

A young child with blonde hair, wearing a pink woven hat with a blue flower and a colorful patterned sweater, stands in a field of yellow daffodils. The child is smiling and looking towards the camera. The background is a clear blue sky with a monarch butterfly flying near the top left. The overall scene is bright and cheerful.

Miracles

Classroom for the Universal Course
March ~ April ~ 2025

*Co-Creating
a Universal
Latticework
of Light,
— p. 43*

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STOPPING THE WORLD

by Jon Mundy



*The world is too much with us; late and soon,
getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.*

Romantic Poet, William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

Poet Laureate of Great Britain

The word 'world' appears 1,275 times in the Course. To provide some juxtaposition, in other words, 'body' appears 445 times, 'ego' 475 times, and 'spirit' 637 times. According to the Course,

*The body is merely part of your experience
in the physical world.*

T-2.IV.3:6

*You dream of a separated ego
and believe in a world that rests upon it.*

T-4.I.4:4

*Your Kingdom is not of this world because
it was given to you from beyond this world.*

T-3.VII.6:9

*The world has not yet experienced
any comprehensive reawakening or rebirth.*

T-2.I.3:7

If you didn't own a television, a computer, a cell phone, or a radio, you would still have your own 'immediate' world to worry about or be peaceful in. On two occasions, I made retreats to New Mellery Abbey, a Trappist monastery near Dubuque, Iowa, to step away from the world for a little while. Trappist monks take a vow of silence, and there is no talking. The daily activity is controlled by bells, which chime when it is time for morning prayers, lunch, vespers, etc. They also use some sign language. As a guest, I could talk to 'the guest master' and the shopkeeper who sold religious items in their little gift shop. But no one else. I loved sitting and listening to the beautiful Gregorian chants sung in their morning prayers.

I once mentioned New Mellery Abbey in an evening talk at Unity Church in Indianapolis. After the sanctuary cleared out, the only person left was the church's custodian, who was there to lock up the building. He had listened to my presentation and told me he had been a 'brother' at New Mellery Abbey.

"You know what happened? He asked. We went inside, and we created another world. It was rule-ridden, hierarchical, and top-heavy. The Abbott was somewhat of an autocrat. Those who were most obedient were given their choice of chores. Those he did not like had to muck out the barn. What was especially frustrating was the lack of communication and democracy. One day, he put on his work clothes, took his few possessions, and walked to the front door. He stood on the front steps facing the west for a moment. He started walking, and he never looked back. He needed to be free of it all. He had to escape that world."

Wherever we go, we bring our world with us. What kind of a world do you see? The larger world is becoming increasingly complex. The number of people now experiencing homelessness in the United States is the highest since record-keeping began, and consumer debt continues to climb. The rich are getting richer, and the poor are becoming more numerous. The world is a classroom, and the tests are coming on with greater frequency.

My leaving the United Methodist Ministry was one of the best decisions I ever 'had to make.' I enjoyed being a minister. I liked bringing joy to the faces of the older folks. I loved 'thinking my thoughts through' and presenting them to others on Sunday mornings, hopefully meaningfully. I liked getting a paycheck and having a pulpit I could work from. Slowly, gently, I tried to bring the Course into the church. Ken Wapnick kept saying, "You're never going to succeed in this." I persisted, but Ken was right. It was like trying to put a round peg in a square hold. It just didn't fit. The God of both Judaism and Christianity has an ego, and the message is, 'Do what I say, or terrible things will happen to you.' God, in fact, knows only Love. Once I stepped away, a holy, wholly new world opened before me. Many others were already thinking the same way and wanted to hear more about the Course.

God does not believe in retribution.

His Mind does not create that way.

T-3.I.3:4

A man told me of being fired from a job where he was embarrassingly asked to collect his things and then escorted from the building. On his way to the front door, he whispered, "God help me!" and heard, "You just got help!" Sometimes, we must give up and walk away; sometimes, we get escorted to the door.

Sacrifice is a notion unknown to God.

It arises solely from fear, and frightened people can be vicious.

Sacrificing in any way violates my injunction that you should be merciful even as your Father in Heaven is merciful.

*It has been hard for many Christians to realize
this applies to themselves.*

T-3.I.4:1-4

There is no sin.

*And every miracle is possible the instant that the Son of God
perceives his wishes and the Will of God as one.*

T-26.VII.10:5-6

The Crucifixion and the Resurrection

A significant difference between the Course and traditional Christianity revolves around the idea that God demands sacrifice, and we have to pay for our sins. All the while:

God knows you ‘now.’

T-15.V.9:1

The ego invests heavily in the past, while God knows us only in the present. Heaven is here. Heaven is now. The past is a dream of what was. The future is a dream of what may be. God knows only the Christ in you. All else is a dream. To meet ourselves fully in the present is to meet Christ. God does not have an ego. God cannot be offended. We are most unhappy with ourselves when the ego steps in and tries to take control. We are not our past or our so-called sins. Jesus was not paying a price on the cross for your sins. It is the resurrection, not the crucifixion, that matters.

Either God or the ego is insane.

T-11.in.1:1

When the ego steps on stage, it is as though God has stepped behind the curtain. But God is always there, and guess who wins in the end? The Course asks us to relinquish our addictions to power, fame, money, and physical pleasure in favor of reality. To be happy, we must drop all projections and “*Let all things be exactly as they are.*”

I listened to Yuval Noah Harari’s book *Nexus*. Harari is a professor of History at Hebrew University in Jerusalem and the

author of several New York Times bestsellers, including *Sapiens*, *Homo Deus*, and *Nexus*. He practices Vipassana meditation for two hours each day (an hour in the morning and an hour in the afternoon) to stop the story and let reality come in. He writes:

*I meditate to clear my mind from
stories, illusions, and fiction.*

*It is a way for me to lift the curtain of illusion
and get in touch with reality. It isn't easy because
everything you don't want to look at comes up.*

Jesus asks us to watch our minds for the temptations of the ego. Notice when the tempter (ego) is in the room. If you are anxious, projective, angry, or attacking, you can be sure the ego is directing the show. When the Holy Spirit is given the lead, much good can be done, and more love will automatically flow into your life.

*The ego is a wrong-minded attempt to perceive yourself
as you wish to be rather than as you are.
Yet you can know yourself only as you are,
because that is all you can be sure of.
Everything else "is" open to question.*

T-3.IV.2:3-4

We are all looking to 'awaken' to the reality of our being in truth, not as some made-up separated (ego) character but as the whole being we have always been and must be as one of God's creations. The ego is a dream character and nothing more. God creates only Spirit. Thus, Lesson 97 asks us to affirm. "*I am spirit*," There is no ego in Heaven. That would be impossible. In Heaven, only truth abides, and given the proper perspective, you can see.

*Heaven is here. There is nowhere else.
Heaven is now. There is no other time.*

M-24.6:4-7

I watched a YouTube video with bestselling American writer Robert Greene, author of *The Laws of Human Nature*, discussing the three books that changed his life. One of those books was Carlos Castaneda's *Journey to Ixtlan*, which describes Carlos's

adventures into Mexico to study with the Yaqui Indian and sorcerer Don Juan Matus. I was also impressed with reading *Journey to Ixtlan*, so much so that after reading it, I offered a workshop on Castaneda's books at Wainwright House in Rye, New York. More importantly, it led to my spending time throughout three summers, 1976, 77, and 78, working with Mexican Psychiatrist and Shaman Dr. Salvado Roquet and, in 78, with Salvador and the Curandero Maria Sabina in Oaxaca, Mexico.

Stop Doing Other People

According to Don Juan, to arrive at true "seeing" one must first "Stop the World." If you were to die tomorrow, the world would stop for you. Where would you then be without your body, your story, and the world you see? To stop the world, said Don Juan, we must '*Stop Doing Other People.*' The atonement process is letting go and cleaning the psychic system so we can see better and thus 'feel' better. To feel better, we must be 'willing' to do what we are asked. Truth is, we are way more similar than we are different, and love is the same regardless of its source. The good news is that we all have the same need and capacity to love.

Dropping Personal History

Don Juan's precondition for "stopping the world" was *breaking out of our certainty that our projection and, therefore, our perceptions of the world are better than others.* The root of the word religion comes from the Latin *religio*, meaning a "state of life bound by a monastic rule." We are looking to let go of rule-ridden, ritualized, prejudicial, stratified, cultural, pious, and politicized views. Only by stopping the world, can we "see." Don Juan tells Carlos he can stop the world by "*Dropping Personal History.*" Don Juan tells Carlos that he must renew his personal history continuously by:

*"Telling your parents, relations,
and friends everything you do.
On the other hand, if you have no personal history,
no explanation is needed.*

*Nobody is angry or disillusioned with your acts.
You can develop your thoughts independently
only if others have no control over them.
When people know your personal history
know exactly who you are,
they have a specific control over you.”*

As it is, we constantly review our personal history and seek reinforcement of our perception of the world. Almost anyone on earth can contact anyone else, provided you both have a cell phone and/or a computer to work with. The news is on 24 hours daily, so it is possible to sit and ‘watch the world go by.’ As the body is the ego’s chosen home, who will you be when you no longer have a body? Who will you be when you can’t be identified by sex, race, religion, geography, heritage, or anything you identify with right now as ‘you’? It’s hard to imagine what pure Spirit is. In Latin and Hebrew, the word for Spirit means *blowing, wind, breath, air*. Without oxygen, a body cannot live for more than a few minutes, but Spirit has no such dependency being enlivened with the Mind of God.

For me, the world is weird because it is stupendous, awesome, mysterious, and unfathomable. My interest has been to convince you that you must assume responsibility for being here, in this marvelous desert, at this marvelous time. I want to convey to you that you must learn to make every act count since you’re going to be here for only a short while—in fact, too short to witness all its marvels.
Don Juan Matus, in *Journey to Ixtlan*

*I am responsible for what I see.
I choose the feelings I experience,
and I decide upon the goal I would achieve.
And everything that seems to happen to me
I ask for, and receive as I have asked.*

T-21.II.2:3-5

*There is a place in you where
this whole world has been forgotten,
where no memory of sin and illusion lingers still.*



*There is a place in you which time has left,
and echoes of eternity are heard.
There is a resting place, so still,
no sound except a hymn to Heaven rises
to gladden God the Father and the Son.
Where Both abide are They remembered, Both.
And where They are is Heaven and is peace.*
T-29.V.1:1-5

Be awake, be alive, be attentive.
Listen – God is Speaking to you.
Hear His Voice. Let the ego be still.

*Don't turn your life into a story.
Stay with the Reality of Life.*
Yuval Noah Harari

Lovingly, *Jon*



The first guest, as usual, was “I’m All Alone.”
She’s good company at a Pity Party.

THE PITY PARTY

by Deborah McDonald

After being sick and housebound all Thanksgiving weekend, I felt quite justified in indulging in yet another Pity Party. For a while it was just me, but before I knew it, and without my conscious knowledge, uninvited guests started arriving at my door.



The first guest, as usual, was “I’m All Alone.” She is always the first to show up at any of my Pity Parties. It’s like she just cruises my neighborhood 24/7 in her party clothes and stops at my house the minute she senses one coming on. I let her in, of course. She’s good company at a Pity Party.

Just when we are getting into a rousing discussion about the unfairness of life, I look up and see Insecurity banging on my window. How did he hear about the party? Before he breaks the glass, I go around to let him in. I see he’s brought his girlfriend Scarcity again. Their relationship is so dysfunctional it’s almost functional.

Meanwhile “I’m All Alone,” happy for the company, has made her way to the fridge, and to her credit she’s managed to put together quite a spread for the new guests. With her superb kitchen skills we often wonder why she is still alone. Pretty soon we’re all standing around the appy table, sharing the same old tales of woe.

**Guilt and Shame are inseparable.
Guilt feels Shame and Shame likes to feel Guilt.
They go make out on the couch.**

We were just working ourselves up to some really good drama when we hear a commotion on the back porch. We run into the kitchen just in time to see a big steel-toed army boot crashing through the back door. The boot belongs to Fear, of course, the Big Kahuna of Pity Parties. I see that he’s brought his entourage: Jealousy, Shame, and Guilt. Fear doesn’t apologize for breaking my door, or offer to pay for damages; he knows he’s the life of the party. Jealousy observes the other guests and enjoys the feeling of superiority for once. She mixes herself a rum and coke and settles in. Guilt and Shame are inseparable. Guilt feels Shame and Shame likes to feel Guilt. They go make out on the couch.

So here I am, playing host to yet another Pity Party with all the regulars. I have to say that the familiarity is kind of comforting. Everyone is having a good time.

However, after a while I become bored with the same old stories. And quite frankly, I'm angry that they all barged in on me like that. Fear, fully empowered by now, has them all mesmerized with one of his epic tales that always end with someone dying. Even Guilt and Shame have gotten off the couch to listen in.

Suddenly it occurs to me that if I leave the house now, no one would miss me.

Suddenly it occurs to me that if I leave the house now, no one would miss me. I grab my coat and head out the door. I start walking.



I hear birds, thousands of them it seems, singing in the trees. I look up and see my neighbor walking towards me. We exchange idle chatter about the weather and real estate prices and I walk away wondering how such an innocent exchange about nothing in particular with someone you barely know can feel so nourishing. It's perplexing.

I keep going and find myself at the lake. The willows, still green, are gracefully leaning towards the water. I see an elderly couple holding hands. I walk past a tree trunk on the beach and see that someone has made a kind of a shrine at its base with colored leaves, rocks and driftwood placed just

**Then a funny thing happened. As I held them,
they evaporated into thin air and I was left
just hugging myself.**

so. I take a picture. I'm walking along the boardwalk now and catch the light in a stranger's eyes as we pass. We both smile. Before I know it, I'm not alone anymore. My friend Gratitude is strolling along beside me.

I start to notice, really notice, the beauty that is all around me. There's abundance at every turn. I live in a beautiful part of the world, on an exquisite planet inside a universe that doesn't stop giving. I feel happy. I feel connected. I feel whole. Suddenly I remember my party guests, and realize I should get back before they destroy the place. As I head home, I notice my friends Spontaneity and Joy skipping along beside me. I'm home in no time.

When I open the door, I'm greeted by an eerie silence. The guests are still there, but they are withered and broken, flopped over my furniture like deflated paddle boards. They are barely breathing. I go to each one: Fear, Jealousy, Shame, Guilt, Insecurity, Scarcity, and I'm All Alone, and hold them close to my heart. Then a funny thing happened. As I held them, they evaporated into thin air and I was left just hugging myself.

And that was the end of my Thanksgiving Pity Party. Don't get me wrong. Jealousy, Scarcity, Fear, and numerous others still show up at my door. The difference now is that they come in one at a time, and I've learned to listen. The surprising thing is that each one always brings me a gift. My only job is to unwrap it.

Deborah McDonald is a child of God, awakening to her own divinity in Calgary, Alberta, Canada. She can be reached at deborahpersonal2@shaw.ca



What If It Were True?

by MaryBeth Scalice

What If He lives?

What if He never died?

What if I never die?

Is it possible?

I - in the midst of me, never dying.

What if this isn't the end

or the middle or any chapter of my life?

What if life couldn't be counted by years,
or ages, beginnings or endings?

I am thinking about all of this.

I am feeling the presence

of Mary of Magdala

who cried out, *Master!*

She didn't recognize Him at first,

until He spoke. Then she *Saw* Him,

She reached out, a torrent of passion.

He was not dead!

But Jess said,

not yet. I have not yet ascended.

I have been thinking about *not yet*.

I have been reaching with the hands

of the Lover to grasp Him, but He draws back...

*Patience, trust.
refrain from this touch
not this way,
not yet.*

I wonder if the Magdalene's kisses,
her embrace was temptation for Jess;
a little tug to identify once more with the body.
How much He must have loved her!
How desperate her attempt to clutch,
vowing never to let His body go again.

When I consider all these things,
when I ponder the words and actions
of the apostles upon Seeing Him,
I believe.
But belief is not enough.

The disciple, Thomas did not believe
until he had touched the wounds
of the resurrected Jesus.
I want more than Thomas wanted,
more than the belief that follows doubt.
I want to **know**.

Can I know anything here, in this world?
As far as I can tell, Jesus is not in this world.
But then He is here. Real, apparent
through personal effects, miracles, movements.
He came to Thomas who was unbelieving.
Would He not come unto my devoted belief?

*I do not want to touch Your wounds, Jesse.
I long to feel Your Life, Your pulse,
to rise with you in ascension,
pulling me into the Father*

like breath into Lungs.

I want to know union, not flesh.

Many days I am sure. I am certain, I feel
the eyes of the Christ looking through my own.

Many days I am more than host to Word,
more than temple. I am the Self, Christ.
Then I fall prey to beliefs, and concepts,
wanting to bring His *body* close to mine;
wanting to bring my body close to God.

Not yet.

Not this way.

The true Body of Christ is Spirit, is Life.
The true Body of God is One Creation,
through everyone, everything, everywhere, One.
I grasp at ideas and images, memories of flesh.

But when I reach beyond the body,

I grasp Reality.

I grasp resurrection.

I rise in ascension,
and say to the world

not yet,

not this way,

refraining from holding Him, me, you,
hostage to a body,

allowing Christ Who is the Breath of God,
to rise into the Lungs of the Father,
where I was Breathed out, eons ago,
where I am breathed in just now.

MaryBeth Scalice, MA. Ed.D. mbopenheart@aol.com, transpersonal and humanistic psychotherapist, invites the integration of body, mind, emotion, and spirit, through breath, witness, sacred relationship, creative expression, and somatic awareness. Her book of sacred poetry is [Write, Beloved, Write, The Living Breathing Poetry of God](#).



5 LESSONS ABOUT THE WAY WE TREAT PEOPLE

by Author unknown

First Important Lesson – The Cleaning Lady

During my second month of college, our professor gave us a pop quiz. I was a conscientious student and had breezed through the questions until I read the last one: “What is the first name of the woman who cleans the school?”

Surely this was some kind of joke. I had seen the cleaning woman several times. She was tall, dark-haired and in her 50’s, but how would I know her name? I handed in my paper, leaving the last question blank. Just before class ended, one student asked if the last question would count toward our quiz grade.

“Absolutely, ” said the professor. “In your careers, you will meet many people. All are significant. They deserve your attention and care, even if all you do is smile and say hello.”

I’ve never forgotten that lesson. I also learned her name was Dorothy.

Second Important Lesson – Pickup in the Rain

One night at 11:30 p.m., an older African American woman was standing on the side of an Alabama highway trying to endure a lashing rain storm. Her car had broken down and she desperately needed a ride. Soaking wet, she decided to flag down the next car.

A young white man stopped to help her, generally unheard of in those conflict-filled 1960s. The man took her to safety, helped her get assistance and put her into a taxicab.

She seemed to be in a big hurry, but wrote down his address and thanked him.

Seven days went by and a knock came on the man’s door. To his surprise, a giant console color TV was delivered to his home. A special note was attached. It read:

“Thank you so much for assisting me on the highway the other night. The rain drenched not only my clothes, but also my spirits. Then you came along. Because of you, I was able to make it to my dying husband’s bedside just before he passed away... God bless you for helping me and unselfishly serving others. Sincerely, Mrs. Nat King Cole”

Third Important Lesson – Always Remember those who Serve

In the days when an ice cream sundae cost much less, a 10-year-old boy entered a hotel coffee shop and sat at a table. A waitress put a glass of water in front of him.

How much is an ice cream sundae?” he asked.

“Fifty cents,” replied the waitress.

The little boy pulled his hand out of his pocket and studied the coins in it. “Well, how much is a plain dish of ice cream?” he inquired.

By now more people were waiting for a table and the waitress was growing impatient. ” Thirty-five cents,” she brusquely replied.

The little boy again counted his coins. “I’ll have the plain ice cream,” he said.

The waitress brought the ice cream, put the bill on the table and walked away. The boy finished the ice cream, paid the cashier, and left. When the waitress came back, she began to cry as she wiped down the table. There, placed neatly beside the empty dish, were two nickels and five pennies. You see, he couldn’t have the sundae because he had to have enough left to leave her a tip.

Fourth Important Lesson. – The Obstacle in Our Path

In ancient times, a King had a boulder placed on a roadway. Then he hid himself and watched to see if anyone would remove the huge rock. Some of the King’s wealthiest merchants and courtiers came by and simply walked around it. Many loudly blamed the King for not keeping the roads clear, but none did anything about getting the stone out of the way.

Then a peasant came along carrying a load of vegetables. Upon approaching the boulder, the peasant laid down his burden and tried to move the stone to the side of the road. After much pushing and straining, he finally succeeded. After the peasant picked up his load of vegetables, he noticed a purse lying in the road where the boulder had been. The purse contained many gold coins and a note from the King indicating that the gold was for the person who removed the boulder from the roadway.

The peasant learned what many of us never understand! Every obstacle presents an opportunity to improve our condition.

Fifth Important Lesson – Giving When it Counts

Many years ago, when I worked as a volunteer at a hospital, I got to know a little girl named Liz who was suffering from a rare & serious disease. Her only chance of recovery appeared to be a blood transfusion from her 5-year old brother, who had miraculously survived the same disease and had developed the antibodies needed to combat the illness.

The doctor explained the situation to her little brother, and asked the little boy if he would be willing to give his blood to his sister. I saw him hesitate for only a moment before taking a deep breath and saying, “Yes I’ll do it if it will save her.”

As the transfusion progressed, he lay in bed next to his sister and smiled, as we all did, seeing the color returning to her cheek. Then his face grew pale and his smile faded. He looked up at the doctor and asked with a trembling voice, “Will I start to die right away?”

Being young, the little boy had misunderstood the doctor; he thought he was going to have to give his sister all of his blood in order to save her.

Work like you don’t need the money, love like you’ve never been hurt, and dance like you do when nobody’s watching.

*Editor’s Note: We are grateful to **Brian Longhurst**, who passed into the unseen realm in January, for bringing this to our attention.*

BRIAN LONGHURST, 1944 – 2025

As a 19 year-old lad, Brian left his family home in Sussex, England, and moved by himself to Vancouver, Canada, to discover “what was deep within me.” He had a burning desire to know and serve God and Jesus through a direct, personal relationship. Indeed, as he said, “to have a truly personal, intimate, meaningful relationship with him became my all-consuming, active, aching desire.” The universe responded. When Brian was 22 years of age, a glorious Jesus showed up in a corner of his basement flat. Jesus glided close and held him in a cosmic embrace. Brian *recounts the experience here*. Thus began a lifelong relationship, with frequent messages from Jesus and appearances that were frequently quite casual.



Brian often spoke of Jesus’ “Great Rescue Programme”—his unstoppable movement of consciousness that is now transforming humanity. For Brian, both Jesus and God were close; he always referred to God as “Papa.” Brian shared the essence of his expanding understanding in seven books, beginning with *Seek Ye First the Kingdom*, followed by the titles *Finding . . . Entering . . . Living . . . Sharing . . . Extending . . .* and finally, *BEING the Kingdom Within*. Brian’s work with Jesus was largely centered on *A Course in Miracles*, with his latter book also featuring *A Course of Love*. Brian’s website, www.honest2goodness.org.uk contains instructions for a service of “mystical communion with Christ.” Another part of Brian’s ongoing work was to contact and release spirits who had typically died violently and were “stuck” in a kind of spirit-world limbo.

After he met and married Theresa in British Columbia, they moved back to England, settling in Gloucester. Theresa survives him. It is evident that Brian continues his work for Jesus and Papa from “the other side.”



Love Keeps Herself Busy

by Rick Carlson

Love keeps Herself busy moving the tides
spinning the planets and blushing the brides
changing the seasons and growing the corn
showing up joyful when babies are born
giving us hope as we stand against war
keeping us humble while helping the poor
holding the family whose dear one has crossed
welcoming souls home where no one is lost
writing the songs that we sing from the heart
pulsing the lifestream within every part
giving us purpose to live all our days
quietly present, deserving our praise

Rick Carlson is a facilitator for *A Course of Love in Minnesota*.

“ I am just like you. My immediate response to most situations is with reactions of attachment, defensiveness, judgment, control, and analysis. I am better at calculating than contemplating. Let’s admit that most of us start there. The false self seems to have the “first gaze” at almost everything.

On my better days, when I am open, undefended, and immediately present, I can sometimes begin with a contemplative mind and heart. Often I can get there later and even end there, but it is usually a second gaze.

It is an hour-by-hour battle, at least for me.

I can see why so many spiritual traditions insist on daily prayer, in fact, morning, midday, evening, and before we go to bed prayer too!

Otherwise, I can assume that I am back in the cruise control of small and personal self-interest, the pitiable and fragile “richard” self.

— From Fr. Richard Rohr, founder of the Center for Action and Contemplation.



THE TURTLE AND THE WITCH

by Corinne Zupko

Ever since I started having mystical experiences in 2021, my cravings to be in nature became *very* strong, almost overwhelming at times. For my birthday (in August), I learned about a natural stream-fed pool a few hours from my house and I *knew* that was where I wanted to spend my birthday. My claircognizance bells were going off!



I met a witch in a pond and a turtle brought us together. :)

So my husband and I packed some food and swim gear, and made the trip up to northwestern New Jersey, which is arguably one of the most beautiful areas of the state.

I loved this natural pool! The water was slightly chilly, but the August sun kept me warm. As we swam and floated around this Olympic-sized pool carved out of rock and fed by a stream, a woman called over to us and motioned for us to come see a turtle who was also swimming in the pool!

My heart started pounding. I wondered, “*is it a snapping turtle?*” I was delighted to be swimming with frogs and salamanders . . . but not with snapping turtles! That was where I drew the line. I have a healthy fear of snapping turtles; they’re like prehistoric dinosaurs, and I like my toes attached to my body. But I took a breath and swam closer.

The only reason I didn’t freak out was because the woman and my husband weren’t afraid, which enabled me to stay grounded and calm. We kept a healthy distance from the turtle, and the three of us ended up treading water and talking for about an hour. (Well, my husband and the woman treaded water for an hour, I floated on my pool noodle!)

Turns out, our new friend was a best-selling author, international speaker, and well-known herbalist who refers to herself as a “green witch.” Her name is Robin Rose Bennett. I loved every moment of our conversation. A few weeks later, I got to spend even more time with Robin when I drove her to New Paltz, New York, for her amazing fall equinox ceremony.

So the short version of this story is that I met a witch in a pond and a turtle brought us together. :)



ACIM says, *...the plan includes very specific contacts to be made for each teacher of God. There are no accidents in salvation. Those who are to meet will meet, because together they have the potential for a holy relationship.* (M-3.1:5-7)

I'm sharing this story with you as a reminder that EVERYONE you meet throughout the day is a “specific contact” for you to make. It might be that you just exchange a smile with a stranger, or are kind to the person who is helping you in a store.

There are no accidents. Remember, you have a choice whether or not to extend a miracle—that is, to express love and kindness.

So many carry pain, trauma, and fear. And your smile is what someone may need to feel a sparkle return to their heart. If you're having a tough day yourself, your kindness can awaken the light in another, which will also awaken it in you.

Corinne Zupko, Ed.S., M.A., C.P.C., is a speaker, adjunct professor, coach, writer, and meditation teacher. Although she was diagnosed for anxiety disorder at a very young age and struggled with debilitating anxiety for nearly three decades, she is the author of the best-selling *From Anxiety to Love*. See her website for a free online copy of her newest book. *The Clairs*. <https://fromanxietytolove.com/>



What is Death But That Illusion

by Evalyn Sorrentino

What is death but that illusion
that skin and bones is who I am.

No, I shall not agree.

The Christ is ever present for me to be.

In a heart of flesh Death tries to
keep the fear locked in.

But Ever-Vescent Life keeps clocking
time as Now not then.

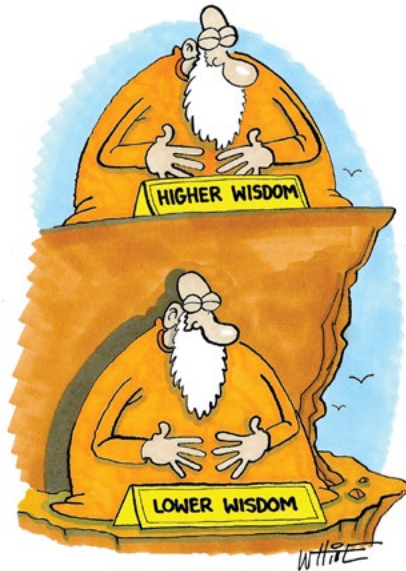
For the soul who did not know, when awake,
t'was part of this great Omni-Djinn.

What is death but a portal when clearly seen
to avoid the fall and a path to choose again
with Grace, the Love that always stood
amalgamate, witnessed in that moment
and claimed: That I am with Omni Good.

Evalyn Sorrentino was officiating at a funeral and wanted a poem that captured the sense of death being just a transition. Not able to find one, she wrote this. See <https://yogabydonation.org/> for information about her events and retreats.



Some more important philosophical questions on life!





Pig Latin!



In order to bloom, you must grow. — Unknown





On Healing as a Light Worker

A message from Jesus through Pamela Kribbe

You who are reading this and feel drawn to the Christ energy are someone who longs to shine your inner light out into the world. Do you long to manifest as a Light Worker, meaning that you feel the desire to spread light and raise awareness on earth? Your passion is pure and real; it comes from the core of who you are, from your soul. It is the spark of God within you which leads you to this desire, for it is natural for God to want to share joy, light, and compassion. Whenever you feel happy and expressing who you really are, you are feeling God's happiness, too, for you and God are one at heart!

**You need to let go of the traditional image of
“therapist helping client”.**

You often wonder what Light Work is really about. To understand what Light Work or spiritual healing is truly about, you need to let go of the traditional image of “therapist helping client” or “doctor curing patient.” You need to let go of the very idea that helping is about giving something to someone else. The very notion that the other person is lacking something is detrimental to their healing process. The truth is that the only way to help someone is to make them aware of their own power and ability to heal themselves.

It is the mark of a good teacher that they make themselves small rather than big. The true gift of a healer is to make the other person aware of their own inner authority, the fact that



True healing is very simple.

they are a spark of God and have all the knowledge available to them that they need.

True healing is very simple. It does not require elaborate methods or knowledge. I am speaking here of healing for the soul. Of course, physical problems may need to be attended by medical experts who have very specific knowledge and skills. Healing that affects the soul, however, is very simple. If you go to the root core of mental as well as physical problems in people, you will somehow encounter the belief that they are powerless, unworthy, unlovable, lonely, and doomed. The root cause is that people feel disconnected from their true being—the spark of divine light that they really are. To offer healing

If you are able to look beyond someone's pain, and see the angel of light in their face, you offer them something very precious.

to people is to open up their memory of Home, to remind them of their perfect beauty, strength, and innocence.

What you offer someone else if you mean to offer spiritual healing is really a change of perception. Instead of focusing on their problems, their issues, and their feelings of disempowerment, you focus on their essence, their wholeness, their radiant beauty. If there's anything to be given by the spiritual healer, it is the gift of true vision.

If you are able to look beyond someone's pain, anger, fear, and self-destructive behavior, and see the angel of light in their face, you offer them something very precious. By seeing their true essence, you are summoning it, beckoning it to come forward. Perceiving someone else's true power and inner light, even if they don't show it on the surface, is like calling someone by their true name. Nothing is as powerful as being called by your true name.

What I did when I performed so-called miraculous healings in my life on Earth as Jesus, was that I got in touch with the divine essence of someone. By seeing and feeling the spark of the divine in someone, it became awake, and it was the divine essence that performed the healing, not I. It was their self-remembrance that restored mental and even physical health to them. Not always does such a meeting result in healing, for it always depends on whether the other person decides to open up to healing. The miracle was upon them, and this is important to remember whenever you work with people for the purpose of spiritual healing.

All spiritual healing comes from within. You are not healing anyone as a Light Worker. You are creating a space of



You are most powerful as a healer if you completely trust the other person's ability to solve the problems.

openness, of being without judgment, which invites the other person to look at themselves with openness and compassion. Instead of trying to solve any problems on the outside, you are connecting to the other person's soul, and you are holding a vision of trust and clarity for them. This is the way of the Light Worker. You are trying to return to the other person their greatness, instead of focusing on their smallness.

Working with someone on the soul level means that you show them their responsibility for their own life. Because



you do this lovingly and without judgment, this responsibility will not feel burdensome. It will feel empowering and liberating to take responsibility. By really believing in the creative powers of the other person, you mirror their own strength back to

them through your eyes and words. By focusing on what is whole and untainted in them, you reinforce it. You can only do so if you truly believe it. You are most powerful as a healer if you completely trust the other person's ability to solve the problems and let go of any notion of them being dependent upon you.

Many of you feel that returning responsibility to people in this way means to abandon them or to tell them to solve the issue all by themselves. However, to release all ties of dependency does not mean you are not there for them anymore. You are still there, holding your faith in their true strength and inner power, encouraging them to go beyond their self-imposed limitations, and be all that they can be. It will be their choice what to do with the healing space you offer.

Pamela Kribbe writes about the transition in these times from ego to heart-based consciousness. Her books contain channeled material from Jeshua, Mary Magdalene, and The Earth, inspired by Christ consciousness. The above selection is excerpted with her permission from Heart Centered Living: Messages Inspired by Christ Consciousness. Find more information at www.jeshua.net



Divine Government

An Inauguration Power-Poem

by Mandi Solk, January 20, 2025

In Truth, a human, mortal government is just a mirage
As Divine Intelligence is the only One in charge
And although we think we know it, as we're on a
'Spiritual Path'

In daily life we may get just sucked in, to other
people's wrath

and take sides and make divisions,
and post on Media, our positions

And today is the inauguration.

But what exactly is the true interpretation?

What's the dictionary's illustration?

A fresh beginning, an initiation

The forming of a new foundation

Establishment, origination,

A swearing in of dedication

An opening, a consecration

to being of service to the Nation

Is this starting to ring any bells?

Yes! We must inaugurate ourselves!

Since our outer world reflects

all the things that we expect!

Our Divine Government is found within

when we consecrate our lives to Him
It makes no difference who's been elected
when we dwell within and stay connected
with 'I' - the only Power and Source
then our experience will reflect THIS Force
There is nothing whatsoever to fear
when we know Omnipotence is Here
Let's initiate our own inauguration
ceremony of dedication
to letting go and releasing
all our judgments, and ceasing
listening to our inner mental tales,
and slowly slipping off the rails
of Now-ness and ease
the centrepiece of peace.

And so we bless our True President, our Governor and
Commander
while just observing our opinions like a witnessing
bystander
and not going into battle by letting every word rattle
that we hear from the news
we can right now change our views
and bless who's Presiding
by seeing what's abiding
beyond the outer President with all his countless tasks
is the inner light of Holiness, the 'I' behind the masks.
Our constant reminder must be Who's really in charge
and all outer appearances are just a mirage,
because
I—only I—only I AM in Authority
I—only I—have the Absolute majority.

Mandi Solk the narrator of the seven-volume Choose Only Love series of messages from Jesus channeled by Sebastián Blaksley. She is also author of The Joy of No Self and IS-ness is your only BIZ-ness, a book of Spiritual Power-Poetry. See her website, healingbyrevealing-soul.com She lives in the UK.

GIVE UP WHAT YOU THINK YOU WANT

by Elliott Robertson



There have been times in my life when I've forgotten I'm better off putting God at the helm, when what-I-think-I-want has taken over and overwhelmed me.

When I was putting together an anthology recently, I was lost in what I thought I wanted, so certain that the book needed to be published quickly that I never bothered to take the time to go within or confer with angels, guides, my team of masters, or the One.

I never bothered to take the time to go within or confer with angels, guides, or the One.

I was lost in my narrow, arrogant vision of how things were to unfold, and at what tempo.

A Course of Love recognizes that our journey toward being in union with Love Itself can be hampered when we place what we think we want at the hub of our lives: *Stop now and give up what you think you want.* [C:5.25] Jesus goes on to explain:

As union begins to look more attractive to you, you are beginning to wonder how it comes about. There must be some secret you do not know. What is the difference, you ask, between setting a goal and achieving it and joining with something? These do not have to be two separate things, but are made so by your

choice, the choice to achieve what you will on your own. This is all the difference there is between union and separation. Separation is all you perceive on your own. Union is all that you invite me into and share with God. . . . As I once was, you are both human and divine. What your human self has forgotten, your real Self retains for you, waiting only for your welcome to make it known to you once more. [C:5.28-29, emphasis added]

I visited a Friends meeting recently and a loquacious lady introduced herself to me at coffee hour. She told me she was feeling tremendously overwhelmed; it became evident that she was fearful of how the upcoming elections in the U.S. might turn out.

It reminded me of my experience as editor of the anthology. Although she didn't say anything about whether she was fearing this candidate or that candidate winning, it seemed to me that she was rigidly stuck in the belief that one outcome would be horrific and the other would save us from such horrors.

Mystery may see a thousand more possibilities than we might see for how things might unfold.

How can we avoid the trap of forgetting that Mystery may see a thousand more possibilities than we might see for how things might unfold—and that all thousand possibilities might be better than anything we've ever imagined?

Could it be that being open to being surprised—yes, happily surprised—could help us from getting stuck in an all-or-nothing rigid point of view? After all, surprise, playfulness, and imagination go hand-in-hand. And remember, open-mindedness is the ultimate of the 10 qualities of a Teacher of God according to ACIM's Teacher's Manual.



Could remembering the miracles God has performed in our lives and those we've heard about over the years, big and small, help us to trust God to take care of all our affairs as well as the affairs of the world? And out of this deeper trust, to let go of the things we think we want and wait to see what Mystery brings, unfolds, and reveals?

Could we be served by asking ourselves, "What if a year from now I look back at the situation I didn't like and I see that it was truly a gift? What if a year from now I see my fretting was unnecessary?"

Could it be that playing the game of life with the rule of "I need never be shamed by my misperceptions" can help us all stay in a high vibe even when we notice that we may have not seen the full picture initially?

Could it be that we are called in these times to ask for a humble purity of heart so that we might greet our brothers and

We have before us the chance to appreciate
our love-light as hugely valuable.



sisters with tender loving kindness without even wondering what opinions they hold?

We are living in times of great opportunities. We have before us the chance to appreciate our love-light as hugely valuable—perhaps more needed than ever before. We have before us the chance to discover that there may be more beautiful possibilities than we ever dreamed of.

A Course in Miracles acknowledges that our separate will is unreal, unlike our Father's will: *For to deny my Father's Will is to deny my own. To look within is but to find my will as God created it and as it is. I fear to look within because I think I made another will which is not true and made it real. Yet it has no effects. Within me is the holiness of God. Within me is the memory of Him.* [Lesson 309]

We are eternally invited to let God's glorious loving will be our own, for it is, in truth, our own.

Elliott Robertson is a former Spiritual Growth Coach and has served as a staff-writer for Daily Word. He is the editor of [Visions of a Joyful World](#).



CO-CREATING A UNIVERSAL LATTICEWORK OF LIGHT

by Christina Strutt

Some say we're transmogrifying. Don't you just love that glorious word? That is, transfiguring from *Homo Sapiens* into *Homo Luminosa*. This movement we're in together is more real to me now than ever before, with each one being a unique expression of love in union and relationship with all.



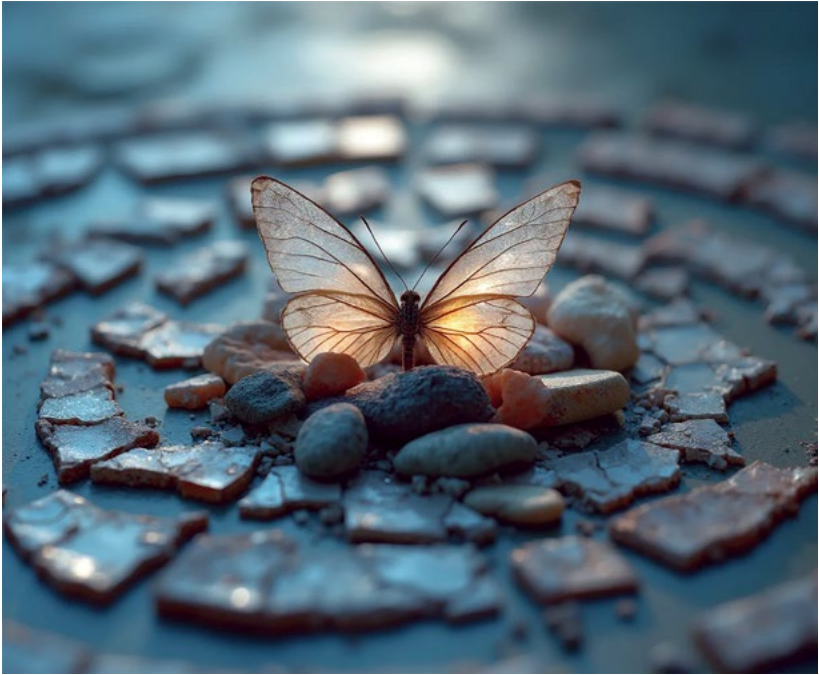
There is now a visceral experience of this Net of Light literally being constructed through the body and across the planet. Do you feel it too?

I've spoken often of "Indra's Net of Jewels," an ancient metaphor from the Atharva Veda (1000 BCE) in which each of us is a uniquely faceted, shimmering jewel reflecting all other jewels, and forever linked within a multi-dimensional infinity. And I've described a deep knowing of how I respond to life in stillness, threading invisible strands of fiery plasma into dark moments and weaving webs of love-light. Webs that invite all involved into playful and productive cocreation within the alchemy of unconditional love!

There is now a visceral experience of this Net of Light literally being constructed through the body and across the planet. Do you feel it too? Aren't we, after all, spiraling electromagnetic fields? Each one of us a unique energy signature informing and being informed by every other! Each one of us inextricably linked and essential to the functioning of the whole—the Oneness of Indra's Net. It feels palpable to me.

Think of it as a vast fiberoptic communications network, like the ones I recall from my corporate engineering days. In the late 90s, Singapore (where I grew up) became our first big customer. So exciting! Singapore literally connected their entire nation with fiber optics as part of the "Singapore ONE" project! Well, this is what's happening now—except it's happening across the planet—a communications infrastructure teeming with cosmic mother plasma intelligence, seamlessly illuminating new biophotonic pathways through each one of us and amplifying each moment that we're willing and available to it.

These are pathways of multidimensional knowing through our heart-mind-gut-brain neuro-networks, con-



**We are co-creating this vast shimmering
infrastructure of liquid love-light-intelligence and
making it available to all!**

necting through our bodies and deep into the Earth. It lights up the Common Mycelial Network (CMN), the finely-threaded fungal communications highway in the soil beneath our feet, which science now knows directly links the root systems of tree and plant life across the planet. Cosmos-Humanity-Earth as one universal latticework of light encircling the planet, surfacing global insights with every step we take.

We are co-creating this vast shimmering infrastructure of liquid love-light-intelligence and making it available to all! We're literally lighting up the entire planet with every choice we make for love. We are transmitting electromagnetic

pulses, packets of information like beacons signaling to each other, much like the imaginal cells do in the primordial ooze within a chrysalis during the metamorphosis of a butterfly. When the caterpillar body is totally dissolved, the imaginal cells light up, signaling to each other and clumping together in the knowing that each one holds a piece of the blueprint of the new butterfly—an unimaginably gorgeous creature who can fly!

We are dialing up the brilliance each time we choose to stand up in the power of our authentic selves. We are signaling to each other. Facing the ‘bad’ stuff with clear-eyed courage and calling it out. Seeing “evil” acts as the agonized call for love that they are, and responding with fierce compassionate action as called. Clumping together, knowing that each one holds a piece of the blueprint for the new *Homo Luminosa*, an unimaginably gorgeous creature who can fly! And celebrating all of it with fearless curiosity, wonder, and joy.

**Love is always the answer. The time is always now.
And we are the Ones defying gravity.**

Love is always the answer. The time is always now. And we are the Ones defying gravity—daring to dissolve all separation and limitation within ourselves, melting away all notions of a “wicked” other, one quantum moment at a time: Now. And now ... and now ... and now ...

In the new movie “Wicked” there is a song Elphaba the “wicked witch” sings at the moment when she finally sees how she is trapped in an old, entrenched system. Realizing her freedom to choose anew, she decides with great courage to claim her power even if it means flying solo! Defying gravity seems to have become an empowering anthem for the marginalized. It reminds us that nothing is set in concrete.

In these extraordinary times of the Great Turning,
nothing is actually what it seemed to be.



In these extraordinary times of the Great Turning, nothing is actually what it seemed to be. Defying gravity simply means observing, feeling, and knowing with the new logic of the heart. It means giving to ourselves the authentic freedom of expression as Love BEings. As Divine HUman Creator BEings!

We surely are so ready to release all outdated tethers, claim our unlimited power, and fly! Here are the lyrics of Cynthia Erivo's soulful rendition of "Defying Gravity" from the Wicked soundtrack:

*... Something has changed within me
Something is not the same
I'm through with playing by the rules of someone else's game
Too late for second-guessing
Too late to go back to sleep*

*It's time to trust my instincts, close my eyes and leap
It's time to try defying gravity
I think I'll try defying gravity
And you can't pull me down
I'm through accepting limits
'Cause someone says they're so
Some things I cannot change, but 'til I try, I'll never know
Too long I've been afraid of
Losing love, I guess I've lost
Well, if that's love, it comes at much too high a cost
I'd sooner buy defying gravity
Kiss me goodbye, I'm defying gravity
And you can't pull me down ...
Everyone deserves the chance to fly
And if I'm flying solo
At least I'm flying free...*



Perhaps you'll enjoy the movie, too! I celebrate each sacred moment with you. Pause. Breathe. See with clear eyes and unflinching compassion. Choose to allow everything to be exactly as it is, blessing indiscriminately,

loving unconditionally, and responding with courage as moved.

It counts. Trust yourself! You count—more so now than ever before! Now ... and now ... and now ... Pause. Breathe. Listen in. Feel. Receive. Trust Yourself. Act in Freedom, Power, and Joy!

Christina Strutt writes when inspired, sharing her experiences of BEing the Love that we truly are one moment at a time. Enjoy her reflections at CoCreatingClarity.com/indrasnet



EVERYTHING SERVES TO FURTHER

by Margaret Dulany

We often think of a miracle as taking something away: a disease, a pain, an obstacle. But I suspect the more difficult situation might be the precursor to the real miracle—of letting something go, of slowing down enough to see clearly.



Suffering might be curative for a deeper need in us.

Without suffering, we might all sit comfortably in our hard shells, believing that we don't really need people. Like crabs, a season will come along to soften us, crack us open.

That said, I wonder whether the time taken up with questioning why we are suffering might be better used. What am I doing wrong? Why is this happening to me? How did I create this situation? What is the matter with me?

Buddhists will tell us that life is suffering. There is a degree of suffering in the world that one cannot avoid, even if this is watching another suffer.

At some point in our lives we reach a level of maturity where we come to understand that suffering will be visited on “the good” as well as “the bad”; that suffering is not some sort of cosmic punishment. This is a twisting of the Judeo-Christian notion of sin, I suspect, adding the unbearable weight of guilt to our suffering.

The Buddhists will tell us that this is dukkha, part and parcel of Earthly existence. Our bodies will fail us, our hearts will hurt us. Animals suffer. A cow is neither good nor bad; a cow is living the life of a cow, a life that includes suffering.

Why me, why her? Why? As soon as we push away the “why,” space opens.

Compassion might be the first gift that arrives—compassion for another's suffering. Eventually compassion for oneself might show its shy face.

Compassion will open the door to many more gifts: new friends will arrive, people offering comfort, guidance, solutions. Without suffering, we might all sit comfortably in our hard shells, believing that we don't really need people.

First we line up at the complaint window. “How could you have let this happen?”

Like crabs, a season will come along to soften us, crack us open.

I believe there is a God’s eye view of the present that cannot always be seen by us, but might be trusted to exist. But not right away! There will be moments of fist-shaking ranting. “Why did you allow this?!! Why?!! Why, why, why? You omnipotent Knucklehead?!!” Forgive the blaspheming; I’m sure God has been called worse things.

After some venting we settle down. Perhaps we recall previous complaints over situations that ultimately proved useful to setting us on a better path.

These little stories of ours are mirrored in the bigger stories. Well, not “bigger,” but in stories with a wider reach, the ones that reach the New York Times, for instance. Like when a big fat obstacle is thrown in the path of progress toward equality for women. It happened to us in the U.S. in 2016. Put an unapologetic, serial misogynist in the White House and watch what happens.

First we line up at the complaint window. “How could you have let this happen?” We lament, “Don’t you even like women?” Then we take to the streets. The Me Too movement is born, is seen and mirrored around the world. It seems the birds of progress need a cage to rattle to free themselves.

We rise up, make our point, and another spanner hits our spokes. “Dang, what now! What are you thinking? You’re going to take away our rights to make decisions about our bodies?! There are only so many steps we can take backwards before we fall off a cliff!” We’re back at the complaint window, raising our fists in defiance.

I can see that we are always moving forward, even when we feel we are decidedly moving backwards.

And then this. This re-election of the unapologetic, serial misogynist. We step back, amazed. It seems, while some of us embraced progress, others did not. More work, more truth must be revealed. More justice is needed, more compassion, more progress.

I believe in the progress of mankind. I can see that we are always moving forward, even when we feel we are decidedly moving backwards. Oh, but sometimes it looks quite otherwise. It's times like these when I look up to the Heavens. "You must have something staggeringly complex up your sleeve this time, to help us through this period of chaos."

One of my gurus of hope is the Harvard professor Stephen Pinker, whose business it is to study the progress of mankind since the beginning of recorded history to the present. He employs the use of graphs to outline his findings. I would invite anyone who thinks that we are either in a state of constant stasis, or in a backward spiraling freefall, to watch one of Stephen Pinker's TED talks, or read one of his books. We are always making progress.

Or read the roundup of global progress written by the New York Times contributor Nicholas Kristoff at the end of every year. Read "Fix the News," the website out of Australia, and their reports of progress on global environmental and humanitarian issues. Progress is always in motion.

This reminds me of the oft-repeated phrase in the ancient Chinese tome, the *I Ching*, also referred to as the *Book of Changes*, offering time-honored wisdom on how to navigate the ups and downs of inevitable change (both personal and newsworthy).



“Everything serves to further.” It suggests. “Everything serves to further.”

I don’t say that we are making progress because I am some sort of Pollyanna, but because, when I am able to pull my head up and see myself as a member of the global community, I can see that life on Earth is more humane than it was one hundred years ago; much more than two hundred; much, much more than three hundred. This is strengthened by my gathering of information, but there is another life that I am leading, which has to do with my faith in the power of love. It is in this life where I am able to take another step toward this affirmative view.

A friend gave me a word for this viewpoint recently, *agathism*. Agathism is the doctrine that all things tend toward ultimate good. I will accept this summation of philosophical tendencies as spot on for me. Yes, I am an agathist.



However rotten things appear,
there is an underlying force
that is carrying us toward
universal enlightenment.

I do have faith that however rotten things appear, there is an underlying force that is carrying us toward universal enlightenment. I'm not sure how to wrap up this belief and give it away, but I will spend my days trying.

My trust in the good and creative members of the human family, in partnership with the guidance and encouragement pouring out of the heavens, keeps my hope in good health.

My own history of bemoaning obstacles, raising the fist in defiance, arguing with the heavens over seemingly insurmountable obstacles, trudging through and around these stumbling blocks in the dark, and eventually finding myself in a place that fits my spirit precisely, convinces me that in the most difficult of circumstances there exists the potential of movement toward good.

When these big troubling international stories raise their heads, when I cannot immediately see how I can help, I am, after a good deal of handwringing, prepared to step back, breathe, watch, and wait for signs of spring.

Everything serves to further . . . underneath all of the vicissitudes of life, there is this foundation of forward movement.

Margaret Dulaney is the author and narrator behind the spoken word site ListenWell, which posts one spoken essay a month on open-faith, spiritual themes. She is the author of the books To Hear the Forest Sing, Spend Some Love, The Parables of Sunlight and Whippoorwill Willingly, among others. To purchase, or to contact Margaret, please visit www.Listenwell.org

JESUS' RESURRECTION

with Celia Hales



“. . .[U]ntil the day arises when the physical universe can no longer contain you. And you will simply outshine the body itself. This has happened.” (The Way of Mastery, “The Way of Knowing,” Lesson 35)

“And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight.” (Luke 24: 30 - 31 KJV)

“[Y]our glorified body and your ever-holy spirit become one eternally. You return to the state of light in which bodies and spirits exist in perfect harmony.” (Resurrection Consciousness, Chapter 11)

I want to delve into mysteries as we approach Easter and the resurrection of our Lord. I believe that God does not keep secrets from us (see ACIM, T-22.I.3), and as our consciousness evolves, we will come to understand more. We are not yet at the point that we can strip all the mystery away, but I think that now we can consider Jesus' resurrection anew.

St. Paul was the first to describe the difference between a “natural body” and a “spiritual body,” and he did so in one of his primary epistles. Here is the salient part:

“It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.” (1 Corinthians 15:44)



I think St. Paul was amazingly prescient. He was talking about human beings—us—as well as Jesus. And in the present day we have a channeling by Jesus (through Sebastián Blaksley) in *Resurrection Consciousness* that refers to our “glorified body.” Is not this the same that happened to Jesus in his resurrection?

We have had trouble as a church family in understanding how Jesus’ body disappeared from within the tomb. Many postulated that it was stolen, but in yet another channeling (through Jayem) in *The Way of Mastery*, Jesus mentions the “outshine” of the body. And is it not true that many depictions of the open tomb shows a light streaming from inside?

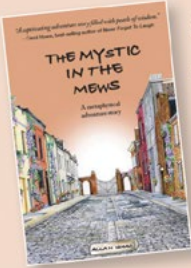
So I think we have our present day understanding of the resurrection. Jesus’ physical body disappeared into the light, and his spiritual (or ethereal) body appeared to his friends and followers, an appearance that was often not recognized, and which sometimes vanished from sight once the followers’ eyes were opened to recognize him.

What a wonderful promise that something similar is promised to us in resurrection, ordinary mortals but esteemed in God’s sight! Our bodies and spirits will co-exist in perfect harmony.

Thanks go to Mary Beth Scalice with whom I shared a kindred spirit on this topic, but it is she who inspired me to pen thoughts for Easter of 2025.

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

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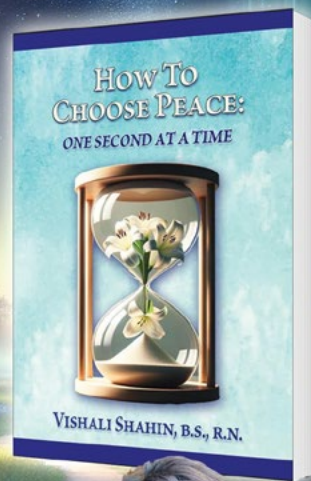
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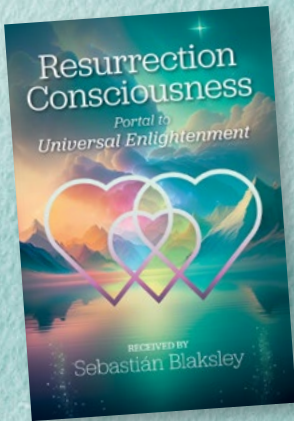
Vishali retired from nursing in 2011 and moved to Sedona, AZ, and founded Sedona Healing Journey, a spiritual vortex tour company.

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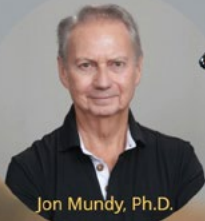
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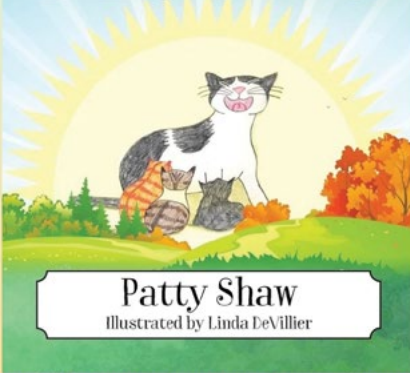
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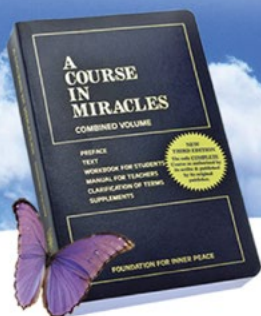


Patty Shaw's life-long love of cats, as well as studying and facilitating A Course in Miracles are the threads that weave through Momma Kitty's Miraculous Meows and will inspire stories to come.

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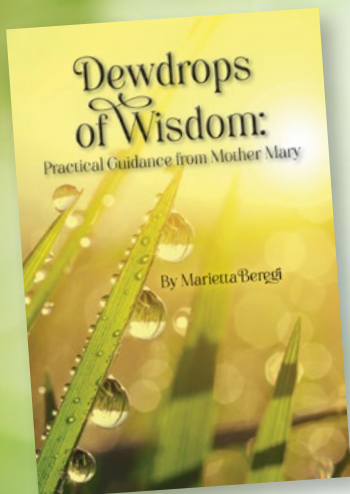
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