichian Therapy Spiritual Transpersonal Therapist Community Facilitator Spiritual Facilitator Minister of Transformative Education Metapsychologist Transpersonal Therapist Spiritual Therapist Spiritual Clinical Psychologist Spiritual Healing & Transperformational Therapy Audiologist: Clinical Rehabilitation Minister of Multi-Dimensional Reintegration Creative Imagery Counselor Counseling/Psychotherapy Ministry and Counseling Child Development & Family Counseling Certified Clinical Mental Health Counselor , Pastoral Counselor Pastoral Counselor Pastoral Counselor & Minister Spiritual Converter Transpersonal Counselor Spiritual Minister Counseling in Personal Integration, Vocation, Education & Relationship Minister of Mind/Body Healing Shamanic Practitioner Pastoral Transpersonal Teacher & Counselor Creative Imagery Instructor Pastoral Marriage & Family Counselor Spiritual Clinical Psychologist Transpersonal Counselor Aura Therapist & Counselor Spiritual Psychologist Minister of BodyMind Healing Depth-Existential Counseling
--	--	--

Awakenings	Jane Mountrose	Minister of Holistic Healing
Awakenings	Phillip Mountrose	Minister of Holistic Healing
Earth Wisdom Sanctuary	Linda Grace	Spiritual Counselor
Center for Integrative Studies of AIWP	Craig Pierce	Pastoral Counselor
Atlantis Academy of Transpersonal Counseling	Anyaa McAndres	Minister of Transpersonal Counseling
EcoSpirit	Roger Wharton	Priest of Nature Wisdom & Spiritualities
Sacramento Co-Traditional Circles	Ronald Gibbons	Wiccan High Priest, Kingstone
Hands of Light Institute of Healing	Thomas Jordan	Transpersonal Counselor & Minister
ReGenesis	Robyn Bridges	Spiritual Counselor & Transpersonal Teacher
Inner Arts Ministry	William & Susan Revak	Minister of Self-Empowerment
Temenos Fellowship	Alan Strachan	Pastoral Marriage and Family Therapist
Temenos Fellowship	Janet Coster	Pastoral Marriage and Family Therapist
Dansynergy Wellness Institute	Cassandra Walsh	Wellness and Spirituality Consultant
DOLFINA - A Ministry of Lucidity	Jodell Bumatai	Minister of Lucid Co-creative Reality
Shamballa	Aliah Majon	Transpersonal Counselor
Getting Real Resources	Susan Campbell	Relationship Coach
Living Reiki Institute	Marion Hakata	Minister of Holistic Healing
Center for Transformation, Healing & Education	Judith Freyer	Pastoral Family Life Counselor
Tara's Refuge	Patricia Cashman	Minister
Tara's Refuge	John Cashman	Minister
Realm of the Heart Ministries	Stephen Blumenthal	Counselor
Windflower Center	Tom Mitchell	Minister of Sports & Life Management
Center for Compassionate Awareness	Megan Orlando	Spiritual Transpersonal Counselor/Minister of Body
Michael's Light Centre	Denys Kaye	Minister of Transpersonal Therapy and Healing
Temple of Self Empowerment	Liliana Lato	Minister of Spiritual Empowerment
North Bay Horse Rescue	Mia Young	Minister of Equine Spirit
Kinepathics	Anita DeFrancesco	Minister of Reichian, Gestalt and Somatic Movement Therapies
Free Hands	Ruth Kramer	Minister of BodyMind Healing
Synesthesia	Gail Sparlin	Pastoral Advisor
AIWP-A-Win-Win	Sandra Lee	Spiritual Marriage and Family Therapist of AIWP
Institute for Behavioral Mechanics	John Giovine	Spiritual Transpersonal Psychotherapist
Congregation for Peaceful Coexistence	Skeets Wadsworth	Pastoral Counselor
Sacred Path Explorations	Laurel Epps	Spiritual Life Coach
Heart of Life Institute	Barbara D. Borden	Beat-Keeper Spirit & Music Healer
Motherhealth Childbirth Council	Connie Dello Buono	Spiritual Holistic Childbirth Counselor
Spirit House	Suzanne Jacquot	Art Therapist, Transpersonal Counselor
Holistic Coalition	Ozell Wells	Minister- Physical Education/Health
Heavenwide Ministries	Diane Chapman	Ecumenical Minister
Rainbow Web	Janne Eliassen	Shamanic Pastoral Counselor
Threshold Ministries	Greta Sorensen	Minister of BodyMind Healing
Helping Ministry	James DeMaio	Relationship Counselor
Wholyground Ministries	Russell Burns	Minister of BodyMind Healing
A Sense of the Sacred	Christina Hammond	Spiritual and Ceremonial Counseling
Resting in the Heart of God	Barbara Ann Flood	Minister
Circle for Depth-Existential Inquiry	Marc H. Applebaum	Depth-Existential Analyst Spiritual Guidee
Breath of Life Ministries	George Moscona	Pastoral Marriage and Family Counselor
Love Is the Solution	Nasser Zaghi	Spiritual Messenger
Projects4Change	Becky Baker	Spiritual Counselor-Addiction Services
Awaken Truth Foundation	Daniel B. Holeman	Spiritual Guide
Avancé Foundation	Dennis M. Swenson	Minister
Indigo Light & Lactation Services	Maryke Barclay	Minister and Transpersonal Therapist
Gulf Coast Spiritual Center	Gurdon Lemmel	Spiritual Mentor
Coming Home	Randall Alifano	Pastoral Counselor
Q's Ministry	Kiumars Lalezarzadeh	Minister of Psychotherapy & Counseling
Inquiry	Risa Kaparo	Counseling, Healing and Mediation
InSights Unlimited	John Gutting	Pastoral Counselor/Pastoral Psychotherapist
Divine Empowerment Community Council	Bethany Ann Gonyea	Divine Empowerment Integrative Minister
The Temple of Self-Ascension	Sri Ram Kaa	Holistic Healer & Spiritual Mentor
All Beings Holistic Ministry	Kendra Riley	Minister of Holistic Healing
Unfolding Grace	Tho Vong	Body-Centered Spiritual Counselor
Oz Farm Sanctuary	Gary Matthews	Shamanic Transformational Counselor
Insight LA	Trudy Goodman	Dharma Teacher & Psychotherapist
Lomakka Healing Center	Jussi Lomakka	Integrative Healing
Center for Transformation and Healing	Hanh Nguyen	Spiritual Clinical Psychologist
Elderflower Womenspirit Festival	Naomi Tilsen	Shaman of SpiritBody Integration
The Om House of Spiritual and Religious Equality	Carolyn Bearde	Clinical Psychic Therapist
Integrative Healing Center of AIWP	Robert Aguilar	Spiritual Chiropractic Body Alignment
Sanctuary of the Dream	Kathleen Lassiter	Creative Arts Facilitator
The Balance Point	Kathleen Weeks	Spiritual Healer and Counselor
Sacred Circle Tree of Life	Julie Marchand	Minister and Spiritual Counselor
Itzamna Healing Center	Jane Anne Lambie Leach	Healing Energy Facilitator and Shamanic Pastoral Counselor
Interconnected Pathways	Peggy Storsved	Minister of Spiritual Integration.
Synchronicity Center	Molly Roberts, M.D.	Shamanic Pastoral Therapist

Continued, Page 4

<p>Congregations, Continued from page 3</p> <p>The Foundation of Reverence OCEAN Institute for Embodiment Education Nature's Pathway Unfoldings Anam.Cara House Inner Work Temple of Self Ascension The Foundation for Optimum Being God We Are Turning Point Interlaken Institute for Spiritual Studies Authentic Self Spiritual Counseling Eternal Source Tae Kwon Do Lovers of Wisdom Lovers of Wisdom</p>	<p>Indigo L. F. (B.) Margolis Becky Coleman Grace Thompson Kerry Brady Ruth Schwartz Tina Levitan Jerold Larson Dennis M. Swenson William Metzger Phillip Ziegler Gary Sall Amy Pierce Jamal Bethea Peter Kingsley Mary Kingsley</p>	<p>Minister of Integrative PhysioPsychoSpiritual Development Spiritual Embodiment Mentor Spiritual Healer and Counselor Integral Counselor Pastoral Counselor Integrative Shamanic Counselor Holistic Healer and Spiritual Mentor Minister Power Therapist & Energy Healer Transpersonal Psychotherapist Spiritual Analyst and Advisor Minister in Integrative Healing Master Instructor Pastor Pastor and Spiritual Director Minister of BodyMind Healing</p>
---	--	--

Thanks for Your Generosity

We continue to be grateful to the generous donors who help support this newsletter.

Carol Adams
Randall Alifano
Steve Blumenthal
Bonita Borchert
Avis Burnett
Kim Chernin
Janet Coster
Michael Day
James DeMaio
Barbara Flood
Judith Freyer
Trudy Goodman
Carol Hannum

Risa Kaparo
Jennifer Katz
Ruth Kramer
Aliah MaJon
Phillip Mountrose
Madison Omholt
Craig Pierce
Brenda Recore
Linda Redford
William and Susan Revak
Timothy Ryan
Gary Sall

Harvy Schwartz
Francesca Starr
Linda Starwolf
Sandy Steers
Peggy Storsved
Elise Tribble
Yanis Toussulis
Kathleen Weeks
D. Wegman
R. Wegman
Russell Wells
Roger Wharton
Connie Zweig

New Ordinations

We welcome the following new members in service to our flock:

Jamal Bethea, Master Instructor Pastor
William Covert II, Pastoral Counselor
Karen E. Craft, Shamanic Pastoral Counselor
Maria Kingsley, Minister of BodyMind Healing
Peter Kingsley, Pastoral and Spiritual Director
Ken Mazzochi, Pastoral Counselor
Bernadette T. O'Donnell, Spiritual Minister and Counselor
Amy Pierce, Minister in Integrative Healing
Molly Roberts, Shamanic Pastoral Therapist
Marjorie Schuman, Clinical Psychologist
Jay Stevens, Spiritual Healer/Counselor
Stacy Vajta, Facilitator of Synergistic Bodywork
Coly Vulpiani, Voice Dialogue and Big Mind Facilitator
Paula Marie Wright, Healing Arts Minister
Phillip Ziegler, Transpersonal Psychotherapist

Erratum: In the Contents box on the front page of the last issue, the article "Women's Friendship" was mistakenly attributed. The author of this article was Diane Dalbey.

Authentic Movement, My Heart's Passion

By Diane Angehrn

My weekly practice of Authentic Movement for the past five years has been a most profound process of learning. Authentic Movement is a movement-therapy discipline, a multi-layered healing approach, which offers psychological and spiritual healing. This somatic process connects the body and the mind. It is a movement form that invites a person, a "mover," to find her/his spontaneous, authentic expression with eyes closed. These free-form movement expressions can be internal, externally visible, and/or audible. There is always a "witness" holding the intention of seeing in each mover whatever wants to be seen as well as the intension of infinite possibilities that might be expressed. These intentions assure for most movers enough safety and holding in the process of opening their bodies. After the movement period and a transition time, which usually take between 10 minutes to an hour, the mover shares the important parts of the unfolding story of her/his conscious movement perceptions. As a witness, one is asked to listen to one's own body while in the presence of the mover and just share about the spoken, conscious parts. So, both the witness and the mover exchange their experiences from a place of listening to the inside, listening to their bodies. This form of non-judgmental and intimate conversation is very healing for all of us because it brings us in contact with the parts in us that have difficulty staying present and vulnerable.

Authentic Movement teaches me about stillness and listening. It is a form of meditation, reflection, and contemplation. It has transformed my world into an adventure of exploration and pleasure. I am filled with a sense of meaning and optimism because I learned that human nature is boundless, and in its abundance a refuge of beauty and wonder. I also realize how disconnected from myself I was and how my ability grows to hold these polarities for others and myself.

The invitation to move authentically was an invitation to find my truth, which I experience as directly linked with finding trust, trust in my own perceptions as well as trust in other movers.

I re-connect on a conscious level with my human nature and slowly begin to understand deeply how I am interrelated with Mother-Earth. The witness becomes the bridge for me to grow from my illusionary independence to a new form of interdependence with my environment. I realize how the process of building my own boundaries is the necessary foundation for my learning of life's most profound paradox. By closing my eyes, the removal of the visual separation from my outer environment enables a deeper awareness and building of my own boundaries, providing me with the ability to experience conscious relationship with nature and other movers. I am letting go of

Authentic Movement teaches me about stillness and listening. It is a form of meditation, reflection, and contemplation.

my ideas and pictures and beginning to observe that environment is constantly created. I begin to embody the vastness of nature's ever-changing processes and the diversity of our experiences as movers. Diversity is opening my view of my outer

The loud voices of critics, judging my shadow sides as negative, begin to slow down and I become able to see myself in a fuller reality by embracing my shadow and by turning my judgment into curiosity.

environment and helps me to discover an internal vastness of possibilities in myself. Diversity is mirroring myself as a diverse human being with so many possibilities that I don't even know about many of them. The vast variety of my family members, friends, and all the unknown people that touch my life can broaden my own perspective and provide me with the learning of expanding possibilities. I know less and less who I thought I was and simultaneously grow clearer in myself. I am growing more comfortable with embracing the unknown, which increases my ability to be in the present moment.

With time, I embody the external witness as my internal witness. Being seen

changes into seeing myself. The witness is sharing her honor for each of my movement-expressions, which opens my ability to honor and nurture myself. My world starts changing as I exchange my lenses of looking at myself. The loud voices of critics, judging my shadow sides as negative, begin to slow down and I become able to see myself in a fuller reality by embracing my shadow and by turning my judgment into curiosity. Curiosity is an open gesture to welcome the unknown. Not knowing creates moments of emptiness, a still point of a new beginning. Not knowing is inviting new creation.

Authentic Movement teaches me the difference between knowing and embodied knowing. Embodied knowing is consciousness. I learn to increasingly connect and hold my sensations, images, and emotions and begin to see that each movement provides an impulse for these connections and offers new possibilities to expand my consciousness. I learn to be in conversation with my body.

Authentic Movement invites me to take all the time I need. The importance is to allow for each necessary step of evolution. There is no time but space. This space allows embracing the fact that each expression is relevant and affects myself and other movers. Authentic Movement invites the process of exploration instead of achieving a goal. It expands from being a weekly discipline into becoming a life form. It gives me a profound perspective on life. Life is a river of energy, a river of creation. I am flowing in it, and in me is a river of feelings. Moving and witnessing teach me to merge my inner and outer world into one reality and fill me with compassion for the pleasant and unpleasant parts of myself as I learn to acknowledge and love them.

May we all embrace all parts of ourselves. May we all find our authentic expressions as we journey through life, embracing and expressing them with love that fills us with gratitude and peace.

Diane Angehrn is currently enrolled in a Ph.D. program with UIL.

Our Kind of Institutes: A Random Sampling of Organizations Sponsored by AIWP Members in Service

AIWP is blessed with a truly extraordinary range of institutes, programs, and workshops conducted by our members in service, who embody our credo in these offerings that promote “love of life and people through an integrated awakening of physical, mental, spiritual, and emotional processes.” We have highlighted a few of them in this article, and invite suggestions for coverage in future issues.

Elderflower WomenSpirit Festival: Naomi Tilsen

Elderflower was founded in 1988 by Deborah Bender. When asked how she came up with the idea for the festival, Deborah said, “The Goddess told me to do it.” She then went on to say, “One day I went to a friend’s birthday party and noticed that there were Goddess figures all around the house, and I realized that most women who had a spiritual connection with the Goddess were going to small private gatherings, or expensive events, because that was all that was available. That was when I came up with the idea for Elderflower. It would be a low-cost, all-woman, grass-roots event with a connection to the Goddess. It would be open to any woman who was interested and women who attend the festival would share their skills and experiences by putting on workshops and rituals. Elderflower would also give women new to women’s spirituality an opportunity to spend time with long-time members of the women’s spirituality movement.” The first Elderflower WomenSpirit Festival was held in the summer of 1989 at the Mendocino Woodlands, which has been its home ever since. It was organized by Deborah Bender and Rita Rippetoe.

By 1991, the annual festival had grown to the point where it became more organized and women began to take on official responsibilities as festival staff. After the 1992 festival, Deborah Bender and the staff realized that the organizational structure needed to be changed. Deborah no longer wanted to be totally “in charge” of the festival and the staff wanted to take on more responsibility and be more involved in decision-making. As a result, the Core Committee was founded, and the responsibility for organizing the festival was spread out among a collective group of five women, including Deborah Bender. Each member of the Core Committee coordinated staff working on different aspects of the festival. Decisions by the Core Committee about the festival were made by consensus.

Elderflower WomenSpirit’s mission is to create a festival for women and girls with a focus on earth based spirituality and honoring the feminine through the Goddess. We celebrate our spirituality by sharing knowledge, music, arts and ritual. Elderflower is committed to providing a safe, welcoming and empowering environment for all women, including older women, women from all cultures, women of all sexual orientations, differently-abled women, women in recovery, and limited income women.

Naomi Tilsen was ordained by AIWP as a Shaman of Spiritbody Integration in 2003. Information on the festival can be obtained by contacting info@elderflower.org.

Two Moons Women’s Wisdom: Terra Wise

Terra Wise, a midwife for the soul, has worked with women in Canada and the U.S. for twenty years. She blends cross-cultural, embodied, mythic, archetypal, and shamanic methods as an ally and guide to help women cross thresholds and navigate change and inner growth. Terra is a state-certified sexual assault crisis counselor, an instructor of yoga, self-defense, and qi gong, and a clinical hypnotherapist. Terra is also the creator of a CD/book of unbiased and compassionate healing support for post-abortion distress.

An example of her workshops includes “The Power of the Womb: Archetypal, Mythic, Embodied,” which explores the mysterious primal, mythic, and energetic meaning of the womb, a deep well of archetypal significance. The womb of possibilities: an alchemical vessel of creativity and Eros, change and growth, physical birth and spiritual rebirth, the container of light forces. And also the womb of darkness: a portal of initiation through death, grief, transition, crisis, underworld descent, loss of the womb, losses from the womb, miscarriage, abortion, stillbirth, letting go of children, and the important life threshold of menopause. Attending consciously to the womb in an integral way (including the spirit womb, both for men and for women who have lost their wombs to surgery) allows us to connect with this most essential expression of the Divine Feminine, and with our own wholeness.

Terra was ordained by AIWP in 1993 in Bodymind Integration; she can be reached at www.terrawise.net.

Elephant Exposure—Uncovering and transforming unspoken issues: Bobbi Fimiani Liberton

Bobbi Fimiani Liberton, Ph.D., and Bob A. Liberton Fimiani, relationship coach, have developed an experience of discussion, lecture, group process and role play designed to help individuals become better acquainted with the magical field of consciousness that rests between passive and aggressive behavior, the energy field they call the Art of Assertiveness Relationship. In this field, we feel seen, heard, safe, trusting, and nurtured; feelings, wants, needs, and thoughts are uncovered and shared, and conflicts are addressed consistently and safely. Relationship challenges become opportunities for deeper relationship. True intimacy in our personal relationships and profitable team synergy in our professional relationships can unfold.

At the core of this facilitative teaching process are the Art of Assertiveness Relationship principles. Assertiveness methods were initially designed as conflict resolution techniques. Bobbi and Bob have taken the main components of that initial model (personal boundary identification and maintenance, honoring of feelings, asking for what you want, using “I” statements, active listening skills, deep listening skills) and expanded upon them by exploring their underlying principles (safety is essential; win-win works; one must be present; integrity is indispensable; balance is inherent; healthy boundaries create spaciousness). This creates and maintains *trusting and mutually rewarding* personal and professional relationships.

Bobbi, an early founding member of AIWP, was ordained in 1979 in Love and Assertion Facilitation. Elephant Exposure can be reached at 227 West 25th Street, #27, San Pedro, CA 90732; phone/fax (310) 548-4447; e-mail ElephantExposure@juno.com.

The Third Phase

Cat Saunders was ordained by AIWP in 1993. She received her Ph.D. in psychology the same year. Since then, Cat's service has left imprints in the northwestern United States. Her publications and magazine articles are widely read and AIWP has a welcome door to edit and use her work wherever we deem valuable. Her devotion and support of AIWP and its universities has been a major factor in our growth.

"My Father's Last Dance" is a touching story of the intimate final days of physical presence on this planet. Much attention is paid to arrival and our lifelong adventures, and Cat presents a tribute to our passing, which is fitting during the year that Elisabeth Kubler-Ross passed after making her contributions to our awareness of the significance of all phases of life.

- Mel

My Father's Last Dance Amidst Pain and Suffering, the Grace of Love Prevails

By Cat Saunders

My dear father and friend, Warren Saunders, died at dawn on June 1st, 2004. He'd been suffering from Parkinson's, and his condition had deteriorated significantly in the past year. On May 7, 2004, he fell and broke his neck. He was rushed to Virginia Mason Hospital in Seattle, where he spent a few weeks in critical care following surgery to fuse two neck vertebrae.

The surgery was successful. However, the cumulative trauma from the fall, the neck surgery, a tracheotomy, and other difficult medical procedures brought more tubes, more pain, and more debilitation. He never stood or walked again, and he was never able to eat or breathe again on his own.

Starting the night of Warren's hospitalization, my partner (John Giovine) and I visited him regularly. The first evening he was sedated for pain, so we simply sat with him and held his hands. The second night, while awaiting surgery, Warren's head was in traction. He couldn't move without pain, but he was awake and alert. When I walked into the room, he reached out to me and smiled his still dazzling trademark smile.

That second night, it turned out, was the last time my father was able to converse with me in the usual ways. It was extremely difficult for him to articulate clearly because of his neck injury and Parkinson's. Nonetheless, our conversation that night was remarkable. He was completely open and emotionally vulnerable, and he was accessing multiple levels of reality. Somehow, through a bridge of deep love, I was able to connect with him even when he was "in another place."

At one point, he suddenly stared straight ahead as if he were seeing something far in the distance. He said loudly and clearly, "Know where you're going and go there!" I realized later that he not only knew—at a soul level—that he was on his final voyage; he was also bequeathing me a final piece of fatherly advice.

After three weeks of terrible suffering in the hospital, Warren was moved to Bailey-Boushay House in Seattle for hospice care. This happened on Thursday, May 27th, after he was removed from life support at his request. The previous Saturday, my father had communicated his wishes to me during a tender and excruciating two-hour "conversation" comprised of my carefully worded yes/no questions and his strong nonverbal responses.

Once he was transferred to Bailey-Boushay, he received 24-hour compassionate palliative care to make him comfortable. When John and I visited him again on Memorial Day evening, I prayed and sang to him softly as he rested in a deeply inward state. The following morning, on June 1st at 5:55 a.m., he took his final breath. I was the last one in my family to see him alive.

I didn't learn of Warren's death until his body had already been moved to Bleitz Funeral Home in Seattle. Upon hearing the news, I journeyed shamanically to see if his spirit needed help with his transition (he didn't). Then I put a favorite Krishna Das chant on the stereo and danced my heart out. Raising my arms to the heavens, I exclaimed, "*Good job, Warren!*" Despite all the suffering, he died well in the end.

That afternoon, John and I went to Bleitz to meet with my family and the funeral director. I asked to spend time alone with my father's body, since I had not been able to see him that morning at Bailey-Boushay.

It was deeply moving to see my father dead. Weeping quietly as I touched his face and kissed his cold forehead, I said "Thank you" and "I love you" over and over to him. He and I had long since forgiven each other for everything, so I felt no unfinished business between us. It still broke my heart to say goodbye.

Two days after my father died, John and I witnessed his cremation at Bleitz Funeral Home. That experience was powerful and intense beyond words. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. It felt important to honor and care for my father's body after death, just as people who bury their dead are present when the bodies of their loved ones are committed to the ground.

Intuitively I'd known before coming to Bleitz that I wanted to be the one to start the fires of the crematorium once my father's body was inside. As I turned the dial to start the burners in that last act of love, a wave of grief passed through me again as I felt the finality of my father's death.

Afterward, John and I sat on the lawn outside Bleitz Funeral Home under clear blue skies, and we watched as the heat waves from the fire rose to the heavens.

This article was originally published in Evergreen Monthly (September 2004).

University for Integrative Learning: An AIWP Educational Program

From its beginning, AIWP has fostered innovative educational programs that promote its philosophy and values. The University for Integrative Learning (UIL) is the latest generation of a pioneering effort in alternative higher education that began in 1968, so we consider UIL to be 35 years old even though its name is new. UIL headquarters is in Cheyenne, Wyoming, and the administrative offices of AIWP are in Rohnert Park, CA. UIL is a school of AIWP, a religious organization, and follows its philosophy and values while maintaining a completely nonsectarian perspective.

The Birth of UIL in Alternative Education

A contemporary foundation for the University for Integrative Learning was laid in 1964, when the elementary and secondary departments in Harvard's School of Education and the Union for Research and Experimentation in Higher Education began to develop innovative and alternative programs. As these programs expanded along diverse paths, the umbrella organization for UIL—the Association for the Integration of the Whole Person—joined forces with the movement for alternative education when AIWP was founded in 1975.

UIL Mission Statement

The University for Integrative Learning serves a spiritual learning community in ways consistent with humanistic educational philosophy and psychology. UIL places individuals at the center of their own learning processes in relation to all aspects of life.

The Association for the Integration of the Whole Person (AIWP) is recognized by the federal government as a 501(c)(3) nonprofit religious entity. The University for Integrative Learning of AIWP is a nonsectarian spiritual university that values human diversity and maintains that all learning and degrees are religious in nature. While AIWP sponsors UIL, there are no religious or spiritual requirements placed on a learner other than those of the learner's choice.

The headquarters for UIL is in Wyoming, registered under the name AIWP with the Secretary of State. The administrative office of UIL is a part of AIWP headquarters in California, at the address below. The State of Wyoming has laws that recognize the U.S. Constitution's separation of church and state, exempting legitimate religious schools from state and federal laws other than those against performing criminal acts, practicing medicine or engaging in an organization in state or federal politics. Contact: **AIWP-UIL Main Office: 6182 Country Club Drive, Rohnert Park, CA 94928; Phone: 707/586-9484; Fax: 707/586-9014; UIL e-mail: U4lifelearninghq@aol.com.**

Recent Graduates

We proudly announce our most recent graduates, their majors, their areas of specialization, and their major studies:

Bert Dennis, Ph.D., Psychology, Developmental Disabilities and Forensic Psychology, *Developmental Disabilities and the Design of Treatment Programs for Sexual Offenders*

Erratum: In our last issue, we mistakenly stated that Kerry Young, now engaged in her degree program, had graduated. We regret the error.

A Learner Evaluation: What She Really Thinks

By Kim Chernin

Life's Long Learning

Throughout my life I have been an ardent, eager, dedicated student, steadily involved in a serious type of study that is characteristic of many people my age, although it often goes unrecognized as learning and is certainly not celebrated as the type of learning that deserves any sort of degree. A year or so before my 65th birthday I became interested in a doctoral program at the University for Integrative Learning that gave credit for life-long learning. Its founder, Mel Suhd, had originated the concept of the University Without Walls. The program required the submission of a thesis, which could be a book I was at all events intending to write. And I would have to write some 15 essays describing the particular ways in which my life had been my university. The idea intrigued me. It invited to reflect on my life in a way I had not done before. I am, indeed, a woman who has done most of my life's work without classes, institutions, universities or degrees. I am a much-published writer without having taken a single writing course. By the time I took an advanced degree in clinical psychology I had been counseling people about their life's problem for over 15 years.

For my thesis, I wanted to work on an historical novel about the first neighborhood in Los Angeles to attempt integration, a

work based on my own experience growing up in that neighborhood in the 1940s, where I had for many years come to believe that I was a Negro girl. Although my characters would be fictional, my representation of the period culturally and politically would be precise and would follow my characters into the beginning of the Civil Rights Movement. This project would be, certainly, an unusual type of doctoral thesis, but it seemed to fit in well at this university that encouraged a re-interpretation of traditional forms.

The most fascinating prospect would be the writing of the fifteen essays, ten of which would describe the life-learnings in which I had engaged until the present, while the remaining five would follow the different types of learning in which I would be engaged while writing both the other ten essays and the thesis. Mel had encouraged me not to think simply in terms of book-learning, courses I had taken or formal studies I had pursued, but to spread my conceptual net, so that an opera I'd heard that had been influential could qualify for an essay, especially if it had led to further investigations into music or voice or an interest in singing. The important principle was the integration of the experience with a reflective understanding of its meaning and influence in our lives. I began to think about my four marriage-like relationships and how they had each been a distinct type of

initiation, not merely into ways of loving or feeling passion, but into specific areas of book-learning and study. David, my first husband, had opened the doors to European high culture, classical music, and analytical philosophy. He seemed as much instructor as husband, almost as if the marriage itself, now that I came to think of it, had unfolded through its eight years exclusively in the periodical room of the library at the University of California, where I had met him in my freshman year, and where we had gone, on our first date, to read Viennese newspapers together. I also thought about how many books on shamanism I had read over the years because I had become curious about the way animals seemed to communicate with me. Had I in fact been studying shamanism on and off all these years? Could I write an essay about it? Soon I wondered how I could possibly limit the essays to fifteen, or how it was possible to divide the flow and movement and intricate connectedness of life into discrete lessons.

At home, staring out at the view while the cats made a mess of the papers on my desk, I began to play around with the

categories of learning my essays would cover. There were, of course, things you could learn from books that you could not learn in any other way. I could not have learned about Greek mythology or analytic philosophy or the history of music except by reading. But was this type of home-grown reading different than the reading I would have pursued if I had been taking formal classes or had hired an instructor? I could

write an essay about each of these subjects or perhaps a more compelling essay about the strangely cyclical quality of such reading as it had followed me with interruptions and inevitable returns through many years. This reading had an organic quality to it, came and went at its own pace, establishing its own seasons, creating in my bookshelves distinctive areas of concentration, the hoard of books growing and expanding like a garden of vigorous, native plants. Nothing that had ever interested me seemed to have died away. When I moved, my books came with me; when I traveled new books came home. Over the years new bookshelves had consistently to be built until eventually whole rooms came to be dedicated to particular subjects.

Obviously, I loved books, but weren't there were other kinds of learning I also cherished? I opened my notebook and followed my thoughts. I was indeed fascinated by the type of learning that came from direct experience. I thought that probably a great deal of women's learning fell into this category—the learning of measurement through cooking and baking, the meaning of volume from pouring a glass of milk, an understanding of heat and its transformation from turning on a flame under a pot and so on. One summer when my daughter Larissa was one year old I took a class in child development at UCLA. I never had to open the book, which seemed obvious and redundant to me. I consistently scored 99 out of 100 on the multiple choice exams because, obviously, I had been learning from watching my child. This learning, moreover, would never be forgotten because it had been imprinted along with my child's first words, first steps, first eager groping for a fistful of cereal. Similarly, I had learned a great deal about psychology from having been a psychoanalytic patient for twenty-five years. This particular learning seemed more valuable than what I had come

to understand from the clinical and theoretical books I had read.

But there was something even better—a category of learning with which I felt a passionate affinity. I was thinking about all those things books and teachers could not impart, understandings that could only be gleaned through direct, hot experience. An understanding of love and sex and meditation, a genuine knowing of what they were about, was simply beyond the reach of books, as was the felt experience of what things mean. I might write an essay about music, not in terms of harmony and melody and rhythm and keys, but rather in a quest to understand why music was so meaningful to me that I had spent hours and weeks and months playing a single aria over and over again. My essay might best begin with the first time I was able to convert a compulsion to binge into an ability to take in the St. Matthew Passion and be seriously nourished by it, so that eating a pound of chocolate became, simply, irrelevant. In a reflection on that experience, with its tears and awed trembling, I would come closer to an understanding of music than I could by studying harmony or the sonata form.

The important principle was the integration of the experience with a reflective understanding of its meaning and influence in our lives.

My life, thus examined, became more serious, more weighty. It seemed to hop up onto the shelf next to the large books, to acquire a dignity, a kind of leather binding. I began to think of people whose children had left home or whose careers were not yet the self-fulfilling endeavors they might still become. Suppose, at a certain age, it was customary to enter a university to earn a doctorate in our life's meaning? The

very idea of middle-age and growing old would be transformed, wouldn't it, by this expectation? At the threshold of supposed diminishment, a serious endeavor would await one, to impart, discover, find or impose meaning on the seemingly random events of life. Would one live one's life more reflectively knowing this review was ahead, or perhaps with more daring, more spontaneity, in an effort to amass a rich store of experience upon which to reflect?

I imagined a brigade of older people who had earned their doctorates in this way. How much there was still to do with these longer lives we were acquiring. Lives of service, education, consultation, community building, tutoring, fostering, discoursing and organizing. That inverted pyramid about which economists and social scientists had begun to worry would be usefully transformed. Instead of generations of young folk earning the money to support the legions of passive, aging elders, instead of retirement meaning isolation and the loss of productivity, "doctored" elders would be ready to form themselves into an Elder Brigade and take on all sorts of work for which they, with their life experience, their capacity to reflect on life, would be uniquely fitted. The doctorate would represent simultaneously a summing up and an opening forward into virtually uncharted advanced life-experiences. It would prepare the way for elders with a meaningful role to play, whose contribution was respected, sought for, cultivated, required. We, tomorrow's elders, I thought, are moving on into a culture that has not yet recognized the need for elders or created the forms by which we can usefully contribute to it. Surely that means it is time for us to create them?

This essay was originally published in Tikkun magazine, Vol. 19, No. 5.

Love's Bibliography

By Kim Chernin

I once knew a reading room that was the perfect embodiment of my inner world. It was in the library at the University of California at Berkeley, on the north side of campus, surrounded by trees. It used to have an especially beautiful oak tree outside the large window at the back of the room but the oak has since gone down. The room has suffered from this absence, which invited brooding on longevity and the wind, but otherwise the room has, over the forty-five years since I've known it, maintained itself as a reader's preserve. Some changes have been introduced, new easy chairs and couches, a different stereo technology up on the gallery where you can look down over the room while you are listening to music. The books and records do not circulate, nor do they move about much. The last time I was there I could walk straight to the books I used to read and find them after an absence of some twenty years. The room is high and long with a soft penetrating light that makes it perfect for reading. It is paneled in wood, the shelves are inset into the walls, the oriental rug that stretches the length and breadth of the room may have changed over the years, but I doubt it. There are also a couple of heavy oak tables, at one of which I have done a good deal of surreptitious writing. This is a leisure reading room, a place of stern and august quiet; it requires lowered voices, muffled footsteps, textbooks and homework to be left at the door.

Some years after I graduated from Berkeley I used to visit this place daily and spend most of the day there. My boyfriend was on the staff at the University Medical Center in San Francisco, which gave me the use of his library card as an unofficial spouse. In those years, in the late sixties and early seventies, before Governor Reagan cut the library's hours, the Morrison Room kept the same hours as Moffatt Library. It was open from early in the morning until quite late at night, which meant that I was often alone in the room with the librarian. The librarians sat at a small table near the glass doors at the entrance; they eyed me suspiciously when I moved from my red chair at the back of the room to write at the oak table. Several times I had to produce my library card and explain that I was not doing homework, I was just jotting down thoughts; mainly, I assured them, I was reading. I had nothing against the librarians, stern monitors of the room's tranquility, but they frightened me with the dread of expulsion. I was not sure if writing poetry would be considered homework or some other kind of forbidden work so always managed to close my notebook and look up innocently when I felt them approaching.

There were days when I arrived the minute the reading room opened, was in fact often waiting outside for the doors to be unlocked. I brought a small lunch with me, ate it on the steps outside the reading room, spending as little time as possible outside my sanctuary, rushing back inside to my red chair, my oak table, the bust of Aeschylus on the shelf, the oak tree outside the window, hunkered in close to the shelves with their

collection of Greek books in translation, where I first read Plato and Aeschylus and Sophocles but not Euripides because Nietzsche, whom I was reading at the same time, had despised him.

Driving to the Morrison Room was dangerous and difficult; I had a recurrent fantasy of smashing my car at top speed into oncoming traffic. I don't and didn't know how close I came to acting on this fantasy that seemed to offer some relief from the possibility of going mad. Sleepless nights, outbursts of crying, attacks of rage, wildly racing thoughts, a tendency to forget my way even on the most familiar streets, to suddenly have arrived somewhere without remembering how I came to be there. None of this turmoil was able to cross the threshold of the reading room; no matter how I was feeling when I waited outside, frantic and impatient for the doors to be unlocked, the minute I entered I was free of it. At home, trying to read, my thoughts raced and

broke and fragmented; the inscape shattered; it was like watching a fire break out in a beloved room, racing desperately about to save whatever mattered more than something else while fighting off the conviction that even here, among the most beloved things, in fact nothing mattered.

I spent over a year in this condition, with the Morrison Room holding and protecting me. Then, when I felt that I needed something more, hard physical work, perhaps in an enclosed

environment, I went to live on a kibbutz. I didn't visit the Morrison Room again when I returned; I didn't set foot in there for more than a decade. But one day I heard from a client that she'd been browsing about in there and had come across a book that I myself had written! Since then, she'd been back every day, protectively holding my book on her lap even when she'd finished reading it. I sat quietly for a long time in my consultation room after she had left. A young woman, troubled in much the way I had been years before, making her way to this same sanctuary to shore herself up during a rough period and finding, among its books, a novel I could not possibly have imagined writing all those years before when I'd been so lost. Would it have mattered, would I have felt less desperate, if I'd dared dream that one day I would be calm and steady enough to help another person get through what I had gone through?

I wanted to sit in the Morrison Room to ask myself this question. I walked down; the campus is less than a mile from my house. The oak tree was gone, the library had expanded at its expense, the reading room was open only for several hours a day. I peeked in through the glass doors and saw myself hunkered in my red chair by the corner, surreptitiously scribbling in my little notebook between the covers of an open book. Would it have made a difference if I'd guessed back then that one of the books I was not quite writing would one day emerge and make its way to these shelves? I looked hard at my younger self, sandals on the floor next to the chair, legs tucked up tailor fashion, shoulders hunched, a curved little self-enclosed package of a thing; forlorn, tense, brooding. She knew; yes, she knew; she was holding on back then because she had already slipped into the future that would emerge from this turmoil, this bewildering crisis that scared the devil out of her and everyone who knew her, including her analyst.

Would it have mattered,
would I have felt less
desperate, if I'd dared dream
that one day I would be calm
and steady enough to help
another person get through
what I had gone through?

I acquired the house in which I now live after I returned from Israel; I modeled it on the Morrison Room, as a place to hold and contain. Here, as there, there are entire walls of books; in the living room, in the upstairs bedrooms, down here in my office where we ripped out the walls to build the shelves firmly in between the studs. The living room, a long rectangular room, has its oriental rugs, high ceilings, good reader's light in every corner, a view outwards onto trees. I used to have an old oak table here where I liked to sit with my chin in my hands staring out at the view. Just now, as I write, there are plans afoot to add a little reading alcove up under the roof where the attic touches on our bedroom. It will have a small skylight, books along every inch of the low walls, a built-in cam light and a thick futon.

When I am reading at night I will be able to look up and watch the moon pass by over our house, tutelary deity for the book-loving insomniac. I am going to find one of those old patch-work quilts made by someone's grandmother and keep it folded in a corner of the tiny alcove. The carpenter is already gathering materials so that on Thursday, the minute Renate leaves for Germany, the work on the alcove can begin, thus guaranteeing that the dust and mess and absurdity of creating more reading space in a house already too large for us will be solidly in the past by the time she returns.

The poetry books are already housed, as is our collection of children's books from three childhoods, one of them in German. This alcove would be a good place for books on mythology; they, with their troubling incursions of gods into human life, might need to be read in a protected space. The alcove could be devoted to foreign novelists, mainly French, Russian, and German. I think Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, Hesse and Thomas Mann, Stendhal and Flaubert would feel at home up there, each with a shelf of his own. Or I might turn the alcove into a dedicated space for my favorite women novelists. Austin and Eliot and Woolf and Murdoch, to each of whom I have devoted a summer's concentrated reading. I could make space for the English novelist Penelope Fitzgerald, a more recent enthusiasm, whose death I mourned bitterly a couple of years ago. I might fill the alcove entirely with Shakespeare, the individual plays in their Penguin editions, my Shakespeare textbooks from college, the various editions of the sonnets. Down here in my office I have shelves full of Wittgenstein's books, the vast majority of them unpublished during his lifetime. He and his torment would not fit in with my contemplative intentions for the alcove, although he was short and slender enough to fit in comfortably as a reader. There is no question, absolutely none, of filling the shelves with Freud, who will remain in my office along with most other books on psychology, so many of which have been required reading. Winnicott, with his arresting voice, could find a place upstairs but might feel out of place among the novelists. My five favorite poets, who right now have a spot close to my bed, might be candidates for the alcove. Dickinson, Hopkins and Herbert, Keats and Yeats could be tucked in next to the Shakespeare sonnets and maybe folks like Rumi and Mechthild and St. John

. . . Books with people like Alyosha Karamazov, who never age but who change radically with every reading as I grow older.

The carpenter and I have worked together for almost twenty years; he's become a close friend and didn't raise an eyebrow at the idea of a reading nook in a utility room.

of the Cross and Lao Tzu and Hafiz. The books that belong up there are the kind you can open anywhere, at any time, but especially late, late at night. Books that contain passages that will seem new no matter how often they've been read; books full of words that cry out in almost-memory longing for renewal. Books with people like Alyosha Karamazov, who never age but who change radically with every reading as I grow older.

So far, there is no room in this house of eight rooms that does not have its books. A few weeks ago we decided to create a utility room for a new washer and dryer; it would be a place to store household tools and paper, with a work table for Renate's sewing machine. We had to dig out and haul away the dirt in an unfinished part of the cellar, shore up the foundations with cement walls, put in wiring and plumbing and whatever else might be needed. As the carpenters worked, cutting away supports, re-inforcing the ceiling, I noticed that if we dug even further back below the house we could create a space that would be perfect for reading.

The carpenter and I have worked together for almost twenty years; he's become a close friend and didn't raise an eyebrow at the idea of a reading nook in a utility room. Meanwhile, the room that is emerging has lost all suggestion of a deep, dark, forbidding underground vault. Inspired by the idea of a reading nook, the L-shaped room has acquired a beautiful washer and dryer in a contemporary shade of dove grey. It will have alternating black and grey squares of linoleum tile, floor-to-ceiling white cabinets and built-in overhead lighting with a flexible light fixture in the nook. A door with an opaque glass window will be cut into the external wall so that a soft northern light can enter the room without disturbing its utilitarian dedication.

But which books will be housed in the little nook? Should they be practical books, on gardening for instance? This question will require consultation between Renate and me. What books might she want to read while I am washing and drying and ironing? What would my choices be while she is sewing? Or, when my daughter comes to visit, would she want some of her children's books in here, perhaps those fantasy novels I read aloud to her and which she still likes to read over and over? Ursula Le Guin, Patricia McKillip, Tolkien? It is, of course, obvious to all three of us that I could wash and dry and Renate could sew and Larissa could visit without resorting to the utility room. Each of us could find a place and an activity in the rest of the house which is also filled with dedicated reading spaces. Or someone might actually want to do something else, garden or draw or cook or listen to music, although of course, now that I come to think of it, there will also be a little stereo unit in the utility room, just as there is a fairly decent stereo player in the kitchen. Just as in the far back of the garden, under the redwood tree, there is a waterproof storage cabinet that holds a bag with a spare pair of glasses, a notebook, a ballpoint pen and a few books someone might need if they are suddenly caught up in an irresistible passion to read when they are outside working in the garden.

Rituals—Dance—Psychotherapy Possibilities of Self-Realization in the Circle of Authentic Movement

By Maria Oberem

On Rituals

Over centuries people have been celebrating rituals as a way of recognizing their rites of passages. They celebrated important life events such as birth, puberty, marriage, death, harvest and hunting. Most of the ancient cultures knew about the necessity of rituals during important life transitions. Through rituals our ancestors have expressed their fears, hopes, desperation, and wisdom. In such a way, they have communicated with their Gods. Through the connection to higher forces, they experienced a strengthening of their spirits, a deeper meaning of life and, at times, they even received healing from disease. The original wholeness of a person who had undergone changes during times of transitions was thus recreated. Rituals have always been the bridge between the mundane world and the higher world of gods.

In times of transition, rituals can offer protection, structure, and support. They may also allow an experience of being connected to one's core again. Through ritual, expression can be given to the depth of an emotional experience that may accompany an important life event. Through ritual process, insight into the meaning of events can be gained. Thus, a certain balance of life forces can become active in an individual's psyche. Within a community, rituals also offer the possibility to consciously experience and strengthen one's own identity in transition. In this way, new perspectives can be gained by each participating member.

Fritz Perls said: "Rituals are an expression of the human need to belong, to be part of a group" (cited in Beck & Metrick, 1990, p. 10).

When we ask ourselves where in today's society does a person have an opportunity to experience a sense of belonging, i.e., where in our Western culture do meaningful rituals still exist, we have to admit that there is no easy answer to this question. Traditional rituals such as going to church on Sundays, family reunions at a wedding that may end up in a divorce, or a birthday party during which family members, sober or intoxicated, may eventually begin an argument, have often lost meaning for the individual. In many cases, the connection to meaningful content of rituals has been lost. Few individuals may still feel a sense of value and true belonging to family, community, religion, and ritual in a world as fast paced as the one we live in. In today's society, a person can no longer rely on the stabilizing effects of rituals in times of crisis and transition, as was possible in ancient times.

"... One dimension of mental illness arises because: an increasing number of individuals are forced to accomplish their transitions alone and without private symbols" (Kimball, cited in Beck & Metrick, 1990, p. i).

Staying with the aspect of ritual, could it be that those individuals who enter psychotherapy do so because they have left the circle and/or have lost their-inner rhythm in this ever-changing cycle of life? Could it be that they have lost the

For some
dancers and
dance teachers,
the studio and
the stage are
sacred.

conscious experience of *religio*, the relation to the core of their being which also includes the transpersonal dimension? And, could finding one's place again in the circle, whether it be in a family, in a community, or in a church, be considered an important step toward self-realization?

On Dance

"I dance because no part of my body should remain without the experience of religio." (Socrates)

Dance is considered the oldest form of art. Because dance is experienced primarily through the actual physical body and only becomes alive through its physicality, we do find that inner changes happen in the body while dancing. These changes find expression in the body's movements. During numerous hours of physical training, dancers not only exercise their bodies; their

minds are equally engaged in the process.

Joan Dexter-Blackmer, a modern dancer and Jungian analyst, describes dancers as "the acrobats of the Gods." It is her belief that a strict dance training shows many parallels to an alchemical process. "During ritual dancing the body turns into an instrument of transcendental forces and ultimately becomes an alchemical vessel" (Dexter-Blackmer, 1989).

In psychotherapy, transformation plays a major role. It is about developing a consciousness that will eventually be able to empathically accompany the psychic development. In this process, material from the unconscious such as memories, dreams, fantasies and inner images can be integrated into the

whole of experiences.

According to Dexter-Blackmer, it is the act of bringing consciousness into the body that allows the actual transference of the process of individuation into the body.

On Dance and Psychotherapy

When do people enter psychotherapy? Ideally, when they experience the conscious need for change. However, in most cases, it is usually a crisis that triggers a person to look for professional help. Once this decision has been made, the search begins for the right psychotherapist or analyst, or the right environment of a hospital or clinic where the individual can feel safe. Part of the formal parameters of psychotherapy is the agreement between client and therapist to meet on a regular basis, for a specific time over a period of time, in a specific place, and for a certain fee. The inner agreement lies in the commitment to the process of psychotherapy that holds true for the client as well as for the psychotherapist.

In psychotherapy, as in ritual and dance, the action takes place in a specific place. For some dancers and dance teachers, the studio and the stage are sacred. These are very specific places in which something extraordinary can happen. Dexter-Blackmer (1989, p. 25) describes them as "a tenemos, the goddess's sacred ground, dedicated and ruled by forces which were not personal. The analyst's consulting room can have a similar quality. The tenemos was originally a sacred precinct, often dedicated to the goddess Gaia."

The space where psychotherapy takes place is only the outer container in which transformation can occur. The next larger layer of container pertains to the specific relationship between client and therapist. The inner transformation eventually takes place in the person's psyche, whose home is in the vessel of the

body. This process of transformation is a most unusual event that includes mystery. Rarely can such processes be understood only in analytical terms. The direct experience of transformation ultimately affects both, the client as well as the therapist. In this process, the quality of time can change; time may no longer be perceived in linear terms. It rather seems to follow its own rhythm and, thus, can be called "soul-time." A person's actions and awareness can be considerably different from everyday perceptions while staying in "soul-time" during a psychotherapy session, a movement session, or during a sequence in the practice of Authentic Movement.

The Meaning of the Circle in the Context of Authentic Movement

Authentic Movement is a therapeutic and meditative form of dance/movement therapy that developed out of expressive dance and is informed by several psychological theories including the analytical psychology of C. G. Jung. Its pioneers in the U.S.A. were mostly former students of Mary Starks Whitehouse, who herself was a student of Mary Wigman in Dresden, a German expressive dancer as well as a student of analytical studies at the Jung Institute in Zurich, Switzerland.

The circle as an archetypal form has been a universal element of ancient rituals through which people of the early times called and honored the powers of their gods. The circle consists of proportional tension between its center and its periphery. The circle can represent time, unity, wholeness, perfection, infinity, abundance, and emptiness. There can be movement and stillness contained in the circle. A circle can consist of separate elements and, at the same time, exist as a whole entity.

In the practice of Authentic Movement, the circle can carry any one or all of these meanings at any given time. If Authentic Movement is practiced in a group, the members often come together in a circle. Witnesses and movers take their places in the form of a circle. In the beginning, everybody makes an active attempt to consciously take in the circle.

Movers enter the circle, where they close their eyes, allowing the movement process to unfold. Witnesses, who usually form a circle around the movers, visually and empathically accompany the movement.

In this context, the circle serves as a symbolic vessel for unconscious material. It is also referred to as the container.

Witnesses may at times find themselves in the presence of a spontaneous ritual unfolding in the circle. Witnesses and movers are equally engaged in this process. At times, both may experience a higher and all-embracing presence much larger than any individual's personal presence,

If we open our thinking toward this larger dimension, we recognize that all living beings are part of a larger life cycle.

"One important part of ancient ritual was that it made you a member of a tribe, a member of the community, a member of society. The history of Western culture has been the steadily widening separation of the self from society. 'I' first, the individual first" (Campbell & Moyers, 1988, p. 83).

This Element of Belonging: Janet Adler's Idea of a Collective Body

The process-oriented practice of Authentic Movement addresses all levels of perception. It enables a person not only to experience himself or herself in a conscious way, but to eventually relate to others in a more conscious way. This

practice then can become the foundation of self-realization in an active relationship to a conscious community.

In the practice of Authentic Movement, the circle can also hold another symbolic meaning: being a member in a circle may be experienced as belonging to a community.

Summary

Rituals relate to a basic human need for structure, protection, and strength. Above all, rituals serve to bridge inner experiences with the external world.

Genuine rituals allow for a personal experience of religio as well as relatedness to a community. They may offer an opportunity to experience transpersonal aspects of life. Repeated and conscious observance of ritual may serve to strengthen a person's identity. This may result in stabilizing the individual and may bring a more life-accepting attitude.

Dances used to be a central elemental of old rituals that helped people of ancient times to meet the eternal changes of a lifetime. By participating in ritual, body and spirit likewise are transformed.

Dance movement therapy is based on the knowledge that body and soul are a union as well as mirrors of one another. Here the body and its movements are at the center of attention.

The need of modern times to engage in psychotherapy and to integrate the physical realm in this process can be seen as an attempt to experience the religio, the connection to the core to one's being, in conscious relationship to the transpersonal dimension. In the context of ritual, psychotherapy can be understood as a process of self-realization. The person may eventually be able to experience life more fully in relationship with others.

There are remarkable parallels between dance movement therapy and psychotherapy in terms of the basic characteristics of rituals. These include preparatory time, repetition, length of time, a special place, and an attitude of inner listening. The direct physical experience while participating in ritual can continue to affect the human psyche. Through the kinesthetic memory, the individual may continue to feel the psychic imprint of participation in ritual.

More similarities can be found between ritual and Authentic Movement. Part of the practice of Authentic Movement is the experience of being moved and in this process being seen by another. It holds the chance to experience oneself not only as an individual but also as part of a bigger picture. Because of the significant relationship between mover/s and witness/es, it is important that all people involved are committed to the practice over a longer period of time.

Experience with group work has shown that if each individual is in touch with her or his inner process, the group as a whole can be in a state of synchrony (see Adler, 1994). The many-fold opportunities for self-realization within this form have been confirmed by many practitioners.

References

- Adler, J. (1994). Der kollektive Körper. Konferenzbeitrag, *Berlin*, 3-15.
- Beck, R., & Metrick, S. (1990). *The art of ritual*. Berkeley: Celestial Arts.
- Campbell, J., & Moyers, B. (1988). *The power of myth*. New York: Doubleday.
- Dexter-Blackmer, J. (1989). *Acrobats of the gods: Dance and transformation*. Toronto: Inner City Books.

Maria Oberem is currently completing her dissertation with UIL.

What We've Been Writing: A Promise of Enlightenment, in Free Verse

Michael Day is a man with a message. Since his return from India, where he spent three weeks and received enlightenment from Sri Kalki Bhagavan, he has written *Bhagwan! . . . A collection of scribblings from a devotional madman out of gratitude for the fact that Sri Kalki Bhagavan is here, now.* This 46-page booklet was conveyed into print as an attempt to put into writing what happened for the author on this trip, and can be obtained for \$5 (including shipping) by emailing him at michael@stateofgrace.us. Most of the proceeds are being donated to help with the completion of the Golden City, which is being built near Madras to help a minimum of 60,000 people to get fully enlightened (more on this later).

Full enlightenment seems like a tall order to many, yet Day promises that it is, indeed, not only possible but readily available:

*Even though he's not well known in the West,
people from over two dozen countries
have been going to see him for years.
Everyone who knows this guy adores him.
They all call him Bhagwan.
That's it—just . . . Bhagwan.
A very simple, very humble, very cool dude, this Bhagwan.
Very cool . . . because . . .
the guy delivers.
You see. . . he's here for one reason and one reason only. . .
to give you full enlightenment.
I'm not kidding.
Want to hear something really wild?
He can do it.
He can give this to you.
Wait a minute . . .
don't read this so fast . . . Slow down . . .
I don't think you really heard me a moment ago . . .*

***This man can do it.
This man can give you full enlightenment.***

*I have first hand experience.
NO hype here . . . I am NOT kidding.*

The point here is that enlightenment is not something you can go after and get; you have to have it given to you, and according to Michael, Bhagwan can do it. This excerpt from the introduction is characteristic of the rest of the collection, which includes thirteen free-verse sections that address everything from “fear of the changeless state” to “a blissful head cold.” This “collection of scribblings” is an entertaining and curiosity-piquing documentation of Day’s experiences after February 18, 2004 (“the day You took me ‘in, up and through . . .”). With humor and enthusiasm, he recounts some of his own past spiritual strivings and shares his view of the human condition:

*Bhagwan . . .
after 35 years of experiencing a pretty hefty assortment
of saints, mystics, gurus, teachers, healers, masters, avatars
etc.*

I really have never come across a Being such as You.

*What You are offering seemed so outrageous to me
before I had received your diksha.*

*After all . . . As You well know,
we live in a world where direct communion with the Divine
has been “held hostage” for thousands of years by
religions systems*

*instead of being allowed to express itself uniquely and freely
through the individuality of every human heart.*

*Just the concept of . . . enlightenment . . . being given . . .
originally seemed so . . . “untrustable” to me.*

*But now, thanks to Your blessed diksha,
I can see that the choice to perceive your offer as dangerous
is really just a covert personal expression
of a massive planetary heartbreak.*

*Bhagwan,
is not practically every human being burned over and over
and over again
in their quest for direct, unceasing access to the Divine?*

This heartfelt volume concludes with a glossary of Indian terms used, a rather puzzling section on an avatar named Amma, who works with Bhagwan and is also “able to transfer the state of enlightenment to any amount of people,” and a description of the Golden City project. In addition, following the final poem and below a picture of Bhagwan are the words, “A minimum of 60,000 people must become enlightened by 2012. It is only then a new world would emerge. That is why all of you have to prepare yourselves for mukthi as quickly as possible now.” That would leave us, let’s see, a little over seven years to get our act together. If you want to get moving on this, or just satisfy your curiosity, you can contact the following web sites: www.stateofgrace.us,

Abou Ben Adam

Abou ben Adam (may his tribe increase!)
awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
an angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adam bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said:
“What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men.”
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adam’s name led all the rest.

- Leigh Hunt

In Their Own Words: “What the Credo Means to Me”

We ask that prospective members of AIWP complete a personal assessment in which they answer the questions, “What is your own mission, and how does it fit with AIWP’s mission statement?” and “What does the Credo mean to you?”

Below are two particularly insightful examples of how our members have responded to these questions:

Falling in love with Life—and I remember clearly that such a thing happened—meant that I remembered who I am and why I came here. It was then that I suddenly knew that what I wanted was to serve, serve as I had been served (and continue to be) along my own path of healing, serve by helping others to do what I have been able to do.

The work of my personal healing has meant coming to fully stand in *all* the “bodies” that I am—spiritual, emotional, mental, physical—and coming to honor them all as sacred expressions of That Which Made Me. It is this integrative, personal work that allows me to live more and more fully from the Authentic Self and to shepherd in others that same “wounds to wings” transformation.

In the experience of being called to serve, I was “shifted” by the Caller into remembering not just who I am, but who we all are. I simultaneously understood, at a very deep level, that all true need is spiritual. Facilitating others’ acceptance, understanding, and embrace of this truth through whatever means are available to *them* allows the opening of a portal into genuine healing. Why? Because, at its highest level, it heals our belief in separation, a belief that I see as the root cause of our personal and global suffering.

For me, to dance with Life/God/Love is to be lit with a fire to know and love the elegance and balance of All That Is. To be lit by the fire of the sacred means, too, that I willingly stand in the Truth as I am and model that for others. My own mission statement, or Promise Into Life, is stated this way: “I, Amy Pierce, promise that in my presence, no matter what, Life will show as a spark of divine fire.”

My religion is my passion for the sacredness of all Life, for the Great Mystery, the Tao, the I Am. The only dogma I can claim is that of Oneness, which propels my commitment to teaching and modeling that Truth, that First Principle. The best I can do is to *be*. And

the best I can be is a finger pointing to the moon, for as the Chinese sages taught, the Tao that can be spoken is not the Eternal Tao. My finger will forever point toward ways to The Way. It is the least, and best, I can do.

Amy Pierce was ordained in 2004 as a Minister in Integrative Healing.

Love is the solution.
- Nasser Zaghi

www.loveisthesolution.org

As the credo states, “Life itself is a religious experience as realized in the temple of my being.” This is of the utmost importance. We have been conditioned for centuries into a fragmented view not only of life but of ourselves as well. Ordinary, everyday life has been seen as separate from religious experience. It became a struggle for getting more, better, and bigger rather than a joyful experience of being. We felt split into different entities with little contact between them: physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual, like a mirror that once was whole and complete but now had become shattered into all of these pieces.

When life is devoid of its sacred nature it becomes a burden too heavy for any human being to carry. How many people nowadays walk around crushed by that burden! We seek healing for our physical ailments, unaware of this deeper malaise that haunts our days and nights. In my work as a healer and bodyworker, I always strive to bring into harmony all the various aspects of a person. For true healing really comes when we are whole, integrated human beings with a joy for living every minute of our existence.

My mission is to serve life by serving people through my healing and bodywork. I strive to give people the space and trust to experience what it means to be loved and accepted for who they are, whether ill or healthy, young or old. Through something as simple as touch, one becomes aware of the deeper layers within one’s psyche and gets to understand how

everything inside is interconnected, how physical, emotional, mental and spiritual well-being are completely interdependent. This recognition leads to the awareness that life must be lived with the whole of ourselves. Such an awareness empowers one to hold life with light hands and revere it as precious. In this way I feel that my work fits in perfectly with AIWP’s mission statement of serving our communities in ways that ensure the blessings of self-empowerment.

To have the understanding and the protection of AIWP is a blessing to anyone who has a deep, sincere commitment to serve others. As the article “We Are All Outlaws” shows, going through the labyrinth of statements and regulations of our legal system can be an extremely disconcerting and very confusing experience without expert and well-meaning help.

In my many years of working as a healer and bodyworker I have witnessed many cases whereby highly trained and extremely capable healers have been prevented from doing their work because of laws passed under pressure by groups of people with a narrow scope, wanting to protect their interests. The article by Claude Steiner is a testimony to such cases and I feel it is our duty to do what we can to safeguard the right to love and serve others in a way that befits our capacity and our training.

A minister’s duties and responsibilities are to embrace people from all walks of life, to give them the love and warmth they need, help them to the best of one’s abilities, and show them mostly through one’s own example that life can be a beautiful and deeply fulfilling experience.

With regard to his/her duties and responsibilities towards AIWP, a minister should keep clear records of all income and expenses, of board and congregation meetings, and report quarterly to AIWP headquarters.

A minister’s relationship with institutions such as the Internal Revenue Service is to abide by all its requirements and especially to report, with careful attention to detail, all sources of income that are not directly related to the work connected with AIWP.

Maria Kingsley was ordained in 2004 as a Minister of BodyMind Healing.



AIWP
6182 Country Club Drive
Rohnert Park, CA 94928

NONPROFIT
US Postage
PAID
Permit No. 122
Inglewood, CA

AIWP/UIIL is registered with the Wyoming Secretary of State as AIWP in Cheyenne, Wyoming (CID 2000-00405139)

And a few aides to levitation:

Worrying is like sitting in a rocking chair. You keep yourself busy, but you don't get anywhere.

A characteristic of the great saints is their power of levity. Angels can fly because they take themselves lightly. (G. K. Chesterton)

All those who believe in psychokinesis, raise my hand.

Credo

of the Association for the Integration of the Whole Person

Love of life and people is achieved through an integrated awakening of physical, mental, spiritual, and emotional processes. Life itself is a religious experience as realized in the temple of my being. I am performing a religious service when my thoughts and deeds involve an affirmation of life. My congregation is both myself and those who seek my support in striving towards an integration of the whole person. To serve others, for fee or gratuity, who seek my assistance in the pursuit of this religious experience is both my commitment and my right, free from any persecution. My service is supported by the Association for the Integration of the Whole Person in agreement with the Constitution of the United States. Membership in the Association for the Integration of the Whole Person will be denied or revoked if I interfere with or injure the rights of others, perform criminal acts, or practice medicine without a license. My service, whether for fee or gratuity, is limited to the areas for which I have been qualified.