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Unite, and Unite, Let Us All Unite,

For summer is a come in today,

And whither we are going, let us all unite

In the merry morning of May.

So runs an old English song, highlighting one of the themes of this month. May Day was the time villagers got together to celebrate the coming of summer. Internationally, it is also the day when workers celebrate their unity and need to stand together for social and economic justice. Behind every coming together of this kind is a story, a story of what is shared and what is possible, and so we could identify May as one of the months where storytelling is important. It is also the month where fertility, as symbolised by the maypole and many flower festivals, comes to the centre of attention. If we combine these themes, we can ask: what stories promise a fertile future for us and the world, and which are locked in the past? And we can also ask: what other ways can we celebrate the coming of summer by moving toward fertility in spirit, heart and body?

Submitted by Laurence Beal, SDC

The Lighthouse May 2017
A Newsletter for Friends of the Church

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 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.

Church of Truth – Community of Conscious Living
Sunday Service – 11:00 am

Working for You
Your Board of Directors

President	Brian Martin	778-430-1872
Vice President	Troi Leonard	250-532-3442
Inside Maintenance	Lorna Rennie	250-361-2079
Secretary/Treasurer	Deborah Hawkey	250-813-1747
Outside Maintenance	Bill Israel	250-744-0590
SDC Liaison	Bill Israel	250-744-0590

Your Spiritual Directions Committee

Laurence Beal	250-380-6429
Linda Chan	250-380-6383
D. Joan Thomas	250-721-4054
Catherine Dennison	25-592-1436
Jane Campbell	250-588-6722
Chris Porter	250-588-6722
Marilyn Smando	250-516-9687

Rentals Esther Hart 250-896-5933

Newsletter dbhawkey@gmail.com Submissions due by the 21st.

SUNDAY SERVICE SCHEDULE

May 2017: Celebrating Unity and Fertility

May 7 Building Unity through Telling and Performing Stories

Coordinator: Chris Bullock
Moderator: Junie Swadron
Presenter: Will Weigler
Meditation: Will Weigler
Greeter: TBA

In this presentation, Will Weigler will use story prompt cards from his latest book, *The Alchemy of Astonishment*, in order to give us a direct experience of how storytelling creates community.

May 14 Fertility of the Mind, Body and Spirit

A special Mothers' Day Presentation
Featuring, music, poetry and dance by C of T community.
Coordinator: D. Joan Thomas

May 21 The ZEN of Life With Trees and Orcas

Moderator: Laurence Beal
Meditation: Jenifer Sager
Panel: Panel members will talk about their direct intuitive experiences with the living earth partners
Jane Campbell has experience with creatures of the forest
Chris Porter has experience with aquatic beings

May 28 Community Service: Opening Up To New Possibilities

Welcoming the new Spiritual Directions Committee
Coordinator: Linda Chan
Moderator: Catherine Denison
Meditation: Marilyn Smando
Invocation: Jane Campbell
Candle Lighter: Laurence Beal
Introduction to the SDC and Panel Facilitator: Laurence Beal
Panel: Members of the new SDC

At the April 23rd AGM, we ratified a new team of COT-CCL members to serve on the Spiritual Directions Committee (SDC). For this Community Service, members of this new SDC team will take on the task of fulfilling the roles of this Community

Services. In addition during the panel discussion, they will each share something about themselves and we will possibly learn what is possible in the way of Sunday Services or perhaps hear a story or two.

Come and celebrate with us! This Community Service will be followed by a Finger Food Potluck. Contributions to this would be much appreciated.

Speaker Bio's

WILL WEIGLER is an all-around theatre artist. He directs, produces, and writes plays, and is also a storyteller, a sculptor, an acting coach, and the author of several books on theatre. In 2013, Will brought together an inter-cultural, inter-generational group of 100 people from the Victoria area to create and perform the award-winning play, *From the Heart: enter into the journey of reconciliation*. *From the Heart* was about the need for non-Indigenous Canadians to step up and share responsibility in the work of building reconciliation with First Nations, Métis and Inuit people. This unconventional show was performed inside a 14,000 square foot indoor labyrinth at Uptown Mall. An audience of eight people at a time saw 17 scenes and songs performed as they made their way through the corridors of the labyrinth.

Jane Warren Campbell is the author of the upcoming book *Conversations with a Tree*, which is her third book. She is also the founder of Rashana Sound Essences and the Freedom Release Technique. Jane has been working as an alternative therapist for the last fifteen years and has also worked in the Human Services/Family Services field.

Jane's ability to connect with the unseen realm began to awaken twenty years ago. Despite this, being invited into conversation with a tree came as a complete surprise, expanding her connection with the natural world. Jane is joyfully living her soul purpose, touching people around the globe, being of service through her work. Many are moved by the clarity of what she offers and the energy of love that comes through her. Jane's website is www.empoweredplanet.ca

THE BODY AND THE DANCE OF LIFE: POEMS

On April 23, Will Weigler gave a presentation on this topic that included a selection of poems and writings that all addressed moments of luminosity and spirit experienced in nature. He started his presentation by discussing William James's concepts of mystical states of consciousness, and then went on to read the following writings. Several people after the service asked me (Chris Bullock) if they could have copies of the works Will read, and so we are including them in the Newsletter.

Submitted by Chris Bullock

Some Kiss We Want by Rumi

13th-century Persian poet and Sufi mystic

There is some kiss we want
with our whole lives,
the touch of spirit on the body.
Seawater begs the pearl
to break its shell.
And the lily, how passionately
it needs some wild darling!
At night, I open the window and ask the moon to come
and press its face against mine.
—*Breathe into me*—
Close the language-door
and open the love window.
The moon won't use the door,
only the window

For Example by Mary Oliver

Okay, the broken gull let me lift it from the sand.
Let me fumble it into a box, with the lid open.
Okay, I put the box into my car
and started up the highway
to the place where sometimes, sometimes not,
such things can be mended.

The gull at first was quiet.
How everything turns out one way or another,
I won't call it good or bad, just one way or another.

Then the gull lurched from the box and onto the back of the front seat and punched me.
Okay, a little blood slid down.

But we all know, don't we how sometimes things have to feel anger, so as not to be defeated?

I love this world, even in its hard places.
A bird too must love this world, even in its hard places
So, even if the effort may come to nothing, you have to do something.

It was generally speaking, a perfectly beautiful summer morning.
The gull beat the air with its good wing.
I kept my eyes on the road.

The Summer Day Mary Oliver

Who made the world?

Who made the swan, and the black bear?

Who made the grasshopper?

This grasshopper, I mean-- the one who has flung herself out of the grass,

the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,

who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down--

who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.

Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.

Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.

I don't know exactly what a prayer is.

I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down

into the grass, how to kneel down in the grass,

how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields, which is what I have been doing all day.

Tell me, what else should I have done?

Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?

Tell me, what is it you plan to do

with your one wild and precious life?

A Mountain Meditation Rainer Maria Rilke

Late 19th / early 20th century poet and novelist. Born in Bohemia: what is now the Czech Republic.

The birds have disappeared

into the sky,

and now the last cloud

is melting away.

We sit together,

the mountain and me

until,

only the mountain

remains.

If the angel deigns to come

it will be because you have convinced her,

not by tears but by your humble resolve

to be always beginning; to be a beginner.

from ***Long Life*** by Mary Oliver

Once, years ago, I emerged from the woods in the early morning at the end of a walk and -- it was the most casual of moments -- as I stepped from under the trees into the mild, pouring-down sunlight I experienced a sudden impact, a seizure of happiness. It was not the drowning sort of happiness, rather the floating sort. I made no struggle toward it; it was given. Time seemed to vanish. Urgency vanished. Any important difference between myself and all other things vanished. I knew that I belonged to the world, and felt comfortably in my own containment in the totality. I did not feel that I understood any mystery, not at all; rather that I could be happy and felt blessed within the perplexity - the summer morning, its gentleness, the sense of the great work being done though the grass where I stood scarcely trembled. As I say, it was the most casual of moments, not mystical as the word is usually meant, for there was no vision, or anything extraordinary at all, but only a sudden awareness of the citizenry of all things within one world: leaves, dust, thrushes and finches, men and women. And yet it was a moment I have never forgotten, and upon which I have based many decisions in the years since.

Aimless Love by Billy Collins

This morning as I walked along the lakeshore,
I fell in love with a wren
and later in the day with a mouse
the cat had dropped under the dining room table.
In the shadows of an autumn evening,
I fell for a seamstress
still at her machine in the tailor's window,
and later for a bowl of broth,
steam rising like smoke from a naval battle.
This is the best kind of love, I thought,
without recompense, without gifts,
or unkind words, without suspicion,
or silence on the telephone.
The love of the chestnut,
the jazz cap and one hand on the wheel.
No lust, no slam of the door –
the love of the miniature orange tree,
the clean white shirt, the hot evening shower,
the highway that cuts across Florida.
No waiting, no huffiness, or rancor –
just a twinge every now and then
for the wren who had built her nest

on a low branch overhanging the water
and for the dead mouse,
still dressed in its light brown suit.

But my heart is always propped up
in a field on its tripod,
ready for the next arrow.
After I carried the mouse by the tail
to a pile of leaves in the woods,
I found myself standing at the bathroom sink
gazing down affectionately at the soap,

so patient and soluble,
so at home in its pale green soap dish.
I could feel myself falling again
as I felt its turning in my wet hands
and caught the scent of lavender and stone

6) Emily Carr April 16, 1934

from her book *Hundreds & Thousands*

The beach was sublime this morning—low, low tide that showed things that are most times hidden, great boulders, and little round stones the size of heads, covered with a kind of dried sea moss and looking like the tops of human heads. The sea urchins squirted at you as you walked and crabs scuttled, and the air and the sea and the earth were on good terms, and made little caressing sounds. The sea kissed the pebbles and the little breeze petted everything and wasn't cold or annoying. As for the earth, she is beside herself with sprouts and so happy. The air and the earth and the sea seemed to be holding some splendid wonderful secret, folding it up between them and saying to you, "Peep and guess. If you guess right you can have it." And you're almost scared to guess for fear of being wrong and not getting it.

I THINK PERHAPS it's this way in art. The spirit of the thing calls to your soul. First it hails it in passing and your soul pauses and shouts back, "Coming." But the soul dwells in your innermost being and it has a lot of courts and rooms and things to pass through, doors and furniture and clutter to go round and through, and she has to pass through and round all this impedimenta before she can get out in the open and catch up and sometimes she can't go on at all but is all snarled up in obstructions. But sometimes she does go direct and clear and catches up and goes along. Sometimes they can only go a little bit of way together and sometimes quite far, but after a certain

distance she always has to drop back. But, oh, if you could only go far enough to see the beauty of the whole complete thought that has called out to you!

Submissions by Chris Bullock, SDC

Rock Talk by Laura Lane

Black Tourmaline Hello and welcome to my third Rock Talk article. Before I introduce you to this month's mineral, I would like to thank Greg and Beth Skala for their feedback on my earlier two articles. I had been wondering if I should keep writing or not, as without feedback I had started to wonder if there was any interest in my writings. Beth told me about her book on the Feng Shui of crystals that she just published! It is based on her and other's use of crystals and I am super excited about it. If you are interested in her book, let me know and I can pass your name on to her. So, here we go. Are you ready?



Our next mineral friend is Black Tourmaline. Its name is derived from the Sinhalese words “tura mali” named in 1759. Tura mali translates as a stone of mixed colours and does come in a variety of beautiful colours, but the Black variety with its special qualities is the one I wish to tell you about here. If you don't know Black Tourmaline well, have a look at these pieces below. What do you notice about them? Do you feel anything as you notice their colour and their form? Imagine holding a piece in your hand for a minute or so and notice how you respond. Check in with your body, your mind, your emotions and your spirit...your subtle energies. No judgements, no right or wrong. This strong looking black mineral, also known as Schorl is 7-7.5 on the Mohs scale of hardness.

So far, Citrine has been the softest stone and Ruby the hardest. Its black colour is from the great amount of iron it contains. In ancient Eastern Indian culture, Black Tourmaline was valued as a “teller stone”, giving insight during difficult times and “telling” who or what was the actual cause of the trouble. Shamans throughout the world have and may still use this stone for healing as it is thought to bring protection from danger by repelling and blocking negative energies and psychic attack and also bringing power to the user. It is said to purify and transform dense energy into a lighter vibration. Keep a piece in your pocket to keep positivity “in hand” (ha ha) and place one near you and your computer to ground you and protect you because it is known to protect against electromagnetic waves (i.e. cell phones, computers), radiation, noise sensitivity and other disturbances. Black Tourmaline can also be used as an aid to removing fear and boosting self-confidence.

Those who face challenges from negativity and frequent worrying can work with Black Tourmaline to help heal these issues. In meditation, this wonderful stone can bring you calmness and integrate changes. Well, I have some of this amazing healer, and learning all of these wonderful attributes makes me think I will bring it more into my daily life!

On a physical level, Black Tourmaline helps to strengthen the immune system, balance the left and right hemispheres of the brain, and detoxify the body. It is thought to be very helpful when dealing with illnesses of the lungs such as bronchitis, emphysema, pneumonia. Personally I notice that I feel a strength in me while seeing this stone. At the same time I am aware of a tinge of fear in me. When I hold it I feel supported and solid. Interesting with its ability to remove fear:)

As usual, I would love to hear from you about your experiences with this gift of nature. Feel free to write to me at lauras.myc@shaw.ca or chat with me at church one day. Be well and Rock On!

Submitted by Laura Lane

Wednesday Meditation Circle
Church of Truth
111 Superior St.
Free or by donation
Everyone Welcome
7-8:30 p.m.

May 3, 10, 17, 24 & 31



We come together with the intent of deepening our relationship with the soul and group soul consciousness.

Format For the Evening Includes:

7 p.m. Opening of Meditation Circle and Welcome (Opening of the Circle, Lighting of Candle, Welcoming People to our Sacred Space, Sharing of “Flower Essence”)

A Short Guided Process to Prepare for the Body for Meditation followed by Chanting the sacred “OM” three times before we enter into Silent Meditation.

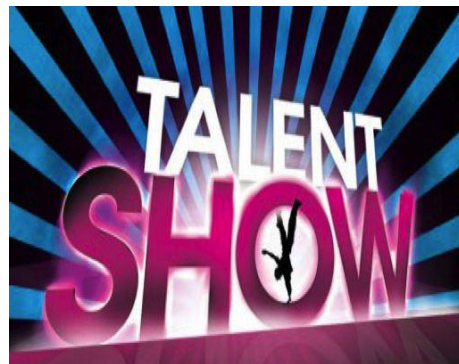
7:15 p.m. to 7:45 p.m. Silent Meditation.

At 7:40 p.m. ring chimes once and Attendees are invited to Silently and Individually set a Meditation Intention to the Service, Love & Healing of Others or continue with Silent Meditation.

7:45 p.m. Ring Chimes three times. Silent Meditation Ends and Attendees will be invited to stay for the Sharing Circle or quietly leave.

7:47 p.m. Sharing Circle begins – Attendees are free to contribute to the circle anything they wish to share stemming from their meditation and day to day life. There will also be an opportunity to light a candle(s) and set an intention.

8:20 p.m. Closing of Sharing Circle - Take-away Thoughts, Toning or Chanting, Put out the Candle, and Close the Circle.



The Church of Truth Annual Talent Show

On **SATURDAY, MAY 6TH** get off your couch, turn off your TV and hurry down to our annual COT TALENT SHOW! Voted the GREATEST SHOW IN TOWN by former audiences!. 7 pm on the nose, folks. Only \$10.00 suggested donation-or whatever you can afford. All proceeds to the church. DON'T MISS THIS SPECTACULAR EVENT! Only at THE CHURCH OF TRUTH at 111 Superior Street.

Please contact Ella Brown, Coordinator, at 250-477-2022 or ellabee999@gmail.com if you want to participate.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY
We celebrate with YOU!



Cedona Holly
Marie Logan

May-21
May-29

**The Magic Story of John's Sigil
on the Dedication Stone
Church of Truth - Community of Conscious Living**

As many of you are aware there was a special ceremony at the church on Sunday, March 26, 2017 for the unveiling of the Dedication Stone honouring the founder of the Church, Rev. Richard DiCastrì and a major donor, Marion Ewart. You might recall there was also an honouring of Jan Paddinge, a founding member, for all his dedication, time and love for the church, and of John Cawood, also a founding member and architect of the building.

In our time it is customary for an artist to sign his/her artwork. The Dedication Stone is marked with a 'sigil' which is John Cawood's signature on the concept and design of the Church of Truth building. You will see it on the lower left corner of the stone.



Sigil

What is a 'sigil'? John Cawood understands it to be *an intimately personal identity conceived in the collective unconscious and birthed into the singular conscious where it takes on a powerful, subjective significance*. Thus it becomes a signature upon which physical identity is manifest. In this case John Cawood knows it as his identity.

Mr. Cawood believes that the concept upon which he designed the Church building was revealed to him as a 'sigil' in the form of a 'point' set within a 'circle' - an identity for the 'collective spirit' of a community. It was upon the foundation of this 'sigil' that John Cawood was able, at a conscious level, to develop drawings for the Church.

Each member's door to the Church is at a uniquely personal 'point' on the periphery of the 'circle'. Each comes to that door just as he/she is – belief, bias, prejudice, view, opinion. Leading from each individually personal door on the periphery, is a path of self-exploration leading to the 'point' at the center of the circle where all differences may be shared, expanded, and reconciled one with another.

The building was planned to reflect this 'spirit' by giving concrete form to the 'sigil', no more than that – a shell only within which true identity is brought forward into conscious focus as 'spirit'. This has nothing to do with the building as 'Real Estate', or 'Property', or 'Ownership'.

Focus should be on the identity found within the 'sigil', not within the building which reflects the 'sigil'.

In his own words, John tells the mystical story about how his sigil was revealed to him.

“I first came upon ‘my’ sigil in my autonomic scribbles made during Friday Afternoon Faculty Meetings at UVic in the 1970’s when I released my pencil from any conscious intention, and simply allowed it freely to wander undirected back and forth on the paper marked “Order of Business”! Thus it is that what lies beneath in the unconscious may be brought forth into conscious recognition. The moment I saw this mark I knew it as my name; a much more powerful identity than my written signature could ever be. More than this I did not know, nor even understand how it came about or even why it held such power for me. It was after all, on the surface, only a pencil scribble!

Years later, Jan and I rented a small, brick and concrete house set in desert fields which lay just beyond the city wall of San Miguel de Allende, Mexico. According to the owner (our US American landlord living in Texas) the house had been burglarized several times. “*The top second floor*” he told us was “*in a hell of a mess; but if you can clean it up, by all means use it as a painting studio.*” It was, as he had said, “*in a hell of a mess*”: no furniture but discarded rubbish scattered in every direction across the floor thick with years of dust – a kind of graveyard for what was dead, long-since passed, and never loved. I was strongly drawn to a collection of old National Geographic magazines that were stacked in two dusty piles in a cobwebbed corner of the room. I began skimming through copies for the wonderfully photographed pictures that lay like gold between the dusty covers. And suddenly, there it was! – a full page spread of ‘my’ sigil. It had a spine-tingling impact on me of self-recognition by surprise found, by chance, in print in a National Geographic magazine! The report claimed that the image had been engraved, by using acidic sap from cactus, into seashell by the Olmec people dating back to 1500 BCE! How could this be that in 1972 this image would rise up from the unconscious into my conscious mind? Was I finding my presence within the Jungian collective unconscious? At the time, alas, I was not aware of Jung; I was ignorant of psychology; I was poorly read; I was more a visual thinker than a scholar ... and never thought to save this documentation!”

John Clinton Cawood
March 26, 2017
Submitted by Laura Lane

What is Spirituality and What is it We are Seeking?

By Laura Fellman

Our speaker on Sunday, April 2nd was Laura Fellman. Her talk was titled 'What is spirituality and what is it we are seeking?' The focus of Laura's talk was on questioning some of our ideas about the beliefs we have, and the misunderstandings we entertain about what spirituality is, including what the goal is and is not that we are yearning for. She outlined the myriad of "paths" most of us have gone down in our search for that which is infinite, as well as some of the reasons we remain so confused.

Going into the topic of thought, Laura talked about the problem it presents and how it puts up blocks to liberation. Painting a picture of the moments we have experienced the purity of the divine in our lives, she demonstrated through an exercise how thought comes in to halt that experience by labelling it, interpreting it and giving it meaning.

Dualism is a topic that is not often clearly understood. Laura outlined how holding onto a concept of a "me" causes problems by often believing there is oneness and "me": an impossibility. There is either dualism or oneness, but not both. She questioned whether the self is actually real, as opposed to an appearance of oneness in physical form. This possibility raises fear in us, she said, because to give up identification with the body as who we are is a kind of death. This is why we are so attached to seeking but don't really want to go beyond it.

The drive to end the feeling of separation from the divine is in all of us, she said. By delineating the process of how separation happens at birth and what influences and reinforces that feeling over the years of the physical lifespan is what motivates us to seek.

Touching upon the idea that spiritual "paths" are all steeped in time, with the end goal of becoming enlightened. When we give up the idea of a path, of a goal, of a self, only then can we open to the possibility of the dream manifesting in each human heart, that of liberation, peace, and freedom from needs, desires, anxiety, despair, disquiet, suffering, and loss.

She ended her talk by saying that there is good news in all of this: that we don't have to change or improve ourselves for liberation to happen. As a simple shift in consciousness, it occurs when you are ready to really get the message. Oneness, wholeness, whatever we want to call it is right where it has been all along, while we were out looking for it in other places. It is simply the end of illusion, the illusion of separation.

Submitted by Laura Fellman