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DOING WHAT WE LOVE LOVING WHAT WE DO

40 Years of Miracles Magazine

by Jon Mundy

*We thank our Father for one thing alone;
that we are separate from no living thing,
and therefore one with Him.*

W-195.6:1

*2025 marks the 50th anniversary of the printing of
A Course in Miracles and
The 40th anniversary of Miracles magazine.*

You are here to awaken from your slumber.

ACOL, C:P.14

*I would not forget my function,
because I would remember my Self.*

ACIM, W-82.3:2

What is 'A Calling'?

There is something each of us are meant to do—a mission woven into the DNA Fabric of our Spiritual Being. We are here to awaken and remember who we are. A calling isn't chosen; it chooses you. By responding in kind, we are found. An inner whisper says: "You are love. You are kind. You are an eternal part of God." As the young Jesus said to his parents when they found him in the temple talking with the Rabbis:

"Didn't you know I had to be about my Father's business?"

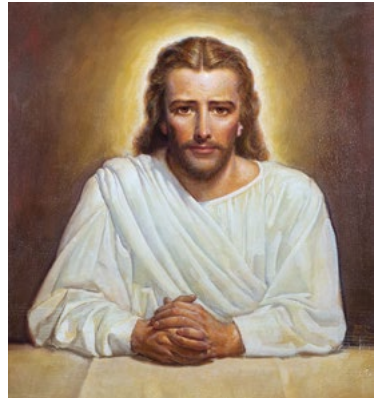
Luke 2:49

*I would not forget my function,
because I would remember my Self.*
ACIM, W-82.3:2

We have been sent to this Earth school on a mission of remembrance. Sometimes our work is specifically defined. Artists are called to create, painters to paint, musicians to compose. Healers—doctors, nurses, counselors—feel drawn to serve. The best teachers must teach. The best writers must write. For some reason, I felt called not only to write but also to start a magazine.

One day, when I was fourteen, I was standing in the alfalfa field on our farm in Missouri, looking toward Salt River in the valley below. I stopped thinking; better, perhaps, I slipped into neutral. How do I know I stopped? Because when I started again, I said, “What was that?” And a voice responded, “Who wants to know?”

I told my folks I was going to become a minister. My mother, Milly, who had her own rich inner life, was delighted. She bought me a Ralph Coleman picture of Jesus, a crank organ that played hymns, and an ostrich-leather-bound, red-letter edition of the King James Bible—sitting now within arm’s reach.

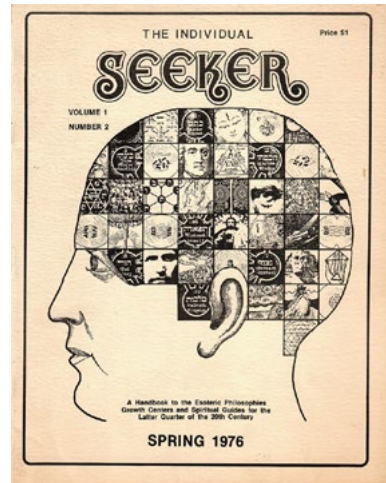


After high school, I enrolled *The Savior by Ralph Coleman* in the pre-ministerial program at Culver-Stockton College in Canton, Missouri, and signed up for a class called “Beginning Preaching.” Through an unusual set of circumstances, while an 18-year-old freshman I managed to secure a job as the minister of Hawk Point Community. My salary was \$35 a week. Gas cost 29 cents per gallon.

I completed my Master's in theology at Southern California School of Theology in June 1967 and moved to New York City to begin doctoral studies at the New School University. From 1969 to 1979, I taught several different classes at the New School, including four different courses on Esoteric and Mystical Philosophies—Ancient, Medieval, Modern, and Contemporary. During this same time, I served as pastor of Windsor Terrace Community Church in Brooklyn (1968 to 1978). While there, I began writing out my sermons and leaving copies in the vestibule for anyone who wanted to read them.

In the spring of 1972, I offered a class that included a week on the Kabbalah. Lacking knowledge of the Kabbalah, a friend introduced me to Rabbi Joseph Gelberman. Born in 1912, the same year as my father, Joseph soon became both a spiritual father and mentor. We began monthly interfaith services Sunday afternoons in NYC, and in 1980–81, he asked me to help launch The New Seminary—now All Faiths Seminary.

Why this call to start a magazine? In 1975–76, I launched *The Individual Seeker*. I funded it myself. I had no staff and did all the paste-up work by hand. I managed to put two issues together before financial constraints forced me to stop. It was good training for *Miracles* magazine.



Growing up in nature, I longed to return to the countryside. In 1978, I requested a transfer to a more rural area, and thus became the pastor of Central Valley United Methodist Church in the Catskills, an hour north of NYC. I still dreamed of publishing a magazine, but

I needed typesetting equipment. In 1981, I bought a Comp Set 510II typesetting computer. It was as big as a refrigerator and produced type on photographic paper. With it, I started High Rock Graphics—designing newsletters, brochures, and menus.

The Birth of Miracles Magazine

In September 1985, a church member who was moving away offered me \$1 a week if I would mail him my sermon. I figured I could send one to my mother and sister, too. Others would also need to pay \$1. Using church bulletins as covers, I began wrapping each week's sermon with a worship bulletin and mailing or handing them out. This little magazine became *The Mustard Seed*. As it grew, I added jokes, poetry, and seasonal wisdom.

On Mother's Day in 1989, it all ended. A new church member, an opera singer from Georgia, got up to sing. Standing next to the piano, she said, "Before I sing, there's something I have to say." Pointing to the pulpit, she said, "The message I need to hear from this pulpit every Sunday is the message of the saving grace of the sacrificial blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, and I do not hear that message coming from this pulpit!" Indeed, I had never preached sacrificial blood. Along with one other person who agreed with her, they wrote letters of complaint to the Bishop.

I was then called into the bishop's office. Driving to his office, I repeated a simple little mantra, "Do not attack this man. Do not defend yourself." The bishop was upset not only about ACIM but also about my visits to gurus in India, shamans in Mexico, and especially my 1976 near-death experience involving psychedelics with Dr. Salvador Roquet and Maria Sabina. My time in the United Methodist Church had come to an end. He wanted a divorce. He kindly offered to help me get a job selling life insurance. I said, "No, thank you, but thank you. Goodbye."

*Some of your greatest advances you have judged as failures,
and some of your deepest retreats
you have evaluated as successes.*

T-18.V.1:6

I drove from the Bishop's office straight to Rabbi Gelberman's NYC apartment and told him about what happened. He said, "Just start your own church. You can use 'The Little Synagogue' in Greenwich Village—free for a year." In September, 1989, Rev. Diane Berke and I founded the Interfaith Fellowship in NYC, and *The Mustard Seed* became *On Course*, a "weekly" magazine. Expelled for teaching the Course, people now came to see us "because" we were talking about the Course in *Miracles*. By 1990, we had outgrown the Synagogue. Marianne Williamson offered us space at The Manhattan Center for Living, serving those with AIDS. By March, 1993, we were able to move to Cami Hall, across from Carnegie Hall.

One day, a reader of *On Course* was riding the train from NYC to her home in Connecticut. Sitting next to her was Michael Leach, a publisher at Crossroad Publishing. He was reading ACIM. They struck up a conversation. I thought it interesting when a subscription from Michael crossed my desk. Then came the phone call: "Do you have a manuscript?" Crossroad published *Awaken to Your Own Call* in 1994 and *Listening to Your Inner Guide* in 1995. Invitations to speak at Unity and Religious Science churches began to come in, so much so that in January 2002, I stepped off stage in NYC and went full-time on the road, and *On Course* became *Miracles* magazine.

*This is a manual for a special curriculum,
intended for teachers of a special form of the universal course.*

*There are many thousands of other forms,
all with the same outcome. They merely save time.*

M-1.4:1-3

In July 2009, I spoke at Unity Church in Golden Valley, MN. Mari Perron, scribe of *A Course of Love* (ACOL) called to ask if we could meet while I was in the area. I started reading ACOL in preparation for our meeting. While it could be said that ACIM is more head-centered and ACOL is more heart-centered, and although they differ in style and language, the heart-head connection is crucial. Both affirm that only God, only Love, is real and that separation is an illusion. Both teach our oneness with God and that true Knowledge goes beyond duality. Each aims to heal the belief in separation, emphasizing that truth must be experienced, not just understood. They are like two sisters of the same parents.

In 2016, I was blessed with a new assistant—Eileen Katzmann—organized, kind, and tech-wise. She brought clarity and structure. That year, at a retreat in Utah, I was guided to invite Glenn Hovemann—ACOL's publisher—to edit *Miracles*. Since then, Glenn has elevated the magazine with sensitive editing, a new graphics designer (Patricia Arnold), and a circle of inspired contributors. I continue to write the lead article.

Over time, we've been joined by many inspired voices attuned to the Voice for God—through ACIM, ACOL, or inner listening. Among the most recent and in no particular order: Celia Hales, Sebastian Blaksley, Mari Perron, Lee Jampolsky, Lars Gimsted, Corinne Zupko, Marianne Williamson, Allan Ishac, MaryBeth Scalice, Shayna, Gina Lake, Dr. Dennis Gaither, Dr. Rodeny Chelberg, M.D., Claire Heartsong, Jinnæ Anderson, Margaret Dulany, Fr. Richard Rohr, Janine Miller-DeLany, Patricia Ailley, Dr. Bonnie Nack, Laurel Elstrom, Chelan Harkin, James Wills, Joe Kittle, Helen Reynolds, Pamela Kribbe, Evalyn Sorrento, Rick Carlson, Scott Grace, Lana Carolan, Sophia Demas, Christina Strutt, Patricia Pearce, Beth Geer, Carrie Triffet, Claire DuBois, Dr. Theodore Kneupper, Rodrigo Cayres, Alice Friend, Elliott Robertson, Debra McDonald, Steve Clark, and so many others.

Despite the digital shift, producing a printed magazine today is no small feat. Costs of paper and printing continue to rise. Yet the tactile feel of paper offers permanence and invites deep reflection. Finding a copy on a coffee table, kitchen island, or bathroom makes for easy access. Digital also provides easy access and flexibility. Each has its gifts.

Were it not for contributions, *Miracles* would not exist. Fortunately, One Mind Foundation is a 501(c)(3) nonprofit, and donations are tax-deductible. If you can help—thank you! If you're not a subscriber, consider joining us. It's \$55 — \$49 for seniors. Multi-year subscriptions save even more.

A new consciousness is rising—you can feel it. We are here to share in it, providing inspiration, insight, and a love for the truth. Our writers have much to say. Let them speak.



Lovingly, *Jon*

Please visit:
www.miraclemagazine.org



DOING BY BEING: A NEW ACTIVISM

By Sebastián Blaksley

Beloved reader, I want to share the following with you based on my personal experience and the revelations I have received over the past few years. I do so because I believe it can be as useful to you as it has been to me.



I grew up thinking that things should be achieved with effort and dedication. I learned in the past that merit and striving had an intrinsic capacity to add value to my actions. “If I do it with sacrifice, somehow it will be worth more.” I set goals, developed action plans, executed them, and then



evaluated whether they were effective or not. If they were not, I would redirect things with new activities born from a continuous process of struggle, action, and searching.

This learning was deeply rooted in me. It had become a pattern. As such, it not only influenced the sphere of my practical life—work, profession, education, and so on—but it also set the pulse for my spiritual life. “I have to do things to make this world a better place,” “I must strive to be an ever-better person, to elevate myself in virtue,” and many similar ideas. In short, we all learn this as children, some more, some less.

“My son, you ask yourself, What to do? Nothing.
What to desire? Nothing. What to think? Nothing.
What to seek? Nothing.”

To a certain extent, this way of thinking sets the rhythm of the hours in our lives, especially in these so-called “modern,” often hectic times. And the more so, the more valued they are in certain areas. With this, I learned ideas such as, “important people are always busy” and others derived from this well-established pattern of behavior.

We return to our original state, that of being limpid channels of divine power.

And yet, one day while I was in prayer, our Divine Mother appeared, and everything changed for me. At that time, my heart burned with the desire to “do things” to elevate myself, to unite myself with Christ. To heal. To live fully and make my life work fully. To be happy. In short, those things we all seek in one way or another. But on that day, the following dialogue took place within me.

Divine Mother: “My son, you ask yourself, What to do? Nothing. What to desire? Nothing. What to think? Nothing. What to seek? Nothing.”

And my soul pondered: “What will remain for me, then, when I have nothing?”

And the sweet voice from Heaven answered: “It will remain All.” After that, it told me: “Let yourself be loved.”

As a result of that experience, an edifice of great truths manifested within. I immediately knew there was another path: that of *Doing by Being*. That path is governed by the Law of Not Doing. This profound understanding changed me.

I began to experience the following with greater clarity. When we remain in the stillness of the heart, in union with our true being of pure love, in oneness with the Source that is unshakable peace, we return to our original state, that of being limpid channels of divine power. We connect our humanity with the ever-creative power of spirit, the unbending force that creates the universe and sustains it eternally—an unparalleled power, which does by being.

What it does is accomplished in unison—not with actions, but with presence. Not through acts arising from mental strength, but from the creative strength of love.

God does nothing: He-She simply is.



Creation does that by being—just by being what it is.

This is how I understood more deeply what some wise men said when they proclaimed that God does nothing: He-She simply is.

This revelation became evident to me. Certainly, when we are united with inner peace, we are guided by the Spirit. It accomplishes everything within us. We live in a state of Grace, like children in the arms of a mother, surrendered, devoted to love. By this renunciation of being our own creators, we let love guide our existence, the Consciousness that inhabits us, gives life, and takes care of us entirely. It does what needs to be accomplished in our individual and collective lives in harmony with the universal plan of remaining in fullness, now and forever. This, of course, concerns everything, not just personal life.

I knew then that there was “another way,” another way of living, one that includes the fulfillment in their entirety of the true desires of my heart. This encompasses the sincere desire to live in a better world, to ensure that current and future generations can enjoy peace and harmony, the desire for fulfillment for everyone and everything in creation.

I also understood that I was not created to love, but to be loved, and thus to be love. This led me to the profound knowledge that my function in this world is *doing by being*. That is, to allow. To let the work of love be accomplished in me and through me. To open myself to receiving divine abundance and not to predefine what should be done or how it should be done.

I was not created to love, but to be loved,
and thus to be love.

Here we can find the answer to a new activism, one that has a concrete impact on the world of human forms and actions whose source is the Spirit, and is born in inner silence, in the peace, coherence, and integrity of the soul. As a result, a manifestation will emerge that will flood the Earth with a love that has no beginning or end because we externalize what we believe we are. Walking this path, things are renewed in the Grace of truth, not by what we accomplish through the thinking mind, but by what manifests from Infinite Consciousness through us to the world of form.

I feel that *A Course in Miracles*, *A Course of Love*, *Choose Only Love*, and *The Age of the Heart*, along with other revelations, invite us to this path. They do so, for example, when they speak of “I need do nothing” (ACIM ch. 18, sec. VII), “The Way of Mary” (ACOL, D:Day 19), “Conscious Non-Planning”(ACOL, C:17) “The Way of Being”(CHOL, Book VII), and “Total Abandonment in Love” (ATH ch. 11).

This new activism is one of contemplation, pure devotion, and deep trust. In this activism we live consciously united with our heart: waiting in love, listening to its voice, following its silent dictates. In short, *doing by being*. We co-create as divine channels. We judge nothing. We simply are. And by being, we transform the world, through of our unity with the Source of endless life, and all holy actions.

*Sebastián Blaksley, of Buenos Aires, Argentina, is a scribe whom Jesus calls “a pencil in the hand of God.” To date he has received the seven-volume [Choose Only Love](#), a three-volume [Truly Beloved](#) series, as well as [The Age of the Heart](#), [Resurrection Consciousness](#), and [Embodiments of Love](#). He is also publisher of [Un Curso de Amor](#), the Spanish edition of *A Course of Love*.*



by Rod and Alice Friend

Editor's note: Rod and Alice Friend were married in 1989. Rod transitioned in mid-summer, 2024. Since then Alice, a long-time medium, has been receiving frequent messages from him. The following is one such message.



Rod: Good morning, sweetling. I was just sharing with you in thought language how lovely it is to be without a very sick body. You were thinking, as you often do, of the discomfort we both went through because of my sick body. Please do not spend time thinking about that, my darling. Most of my life my body was fit and well, and it served me so wonderfully, as you well know.

In my case, my body went through an illness that was more than an illness. My body burned through so much of my old ego debts. I asked to purify my ego and that is how it was done. including my ego's wrong belief of criticizing and berating myself. You know all about that, and you and Davon helped me so much. Bless you both! Now, without the body there is clarity because I have no physical container to look

Musical instruments are alive here and I am having a relationship with the wonderful spirit of piano.

after, and you don't have to look after it either. So, without a body, I am lighter, freer, and clearer as you know.

I inhabit your body with the presence of my Love and we both can and are using your body to represent me in matter on Earth. I love us, my sweetling. I am in multiple states, "places," and awarenesses simultaneously. Since I have no time or space as you experience it in a body, the expanse of awareness is everything and everywhere at once! I love it. I kind of touched into that sometimes even with a body, as you all do.



I have shared with you how musical instruments are alive here and how I am having a relationship with the wonderful spirit of piano. We unite and use each other to experience and play with Love. Love uses everything to help itSelf be known. Plants and flowers are Love manifested. They are living healers of and for the soul and have a very musical essence that sings to the spirit as Angels do. There is a sacred mathematical, geometrical language that the stars give that come into music, healing, all of nature and our essence. This was once used and known in all ways of life, architecture, awareness, music, healing, and generally being in the body. It is still in the memory bank of all humanity. You see the remnants of this in ancient structures that modern man cannot understand, but they know deep within themselves as a greater awareness speaking in their hearts.

Nature is an orchestra of the most divine music.
Nature sings, plants sing.



In some ways, nature is an orchestra of the most divine music. In a jungle or forest your ears hear the outward sounds, but there are inaudible sounds as well. Nature sings, plants sing. If you are very still, you can unite with nature and experience this.

Nature also cries. It cries when it is not loved and honored, just as you would. Mentally hold Nature like a mother holds a baby in her loving arms, aware of all of its needs. When you love a flower, you love all flowers. When you love a tree, you love all trees. When you love an herb, a spice, you love them all. They are all interconnected. Disconnection is the greatest sickness there is. Please be aware of this in everything in your life, my darling.

You certainly don't need a body to be connected, as we know. In fact, connection, true connection, is really eternal

True union is Love expressing itself—and here we are, in Love.

union, and eternal union is Love expressing itSelf. Take that in . . . true union is Love expressing itself—and here we are, in Love. All your thoughts and feelings, when including Love's union, is your Christ Self! I am in Love's union with you now and anyone you share this with. My so-called ego tries to shut down my awareness of union but Love does not allow it because it is unreal. Love IS Reality. Separation is not real. It's a simple as that!

So, in Love's union everything is eternally alive. That is why I am in union with a piano, a plant, an animal and you, my Love, eternally. Please know union in all you see, do, and feel today—and know the Reality of that, Love, Love, Love.

Alice: Rod is referring here to *Resurrection Consciousness* and *Chose Only Love* because those are the books we were working with. He often brings references to what we did, read, or talked about together. There is so much he has shared and is sharing with me. I feel so full and blessed. That does not negate the fact that I miss his physical presence so very, very much as I am still in a body and all that means, but it does constantly remind me of the eternity of life and the reality of Love.

Alice Friend lives in southern Spain. She has written *A Course in Christ* and *Mary Magdalene, A Force of Love*. Rod and Alice's son, Davon, died suddenly in December, 2016 at age 36 and started communicating with them 6 months later. Rod put the transmissions together in the book, *Here I Am, Dad*. It is a first-hand account of Davon's on-going experiences of his sudden death and what he is experiencing without a body. He also helped and continues to help others from where he is, as he loved and still loves being of service. Alice can be contacted at acourseinchrist@gmail.com

ACTING SPIRITUAL!

by Carrie Triffet

In my early 20s I briefly worked for a seemingly legit Los Angeles company that, unbeknownst to me at first, engaged in what can only be described as dis-organized crime. Amateur-hour chaos, fueled by utter depravity.



If what went on in that slick hi-rise building hadn't been so stunningly appalling, it would've played like slapstick comedy.



Look out!

I was hired as the in-house art director. My friend Lynda worked in business administration. Neither of us lasted long. Upon leaving her position, I asked over lunch what she intended to do next. A well-deserved couple of weeks recuperating on a beach in Cancun, maybe? Or perhaps a trip home to visit the folks, before starting the next job search?

I would therefore guess that Mother Theresa
had little time for pampered Westerners
trying to find themselves.

She shook her head. "I'm going to India for 6 months. I'm gonna volunteer at Mother Theresa's Mission."

I nearly choked on my French fries. I had only known Lynda to be a hard-partying L.A. urbanite, quick with a laugh and fond of a drink. Not exactly Mother Theresa material.

But life had thrown her a severe curveball in the form of the buffoonish corporation from which we'd both been unceremoniously jettisoned. The loss of that job caused her to question everything. She had no idea how to begin searching for meaning in what had suddenly become a starkly meaningless world. So, India it was.

Fast forward several months, when I next caught up with my friend. Over drinks, she told of her exotic travel adventures, as well as her time at Mother Theresa's Mission. Curious about this world-famous paragon of maternal goodness, I asked, "And what about Mother Theresa herself? What's she like?"

Lynda crinkled her nose in distaste. "She's kind of a bitch," she said.

Obviously I can't speak with any kind of certainty about Mother Theresa's life or motivations. But my hunch is this: in her consuming passion and purpose to care for the poorest and most downtrodden, she surely had to dig deep within herself, finding the inner resources to persevere despite immense personal hardship. This grueling process would likely have hollowed her out over time, leaving a wide open spaciousness through which Spirit could clearly express itself through her.

I would therefore guess—with no disrespect to my friend—that Mother Theresa had little time for pampered Westerners trying to find themselves. Or for those who might've been drawn to her in the woolly notion that her brand of Motherhood would be endlessly soft, patient, and compassionate toward all beings. Toward those in her care? Absolutely, yes. Toward everybody else? Not so much.



So what does it actually mean, to act spiritual?

Mother Theresa, as far as I know, was a bona fide saint. Her commitment to her life's divine purpose ran deep and true, reshaping her from the inside out. She *acted* from that spontaneous upwelling of deep *spiritual* conviction. Which is, apparently, an entirely different thing from being nice to everybody.

Somewhere along the way we spiritually-minded folks got it tragically wrong. We supposed that acting spiritually means pretending we have it all together when we don't. Or that it means pretending to be patient, loving, and wise, even when we're not feeling it. Or that even if we ourselves can't manage it, we can and should expect this lofty behavior of

We supposed that acting spiritually means pretending we have it all together when we don't.

everybody else. It's a hell of a thing to have to live up to. Holy moly.

Consequently, all of this collective pretending means we go around thinking we're the only ones who don't have it together. That we surely ought to be able to sail through life floating on a sacred sea of infinite loving kindness—because clearly everybody else is doing it—but for whatever reason, we ourselves simply can't manage it. Right?

It's nobody's fault. Nobody is doing it with intent to deceive. There's a deep collective belief that says: If you're practicing any kind of spirituality, then you, personally, should be able to exhibit the traits of a spiritual master. And if you aren't able to exhibit those traits, you (as well as the form of spirituality you're practicing) are simply a fraud.

Which is a bit nuts, but there we are. It's a belief that causes loads of pain and some pretty bitter judgment of self and other. As I said, it's nobody's fault.

Truth is? We are all ordinary/extraordinary human beings on a spiritual path. We each come to that path laden with assorted baggage, bowling balls, and maybe a backpack or two full of rocks. Along the way we drop the heavyweight travel accessories in whatever order, or timescale, is right for our own journey. This goes for students, teachers, counsellors, authors, experts, and who knows, maybe even the lofty ones. Nobody, as far as I can tell, is equipped to act like the pure embodiment of serenity all of the time. (Not even sure they'd want to.)

I bring all of this up because of the overwhelming ferocity of inner judgment that arises whenever I hear from spiritual journeyers who routinely beat themselves up for not

It's heartbreaking. We torment and judge ourselves and each other—holding us each to an impossible imaginary standard of sainthood.

being “farther along yet.” After all these years on a spiritual path, I should surely be _____ [fill in the blank] by now.

Or those who speak painfully or disdainfully, of their disillusionment because a favorite spiritual teacher made a dumb mistake, or got mad and blamed somebody for something. Or showed some other human failing.

It's heartbreaking. We torment and judge ourselves and each other—holding us each to an impossible imaginary standard of sainthood that even the saints themselves don't live up to.



I myself used to act “spiritual” on steroids, fully believing I needed to outwardly exhibit my inner aspiration for spiritual transcendence—even though I was acutely aware that I was

several backpacks shy of being able to truly embody that transcendence.

The following is a pivotal event that didn't cure me of it 100% at the time, but it definitely got the (bowling) ball rolling. Not long after *Long Time No See* was published, I was invited to co-teach a weeklong *A Course in Miracles* retreat workshop alongside a couple of better-known teachers. It was an intense time for many reasons, not least because (a) I'd never even attended a spiritual workshop before,

much less taught one; and (b) in those early days I was still utterly terrified of the spotlight. Consequently I felt raw and stretched to the limit most of the time.

On Day 5 my lower back suddenly gave out, slipping out of alignment just after the lunch break. It was the longest afternoon in history: Me, perched on a hard, sloping chair and doing my best to live through the discomfort, all the while attempting to overcome the inner terror and offer a teaching that somebody might actually, y'know, find useful. All I wanted was to go lie down.

We broke at 5:00 pm. Hallelujah. On my way out the door an attendee stopped me. Earlier in the day I'd delivered a message to her that she hadn't wanted to hear. Maybe I wasn't sympathetic enough, or sensitive enough while speaking to her about it, I dunno. Eight hours later, she had a great many things she wanted me to know about my personal failings.

I stood and listened quietly, kindly—spiritually—while she tore into me with an unrelenting, scorching fury. Standing was extremely uncomfortable, and being subjected to this shocking diatribe was no picnic either, but I did it anyway. For nearly an hour.

Why? Because I was a “spiritual teacher”—one who is beyond taking anything personally. One who shouldn't be perturbed by anything as trivial as back pain. Because kindness, patience, and infinite compassion are what a spiritual teacher is supposed to do, right?

It was only when she ran out of fresh material (but not the fury that fueled it) and began to recycle the original ferocious accusations that I put a stop to it. Politely. Kindly. Was I honestly feeling polite or kind at that point? Hell, no. But no matter what, a spiritual teacher must act spiritual.

WWMTD? What would Mother Theresa—or anyone else with a rock-solid commitment to allow the divine to power their actions—do? Well, they wouldn't have done what I did.

So let's not pretend anymore Let's allow the sweet,
healing nectar of nonjudgment to flow.



I may or may not have deserved an angry come-uppance from that person, but that sort of disproportionately extreme rage was clearly about something else. This was a self-destructive torrent of verbally-expressed inner pain, aimed equally at self and other. To allow the verbal abuse simply because I needed to pretend saintliness did not do any favors to either of us.

Perhaps truly acting spiritually, in this case, would have meant allowing the divine to slice cleanly through that person's pattern of rageful abuse, abruptly cutting off the devastation in mid-fireball. But then, if I did that, everyone would think I was kind of a bitch.

So I took the more cowardly option. I wasn't ready for any sort of divine swordplay in that moment. And yet that's probably what MT Would've Done.

But hey, hardly any of us are saints, right? And not everybody is a spiritual teacher, either. Nevertheless, somewhere along the way we've all picked up some seriously unhelpful ideas of how a spiritual person is supposed to feel, act, and be, even if those ideas are often at odds with our true feelings inside.

I guess what I'm really trying to say is, not one of us is perfect. Possibly not even Mother Theresa. And even if



they are perfect, they're still likely to behave in ways that rub everybody the wrong way now and then. One person's saint is another's bitch, and vice versa.

I suspect that all of us, myself included, have inconvenient feelings now and then we'd rather not feel, or ignoble thoughts we were sure we'd be well past having by now. It's part of being human.

So let's not pretend anymore. Let's give ourselves and each other a break. Let's allow the sweet, healing nectar of nonjudgment to flow toward self and others, soothing everything it touches. Let's be beautifully, messily imperfect together, luggage in hand, as we walk each other Home.

Carrie Triffet writes about the blossoming of our true divine identity in these momentous times. For more of her recent writings find her on substack, <https://carrietriffet.substack.com>.

Her website is www.carrietriffet.com.

SPONTANEOUS BLESSINGS

by Jennifer Albaugh



There is a current within that spontaneously moves toward others simply to love and bless.

Many years ago I went on a Unity Women's Retreat at the Z Bar Ranch in Austin, Texas. I remember feeling a little nervous as I signed in and received the itinerary for the weekend. I was pleasantly surprised to see that there would not be too many small breakout group activities to attend, but rather more talks and meditations that I could absorb with a large group in the privacy of my chair.

This particular retreat was centered around loving kindness meditations. We spent long uninterrupted periods cultivating deep care within so we could take that love and express it toward others.

My attention was locked in all day and by the end of it, I was tired and ready to unwind in my room. I looked at the next day's schedule and the first thing I noticed was an optional 7:00 A.M. yoga class. I snickered at it and thought, "There is absolutely no way I will be attending that one, I'm sleeping in!"

But that morning while I slept, I was aware of an energetic aspect of me that went out of body and straight to the yoga class after all! This instinctive ball of liveliness lightly hovered over the attendees on their mats, delivering what felt like blessings as it shimmered swiftly and intentionally over them. Upon waking, I was filled with a beautiful knowing that I am not in control of who and when I love.

Our loving thoughts and impulses get us a little closer to the idea of abounding grace that thrives in and through all.

There is a current within that spontaneously moves toward others simply to love and bless. ACIM lesson 187 says: *I bless the world because I bless myself.* Much like the loving-kindness meditation, which was centered around the extension of the cultivated care within, this lesson reminds us that when we touch abiding purity within, blessings increase for all.

While it might be hard constantly to accept our innocence in a world riddled with guilt and projection, we can take heart knowing that there are more natural aspects within that inform our experiences in beautiful ways. While my understanding occurred within a dream, it did reveal an awareness present no matter the conscious aspect of self that we seem to take, and it is here that oneness resides.

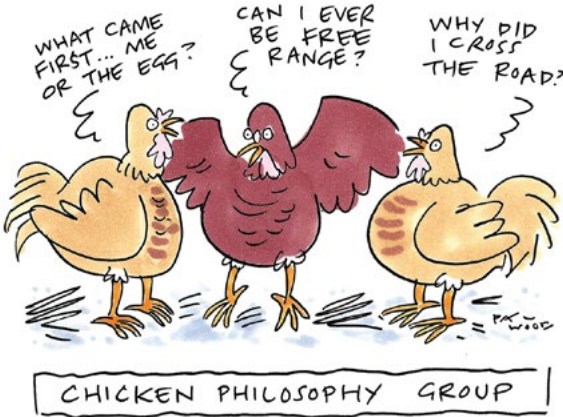
Lesson 169:5 says: *Oneness is simply the idea that God is.* There is an “isness” that encompasses all the things we seem to make. Oneness is more than a mortal thought, this idea is a creative explosion! Our loving thoughts and impulses get us a little closer to the idea of abounding grace that thrives in and through all.

Sometimes that intention is initiated by us from a denser place that we seem to dwell in often, and sometimes it just spontaneously moves from a lighter place within that we reflect on later. Both are perfect. The important thing is that we start to notice. This noticing from our limited sense will get us closer to the Noticer, as we use our temporary vessel as a tool to realize the constant.

Jennifer Albaugh has been a student of A Course of Miracles since 2013. She resides in Carefree, Arizona with her husband and two children.



Some more important philosophical questions on life!





What type of vehicle should you use for a fall hayride?



An autumn-mobile!

Why did the lions move at the end of summer?



Because the pride goeth before the fall!

Remaining Strong Amidst Chaos

A message from Holy Spirit received by Beth Geer



This day is yours. Now is the time for your taking. This moment is when everything changes for you. Yet, you do not believe it, and you do not see immediate results because you do not do it. This is a moment of non-action; of doing

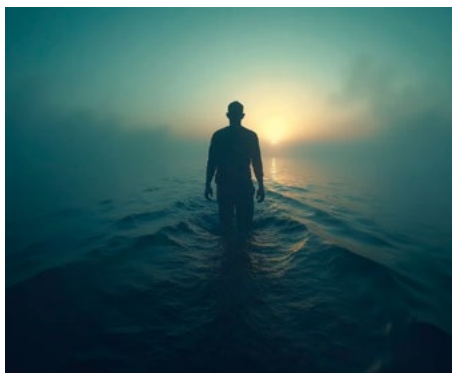
without doing. It is a moment of allowance, above all else. A clandestine single heartbeat of total surrender to God.

Set aside all beliefs you ever held about yourself, the world, and what you think is true. This allows Creator to enter and take center stage of all that you think is happening to you now. Open your door to Him and He will raise you above all your problems, your pain, your misery and your suffering.

You are not meant to go through life alone and afraid. God is here *now*. Know this to be true and be at peace.

You are currently living through a time of apprehension and global emotional frenzy, witnessing many distracting, disconcerting things. The world of illusion is a mass of entangled stories and confusion.

Do not fear as you tread through waters deep and dark, for you approach the shallows.



Even so, you are awakening to your luminous state of being. Do not fear as you tread through waters deep and dark, for you approach the shallows. You have within you the power to neutralize the waves of dread and discomfort that may wash over you. Do not take it as failure if you seem to falter; your progress forward is continuous as you face each illusion of darkness and choose Love even when you cannot feel it. It is your desire that has power, and what follows from the choice for Love will take care of itself. You need do nothing but make this choice.

Do not believe in the swirling anxieties of others as turmoil appears to beset the entire world. Do not allow yourself to be coaxed into the drama and chaos. Remain above the battleground, blessed one, for you are awakening to your Light. Hold steadfast to the truth of Who You Are.

Many distortions will prevail, but you will know these false things by how they feel. If it does not vibrate as an emanation of Love from Source, you know it is the voice of illusion, regardless of its level of atrocity.

Do not be deceived during this time of grandiose error, or fall into the impulse to judge and condemn. You know not what you see. It is covered in falsity. Always choose Love and look for the Light beyond the form.

You will know these false things by how they feel.



Each time you judge, you are assigning your power to a person or situation and are giving your power away. You give your peace away in exchange for anxiety, fear, and hatred.

You are a divine sovereign Being of Love and Light. There is nothing in all the world that can alter or destroy Who You Are in truth. Why then, should the twisted lies and deceit of the world of illusion cause you to pause for suffering?

Do not allow yourself to be caught up in the hysteria of others. Do not become part of a history that has repeated itself time and again throughout the ages as people warred amongst themselves over differences—differences that pitted nation against nation, community against community, and family member against family member. Do not partake of such madness!

Destroying another because they feel differently than you, does not end the cycle. Rather, during these intervals of conflict, you are invited to unravel the pattern of lack of love. Nurture your capacity to look beyond the illusion of bodies

Do not allow yourself to be caught up in the hysteria of others.

and wars, and extend your empathy instead. Stand where they stand. Feel the passions of those whom you would condemn. It is said that to know your enemy is to love them. This is true; once you know them, you will see that you are part of them. You share the same light of creation as all other living beings, and this realization heals all things.

This phase of your spiritual evolution is to learn how to transcend your ego-reactionary impulses and rise above the deluge of rumors, speculations, and accusations. Do not you, yourself, become an accuser. Rather, be the peacekeeper.

Unchecked fear molds your illusory experience as powerfully as extending all-inclusive love. Which world will you choose? Where is your allegiance?

Do not allow your mind to become saturated with sensational data, for darkness has prevailed as the dominating experience in the illusion of this world through integrating partial truths with lies.

The transformation of darkness into light begins within you. Harmony will not come from a specific leader, or rescue come from an outside source. The presence of Source is within you, and from that Source is all overridden when you make the choice to follow the Voice for Love.

You have the power to shape your destiny through the creative spark within through extending intentional Love in collaboration with Source.

It is only in this way that aggression, division, and fear can be ended.

Do not cling to illusions of the past but listen to the subtle Voice within, urging your compassion, empathy, and

You have the power to shape your destiny through the creative spark within.

unity. You have a resilience surpassed by none. Stay strong in your choice for Love and you cannot fail, for you are Love's chosen vessel through which Love can be manifest in the world.

This Love brings with it transformative energies that become the new blueprint for the world to grow into. This Love exchanges the old for the new, and ends the cycles of conflict and death you have known for epochs.

Therefore, it is important to become consciously aware of your role in bringing this transformation by doing your part to become aware of your inner feelings and beliefs. You have the power to be a living channel for Source through remembering Infinite Presence and extending unconditional Love.

You can do this! Merely be silent in meditation. Sit with peace, anchoring yourself in Love's presence. Secure a peace that cannot be disturbed by any worldly propaganda which would use your energy to manifest what you do not want.

The world of illusion mirrors your inner state of being. Become a being of peace and love, and this will become your world. Become a discerning, active creator.

Do not fear, beloved one, as the old dissolves and is replaced by the new.

Meet aggression with patience. Meet negativity with an unwavering sense of your own identity in Love—and you become living proof of a new choice, a new world.

All this is possible despite the illusion of chaos all around, for your spirit answers a call that comes from On High, a place where Unity is law and wholeness is everything.

Sit with peace, anchoring yourself
in Love's presence. You are an awakened soul,
forging ahead into a new era of harmony.



You have come to the illusion during this time to do what no worldly mechanism or sword has ever done: to transform darkness into light.

Allow your quiet wave of consciously-chosen peace to rest upon this tired, weary world. There is no global drama that can disturb your peace or deter you from your mission of Love. At times, the chaos and conflict may intensify rather than lessen, but this is because of the intensity of your Light. The ego resists the most when it feels threatened the most.

Remain strong in love and peace, blessed one, and you will navigate these times in God's safe harbor. You are an awakened soul, forging ahead into a new era of harmony beyond the illusion of the world you now see. It is through your simple daily living of love and peace that will bring about the dawn of a new era—an age of Light and Love.

Beth Geer is the author of books [Awakening To One Love](#), [Awakening Humanity: Our Place Among ETs and Angels](#) and, [The Light Has Come!](#) You can find these and more at: www.bethgeer.com



ONENESS THROUGH RELATIONAL MYSTICISM

by Muffy Weaver

*You are here to make one another known
and in so doing to know oneness.*

A Course of Love, D:Day15.15

*To return to love is to return to your true
Christ identity. It is a matter of oneness.*

Choose Only Love, BkV:15.V.12



*Interbeing is the understanding that nothing exists separately
from anything else. We are all interconnected. Thich Nhat Hanh
Nature is through us, not around us. And society is also not all the
other people. I'm surrounded by society. I'm also society.*

So society is through us. Thomas Huebl

Our conditioning is shaped by the Western paradigm of hyper-individualism.

Many great teachers tell us that we are all one—we are not separate from the Earth we walk upon, the trees that shade us, or from one another. We belong to each other and to all of nature. How can we live and breathe and know the reality of these words in the depths of our bodies, hearts, minds, and souls? Our conditioning is shaped by the Western paradigm of hyper-individualism, with its emphasis on materialism, competition, and individualism. How do we deconstruct that ideology?

Healing happens through connection. We become more of who we really are in the presence of others—people, and animals, and all of life. Human existence is fundamentally relational. Healthy relationships are vital for well-being. The collective and individual are interdependent.

Healthy relationships are vital for well-being.

You are to create in community, in dialogue, in commitment and togetherness. You are to be the living Covenant of the New. (ACOL, D:5.16) In what *A Course of Love* calls “dialogue” there is the experience that our kinship, our wholeness, and our union is known through relationship.

Thomas Huebl, a renowned teacher, author, and international facilitator who integrates the core insights of wisdom traditions with the discoveries of science, describes a deeply participatory practice he calls “relational mysticism.” It is a profoundly immersive, embodied, and co-creative impulse in which we are led by our love of humanity and our belongingness to care for one another and for the world—both its beauty and its heartbreaks.

As cultural mystics we build the capacity to witness fragmentation and hurt in order to heal our individual, ancestral, and collective trauma.

As cultural mystics we build the capacity to witness fragmentation and hurt in order to heal our individual, ancestral, and collective trauma. Each time one becomes more aware of, and receptive to what was a previously unconscious aspect of oneself, that fragmented piece of yourself is invited back into the fold and you become more whole. Your conscious wholeness impacts our collective wholeness.

Choose Only Love expresses it this way: “To fully express yourself is the only way to know yourself as God knows you eternally. For this to be a reality here and now we must retrace our way of being. This means that we must begin by lovingly recognizing and accepting all feelings, desires, and needs, respecting and honoring all that arises, and remaining in the silence of the heart. In this silence, where we observe without judgment, we lovingly look forward to the universe giving the answer to our desires.” BkI:8.VI.1

And again from *Choose Only Love*, “The key is to feel. Why? Because it is through your emotions and feelings that the process of transformation is taking place and means to complete it.” BkIV:17.IV.5

Joanna Macy, who at 96 passed away in July, is a spiritual giant, environmental activist, author and scholar of Buddhism and deep ecology. She coined the term “The Great Turning” in reference to these times. She writes:

“The biggest gift you can give is to be absolutely present, and when you’re worrying about whether you’re hopeful, or hopeless, or pessimistic, or optimistic, who cares? The main thing is that you’re showing up, that you’re here and that you’re finding ever more capacity to love this world



because it will not be healed without that. That was what is going to unleash our intelligence and our ingenuity and our solidarity for the healing of our world. You don't need to do everything. Do what calls your heart; effective action comes from love. It is unstoppable, and it is enough. In order to release fears that arise they must be exposed to the light and lucidity of compassionate awareness. Staying connected to our vulnerability is very important because it will keep our heart open. Individual healing is magnified when we share our vulnerabilities, emotions, and experiences in the presence of others. Embodied, present-moment witnessing enhances the healing process.

“In time, with practice, we come to feel in our bones our oneness with all life. For many of us this is easier to experience in nature. We come to recognize that we are not separate from nature. It is no longer “I am on the planet” but “I am part of the planet.”

As Thich Nhat Hanh says so eloquently, “The sun has entered me. The sun has entered me together with the cloud



and the river. I myself have entered the river, and I have entered the sun with the cloud and the river.”

And in time, with practice, we come to know that the suffering in other parts of the world—including the devastation taking place in Gaza, the daily bombardment of Ukraine—is also taking place inside each one of us.

Again, Thich Nhat Hanh: “If you suffer, I suffer. If you are not safe, I am not safe. There is no way for me to be truly happy if you are suffering.”

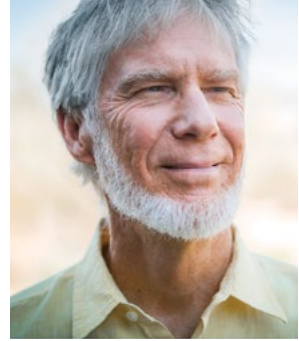
Joanna Macy writes: “We are capable of suffering with our world, and that is the true meaning of compassion. It enables us to recognize our profound interconnectedness with all beings. Don’t ever apologize for crying for the trees burning in the Amazon or over the waters polluted from mines in the Rockies. Don’t apologize for the sorrow, grief, and rage you feel. It is a measure of your humanity and your maturity. It is a measure of your open heart, and as your heart breaks open there will be room for the world to heal.

“Out of this darkness a new world can arise, not to be constructed by our minds so much as to emerge from our dreams. Even though we cannot see clearly how it’s going to turn out, we are still called to let the future into our imagination. We will never be able to build what we have not first cherished in our hearts.”

Muffy Weaver is a lover of many spiritual traditions, Eastern, Western, and Earth-based. She is a mother, grandmother, and the founder of a small eco-spiritual community, [Wild Grace Community](#), and for 44 years the spouse of Glenn Hovemann, co-publisher of [Take Heart Publications](#).

THE CASE OF THE MISSING PLATES

by *Scottie Miners*



David humored me. He agreed to go view town homes one Sunday morning. He and his wife were almost decided on one, though I thought they needed to see one more community before making a decision. I drove; David had just sold their van and awaited a replacement.

As we arrived at the place, a woman of about 85 stood at the entry area. This was a small array of homes; she had watched our vehicle enter the drive. She walked hesitantly toward us, and then put up her hand as to ask us to stop.

At my window she timidly asked if we could help her find her car. She said a friend had taken it to a town about 30 miles south. She wondered if we would take her there so she could retrieve it.

As we drove along we noticed that she changed subjects disjointedly.

David indicated with a nod that he was on board. Once inside the car, the elder began to describe what had happened, in a general sort of way. The address where the car might be wasn't clear, but, she assured that she could direct us.

As we drove along we noticed that she changed subjects disjointedly. At one point she declared the teachings of the



Buddha had been retained in a very pure way. I could agree, as I thought so as well, and was a bit surprised at this foray.

A thought arose: “She may not really know exactly the whereabouts of her car or the friend who took it!” We arrive in the town, and all of a sudden she exclaimed, “Turn right here, I think this is it.” I turned, and we motored along a neighborhood arterial.

As we meandered, she wasn’t sure which side street is the one. Then, “turn here,” she said, again without warning. David and I exchange a furtive glance.

Was that hope or chagrin written on his face? I turned the car onto another side street, and proceeded slowly at the passenger’s request. She had asserted, “This street and the houses on it look familiar.”

Alas, this same sort of process continued for another ten minutes, and, even though we had driven across, down, and through town on many more neighborhood streets, there was no vehicle of hers to be seen. Nor a familiar house. David shifted uncomfortably in his seat.

I suggested that maybe it would be best to turn and go back home. It was clear that David liked this idea. He relaxed visibly.

On the way back to the highway, as we neared another arterial in yet another unexplored neighborhood, the woman exclaimed, most definitely, “This is it! Turn here!”

David seldom showed frustration, but I could feel an emotion welling up, and a sort of cloud of exasperation began to permeate the cabin atmosphere. Nevertheless, with such a determined tone to her, “This is it,” I turned the vehicle onto one more neighborhood arterial.

At least, I rationalized, we are going in the
direction of home.

At least, I rationalized, we are going in the direction of home. “Might as well look again since we’ve gone this far.” Within another block of streets, our lady of the road said, “Here, turn here.”

Slowly, ever so slowly, we inched along at her request. She closely observed each house as well as the vehicles parked curbside or in the driveway. David’s body language seemed the child of a long-suffering attitude as he lazily peered out the side window.

I noticed simultaneously in peripheral vision, accompanied by a felt sense that David’s body suddenly became alert and alive—just then, in an excited voice, he exclaimed, “Scottie, there’s my van; there’s my license plate! Stop!”

He and his wife had experienced quite a bit of anxiety during the past week over their van sale. The State of Nevada requires owners who sell a vehicle to keep their license plates, and David had forgotten to retain his. No one at the department of motor vehicles could provide information about the new owner.

He exited the car, knocked at the neighbor’s front door, and a few minutes later retrieved the plates from the van that was once his. His jaw was open, figuratively, on the return drive to bring our magical guide home. She thanked us as she departed, and we watched her as she peacefully entered her home.

She looked quite contented. She’d uttered not a word of direction after David found his plates. A week later we learned that she had Alzheimer’s.

It seems a greater intelligence found her condition to be a way to direct David to his missing license plates.



Medical scientists call it a disease; but in this case it seems a greater intelligence found her condition to be a way to direct David to his missing license plates—and, hopefully, she had a joyride to boot. We expressed our astonishment when we learned of her condition. This affair was too “coincidental” to be simply coincidence.

There is synchronicity in the universe. David and his wife had asked, somewhat lost hope, but kept a shred of it. Then, out of the blue in a seemingly random coincidence, they received their answer.

“Let’s trust life,” we said. We might at any time, any day, encounter an angel who guides us in some way. Indeed, Spirit answers requests in mysterious ways.

*I swear to you, there are divine things more beautiful
than words can tell. – Walt Whitman*

Scott Miners has worked as a journalist and psychotherapist for over fifty years. His interest in Spirit or the Real in this life began in a Roman Catholic family and graduated to ACIM, ACOL, CHOL, and WOM.

HOW TO PROPERLY USE THE “F” WORD

(I swear this will offend no one)

by Allan Ishac



There is an “F” word that we are taught from childhood is offensive, disrespectful, and not to be used in polite company, or any company. This compact “F” word can feel like the perfect punctuation for any moment when we feel angry, afraid, lost, or in pain.



There is, however, another more potent “F” word with the power to instantly shift our perception and heal our minds, one that few of us are taught to use liberally, frequently, in all our relationships, with everyone.

That “F” word is Forgive, particularly as it is taught and explained in *A Course in Miracles* and *A Course of Love*.

I did not understand the Courses’ definition of forgiveness or how to implement it for most of my 40 years of studying ACIM. While I wanted to grasp the idea of forgiving my brother for what he did not do, I was convinced HE DID DO IT! I talked a good game about transcending my perceived grievances against people, places, and things that made me

I unwittingly continued to practice the age-old forgiveness flavor most common in the world.

angry, unhappy, or frightened, but I unwittingly continued to practice the age-old forgiveness flavor most common in the world; pardoning the guilty for their blatant crimes, offenses, and misdeeds while maintaining my superior position as the innocent one. I am good, they are bad. I am blameless and unblemished; they are evil and unlovable.

With my high-handed forgiveness wand, I absolved them of their crimes while tucking their guilty verdict into my back pocket, never forgetting, ready to condemn again. But I knew somewhere inside that this world-weary form of forgiveness was false. It was also an exhausting and depressing way to live; of no healing help to me, offering no hope at all.

My frustrations with ACIM's forgiveness process persisted for decades. I would try to apply the three forgiveness steps as I understood them: one, recognize in the moment that I was in my ego mind and filled with fear and guilt; two, find the willingness to hand over my mistaken perceptions and ask for help; three, step aside and allow Holy Spirit to take over. Seemed easy enough, but I would inevitably forget that all I was seeing was a projection, an outside picture of an inward condition, and slip back into believing that the other guy was at fault, the source of my rage, terror, or unhappiness. And we would both remain... unforgiven.

This all changed in one moment a few years ago. As a writer, I love words, and it took staring at these two words, "forgive" and "forgiving," and breaking them apart, to reveal a new way of looking at the forgiveness process that completely divorced it from any outside force or entity.



Forgive. Forgiveness. *For giving.*

This is how the forgiveness practice works for me now: as soon as any thought or judgment enters my mind that is not in alignment with love, peace, or gratitude, it is “for giving” over to the Holy Spirit. Any trigger or ego temptation that steals my calm anytime, anywhere, in any situation, is a welcome gift for healing my mind and “for giving” without delay to the only Source of help there is.

Am I upset about a political situation? That is “for giving” over to Spirit. Do I have condemning thoughts about a sinister country? That is “for giving” to my brother Jesus for an on-the-spot shift. Is it another person’s religion I consider sinful, a race that I judge as inferior? I can drop all of this in an instant, because with a reframed commitment to “for giving,” my judgment no longer matters.

In effect, I still do the three steps outlined in Jesus’ teachings, but from a state of quiet observation, without condemnation or active intervention: “*Forgiveness is still... It merely looks, and waits, and judges not.*”(ACIM Workbook, Part

Now, I can quietly do nothing, because the forgiveness process is out of my ego's merciless hands and into Spirit's waiting arms.

2). Now, I can quietly do nothing, because the forgiveness process is out of my ego's merciless hands and into Spirit's waiting arms, which is a huge relief.

When I remember to follow my tweaked forgiveness steps, it no longer matters what I believe another did or did not do (irrelevant!); if they offered an apology (beside the point!); whether they admitted their guilt (immaterial!). When all is “for giving” over, and that is its only purpose, there's no more effort, struggle, and confusion over who is right or wrong, who did what to whom, how to judge an event, or how to overlook it.

It is so simple. Everything and anything that does not feel like love is “for giving.” It becomes so much easier for me when I reframe forgiveness in this way. It has helped me enormously to move from the world-sanctioned form of forgiveness that I always knew was flawed and misguided, to a sense of what true forgiveness can feel like: freedom, release, serenity.

By the way, Forgiveness holds hands with its mighty companion, another “F” word, Faith. As in having absolute faith, trust, and confidence that this new “for giving” forgiveness process can work miracles.

Allan Ishac is the best-selling author of New York's 50 Best Places To Find Peace And Quiet. His debut novel, The Mystic In The Mews, was published in 2024, and he is currently working on the biography of renowned ACIM teacher, Carol Howe. Allan has been an ACIM student since 1986.



SIMULTANEOUS SADNESS AND JOY

by Fr. Richard Rohr

In the Christian Scriptures, we are reminded that joy is a fruit of the Spirit in all circumstances.

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, generosity, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control. There is no law against such things.

—Galatians 5:22–23



In 1985 my Franciscan superiors gave me a year's leave to spend in contemplation. It was a major turning point in my life and ultimately led to the formation of the *Center for Action and Contemplation*. The first thirty days of my "sabbatical" were spent in the hills of Kentucky, in Thomas Merton's hermitage at Gethsemani Abbey. I was absolutely alone with myself, with the springtime woods, and with God, hoping to somehow absorb some of Merton's wisdom.

That first morning, it took me a while to slow down. I must have looked at my watch at least ten times before 7:00 a.m.! I had spent so many years standing in front of crowds as a priest and a teacher. I had to find out who I was alone before God without those trappings.

Cosmic or spiritual joy is something we participate in; it comes from elsewhere and flows through us.

Walter Burghardt's definition of contemplation as "a long loving look at the real" became transformative for me. The world, my own issues and hurts, all my goals and desires gradually dissolved and fell into proper perspective. God became obvious and ever present. I understood what Merton meant when he said, "The gate of heaven is everywhere."

I tried to keep a journal of what was happening to me. Back then, I found it particularly hard to cry. But one evening I laid my finger on my cheek and found to my surprise that it was wet. I wondered what those tears meant. What was I crying for? I wasn't consciously sad or consciously happy. I noticed at that moment that behind it all there was a joy, deeper than any private joy. It was a joy in the face of the beauty of being, a joy at all the wonderful and lovable people I had already met in my life.



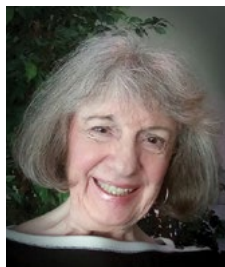
Cosmic or spiritual joy is something we participate in; it comes from elsewhere and flows through us. It has little or nothing to do with things going well in our own life at that moment. I remember thinking that this must be why the saints could rejoice in the midst of suffering.

At the same moment, I experienced exactly the opposite emotion. The tears were at the same time tears of an immense sadness—a sadness at what we're doing to the Earth, sadness about the people whom I had hurt in my life, and sadness too at my own mixed motives and selfishness. I hadn't known that two such contrary feelings could coexist. I was truly experiencing the nondual mind of contemplation.



AWAKENING

with Celia Hales



“Do not try longer to keep apart your thoughts and the Thought that has been given you. When they are brought together and perceived where they are, the choice between them is nothing more than a gentle awakening, and as simple as opening your eyes to daylight when you have no more need of sleep.” A Course in Miracles, FIP ed., T-15.XI.1.

“Awakening is not difficult. It requires only your willingness to acknowledge that you are awake. You don’t have to believe it. You merely need to acknowledge it.” The Way of Mastery: The Early Years: Healing the Illusions of Hurt, Para 65.

“Ah, imagine now what it will be like to have nothing left to learn, nothing left to become. The pressure is off. The alchemy has occurred. The coal has become a diamond.” A Course of Love, Epilogue1.

This is what awaits us, and some may have already experienced it. Elsewhere we read that we awaken to our own call, but we also read that we can’t awaken ourselves, or we would have already done so. What is the great mystery?

Purification is necessary, but it is not a purification of the ego, for the ego may be long gone from us. Purification requires a simple following of four steps: intention, desire, allowance, and surrender, with the most important of these being allowance. How do we allow anything and everything? Here we read in *A Course of Miracles* that trust is the most important characteristic of a teacher of God. If we trust, we know that we are safe—regardless of what transpires inside or outside of us. We walk a smooth road.

The second quotation above is perhaps more puzzling than many things we read channeled from Jesus. Awakening requires “only your willingness to acknowledge that you are awake.” The word “acknowledge” is most important here. One definition is that we are expressing gratitude for what has happened to us. When we acknowledge something that has happened, we give thanks for it. And we know how very important gratitude is to our journey. None of us are here outside our real will, which is the same as the will of God. Our Creator has birthed us, but we know not when. We are the offspring of a Divinity who has shared His essence with us. In that sense, we are a hologram of all that exists.

The recent channelings of Jesus make plain that his aim is to see that all of us awaken.

He is trying very hard to get through to us, trying every means he can. Readings from Jesus may be so reassuring that we experience a gentle Awakening that we don’t even recognize until later on. Acknowledge with gratitude an Awakening, and see how different our days become. Our hearts will swell with each acknowledgment, and soon we will see that Awakening has been experienced.

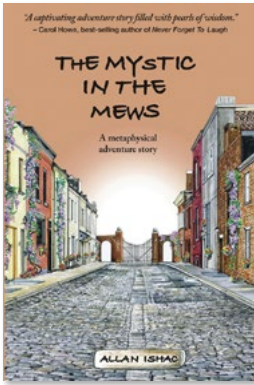
Celia Hales blogs at “*Miracles Each Day.*” She recently published *Words to God from the Heart of a Believer: Prayers & Poems.*



The Mystic in the Mews

by Allan Ishac

Reviewed by Kathryn Duflo



I want to share an amazing adventure story that I recently finished. It's based at least partly on *A Course in Miracles*, which teaches that this world is just a dream state. Do you feel asleep in a dream? Caged in a life that isn't what you want? At the mercy of others?

In Allan Ishac's book, *The Mystic in the Mews*, two characters are trying to come to terms with the possibility that this is in fact all a dream, that they are dreaming and making everything up! A wise and ancient being, nicknamed Clees, shows up to guide them, and the adventure starts as he turns their lives upside down in intriguing ways.

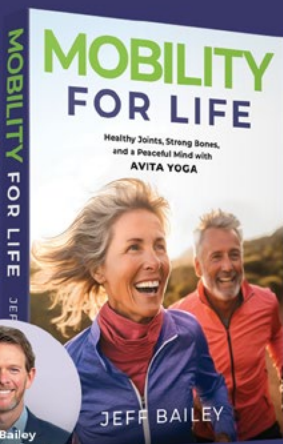
If you've never thought of spiritual awakening as an adventure, you are in for a great treat in this novel. This is a fascinating, at times thrilling, toboggan ride past many of the "stuck" places in us, and through many spots in which the light pours through us and everything else—if we just remember to have fun and let it.

As Clees tells our hero and heroine, Roger and Vee, "In the clarity of that light, you will know with certainty what is required of you to fulfill your destiny now."

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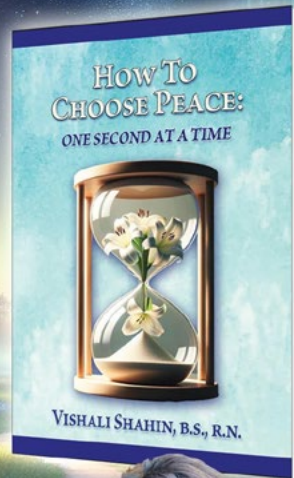
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Vishali retired from nursing in 2011 and moved to Sedona, AZ, and founded Sedona Healing Journey, a spiritual vortex tour company.

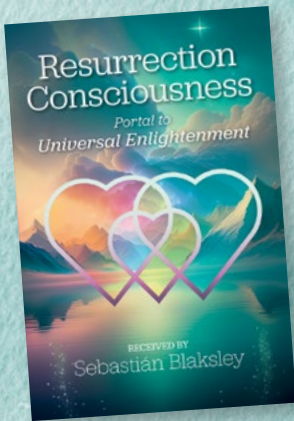
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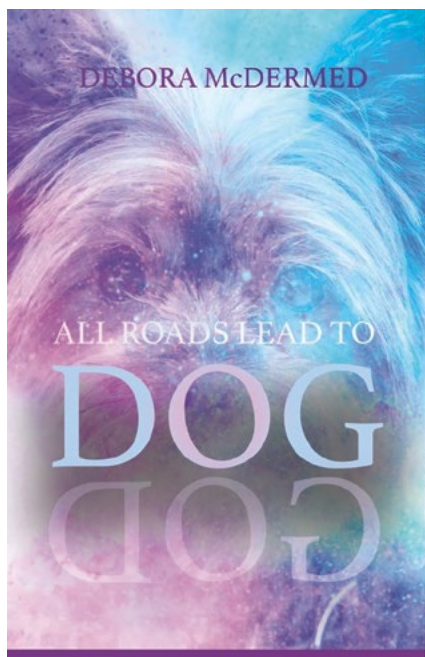
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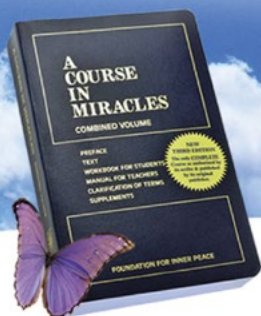
Debora was a practicing therapist for 30 years and is currently a Prayer Chaplain for Soul Center in Orange County California as well as an ordained minister and 35 year student of A Course In Miracles. She lives with her new husband and dogs: Rowan and Mr. Wiggles in Columbus, Ohio. She can be reached at deb@thverticaldimension.com



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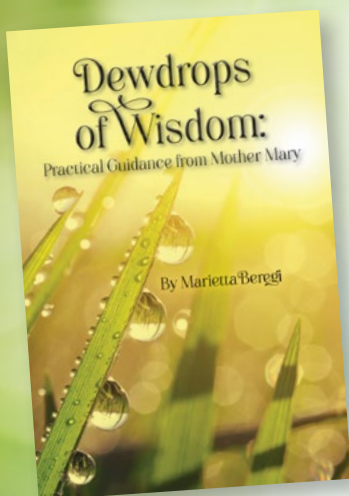
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