

Australian Network for Spiritual Direction Inc.

A00492951

for people engaged in Godly listening



This Edition

Thanks to the Queensland Region and all those who have made their contribution to this edition of the newsletter. There is much to savour and enjoy.

The 2014 Conference brochure and registration form are included with this mailing, and in the newsletter you will find a prayer for the Conference.



In this issue:

Our Inner Compass	p2
Haiku Ballad	p3
We Are the People We Have Been Waiting For	p4
Book Review	p6
Grief Tempered By Psalms	p7
ANSD Conference Prayer	p8
Time Away	p9
Twenty Minutes In Silence	p10
Open Space Writing	p11

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Your contributions are very welcome.

Next Edition

April / May / June
(Victoria Region)

Copy Deadline: 30 April 2014

As human beings how do we navigate our way around all the different aspects of our inner life? It is difficult enough navigating around the outer aspects of life. How can we find our way back to alignment when each 'voyage' of discovery in our spiritual journey is completed? How can we maintain alignment as a constant? As spiritual directors it is even more important that we attend to this 'sacred navigation' in ourselves in order to be the still point of presence when we are listening to others.

I recently received from SDI (Spiritual Directors International) the gift of a calendar bookmark. On the back of the bookmark is a beautiful poem, Emerging Wisdom, by Jennifer Hoffmann. Two lines of the poem inspired me to offer to others my concept of using the image of a compass to enhance alignment. Jennifer says "Alignment is difficult unless you clean your compass often. Each person has her own way of cleaning."

Since reading this poem I have started to use the image of a compass as a way of cleaning and checking on how things stand in the inner spaces of my being.

A compass meditation.

Bring to mind the face of a compass and let the pointer settle.

Watch the pointer as it turns due North. Here we turn to the Holy Highest, the best that is and can be. We rise above everyday existence and the pull of gravity, the temptations and conflicts to pure light and peace. Here we bring our souls deepest desires for we know that all is possible here, that all is Grace. The place of prayer and spiritual practices. Come home to Heaven.

Take time for reflection before you move on

Turn the compass and watch the pointer move to the South. Here we are deeply human, of the Earth. Beings on the Earth as part of the Divine" Creator's plan for each of us, in the beauty of our uniqueness as beloved children of God and of the earth. We live life abundantly amidst all the joys, happiness, wonder and mystery and as we experience the pain, suffering and bewilderment, it is all learning. Here are our families and our friends, gratitude for love found in unexpected places, for our work and play. Here we are grounded and nourished by the energy of the Earth. Part of the endless cycle of nature. The place of physical action.

Come home to the Earth.

Take time for reflection before you move on.

Turn the compass and watch it point to the West. As the sun sets we ask ourselves what is falling away and dying in me. What can I let go of? In this dying am I being transformed and freed, can I claim that freedom? Relax and let it fall gently away into the glow of the setting sun. Let the Earth receive your old treasures and change them into new treasures yet to come. The space is clearer now, more room to breathe, ready and waiting.

Come home to the place of surrender.

Take time for reflection before you move on

(continued page 3)



Turn the compass now until it settles in the East.

As the sun rises we ask ourselves what is coming to life in us now.

What new inspirations, new areas of interest, new love, new hope do I glimpse now? Is there a new direction that I feel is calling me, a new voyage to undertake?

Am I pregnant with new life of the Spirit to integrate in myself and then take to the world?

Can I be courageous enough to accept this new life? what will it need to grow and flourish?

Come home to the place of deep listening.

Settle now in the centre point of the compass and let its gyroscopic mechanism bring your compass back to alignment and stability.

Here is the resting place at the centre of your being, the present moment, in between Heaven and Earth, the past and the future.

The compass although showing all the other points of direction will always return to the magnetic North.

So it is with us, we are naturally drawn to the Sacred which directs and orientates us.

Being fully human involves visiting and attending to all the other 'points' to integrate and flourish, we cannot always live in the heavenly space but maybe we can bring that place of light into every part of our living.

I am indebted to Jennifer Hoffmann for her inspiring words.

Dilys Griffiths

Haiku Ballad

**Rhythmic, effortless
Content in slumber land rest
Quiet toddler breaths**

**Wind with attitude
Its felt presence all around
Strong and persistent**

**Blue rippling water
Movement propelled by the wind
Teased into rushed peaks**

**Parallel in flight
Hovering in unison
Daring each other**

**Hills guarding secrets
Their depths remain unexplored
Vision beyond obscured**

Kathryn Robbie

**Families seeking fun
Disregard the winds ego
Focused, determined**

**Gaining momentum
Hair strewn across cold faces
Linen blown away**

**Gusting wind bends trees
Whipping leaves into frenzy
Branches break away**

**Savory aromas
Nourishment to satisfy
Warm and comforting**

**Cheeky kite looming
Embracing the energy
Adds color and cheer**



All around us we observe a pregnant creation. The difficult times of pain throughout the world are simply birth pangs. But it's not only around us; it's within us. The Spirit of God is arousing us within.'

(Romans 8:22 – *The Message*)

We live in challenging times. During this conference we have been challenged to think what this moment in our history is asking of us as people who are committed to being on a spiritual journey - and encouraging others on theirs. What is it that we are called to, personally, interpersonally and globally so that our lives, our presence, can contribute to the transformation of our species and our planet?

To address these questions we have looked at the evolutionary cosmology ('the universe story') developed by Thomas Berry and Brian Swimme and informed by the work of Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. Bringing together a contemporary understanding of the universe and the wisdom of the spiritual traditions, this new cosmology offers a new way of looking at spirituality and our role as spiritual directors or companions.

Judy Cannato, theologian and spiritual director, and author of *Field of Compassion*, suggests that the new cosmology supports what the mystics have always known - that the world is an integrated whole and everything is interconnected. She says:

We are who we are through connection, not separation. Because life is so intricately interwoven, not one of us is saved until all of us are saved... Salvation in this context is a single process involving all of creation...

She goes on to say that we each need to develop our capacity for 'autopoiesis' (literally, 'self-creation'). By becoming human beings who are capable of connecting in healthy ways, she says that we 'contribute to the evolution of the species and the cosmos'. (For full text see *Conversations*, September 2010, 'Interview with Judy Cannato' at Franciscansisters.org).

In committing to our own spiritual journeys and encouraging others in theirs, we are certainly not just navel gazing or encouraging a self-centred practice. According to the evolutionary cosmology writers, transformation is contagious because we live in an interconnected universe. Judy Cannato calls this 'morphic resonance':

When each of us vibrates love and compassion, our energy mysteriously unites with the energy of love and compassion all over the planet, augmenting the field of compassion, making its resonance, manifestation, and influence a very powerful force for transformation and healing... Could there be any greater cause for hope in the community of life?

She suggests four interconnected stances or attitudes that support 'morphic resonance' and encourage transformation: spaciousness, contemplation, commitment and imagination. I would now like to unpack these.

Spaciousness asks the following questions: How much room do we have to hear others' stories? Have we resolved our own issues, emptied ourselves sufficiently to make a compassionate space? Are we able to reflect that spaciousness that is to be found in the heart of God? Developing and maintaining that sort of space requires us to do our own work—the 'autopoiesis' referred to earlier. We may need to ask ourselves: 'What is taking up space inside me that makes it hard to offer space to another right now?' It may be frustration, impatience, my own plans, my opinions or beliefs, even my sense of inadequacy.

Contemplation is not a particular way of praying but an orientation towards life itself that has been described as 'a long, loving look at the real'. It involves being attentive or fully present to what is around us and within us. This is a place of freedom where we can allow our thoughts to pass by, a place where we are unfettered from fear and unhindered by the need to control. It is from this space that we are able to serve as a witness to another's experience, with all its pain or beauty or joy. In this space we move away from ego towards our true self, and the difference between self and other fades. Recognising our connection with all that is, we begin to learn what Jesus means when he speaks of loving our neighbour as ourselves.

Commitment is where the rubber hits the road; where what we believe is lived out. Commitment challenges us to engage with and flesh out the invitation to be participants in the unfolding of the universe through our relationships with God, self and others. As Judy Cannato puts it, 'We are pressured from within to become all that we are.'

We Are the People We Have Been Waiting For (cont.)

We engage the questions of our day. One question that engages me (Sue) is that, given there are 40 million people today that are homeless, how as citizens of our planet are we to love our neighbour?

Imagination is not just an escape from reality; it helps to create it. Dom Helder Camara said, 'When we are a people dreaming together, that is the beginning of reality.' Last century we witnessed how this can happen through Martin Luther King (Jr.) and his dream for racial equality. As spiritual directors, or companions, we live with a hopeful imagination for those we are companioning. Sometimes we hope for them when they are unable to do that for themselves. Are we able to do that for our planet? What if it is through our imagination that we are invited to give form to the Spirit's urgings for the ongoing healing and growth of the universe? What if it is through our imaginations that God shares his dream for the world? In Toni Morrison's novel, *Beloved*, we read, 'She told them that the only grace they could have was the grace they could imagine. That if they could not see it, they would not have it.' What are we able to imagine for a world in need of healing and compassion?

We have been looking at the ways spaciousness, contemplation, commitment and imagination support us all in being participants in God's ongoing dream for his world (the Kingdom of God?). In particular, as spiritual directors, they remind us of the importance of:

- being open, listening
- being curious and ready to embrace surprise
- holding pain
- always believing new life will come
- accompanying birth

As we come to the end of this conference, we are hopeful and encouraged about the need for the wisdom and witness of spiritual direction and its ongoing relevance for our world. There will be times when we are daunted by where the journey is taking us. At such times Pinkola Estés' words are bracing: 'Do not lose heart. You were made for these times... You are the people you have been waiting for'. Is this another way of saying that we are to be the change we are wanting?

This is not meant to appeal to our egos - far from it. As David Whyte's poem 'The Old Interior Angel' reminds us, it is the old woman carrying her dung bag who is able to cross the abyss unfalteringly, not the young hero. The poem is based on an experience the poet had when on a trek in Tibet/Nepal. Despite being 'young, male and/ immortal', when confronted by a broken bridge across an abyss with a four hundred feet drop he was completely daunted and wanted to turn back. Then an old mountain woman appeared with her dung basket on her back. When she saw him she greeted him, 'Namaste, / I greet the God in you,' before proceeding across the broken bridge. Subsequently he internalised her 'secret' wisdom and her 'no-nonsense compassion'. She has become his 'old interior angel' who goes ahead of him when his 'inner hero' fails him, reminding him of the God within himself and those others he encounters.

Sue Dunbar is currently the director of Barnabas Ministries, working as a supervisor, spiritual director and retreat/workshop leader. This article is based on Sue's final presentation at the Australian Network of Spiritual Direction National Conference held in Canberra, September 12-15 2013. It has been reconstituted and substantially edited by the editor for publication in Eremos magazine.

BOOK REVIEW



HEAR THE ANCIENT WISDOM: A meditational reader for the whole year from the Early Church Fathers up to the pre-Reformation period by Charles Ringma. Cascade books/SPCK, 2013, 420 pages.

Available from Christian bookstores and on-line.

Covering the spiritual writings of more than 70 authors whose lives span 14 centuries, this reader offers daily WISDOM that witnesses to rich Christian traditions of faith and spirituality.

This book is enabling me to learn from the ancient WISDOM, by providing sufficient material to companion my reflection and prayer for a year at the rate of one page per day. These meditations are feeding my growth in spirit on the journey and enriching the transcendental dimension of my life.

Each day is structured with a Scripture reading, the theme of the day, a 3 to 4 line summary with a challenging thought directed to 'we' or 'us', 3 to 6 sentences applying a quote sourced from an ancient writer, and a concluding thought as an invitation for meditation, reflection and prayer.

Whilst the source quote for the day is relatively brief, it is enriched by the insights of Charles Ringma, the compiler. These insights reflect the breadth and depth of his immersion in the life and writings of the ancient Christians from whom he quotes. The index lists 365 sources written over many years and clearly indexed. By providing this bibliography the author hopes that appetites of users will be whetted to search further.

Thumbing through at random I found Benedictine comments on the charism of stability (April 16), Augustine on the joy of wholeness (February 5), St Aelrud on the lightness of being in the love and will of God: *This burden has wings, not weigh.* (October 28), and John Cassian on humility as the basis to receive the knowledge of the word (December 6).

The sources of all the quotes are listed sequentially in the endnotes and to enable us to seek further information. We are also assisted by three indices: Author, scripture and subject, plus a brief history of the authors and writings cited.

Here is a book that brings things old and new and which promises an enriching daily journey, which will also challenge, inspire, question, stretch our lives. It would make a useful present for any adult who is open to, or unfamiliar with, the wisdom of the ancients.

Mercifully some of the work is drawn from the ancient mothers, particularly Julian (12 entries) Catherine of Siena (six entries) and Hildegard (nine entries). But there could be more – and that is my only complaint about a book which is breathtaking in its span as it covers the early church – desert fathers and mothers – monastic – leaders of the church and renewal movements – mystics – and the pre-Reformation reformers. Solid, surprising, nourishing and challenging.

Recommended.

Reviewed by Dr John Steward, Junction Village, Victoria, Nov 2013

*Will you still need me?
Will you still feed me?
When I'm sixty-four!*

I recently turned sixty-four. I was a member of the Beatles generation and at the age of 17 years I wondered about the words of that song – at 17, privileged and about to go to university I naively predicted a safe, calm and comfortable life for myself where I would always be protected physically, emotionally and financially.

I don't expect my life's experiences have been worse than many people of my generation – particularly women who were molded in a Victorian culture of decency and dependence with a frisson of the freedom of the 1960's through education, the pill and the opportunity to work.

Fifty years later after sitting with an analyst for some years and working as a psychotherapist I wonder what those years have meant. As a psychotherapist, I have tried hard to make meaning for myself and my clients of broken relationships, illnesses, and societal revolution.

I have two fortunate brothers who have only ever lived in 2 homes – our original family home and their own homes. In that time I have lost count of the flats, houses including rectories that I have lived in, in Tasmania, New Zealand, Canberra, Victoria and New South Wales. A smorgasbord of refreshingly new places, but always accompanied by the grief of 'the move'.

I have been reading *Fall of Giants* by Ken Follett and I think, "what have I got to complain about compared with the coal miners in early 20th century Wales?" and "what have I got to despair of compared with the young men slaughtered in the fields of France and Turkey and Russia?" and "what have I got to complain about compared with the lack of freedom and opportunity of the women of that time whose education, position, marriage and money rested under the control of men"?

None, probably! However there has been an existential angst in late 20th century and early 21st century on our western society. Inevitable when you read of the power of the ruling classes, aristocrats, politicians or military, over the 'common person' during the last centuries and still today.

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1. The Beatles "Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" 1966.
 2. *Fall of Giants* by Ken Follett. Pan Books 2010.

So what to suggest for myself and others wrestling with the purpose of life?

Grief is a human state, which in the cleverness of analysis, spiritual direction and prescription drugs, is sometimes forgotten or misunderstood.

Grief can be from every day events like moving home, changing job, children starting school, growing older or bigger events like relationship and family breakup, illness diagnosis, bushfires and crime. I only dare to whisper here the horror for refugees, whose trauma is also surrounded by the most horrific sense of loss of home, identity, family, and country and upon reaching Australian territory, the ultimate loss of humanity in detention centres.

A recent marriage breakup in my family has left me depleted of emotion and energy dragging me back into all my own experiences. I am blown by a tornado of emotions into the abyss – watching the pain and distortion and disorientation - sitting in the darkness of night trying to find peace and meaning – wanting to run away and hide – screaming for help for myself and my own loved ones.

Big grief events, which are traumatic for the heart and the mind, rattle the sense of self – tear apart the safe ground at our feet and cause an internal implosion of our self.

Now that I don't expect to be a perfect human being anymore, I turn to my spiritual practices to find solace – actually to find myself. I made my oblation at The Abbey at Jamberoo in 2011. It was a gentle, everyday but special ceremony made with four others. This is where I turn when I'm falling like a leaf into darkness. I pray for my fellow oblates. I pray the offices. I have favorite psalms, which reflect my state of mind. They tell me that other human beings also battle with life. By repeating of the psalms, which have been repeated by hundreds of thousands of people over the centuries, I gradually make contact with myself.

"For his love endures for ever." (psalm 133)

I remember Robert Schumann when I say psalm 150:

*"Alleluia!
O praise him with the sound of the trumpet."*

When I feel helpless in the face of the powerful I read psalm 61:

*"Common folk are only a breath.
The great are an illusion.
Placed in the scales, they rise;
They weigh less than a breath."*

When I am desolate and dismayed with myself I say psalm 50, a prayer of contrition:

"Have mercy on me, God, in your kindness."

Psalm 89 reminds me of my mortality:

*"Our life is over like a sigh.
Our span I seventy years,
Or eighty for those who are strong."*

And the hymn at Vigils each day is loving and calming:

*"Most loving Father, hear our plea!
Your rule the earth with equity,
Together with your only Son,
And with your Spirit, three in one.
Amen."*

3. Psalm numbers as in Benedictine Daily Prayer : A short breviary. Liturgical Press 2005

Friday 8th—Sunday 10th August, 2014
St. Joseph's Centre for Reflective Living
Sydney

God of life and love
who constantly invites us to wholeness
be with us as we begin our journey towards our
ANSD Conference:
"Beyond the Edge:
Spiritual Transitions for adventurous souls."
Grant harmony and wisdom to the NSW Regional
Group
who are preparing to host this Conference.
Grant peace and insight to our Presenter,
Andrew
that he may be guided by Your Love
and in turn may lead us deeper into mindfulness
of your Caring Presence.
Bless all who will participate in the Conference
with openness and the willingness to hear Your
Voice.
May we build community together and continue
to carry forward Your Word to our world
in love and hope.
We ask this through Christ,
Word of Promise and the Spirit who dares all.
Amen.

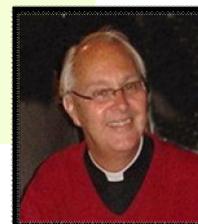
Post- Conference Workshop

with

Conference Presenter: Dr. Andrew Mayes

Monday 11th & Tuesday 12th August

venue: St Joseph's Centre for Reflective Living
Baulkham Hills



Day 1 SPIRITUAL FORMATION:
What is going on? Spiritual Direction within a
spirituality of struggle and joy.

Day 2 FORMED IN HIS LIKENESS:
Discovering startling and refreshing images of
Jesus to inspire spiritual formation.

Registration forms available from the ANSD website

Time Away

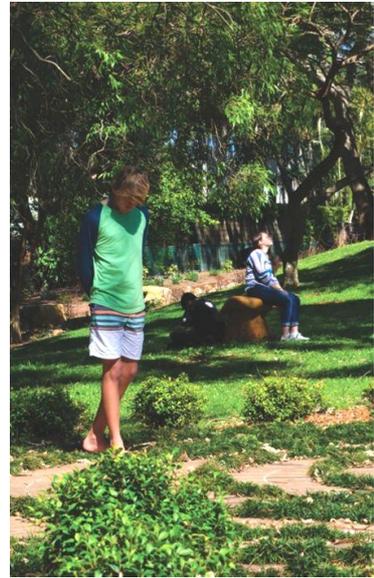
ACLE 4 Devotion 6: student Time Away
Time Away. Student Kayla Webb.
Yr 11 POP 2011 (used with permission)

I just need some time away
Time to leave the drama
Time to leave the stress
Sometimes I really wish I was a leaf
Or a seed in a flower,
So that when the wind changes
It will pick me up, and take me with it.

I just need some time to think
Time to figure out in my head
Time to work out where I am going
Sometimes I wish I was a cloud, gentle and calm,
Able to see everything going on below me
But not having to worry.

I just need some comfort,
A place where I can take in my surroundings,
A place that helps me to escape.
Sometimes I wish I was a flower,
Beautiful and soft,
So I can look at the beauty around me
And know that I am just like them.

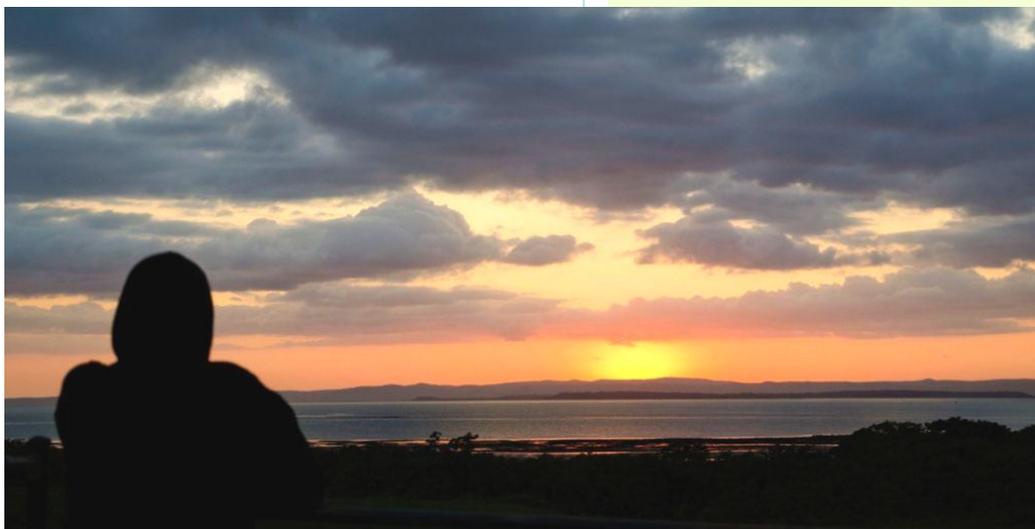
I just need some fun.
Being able to do something
"Just because I want to"
Being able to forget life's problems and worries
Just for a while.
Sometimes I wish I was a bird, able to fly wild and free,
To toss and turn with the wind,
To go where I want.
Carefree.



I just need to walk,
To be able to let go, to turn a new page,
To look back and learn.
Sometimes I wish I was an athlete,
Able to run till my legs give out,
To see where I am going and not have to look back.

I just need to scream,
To let go of everything that's in my head,
To let my voice be heard and listened to,
To stand up for something,
To make a difference.
Sometimes I wish I was a fighter,
Able to leave everything in the ring,
Able to pick myself up, bloody and bruised,
And move on clean and fresh
To be fearless.

But I am the way that I am for a reason,
Even if I don't know why now.
Life is life for a reason.



TWENTY MINUTES IN SILENCE

*I sit in silence, candle burning,
Fragrance warmed by light
And*

*In the moments
Calling you, "Lover ..
Join me, let's walk on sand
And watch the waves roll in
With sparkling foam so bright."*

*Dressed in white, soft silky
Falls*

*And you in cloth the same
Your darkened skin, your
Night shone hair
We are youth; we are light
We are free.*

*You laugh with me, your
Careful eyes take in
My every move
You feel my pulse, my heartbeat
Too
You hear my unspoken words.*

*You dance with me, you sing
With me ..
You laugh, you are silent,
You are near
And I feel my heart is settling
As I trust your gaze on me
Not a threat. You're a
Friend,
You're a carer of my soul
As we walk along the beach
Two people, yet we're one.*

*The sun has risen to our left,
The day shines silvery white
Our clothes reflect
The joy we share
Your laugh lifts me into flight.*

*I circle your head
I'm a butterfly
My wings white silken wove
You laugh as you toss
Your head back
And watch as I dance your song.*

*You're the Light,
You're the Sound of Songs
The waves sing
You're the Splashes of Crystal
Caught by Sun
You're the Rhythm
You're The Dance
You're the Beat Throbbing Life
You're my Joy
You're my Love
You're my Song.*

*We splash in the waves
Our clothes are wet through with
Laughter we cannot stop
My life pours out
From deepened chambers
I am thin, I am sheer
I am vapour.*

*Enveloped in the fragrance
Our laughter births to air
We fall on grains of
Counted thoughts
We are two, we are one,
We are here.*

*We sit and we share
Eternity themes
Symphonies written on tongue
Staff and stave weave into
The sky
And we watch as we see
Them played.*

*Joyfully lifted we travel
The lines
Enthralled by tools
Not yet made
Sounds unheard riding shapes
Not yet known
And colours no eye has seen

The red ball wobbles as
Fire shimmers
The sun is calling to curtesy
The day
Bronze and purple, gold and silver, pink
And orange beams
Form shafts of light
On darkened sea
Pathways that beckon me.*

(continued p 11)

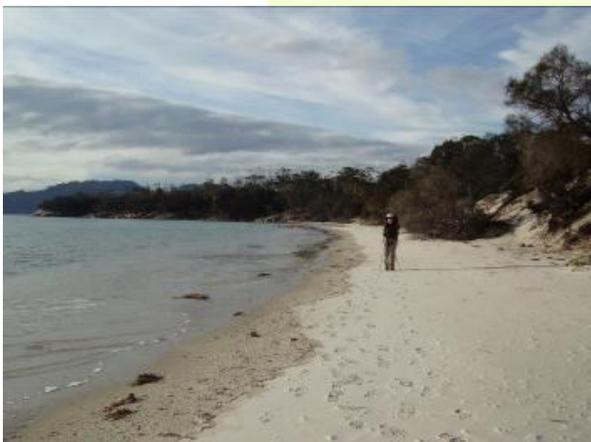
*I hold your hand
Soft and yielding
And draw you close to me
You move your hand
Across my waist
And join me with
Your thigh.*

*We walk the paths toward
The sun bowing
To the day
And in return we bow with love
And thank the gift it gave.
In deep respect, we sit to watch
The last red rays of love
And gently walk back
To open sand
The day is almost done.*

*We turn, we gaze, a lingering look
I see your deepened brown
And watch myself walk
In to you
We are Sun, we are Moon
We are One.*

☪☪☪☪

lp



God is present in the created order and in the world of humanity. We follow and know a God incarnate. Jung says "The whole creation is in the image of God." What Luther says about the communion is applicable to all of life. God is in and with and under all of this. God comes to us disguised as our experience. But the beholder is wanting. We are often not attending. The **purpose of the reflection** is to help us attend to the now, the presence of God in human relations, in nature, in human creativity, in stillness, in music, in silence. With my students, I take them into the bush and still them using a centering exercise... then ask them "**What's happening now?**" They use their outer five sense capabilities and their inner voice to respond in writing. Here is one such response from my time in the UK in July. Try it yourself....

English Reflections: What's Happening Now? (Photo image by Alan Parkinson Cromer Coast www)



Cromer WWII Observation Post – Looking Out – Looking in.

Red wine glows in the light
Of the wrap-around glass slits of the WWII
observation post
(Now accommodation for Cambridge graphic
designers on holiday).
Overlooks the broad North Sea,
Supple, sensuous, rippling like skin.

Grey and purple mist covering the endless, shining,
summer evening
Conspires with silence and Queen Anne's Lace to
seduce me into spirit space.

(continued p12)

Open Space Writing (cont.)

Blackberries and horsetails, rampant seashore shrubs,
Fields of grass and wildflowers
Are the close view
Punctuated by the occasional walker
Emerging from the wild field grasses on the cliff top
path.

But the North Sea merging with the sky is eternal,
Merging with existence itself.
This is the incarnation.
This, then this, then this, then nothing -
All is.

One tall Queen Anne's Lace stands out,
Emergent above the sky line -
One floret gone to seed.
The bees bothering the living flowers
Insist on their participation in fertility too
And all will be, in two weeks, seed heads
And like glorious voluptuous women
Will wrinkle and age
But without regret.
They know they have produced an array of new forms
Hitherto not seen
And have conspired with the creator
In originality.

And Campbell calmly negotiates little Penny to
bed downstairs,
Hearing her stories,
Telling her stories.
Bringing her to Grandpa, once, twice, to say,
"Goodnight, I love you".
Grandpa sings.

A great ship appears out of the mist.
Campbell sings, "Yes, Jesus loves me".
Penny interjects with conversation
To avoid drifting off
into the world of sleep.
Daddy goes on singing.
The ship moves on to the centre of the horizon,
A wall of mist behind - a veil of mist before.
And the pigeons and magpies swoop through,
Like Penny, insisting on consciousness,
Whining against the fading of the light,
The certainty of sleep.
Struggling against reality,
Penny cries out:
"I need to go and see Grandpa".
"Daddy! Daddy! I need to go and see Grandpa".
Campbell leaves her to visit the view and drink
his wine
But then returns to the resistant sleeper.

The Ship has gone now...All is mist.

Daddy is strong.
He will stay (like Jesus) close beside her all
the way
Till reluctantly but blessedly
She enters the land of the unconscious.

So let this be for all of us.
Give us companions
As the evening moves on, the light gradually
fades
And we are released,
Merging into the eternal horizon.

And wake us in the morning.

Geoffrey Butler. July 14 2013

ANSD National Conference

Fri 8th—Sun 10th August 2014

Sydney

*St Joseph's Centre for Reflective Living
Baulkham Hills*

Beyond the Edge:
Spiritual Transitions for Adventurous
Souls

Dr Andrew Mayes



Come and listen, play and explore new
thresholds
'beyond the edge' ...

for people engaged in Godly listening



The Australian Network for Spiritual Direction, an ecumenical endeavour, is committed to fostering spiritual direction and to the training of spiritual directors in the Christian Community.

We believe spiritual direction to be a vital ministry in the continuing transformation of all people. It is one of many ministries by which people are set free to take their share in God's ongoing work. It is a ministry of guidance taking many forms, and is exercised by women and men, lay and ordained.

The challenges and benefits of spiritual direction are both personal and corporate in nature. This historical ministry is an effective tool for helping people address the complex issues of our time.

The Network is committed to:

- encouraging spiritual directors in their work
- offering opportunities for care and nurture through regular gatherings and communications
- supporting national, regional and local training programs

We welcome to membership and involvement in the Australian Network for Spiritual Direction all who desire to support this work.

*This Statement was adopted by the original committee
in Canberra in 1989*