



## THE LIGHTHOUSE MARCH 2011

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### Contact:

111 Superior St.  
Victoria, BC V8V 1T2  
250-382-5412  
<http://cotvictoria.ca>

### Metamorphosis

Metamorphosis n. pl. 1. a complete change of physical form or substance. 2. a complete change of character or appearance. 3. Zool. The change of form that accompanies transformation into an adult in certain animals, for example the butterfly or frog.

Every month the Spiritual Directions Committee gathers, sits and prays for Spirit's guidance and presence and proceeds on a metamorphic journey. Out of the ethers, a new month of themes, topics, speakers and community involvement is birthed. Most of the time the birth is smooth and flowing, at times the labour is intense with irregular contractions. Out of some collective and raw ingredients, a new month's service is born.

This coming month, March, marks the official start of Spring, where, though already started, new life springs forth. Metamorphosis, the overall theme for March, starts with "Willingness to Surrender" as the first week's topic. Surrendering to the process of change. Why do I (and most people I know) resist change? My ego doesn't like it; knowing that surrender brings the unknown. Remembering one of our panellists at last Sunday's service saying that for him the two key ingredients of spiritual transformation are willingness and surrender. No wonder my ego doesn't like it, walking the gangplank into emptiness.

After Willing to Surrender (now there's an oxymoron), we slide into "Incubating", the topic for week two March 13<sup>th</sup>. Appears not much is happening. In the cocoon every thing has turned to moosh. Invisible alchemy is at work. An aura of silence surrounds. Do not disturb apparent to all who tune in. What will be born? The dark can be a scary place to be. Unknown.

Fragile, trembling beauty emerges. Almost ready to take flight, waiting for the right moment. "Emergence" is our topic for week three, March 20<sup>th</sup>. Do we sit on a park bench for years in preparation? Trusting the new life. Blessing the new life. Ready to soar.

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# *The Lighthouse March 2011*

## **A Newsletter for Friends of the Church The Church of Truth - Community of Conscious Living**

We are a spiritual community supporting each other in exploring our personal journeys regardless of spiritual path or belief.

Our community is comprised of a rich field of individual and collective energies that is ever changing and evolving.

While we are accepting of diverse expressions of belief, we recognize the interconnectedness of all things and the power of love and appreciation. We hold reverence for all life.

We welcome those who wish to share their journey with us through their insights, reflections, experience and creative self-expression.

We are open to inspiration and recognize that our openness to others' ideas may enhance our own awareness and expansion.

We meet our basic human need to socialize, bond, cooperate, celebrate and have fun, in a warm-hearted way, through a variety of events and activities.

We acknowledge our opportunity to be agents of change in the world and we encourage and support service to others through individual and group activity.

We share our sacred space with the larger community.

With gratitude, we live thoughtfully on the Earth with kindness and compassion for all.

**We welcome you.**

### **Sunday Service - 11 am**

#### **Working for you - Your Board of Directors**

<b>President</b>	<b>Esther Hart</b>	
<b>Past President</b>	<b>Brian Martin</b>	
<b>Vice President/SDC Liaison</b>	<b>Carol Douglas</b>	
<b>Treasurer/Outside Maintenance</b>	<b>Jan Falkowski</b>	
<b>Secretary</b>	<b>Genevieve Eden</b>	
<b>Rentals</b>	<b>Tracy Koebel</b>	<b>250-857-8185</b>
<b>Inside Maintenance</b>	<b>Lorna Rennie</b>	

#### **Your Spiritual Directions Committee Members are:**

<b>Cedona Holly</b>	
<b>Nikki Menard</b>	
<b>Marvelous Trudeau</b>	
<b>Deborah Hawkey</b>	
<b>Paul Monfette</b>	

Newsletter—Deborah Hawkey Email [dbhawkey@gmail.com](mailto:dbhawkey@gmail.com)

Newsletter Submissions welcomed by the 21<sup>st</sup>. of each month

Linda Chan <http://cotvictoria.ca>

# Sunday Service Schedule for March 2011

**March Theme: Metamorphosis**

**March 6**

**Willingness to Surrender**

**Speaker** – Vikki Flawith

**Moderator** – Trish Coleman

**Mediator** – Marvelous Trudeau

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**March 13**

**Incubating**

**Panel** – Esther Hart, Patti Huot, Paul Monfette

**Moderator** – June Swadron

**Mediator** – Bernadine Sperling

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**March 20**

**Emergence**

**Spring Equinox Celebration**

Nikki Menard & Brian Martin

**Mediator** – Norm Smookler

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**March 27**

**Community Service  
Nurturing New Life**

**Facilitator** - Cedona Holly

**Moderator** – Bernadine Sperling

**Mediator** – Laurence Beal

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Notice of **Annual General Meeting**  
Church of Truth – Community of Conscious Living  
111 Superior Street, Victoria, BC V8V 1T2  
**April 10, 2011 – 12:30 PM**

**TO ASSIST IN SAVING PAPER PLEASE BRING YOUR AGM PACKAGE TO THE MEETING**  
**NO OTHER COPY WILL BE PROVIDED**

BRING A BAG LUNCH

Continued from page 1

This brings us to week four and “Nurturing New Life” as our topic. Beautiful. Strong. Vulnerable. Fragile. Wanting to bring forth the new with care, gently, softly, to give the new life its best possible chance of success.

These are the changing times we live in right now. The great turning, as some call it. A time to emerge, surrender to the new. The new, wanting to be born through each and every one of us. Rejoice and may the blessings be.

Paul Monfette, SDC

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## Speaker Bio

Vikki Flawith is a singer/voice teacher, a published writer, a visual artist and a composer of music for film/TV. She is also the Shy Singer, one who struggled with severe stage fright and acute social phobia. Her mottos are “never give up” and “be willing to listen and learn” -- her story is proof that we can heal and move forward from past programming by actively engaging in creativity. The slow awakening of awareness that is required to find and release one's voice becomes the catalyst for consciousness.

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Oneness Wednesday in March....

**For the Love of Writing, For the Love of Self with June Swadron -  
March 2, 9, 16, 23 + 30, 7 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.**



**Writing has the power to stop time, cut through the extraneous and take us home to our heart.**

**These evenings will be devoted to exploring our relationship with writing and how it can bring us to the centre of our being - that special place inside of us where wisdom, beauty, love and truth reside.**

**We will write from prompts and from poetry, from music and life story. We will share our writings with one another in a sacred circle of compassion, laughter and kindness.**

The evenings will inspire the desire to know ourselves and each other through the discovery and alchemy that can emerge on the page. If you've been a blocked writer, be ready to kick start your practice again. If you are writing with ease - let the experience dance you even further.

Also open to the experience of the indescribable comfort that comes from being listened to with reverent kindness and unconditional love and when we hold that space for another.

*June Swadron has been facilitating creative writing workshops (Write Where You Are) and workshops in writing life stories (Re-Write Your Life) for twenty years. Her recently published book, Re-Write Your Life is a unique guided writing experience that empowers the reader to let go of old resentments ,hurts and regrets and make peace with their past... see the gifts in every story we have ever lived. [www.juneswadron.com](http://www.juneswadron.com)*

Everyone is Welcome!

Drop In to Oneness Wednesdays

Date: Wednesdays, March 2, 9, 16, 23 + 30

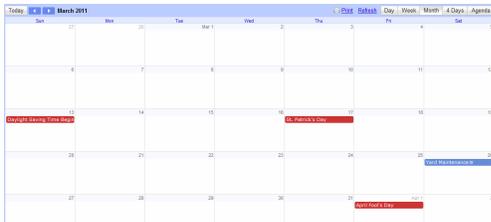
Time: 7:00 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.

Location: Church of Truth, Community of Conscious Living, 111 Superior Street

Cost: Free or by donation

Information: Linda at (250) 380-6383 or <http://cotvictoria.ca>

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### Yard Maintenance

Please check your calendar for Saturday March 26 and, if you are able, plan to be at the church to participate in the spring yard maintenance.

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## THE OL' SWIMMIN' HOLE

Well I'm happy to report that a number of brave souls have jumped in feet first plus there are several dipping their toes in at the edge. This is, of course, in regards to letting their names stand for the upcoming elections to the Board and the SDC. Now don't worry, there's still plenty of time to put your best foot forward. The vitality of our Community is a measure of your participation and willingness to serve the greater interest. So come on and dive in, the opportunities to volunteer in a variety of capacities await you. You can call me for free lessons anytime.

Brian Martin, Lifeguard  
(Chair of the Nominations Committee)

COME ONE - COME ALL! WE'LL HAVE A BALL!



AT THE CHURCH OR TRUTH - COMMUNITY OF CONSCIOUS LIVING  
TALENT SHOW  
SATURDAY MARCH 5<sup>th</sup> AT 7:00 PM  
AT THE CHURCH OF TRUTH, 111 SUPERIOR ST.  
(\$10.00 donation is suggested or whatever you can afford  
All proceeds will go to the Church.)

#### GUIDELINES FOR PERFORMERS

Singers/Musicians - 2 songs, readings/poems - 3 to 5 minutes, comedy routines 7 to 10 minutes, skits - maximum 10 minutes.

Because we usually have so many people signing up, please time your acts and do not exceed these limits. We want to have a nice flow to the show like we did last year and give everyone a chance to showcase their talents. I know you'll all be WONDERFUL!

Questions? Phone Ella Brown - 250-477-2022 or e-mail [ella\\_dean@shaw.ca](mailto:ella_dean@shaw.ca)

## HAPPY BIRTHDAY

*We Celebrate With You*

*March 2 - Eleanor McKinnon*

*March 4 - D. Joan Thomas*

*March 20 - Carol Jean Douglas*





## Up Close & Personal- Katherina Nolla

Sliding from my mother's womb, according to my grandmother's story, I looked like a shriveled prune. Having arrived in this dubious state of health, the priest was promptly summoned to pour baptismal water over my head. The holy water would save me from purgatory, should my heart that serves as the passport to this life, prematurely expire. This was my initiation into this life, while political fireworks exploded in the square nearby.

My story began in Croatia, in the part called Slavonia, near the Hungarian border, the region that was called "The breadbasket of Europe." Surrounded by the fertile fields, generations of Catholic communities practised their rituals with unflinching devotion. At age ten, I and my family were suddenly categorized as the enemy driven from our home simply because we were of an ethnic minority, never to return nor being compensated. "When will the memories have a chance to die," I wondered. Memories cannot be surgically removed; they cannot be bought or sold. Some memories still remain. As for instance grandmother's head being jerked back by her hair until only the whites of her eyes showed, my mother kicked to the floor and humiliated. At that moment the child felt a bitter lump in her throat and realized that one day she might spit it out, and there would be no guarantee where it would land.

The political fireworks intensified into brutal civil war. At bedtime I had to lay out my clothes in certain order: The cardigan, the dress, slip, stockings and panties on top of the

pile. With a little rucksack of provisions beside the bed, I must grab and run for our secret bunker in case of the nightly Czetnik raids, later replaced by Tito's Partisans. Too many idealists fighting the idealists. Through this period, I watched priests and cardinals and bishops raise their arms in blessing the weapons of destruction. And my child spirit failed to understand what the lenses of my eyes had captured. And I wondered, how many witnesses does it take to impress the message? While inside our home, a private violence raged through the rooms filled with darkness.

I was raised in an environment where a woman's lot held limited power, and any negotiation was out of the question. They prayed and endured and in some cases their suffering was their only identity. Life became pretty stagnant. According to the priest, however, a reward would be waiting and would pave the way to heaven for all those women who prevailed. Some survivors, especially among the poor, looked to me like trees, gnarled and bent from lack of care. I doubted his advice, and questioned what I saw, and it was implied that I must adapt. But it seemed to me that if I unquestionably conformed to this design, I might become trapped by someone else's concepts, and lose myself, in the process. Then, who would I be? And I promised myself early that I will never succumb to anyone's concept.

Later in my teens, standing in a deserted yard, time dissolved, I could feel my blood rush through my veins like a roaring river,

generating a heat so intense it threatens to consume me. I found myself raging at everything this world had imposed on me, a fraud of promises that in the end had forsaken me as well. Where were they all, that in the end, had packed up their promises and snuck away, leaving the mess for us to clean up! Just as my jaw threatened to fly off its hinges preparing for a raging scream, I recognized what I was experiencing. I was experiencing a delayed reaction, fuelled by the impact called hate. That had shown up to recruit me in its ranks, to join its legions.

I felt as if I stood in the fork of a road and I could either move in this direction or the other. Allow myself to become immersed in this impact or walk away. For a moment a vision of revenge smiled at me, promising the sweet power of satisfaction to 'do to them as was done to me.' The thought was tempting. Then another image sprang forth, clashing with the first, and one long drawn-out 'No-o-o...' burst from my throat. And so began the journey of my personal rehabilitation. I promised myself that I will not exit this life without having dealt with my own opponents standing in my way of completing my lessons. That meant I must check my own inventory quite regularly and not sell myself out to neither one side nor the other of the system, but remain true to honour my conviction. And that I would rather take risks, even though I might look foolish in the eyes of those who want to play it safe, because stagnancy to me is the scariest concept of all. It appears worse than death.

One day (I was about nine and a half at that time) mother and grandmother were conversing in low voices. It had to do with some papers that father had left behind and were to be delivered and they tried to think who the mission could be entrusted to. They looked worried. And in the end they concluded that no such person could be found. They looked at me and then looked at each other. "I will go," I said. The streets and sidewalks were deserted, the walls of the familiar houses now loomed like alien fortresses where no light could penetrate and bodies could jump from secret corners.

I was headed for the house where the White Russian lived, who had escaped from the Bolsheviks. On the way I allowed myself to dissolve into a lightness to render me invisible, and I felt calm and safe. When I arrived back home, mother said, "If your father were here, he would be proud of you." It was the only time mother had praised me, and I felt tall and strong and from there on. I thrived on the challenges that others considered beyond the comfort zone. Two years after my mother's death, at age 19, still a Displaced Person, I applied for immigration to Canada. A few days before departure, I had an accident and injured my right knee. The doctor advised me against the trip, saying the strain could result in permanent damage. With help, I had myself dropped off at the railway station, assisted to board the train from Graz – the Southern part of Austria, headed for the North Sea of Germany.

At train transfers the train personal didn't know how to cope with my dilemma in managing the steps in and out of the train as no such inventions of automation were in place. I looked around and noticed the luggage piled on wagons being pushed to their transfer destinations. "Just put me on one of those," I said. So at each transfer I would perch on top of the luggage with my suitcase at my side and my crutches lying on my lap. Arriving at immigration in Bemerhafen to launch the boat, proved another dilemma of what to do with this clueless girl arriving on crutches on her way to Calgary to take on the job of a nanny. But there was nowhere to send me back to, so I ended up in the dingy belly of the old outdated warship, given to understand not to navigate the rickety metal stairs leading up to the deck. How could I stay obediently confined, when the seductive strains of La Paloma drifted from above and as I recalled the spark of interest in the young men's eyes. And so, the crutches were hidden away

A year after my arrival in Canada, I applied for a job with a catering company to work in a mining camp on the North shore of Lake Athabasca and then took over the mail distribution for the 1,500 personnel. There I met a Spaniard with the body of a Viking God, thanks to his Swedish mother's genes. He had

befriended a native couple named Joe and Rita whose frisky huskies he would race across the frozen lake while I served as ballast, perched on the sleigh. Later in our courtship we took three weeks off and from Joe and Rita we rented a canoe with a small outboard motor and prepared for a three week trip into the uninhabited wilderness. The RCMP arrived to dissuade us, impressing on us that a rescue mission would be out of the question. Undeterred by the warning, we chugged away, I, with my toes and fingernails painted a deep red for the trip and my underwear I had ordered from Fredericks of Hollywood packed into the duffel bag along with my designer bikini I had bought on a trip to Montreal.

The second week the clouds turned angry, the waves surprised us with their ferocity; the rain began to pelt down, the canoe sprang a leak. My job was to bail out the water with an empty can, while Amigo, as he was called, remained pre-occupied with the navigation and with appeasing the motor to quit its sputtering. Only once, as I glanced at the gigantic granite walls lining the shore, did it briefly occur to me that should the waves hurl the canoe against this formidable barricade its hull would shatter. Or what if the sputtering motor expired, and we would become immortalized on the RCMP's records of self-fulfilling prophecy, our bodies never to be retrieved to be formally buried.

Then I pushed the thought aside and continued to dip the can where the water seeped through; and the next day the sun was shining and we crossed another stretch of rapids with the canoe on Amigo's strong back. We removed the black flies that had formed black anklets between the socks and the tied-down jeans, and surrendered to our passion amidst this magnificent nature surrounding us in its complex simplicity. I did marry the Spaniard with the body of a Viking God. The most divine experience was the birth of my two wonderful children. After eleven years it was evident that it took more than two beautiful bodies to keep a marriage together. I left and

became a single mother without child support, earning a living as a practical nurse and dealing in Real Estate and land developing. When I discovered that my beautiful, gifted and intelligent son Mark was unable to cope in the system and removed himself to squat on a completely isolated island on the West Coast in a dwelling he built with wood and plastic only accessible by his skiff which was in questionable condition; and as later he was diagnosed with schizophrenia, my mother guilt clicked in with overwhelming intensity, that I had failed my son. I saw several psychiatrists during that period, the last who did this Gestalt stuff where you had to scream your rage while hitting a pillow with a baseball bat. He would repeatedly admonish me to scream harder, saying I didn't express enough anger. And finally I thought, "But I am not angry, I am sad."

And from there on, I knew that I had to go inside myself to find out who I am living with, and do my own healing. And as I slowly came to grips with the guilt and did my healing, and finally allowed myself to forgive myself, my son began to heal. And as I came to connect with him, I came to understand what I had not seen nor understood before. Humbled by his great strength by coping with an environment he was ill equipped for.

I told him one day, "If anyone asked me who has inspired me most in my life, I would say you." And I bow in homage to his bravery and I bow to my other child, my wonderful daughter Alva, who has stood by in support to both of us. To their sister Nuri, born from another mother's womb; and to the womb that had nurtured her to life as a gift to us all. So this is the story that has shaped me, who I am today and to the way I handle my actions and my reactions – some you win, others you don't; and there is more to come. At age 77, the journey is just beginning to escalate to its climax. Wishing you all a good journey.

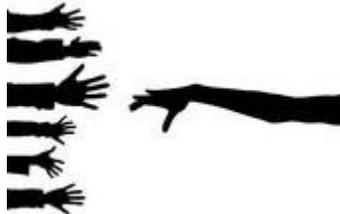
Katharina Nolla



## Participation

At the Church of Truth – Community of Conscious Living, participation is welcomed and encouraged. There are many areas to consider. We have forms available for you to complete indicating the areas of participation that interest you. Since this may change from time to time, we circulate the forms in spring and fall so that we can keep our information up to date. Forms will be available at the AGM.

Please note that you can request a form at any time to update your participation interests.



## Services and Events

Many of the members of the Church of Truth – Community of Conscious Living provide valuable services that may be of interest to the rest of the community.

Some people also like to know what is happening at the church.

If there is sufficient interest, subsequent newsletters will provide links to 3 documents that are provided for **information purposes only** and are **not church endorsed**.

1. A list of members and the service they provide—for a sample [click here](#)
2. A list of events that are being put on by our members—for a sample [click here](#)
3. A calendar of the events scheduled for the month at the church—for sample [click here](#)

For the moment, Esther Hart has volunteered to maintain these documents and make them available.

To be included in list 1 or 2, please go to the appropriate sample document to check the format and provide the appropriate information to Esther at [esther@eatherhart.com](mailto:esther@eatherhart.com)