

A LIGHT IN THE MIST

THE JOURNAL OF HOPE

A HEALING ENVIRONMENTS PUBLICATION
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THE FRUIT OF SILENCE IS PRAYER
THE FRUIT OF PRAYER IS FAITH
THE FRUIT OF FAITH IS LOVE
THE FRUIT OF LOVE IS SERVICE
THE FRUIT OF SERVICE IS PEACE.

MOTHER TERESA



*Spirit of Light,
Illumine our hearts
In this hour of darkness.
Comfort us in our unspeakable loss.
Speak to our fear.
Speak to our anguish.
Speak to our anger.
Guide us into right action.
That we may conquer evil with good.
That we may conquer fear with love.
That we may overcome anger with compassion.
Through Thy divine intervention
Show us a better way
That will lead us on a path with heart through
Resolute compassion to everlasting peace.*

SALVATION IN A
CONCENTRATION CAMP



But soon my soul found its way back from the prisoner's existence to another world, and I resumed talk with my loved one . . .

In spite of all the enforced physical and mental primitiveness of the life in a concentration camp, it was possible for spiritual life to deepen. Sensitive people who were used to a rich intellectual life may have suffered much pain (they were often of a delicate constitution), but the damage to their inner self was less. They were able to retreat from their terrible surroundings to a life of inner riches and spiritual freedom. Only in this way can one explain the apparent paradox that some prisoners of a less hardy make-up often seemed to survive camp life better than those of a robust nature. In order to make myself clear, I am forced to look back on personal experience. Let me tell you what happened on those early mornings when we had to march to our work site.

There were shouted commands: "Detachment, forward march! Left 2-3-4! Left 2-3-4! Left 2-3-4! Left 2-3-4! First man about, left and left and left and left! Caps off!" These words sound in my ears even now. At the order: "Caps off!" we passed the gate of the camp, and search lights were trained upon us. Whoever did not march smartly got a kick. And worse off was the man who, because of the cold, had pulled his cap back over his ears before permission was given.

We stumbled on in the darkness, over big stones and through large puddles, along the one road leading from the camp. The accompanying guards kept shouting at us and driving us with the butts of their rifles. Anyone with very sore feet supported himself on his neighbor's arm. Hardly a word was spoken: the icy wind did not encourage talk. Hiding his mouth behind his upturned collar, the man marching next to me whispered suddenly: "If our wives could see us now! I do hope they are better off in their camps and don't know what is happening to us."

That brought thoughts of my own wife to mind. And as we stumbled on for miles, slipping on icy spots, supporting each other time and again, dragging one another up and onward, nothing was said, but we both knew: Each of us was thinking of his wife. Occasionally I looked at the sky, where the stars were fading and the pink light of the morning was beginning to spread behind a dark bank of clouds. But my mind clung to my wife's image, imagining it with an uncanny acuteness. I heard her answering me, saw her smile, her frank and encouraging look. Real or not, her look was then more luminous than the sun which was beginning to rise.

A thought transfixed me: For the first time in my life I saw the truth as it is into song by so many poets, proclaimed as the final wisdom by so many thinkers. The Truth — that love is the ultimate and the highest goal to which man can aspire. Then I grasped the meaning of the greatest secret that human poetry and human thought and belief have to impart: The salvation of man is through love and in love. I understand how a man who has nothing left in this world may still know bliss, be it only for a brief moment, in contemplation of his beloved. In a position of utter desolation, when man cannot express himself in a positive action, when his only achievement may consist of enduring his sufferings in the right way—an honorable way—in such a position man can, through loving contemplation of the image he carries of his beloved, achieve fulfillment. For the first time in my life I was able to understand the meaning of the words, "The angels are lost in perpetual contemplation of infinite glory."

In front of me a man stumbled and those following him fell on top of him. The guard rushed over and used his whip on them all. Thus my thoughts were interrupted for a few minutes. But soon my soul found its way back from the prisoner's existence to another world, and I resumed talk with my loved one: I asked her questions, and she answered; she questioned me in return, and I answered.

"Stop!" We had arrived at our work site. Everybody rushed into the dark hut in the hope of getting a fairly decent tool. Each prisoner got a spade or a pickax.

"Can't you hurry up, you pigs?" Soon we had resumed the previous day's positions in the ditch. The frozen ground cracked under the point of the pickaxes, and sparks flew. The men were silent, their brains numb.

My mind still clung to the image of my wife. A thought crossed my mind: I didn't even know if she were still alive. I knew only one thing—which I have learned well by now: Love goes very far beyond the physical person of the beloved. It finds its deepest meaning in his spiritual being, his inner self. Whether or not he is actually present, cease somehow to be of importance.

I did not know whether my wife was alive, and I had no means of finding out (during all my prison life there was no outgoing or incoming mail); but at the moment it ceased to matter. There was no need for me to know; nothing could touch the strength of my love, my thoughts and the image of my beloved. Had I known then that my wife was dead, I think that I would still have given myself, undisturbed by that knowledge, to the contemplation of her image, and that my mental conversation with her would have been just as vivid and satisfying. "Set me like a seal upon thy heart, love is as strong as death."

Viktor E. Frankl, *German psychiatrist and author.*
Excerpted from *Man's Search for Meaning* by
Viktor E. Frankl, translated by Ilse Lasch, pp. 56-61.

IN THE RAVENSBRUCK NAZI
CONCENTRATION CAMP



In the Ravensbruck Nazi concentration camp—the camp where an estimated ninety-two thousand men, women, and

children were murdered—a piece of wrapping paper was found near the body of a dead child. On the paper was written this prayer: "O Lord, remember not only the men and women of good will, but also those of ill will. But do not only remember the suffering they have inflicted on us; remember the fruits we bought, thanks to this suffering: our comradeship, our loyalty, our humility, the courage, the generosity, the greatness of heart which has grown out of all this. And when they come to judgment, let all the fruits that we have borne be their forgiveness."

Excerpted from *Prayer: Finding the Hearts True Home*, by Richard J. Foster.

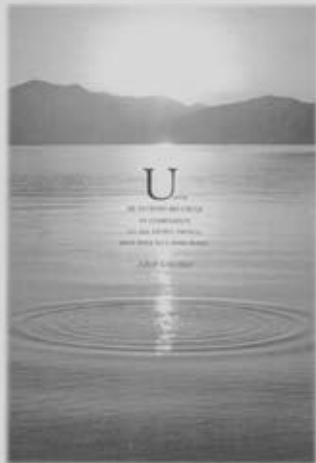
In
Your
Midst

I, God, am
in your midst.
Whoever
knows me
can never fall.
Not in the
heights,
nor in the
depths,
nor in the
breadths.
For I am
love, which
the vast
expanses of
evil can never
still.

Hildegard
of Bingen

A LIGHT IN THE MIST
THE JOURNAL OF RUMI

THE JOURNAL OF RUMI



Open your heart,
and you will hear
the lutes of the Angels.

Rumi

A Prayer

Refuse to fall down.
If you cannot refuse to fall
down, refuse to stay down.
If you cannot refuse to stay
down, lift your heart towards
heaven, ask that it be filled,
and it will be filled.
You may be kept from rising.
But no one can keep you
from lifting your heart
towards heaven—
only you.
It is in the middle of misery
that so much becomes clear.
The one who says nothing
good came of this,
is not yet listening.

C.P. Estes

Go into your grief
for there your soul
will grow.

Carl Jung

Just as with her own life
a mother shields from hurt
her own, her only, child,
let all-embracing thoughts
for all that lives be thine,
—an all embracing love
for all the universe
in all its heights and depths
and breadth, unstinted love,
unmarred by hate within,
not rousing enmity.
So, as you stand or walk,
or sit or lie, reflect
with all your might on this;
—'tis deemed a state divine.

Buddha in the Sutta-Nipata

Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace.
Where there is hatred, let me sow love.
Where there is injury, pardon.
Where there is doubt, faith.
Where there is despair, hope.
Where there is darkness, light.
Where there is sadness, joy.
O Divine Master,
Grant that I may not so much seek
To be consoled as to console,
To be understood as to understand,
To be loved as to love:
For it is in giving that we receive,
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
It is in dying to self that we are born to
eternal life.

St. Francis of Assisi

Something has
spoken to me in the night,
burning the tapers of
the waning year;
something has
spoken in the night,
and told me I shall die,
I know not where.
Saying:
"To lose the earth you know,
for greater knowing;
to lose the life you have,
for greater life;
to leave the friends you loved,
for greater loving;
to find a land more kind than home,
more large than earth—
Whereon the pillars of this
earth are founded,
toward which the conscience
of the world is tending—
a wind is rising,
and the rivers flow."

Thomas Wolfe

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Grandfather,
Sacred one,
Teach us love, compassion,
and honor.
That we may heal the earth
And heal each other.

Ojibway Indian Prayer

The planet is in fact one interwoven
web of life. I MUST love my neighbor
as I do myself, because my neighbor
and myself are interwoven. If I hate my
neighbor, the hatred will recoil upon me.

If I treat my neighbor's pain and grief as
foreign, I will end up suffering when my
neighbor's pain and grief curdle into rage.

But if I realize that in simple fact
the walls between us are full of
holes, I can reach through them
in compassion and connection.

Rabbi Arthur Waskow

Who can tell what miracles
Love has in store for us
If only we have the courage
To become one with it?
Everything we think we
Know now is only the beginning
Of another knowing that itself has
No end. And everything we now can
Accomplish will seem derisory to us
When the powers of our divine nature
Flower in glory and act through us.

Sufi Mystic Iqbal

Oneness

The moment I die,
I will try to come back to you
As quickly as possible.
I promise it will not take long.
Isn't it true
I am already with you,
As I die each moment?
I come back to you
In every moment.
Just look,
Feel my presence.
If you want to cry,
Please cry.
And know
That I will cry with you.
The tears you shed
Will heal us both.
Your tears are mine.
The earth I tread this morning
Transcends history.
Spring and winter are both present in the moment.
The young leaf and the dead leaf are really one.
My feet touch deathlessness,
And my feet are yours.
Walk with me now.
Let us enter the dimension of oneness
And see the cherry tree blossom in the winter.
Why should we talk about death?
I don't need to die
To be back with you.

Thich Nhat Hanh

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Life shrinks or expands in
proportion to one's courage.

Anais Nin

Until he extends his circle of
compassion to all living things,
man will not find peace.

Albert Schweitzer

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TOOLS FOR INNER PEACE



How can we counteract the despair, the sense of helplessness brought on by this crisis?

Bearing in mind the saying that, "Worry is a form of negative prayer," when I wake each morning at five I try to replace my haunting worries with an incessant prayer for peace.

As a body worker who gave me Healing Touch last week said, "Above all the fear and dread we must hold a vision of Light for the world."

When I asked my sister how she was dealing with the crisis she gave me a wonderful tape by Andrew Harvey entitled *Body and Soul*. A respected author and translator, Andrew Harvey came to his love of mysticism as a child raised in India.

In an odd sense, this crisis may bear as its fruit a revitalization of religion and spirituality. Faced with our fear of death, and helpless before the world's events, just as those with life-threatening illness, we may find comfort in turning to our deepest or highest selves. We may come to feel our unity, not only with our countrymen, but with all innocent victims throughout the world.

Andrew Harvey has given the world two wonderful tools for inner peace. The tape: *Body and Soul, Meditations for Living and Dying*, and the book: *The Direct Path, Creating a Personal Journey to the Divine Using the World's Spiritual Traditions*.

Both of these instruments explore the various responses of the world's great spiritual traditions to the search for the divine.

In the face of fear and dread, let us not give into depression, but rather seize the opportunity to commune with our deepest and highest selves, to seek to live consciously with the highest intentions, so that our lives may radiate peace.

You can visit Andrew Harvey's website at www.andrewharvey.net.

THE DIRECT PATH

Everything is laid out for you.
Your path is straight ahead of you.
Sometimes it's invisible, but it's there.
You may not know where it's going.
But you have to follow that path.
It's the path to the Creator,
It's the only path there is.

CHIEF LEON SHENANDOAH



At the heart of the mystical wisdom of all the great traditions is a living knowledge that all things in all dimensions and worlds are

inseparably connected. I was once sitting with a physicist friend of mine who is also a mystic at a cafe in Paris; she leaned forward, raised her coffee cup, smiled mischievously, and said, "Isn't it astonishing to imagine that just the small action I have just made—of raising my coffee cup here with you in the Cafe Flore on a gorgeous summer morning—has repercussions on Betelgeuse?" For a moment as she spoke I seemed to "see" every object in the world around us connected to every other by millions of invisible shining silken filaments whose relationships shifted with each breath, each gust of warm wind, each cough, every gesture by the bored, supercilious waiter flitting between tables. I knew that what I was "seeing" was not fanciful but a partial revelation of the real and indissoluble interconnections between all things; the silken filaments stretched far beyond the cafe to vanish into the street and the sky. For a moment I could see myself connected by them to the farthest and most far-flung stars, to the emptiest darkest reaches of space.

How delicate, tender, and responsible we would be if a living knowledge of interconnection always infused our thoughts and actions! With what lucid gentleness we would be compelled to act at all moments, knowing that everything we do—even the smallest actions—have such infinite consequences! A Jewish mystic, Moses de Leon, wrote: "Everything is linked with everything else down to the highest and lowest rung on the chain, and the true essence of God is above as well as below, in the heavens and on earth and nothing else exists outside of Him."

It is one thing to begin to understand this as a concept with the mind; it is quite another to *live* it as a constant all-demanding and all-revealing experience. The only way to begin to do so is to *practice* this consciousness of interconnection again and again so that it gradually becomes more conscious and normal to us. The rewards of such practice are nothing less than coming to see each human face as one of our own faces and as one of the faces of God and each sentient being as holy. At the end of his life St. Francis was so finally aware of the inner being of all things that it is said that even the worms on the path in the hills around Assisi kindled in him infinite love. I know that even if I cannot yet live so high and all-embracing a love, it exists and is the one eternal reality. The moments when I have entered its atmosphere are the only ones in which I believe I have lived completely.

Excerpted from *The Direct Path, Creating a Personal Journey to the Divine Using the World's Spiritual Traditions* by Andrew Harvey published by Broadway Books 2001.

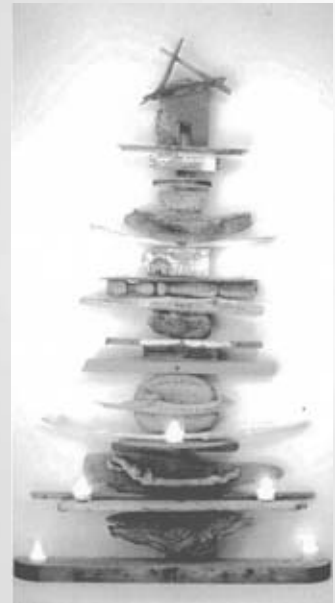
TOOLS FOR I

SHIPWRECKED GIFTS FROM THE SEA



In January of 1997, British artist and author Michele Rivers was diagnosed with cancer. She writes: "Before, during and

following radiation and chemotherapy treatments there were times when I felt damaged, torn, abandoned and completely lost—shipwrecked. Eventually, parts of a secure hull—that for years had kept me safely afloat—were destroyed. In the darkest, most terrifying hurricanes of pain and emotional suffering, thoughts surfaced that even 'my Captain' had forsaken me."



No matter how damaged, torn,
abandoned or lost at sea
you might feel,
something beautiful can always
be created
from the wreckage.

MICHELE RIVERS

"Over time the storms were quelled by the tender, loving care of many beloveds. Miraculously, new safety ropes slowly emerged as I accepted a crew of family, friends, healers and medical staff. They worked in a delicate balance . . . collectively navigating a route through every storm towards healing waters. In retrospect, throughout this uncharted journey

INNER PEACE

there were many gifts. One by one these offerings were revealed like shells in an ebbing tide. Some gifts were simple, others complex, each unique, but clearly it was only love that kept vigil in the deepest, darkest times." The following year Michele was moved to create sacred altars out of driftwood. "Following my journey with cancer I found creative expression with altars profoundly insightful and healing."

She writes: "Altars support us in creating sacred space. Joseph Campbell said 'Sacred space is a place where wonder can be revealed.' Altars are also reminders to embrace soul time. Soul time is...a time to travel inward—perhaps a time to face our fears, to grieve, to notice the beauty and the hardships that surround us. Soul time can also be a time for emptying, a time for silence and peaceful meditation."

"An altar is a focal point, sometimes a place to display the small treasures of a lifetime, these are not random objects, they are icons of the conscious and the subconscious. Altars are perfect places for candles and incense, to sit before and meditate with, they are personal shrines. Shrines bring the missing parts of ourselves forth, to create relief maps of the psyche out of the simplest of sacred objects. Altars are expression of both the inner and outer worlds.

In this time of tragedy let us all find comfort, insight and healing in creating sacred space for ourselves and for others."

Today, in excellent health, Michele offers workshops in *Creating Sacred Space* at her home, garden and studio in Woodacre, California. Thanks to a generous grant from The Lloyd Symington Foundation, anyone with a history of cancer, or a cancer caregiver, may attend without charge. For further information contact: Michele Rivers, P.O. Box 544, Woodacre, California 94973 415-488-1714 mmrivers@aol.com

HEALING MUSIC

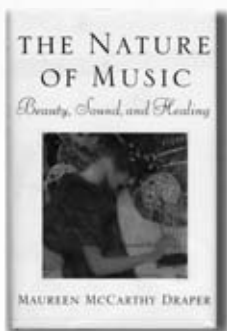


If language has been my sanctuary, music has always been my solace. Yet when the tragedy of September 11th struck, my grief and distress

seemed beyond even music's consolation. As is often the case with my work at Healing Environments, however, there runs a current of synchronicity between what I write for *A Light in the Mist* and what I am facing or reflecting on in my personal life. And this was certainly the case when Kate asked me to introduce an excerpt from *The Nature of Music: Beauty, Sound, and Healing* by Maureen McCarthy Draper. In this wise and eloquent book, Draper "explores

the ways in which stimulating music acts on us, viscerally and psychologically— why it can lift a dark mood or give rest to an anxious mind." Beyond this, however, Draper gives us something more: she not only enhances our understanding of music's therapeutic power, but also deepens our capacity to hear, to listen, and to come to know the music itself. The following excerpt is an example of the "Music Breaks" which end each chapter. The asterisks indicate that the selection can be found on one of the two CDs produced to accompany the book.

We hope that during these unsettling times you will find Maureen McCarthy Draper a reassuring guide on the path to music's refuge and, in her words, to its "intimations of paradise."



EXERCISES FOR INNER PEACE

The God Is in the Wound

Nothing makes it easier to regard ourselves kindly, and with compassion, than music whose harmonies touch us tenderly. Write one or two sentences about how you feel at this moment; then, listen to Mozart's Adagio from the Violin Concerto, No. 3 in G major*, K.216 or Schubert's Andante from the Piano Sonata in A major, Opus 120*, offering your grief up to the music. Tears may come, and if you notice any tightness in your body, try to release it and be carried into the emotion of the music. Let yourself receive the energy of each note, changing harmony, and rhythm. Move your hands or body or vocalize with the music if you wish. When the music ends, write a few words about what you're feeling now. Has there been change?

Transforming Darkness to Light

This may be done sitting or lying down, but requires concentration. Begin playing the Adagio from Ravel's Piano Concerto in G* major, inspired, Ravel said, by Mozart's music. Turn the volume low, following the breath in and out, allowing the body to be as comfortable as possible and taking care to expel the air fully with each exhalation. Visualize the beauty and spaciousness of the music coming into you in the form of rose and gold light. Watch the light move into the area of your chest and heart and spread

throughout your body. Observe the light as it grows in power and gradually meets the dark clouds of your anger and grief. Like watching the light break through a heavy sky after a storm, observe the light grow in intensity within you until it penetrates the darkness.

Healing with Beauty

This is a transformative exercise that can change the way we regard ourselves. Choose a musical selection such as the aria "O mio babbino caro"* or the Schubert Impromptu in G-flat, Opus 90*, whichever seems more beautiful to you. Sit or lie down and close your eyes. Breathe along with the music, feeling gratitude for the pleasure it gives. Then, with your breath, take the music into the heart area, allowing its warmth to spread throughout your body. Breathe the music deeply into the area that feels injured, unacceptable, or unforgiven.

Excerpted from *The Nature of Music: Beauty, Sound, and Healing* by Maureen McCarthy Draper published by Riverhead Books 2000. Companion CDs available from Spring Hill Music, www.springhillmedia.com.

A RESOURCE LIST

Ray Charles
Soul: An Archaeology

Pema Chodron
The Places That Scare You: A Guide to Fearlessness in Difficult Times

Richard J Foster
Prayer: Finding the Heart's True Home

Mary Ford-Grabowsky, editor
Prayers for All People

Bede Griffiths
Universal Wisdom: A Journey Through the Sacred Wisdom of the World

Andrew Harvey
The Direct Path, Creating a Personal Journey to the Divine Using the World's Spiritual Traditions
On tape:
Body and Soul, Meditations for Living and Dying

Rumi
The Card and Book Pack: Meditation, Inspiration, and Self-Discovery created by Eryk Hanut and Michele Wetherbee

Tony Schwartz
What Really Matters: Searching for Wisdom in America

Gail Straub
The Rhythm of Compassion: Caring for Self Connecting with Society





None of us will ever be the same. We have lost loved ones — friends and family. We have lost our innocence, our sense of safety,

our sense of control. A few days after the disaster I called my good friend Linda. She thanked me for calling. Reeling from shock she found herself withdrawing from family and friends. "I've never felt so much of my life was so out of my control," she said. Linda had shared that thought with another friend who replied, "That's exactly how I feel living with metastatic cancer."

No one will ever be the same. We have joined the ranks of those whose lives are threatened by illness. And together with the dread, we have been given a chance, as cancer patients are, to transform our lives.

Our sense of safety has been replaced

Treya Wilber, a cancer victim, said, "Now that I can no longer ignore death, I pay more attention to life."

We have already seen this transformation in action. In the selfless devotion of rescue workers, in the heartfelt outpouring of sympathy and support. In our country's newfound unity.

The most stunning story of transformation that I heard of was that of a man who lost both his wife and his daughter in the disaster. His response to losing everything he had (in his words) was to create a foundation to promote tolerance.

But it reaches even more deeply than an immediate response to the event. My therapist says most of her patients have been catapulted into a form of existential crisis. They are questioning their relationships, their careers, their values.

They wonder whom they would have called and what they would have said, had they been trapped on a plane or in one of the twin towers.

Somehow recreational shopping doesn't feel the same anymore. The churches are open.

The intellectually elite students of New York's Peter Stuyvesant High School are thinking beyond admission to prestigious universities. They are asking themselves what they can do with their lives to help the world.

As Carlos Castaneda once said, "Death is like an advisor, looking over our shoulder and telling us how to live."

Hopefully, we are all holding our loved ones more closely, telling them more often how we love them.

Hopefully, our reaction to this horror will reach beyond fear and anger to a determination to live differently. More authentically, more selflessly, more compassionately.

Our greatest chance for peace is for each individual to search his soul for the ways in which he can become part of the solution.

Kate

TOGETHER
WE
WILL
COMFORT
THE
SUFFERING

OUR MISSION

Our mission is to aid the current movement toward holistic medicine—toward treating the whole patient (mind, body, spirit) and encouraging hospitals, hospices and individuals to nourish patients, families and caregivers with healing environments. What is a healing environment? We believe a healing environment is one that offers sustenance to the soul and gives meaning to experience. It is one that enables those who are suffering to transcend their pain by connecting to the universal through the transformative power of beauty and art, and that gives comfort through this connection.

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