



## Director's Message by Rev. Patricia Roller



Welcome to the first edition of The Center for Inner Awareness quarterly newsletter! Within these pages you will encounter

the voices of students in different stages in their quest for truth. The journey is an ancient one, a solitary path, flanked by the strong support of the school and those within. The journey to the center of ourselves is the winding road of which map lies only within our heart. Only we can know the way, even though we may seek guidance.

Our time here is precious. Every moment is potential, awaiting our exploration. What we hope to bring you is the Eternal Voice, calling out in different forms. Please weave with us your vision of Love, Peace, and Unity. While Creator never ceases to shine on every soul, may you be in awareness to feel the warmth.

## Fear, A Beautiful Gift by Brenda Watts

People use fear as a catalyst to move them through life. This is a pre-birth soul agreement. Some souls will only respond when the fear moves them along. Yet, Fear can only take you so far and the rest is up to you as individuals.

There are only two genuine emotions in the universe fear and love. From love comes all creation including fear. From fear comes hate and unhappiness... all the negative emotions.

Fear is one of the most important tools you have been given. Fear has the ability to push and motivate you in this form much more effectively than does love. The illusion that fear is opposed to love is just an illusion. Fear and love work together hand in hand to create the experiences you treas-

ure so much.

Even in the most frightening moment people will become tired of fighting the fear and turn to face it. Even if it means they are going to die. They will stop and face the fear because finally dying is ultimately better than the continued fear. In that moment as they turn the fear is no longer a substance and ceases to exist. It is up to each individual how far they are willing to go and how deeply embedded they allow the fear to become. It is a choice to run from fear just as it is a choice to turn and face it. Honor each individual's path and the extent to which they choose to experience fear.

Worry is another form of fear. Worry most generally builds up into great walls of fear that when faced will fall at your feet. You

never worry that you will be loved too much, or that things will turn out too good. You would rather worry about the negative aspects. Attempt to worry that you will be too happy, or that an experience will be too wonderful. It isn't possible. For even as you attempt to try this experiment fear will come. You will think if I am loved too much and then he dies, I will be lost. Fear.

Fear is just a tool for experience. It is natural and it is good. It is up to you individually how far you are willing to run before you are too tired to run anymore. The moment of turning and facing the fear no matter what the outcome is the most beautiful expression of love given to mankind...the real moment of truth. It really is "all good". There really is nothing to fear.

### CFIA Students Sharing:

- PERSONAL STORIES BASED ON DIRECT PRACTICE
- INSIGHTS AND PERCEPTION
- POETRY, RHAPSODIZING, MUSES, AND HAIKUS
- TRANSFORMATIONAL TESTIMONIALS
- HEALING AND TOUCHING LIVES
- ABOUT THE CENTER FOR INNER AWARENESS

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## The Crooked Road by Rev. Ronda Wilson



"TRUTH HAS A WAY OF WAKING YOU UP AND SHOWING YOU WHERE YOU ARE ASLEEP."



Being a Truth student, I figured I would skate right through my studies without ever having any major challenges because being on this path would protect me from such things. I thought that because I was in truth I would be protected. What I didn't realize was that being on this path actually puts me in the direct line of fire. I was a walking target! All of my values, how I define myself, how I choose to live how I make my decisions, everything became a target. Truth is so beautiful but it is also so painful. To truly be in truth, there are a lot of things about us that must change. Sure we think, piece of cake, so I won't get mad at the person that cuts me off in traffic, or become impatient in the check out stand when it seems I always seem to pick the longest line, or I'll learn how to be compassionate with my co-workers. All these little things in our lives become those little challenges that help us implement our truth teachings. Our lives are the laboratories in which we practice. I think we can all relate to this.

Truth takes on a whole new look when your world begins to crack and fall apart. You thought you were protected from all of this! What about the making the crooked road

straight stuff?! Mine is suddenly made of hair pin turns! How did this happen and what is this all about? Truth has a way of waking you up and showing you where you are asleep. It is the terrible beauty of truth; it is your opportunity to change and grow and break free from your outgrown way of being. It is the natural law of truth. That which you believe is turned upside down; the illusions of your being are staring you in the face and now it is time to create anew, with the truth of who you are.

You start by picking yourself up and knowing that you are a divine being and in constant contact with your source. It may seem that the still small voice has gone silent, but it is your fear that drowns out this voice. In times of growth we reach and grasp for anything that will give us a life line and helps us find our way. What is this life line? It is anything that shows you your source. For me it is anything beautiful. To me beauty is spirit made visible. I surround myself, immerse myself in the fragrance of beauty. My heart becomes lighter; truth remembers itself and insists I acknowledge it. How can you deny that which you know in your heart is true? How can you ever go back to that which

you didn't know? How can you ever go back to being that which you were when you know the truth of who you are? You are a bright and shining star and this essence insists that you glow with the radiance of Itself. You are spirit made visible and beautiful in your emergence.

You asked for this change when you embarked on this path. Your soul knew it was time to awaken and take on the mantle of truth. When that call is answered you begin the painful journey of metamorphosis. Change is not an easy thing. But the road begins to straighten when you ask for guidance, listen for the answer and follow your truth. Life is fresh, new, invigorating and yes, painful. But this terrible beauty is that which gives us the strength to be the light, the blessing that goes before us showing others the glory of the divine. We become the way showers, the compassionate knowers of Truth.

## Perception by Cindy Depping

A few years ago I had the opportunity to take a trip with my brothers. The three of us were able to become reacquainted, not as siblings in a family, but as adults. We discussed memories that we had as children. What I observed was that, in some cases, one of us might not remember the event at all. The other two could have very different views about what occurred. As a parent, I then wondered whether my children also have experienced the same phenomenon. I have read about how eyewitness accounts of a crime may not be reliable because each person can present a different take on the same occurrence.

People can also hear things differently. I remember a children's game that was called "telephone." The game would start with one child whispering something to the child next to him/her. This would continue until the last child received the information. The last child would then report what they heard. It was quite amusing and often very different from what was first whispered.

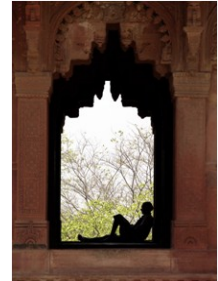
How we regard and live our lives is often impacted by our experiences as well as the lens that we use to view our world. Not only do individuals in the same

family have different perspectives of life, but diversity is demonstrated by people of other cultures living in different regions and practicing individual belief systems. I work with an interdisciplinary team that consists of nurses, social workers, bath aides and chaplains. As issues arise, it is interesting to observe how each of these disciplines rates its priorities. All of us are focusing on our patients' and families' needs, and yet we perceive differently how to address the care. One of us, alone, may miss an essential element in the care. But as a team, we frequently can enhance what is provided.

Many years ago I was feeling very secure and mentioned to my sister-in-law that I intended to live my life as if I was on vacation. I fully believed what I stated. At that time my perception of the world was that of fulfillment and contentment. My sister-in-law's response was, "Really." Fifteen years later, unbeknownst to my sister-in-law or myself, I recognized that she has lived my vacation. After a great deal of thought I came to the realization that my sister-in-law has never considered, or lived, her life other than with a perspective of plenty. Because she main-

tained that outlook, she demonstrated and sustained abundance. I, on the other hand, have spent these years perceiving that my world was full of challenges. I defined myself as being resilient, and wore that status as a badge of honor. I inadvertently invited conflict so that I could master the situation and, thus, validate my existence.

I now recognize that I no longer need to cling to the perception of conflict. I don't have to do anything. Rather, I need to remember to rest and just be. Eckhart Tolle states, "Give up defining yourself –to yourself or to others...you cannot be more than you are because underneath your physical and psychological form, you are one with Life itself, one with Being." I am presently all that I can be. And, as I remember my identity with Spirit, I claim my heritage of joy.



"HOW WE REGARD AND LIVE OUR LIVES IS OFTEN IMPACTED BY OUR EXPERIENCES AS WELL AS THE LENS THAT WE USE TO VIEW OUR WORLD."



**Remember to Flow** by Amelia Cohn



"SO WRITE THE  
ADVENTURE,  
LIVE THE  
SURPRISE, THE  
PRESENT IS  
WAITING NO  
NEED TO HIDE"



Flow like the river, easy and joyfully it goes on its way, it knows not where each little piece may stop along the journey.

But eventually the droplets will again mingle in the heavens among the breezy sea as clouds, or fog, hail or snow.

The forms will change but we all know the rain and sleet and frost all meet and greet each other as one. The drops will fall on the crops then feed us all just what we need so we can bleed and life goes on.

Beyond our mind--beyond above filled with love, together we'll meet, stand on our feet, laugh at our feats of insanity!

We create that which intimidates and aggravates so we can move beyond the gates of limitation.

First choice we make is to awake, don't hesitate. Find a mate who will inflate the love you feel inside.

Choose a friend who will lend a hand, someone who swims the feisty sea who walks the edge on a blade called life!

Who dares the devil, defies befriends and doesn't fear death. Arm yourself with flowers, a shield of humor and wield your power against the mind

Find this your challenge in life, and all the strife will simply act like a knife to widdle you, cut to the middle through bull and heart ache and then within the treasured chest--drum roll please--

A golden fiddle when heart strings pulled plays melodies, dances intricacies, no need to say please. This music haunts like the tell tale heart, taunting you but the monsters are daunting.

We all have our share--like Hercules, or Jason, Oedipus and Odysseus. Foul and frightening. If you turn your back or hide your head they'll fry you up and consume your dream!

Fall from the knife and instead of life. A zombie head and you'll inhabit the dead, they are fed by lies from the spies who live through your eyes!

A parasite, nasty chigger or biting mite who loves to fight, feeds off strife, creates your life when you don't walk the knife!

A bridge between heaven and hell. It is balance you need, faith in your golden fiddle, for it is the answer to the riddle, the path in the middle, a little truth in all of us that melts the witch, twitches the beast, switches fortunes and pitches traitors overboard.

Create your song, its silly

sweet melody waxes eloquently, heals sores saves whales, sells sea shells, and perfectly salts popcorn.

So choose your myth, the Demons exist beyond time, within your own mind. You are the Hero, your story is true!

So write the adventure, live the surprise, the present is waiting no need to hide. Wake up the Hero and battle the beasts with the blade called life!

It coincides with the shift, so lift your life above the strife and play that fiddle, take the path in the middle or walk in circles for eternity, the same old, stinking and smelling in the sweltering heat of Dante's inferno.

Easy it's not, impossible, No! The choice belongs to you, free your will and lead the way, open your mind and clean it out till it sparkles and shines, a shimmering diamond reflecting refracting rainbows in glorious salute to you, a hero, an icon, a Buddha or Christ!

Remember Hero, the thoughts you think are your ammunition, so keep them sharp, and point them true or you might just slay something dear to you.

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## Haiku's by Rev. Ronda Wilson

Pathway though the stones  
Reaching out to guide my soul  
Whispers from within

Greetings form the waves  
Blowing winds serenading  
Blessings from on high

Peace like a river  
In the depths of summertime  
Sanguinely move me

Music of my soul  
In perfect completeness I  
Reflections of Thee



## Spring's Blessing by Rev. Ronda Wilson

Sitting on the porch sipping coffee  
The sky an iridescent blue  
Air so fresh it perks my being into the moment  
Beads of dew upon on the grass  
I know in my heart that magic is afoot  
The blessing of a new day fills me with wonder  
The joy of being alive  
It wells up inside as if a wave is cresting  
I am cascading into the free flowing glory of spring  
natures magic  
Newness fills this presence with an eagerness to be born  
A divine blessing, seeking to know itself  
All around me is the beauty of Spirit  
It graces me like a gentle breeze caressing my skin  
reminding me of its presence  
With a lightness that matches my heart  
Sweet joy, Spirit's magical potion  
An elixir that intoxicates my soul with its grace  
Sends me soaring into the arms of peace  
Like a child into the arms of its mother  
Spirit's loving presence enfolds me tenderly  
I am filled with the magic of this blessed morning  
Spring so like faith, God's magical seeds  
Burst forth with an eagerness to express into knowing  
Each moment guides me into the presence of Truth  
A gift unfolding in the magic I imbue  
I am Spirit's child created out of itself  
to grow into what has always been  
An ever-present love that gifts the world with itself  
Hmmm....perhaps another cup of coffee.....

"EACH MOMENT  
GUIDES ME INTO  
THE PRESENCE OF  
TRUTH... A GIFT  
UNFOLDING  
INTO THE MAGIC  
I IMBUE..."



### Healing Puma by Monica Herrera



“PUMA SCREAMED AND CRIED AND RAN AND JUMPED INTO MY ARMS. SHE WAS BLEEDING AND HAD CUTS ON HER FACE AND NOSE”



In September 2003, Dave and I decided to adopt a companion dog for our miniature pinscher, Ali Baba Lou. We believed that a dog of Ali's size or bigger would be the best fit for her. We decided we would adopt a whippet, which is like a medium-sized greyhound. We found whippets in the newspaper, and picked out a six week old female puppy not too long after that. About three years later we found out that Puma came from a puppy mill that got shutdown after we adopted her.

As a puppy, we had taken Puma through obedience and agility classes. Puma's agility instructor told us about lure coursing that he did on the weekends that Ali and Puma might like to try. We thought they might enjoy it. Lure coursing is a sport for dogs that involves chasing a mechanically operated lure. We took both Ali and Puma to do lure coursing. Ali loved it, and Puma liked it too even though she was just nine months at the time. While we were there, Puma was being friendly to the other dogs and acting like a puppy, greeting them, and socializing with them. What we did not know at the time was that our instructor's dog had been attacked as a puppy and did not like other dogs too close to her. The instructor never told us anything until Puma went up to the instructor's dog in a nice, friendly way.

By that time, it was too late. The dog attacked Puma. Puma screamed and cried and ran and jumped into my arms. She was bleeding and had cuts on her face and nose. So, we took her to the emergency vet. She had to get several staples in her nose to close the wound. It was a very traumatic day for all of us.

We didn't want Puma to be afraid of other dogs after that, so we took her to the park to play not too long after that, probably within a week or so. We also started taking Puma to doggie daycare so she could socialize with other dogs a couple times a week. We also stopped going to classes with that instructor, because he couldn't get over what happened and he didn't think Puma could either; plus, Puma still had to see his dog—the one who attacked her—sometimes.

After Puma was attacked, Dave and I worried about Puma often, and felt anxious about something similar happening to Puma again. Nothing like that ever has happened to Puma again, and we now believe she is completely safe and protected from anything like that. However, it took several years for us not to worry about Puma so much. I believe our fears and worries translated into making Puma sick. Puma got sick around Christmas time in 2006. She began having

bruises and bleeding all over her body including on her eyes, gums, and ears. We took her to the vet the day after Christmas. Puma had a low platelet count. Dogs sometimes have internal bleeding when their platelets get too low like Puma's were, and they die. Our vet referred Puma to a specialist.

By the time the vet diagnosed Puma, she had already been poked, prodded, and had her blood drawn multiple times. The specialist diagnosed Puma with immune-mediated thrombocytopenia, which meant her platelets did not fully mature on their own because of an auto-immune response. This resulted in Puma not making enough platelets.

The vet put Puma on Prednisone, which suppressed her immune system so she could make mature platelets again. However, just like with humans, the Prednisone gave Puma a lot of bad side effects. The Prednisone made Puma's tummy very upset so she needed Pepto Bismol and Prilosec every day to help with that. She also gained weight and became very thirsty and hungry all the time. Puma's personality changed and she wasn't as happy go lucky anymore like she had always been in the past.

The vet tapered Puma off the Prednisone over the next

## Healing Puma (cont'd)

Several months, so she was no longer taking it by June or July. She became like a happy, energetic puppy again. She stayed off her medicine for months. Then, she had a relapse in the fall of 2007. The vet put her back on her Prednisone, Prilosec, and a new medication this time – azathioprine (an anti-rejection drug for people who have transplants)- in order to suppress her immune system.

Puma's personality changed again and her tummy became very upset. She once made a mess in her cage and stood up for hours so she wouldn't get herself messy until we got home to clean it up. She was absolutely exhausted after that. We felt bad for her, especially since there did not seem to be a lot we could do to help her feel better.

Shortly after, we took Puma to visit our friend and reiki master, Patricia. She did reiki on Puma for the first time, and Puma was very receptive to it and soaked up all of the energy as Patricia did the reiki. Then, not too long after that, Dave and I decided to take our first reiki class so we could learn to help Puma heal and feel better. Puma even visited the reiki class, and people did reiki on her. After that, we began doing reiki on Puma regularly, and she began feeling better. Her tummy was no longer upset after we started doing reiki on Puma. None of Puma's

medicines could compete with the positive results created by the reiki she had received.

We asked Patricia to come over and do reiki on Puma and her two sisters, Ali Baba Lou and Spirit, another whip-pet who we rescued in February 2006 before Puma had gotten sick. Patricia also gave each dog attunements, which we had discussed prior to her visit. Although we did not know at the time how each dog would be affected, we decided it could not hurt them. Since giving them the attunements, Patricia and I have discussed what impact we believe the attunements had on each of the dogs.

For Puma, Patricia said she felt that the attunements empowered Puma to feel the vibrations of Dave and I as well as of her sisters so that she could send all of us healing energy. For Ali and Spirit, Patricia said she felt that they became more in tune with their own vibrations so that they could heal themselves. The vet began tapering Puma off her drugs again, but more slowly this time. The vet tapered Puma off her Prednisone, but kept her on the same dose of all her other drugs. It took months to taper her off the Prednisone, and then the vet tapered Puma off her azathioprine even slower. By the fall of 2009, the vet had taken Puma off all her medicines for im-

mune-mediated thrombocytopenia, and Puma has been healthy ever since. I do reiki on Puma and both her sisters as well as myself every morning before I go to work.

Dave and I are confident that Puma will continue to be healthy, and that's what we focus on for Puma, her sisters, and for ourselves. I will always do reiki on Puma, Spirit, and Ali every day, sometimes more than once a day. Puma recently became a certified "Canine Good Citizen," and we will take Puma to therapy dog training in the spring so she can be certified in that too. We took Puma to an animal communicator last summer, and she said Puma is a healer, and that she heals us when she dreams. If we don't feel well, sometimes we lay with Puma, and hold her for a while. Puma helps us feel well again.

It has taken us a long time to get rid of our fears and worries about something bad happening to Puma and the other dogs. Finally, after several years, we have impressed our subconscious with the idea of health, so that's what will continue to manifest for all five of us.



“NONE OF PUMA’S MEDICINES COULD COMPETE WITH THE POSITIVE RESULTS CREATED BY THE REIKI SHE HAD RECEIVED “





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*The Center for Inner Awareness, formerly the Institute of Truth, was founded in 1992 and designed to be not only a New Thought Meta-physical University, but a place where students can study, contemplate and rest in spiritual truth.*

### The Spark of Light by Linda Bode

According to his diagnosis he was a schizophrenic; not the average, everyday kind, but the raging, sometimes-suicidal, tortured by his voices type.

He called me Goldilocks, told me he was the Big Bad Wolf, then asked what I was going to do about it?

"Give you a job, right here in the hospital," I said. "I'd like you to be my pop-can-runner." He told me he wouldn't be any good at it and that I'd be sorry if I hired him.

For the next several months he showed up every Wednesday, and together we went to each ward to collect the cans. Focused only on getting the job done, he often crashed the large cart into anyone or anything that got in his way.

"I like that it's important to you to be efficient," I told him; "that you work hard and fast, and especially how you want to be careful because it isn't your intent to hurt anyone."

...It never happened again.

On the days he didn't work he began leaving stories he'd written on my desk; long fragmented pages that made no sense. I thanked him and asked if he could write a story with a beginning, middle and end, even if it was only three sentences long?

The next day there was only one page on my desk: "The rat came out of it's hole. The rat ate cheese. The rat went back into the hole." His stories kept coming and kept getting better.

As he organized his stories, he began to re-organize many of the fragmented parts of his life.

After he worked for me for about a year, it was announced that the hospital was closing. He told me he was afraid; he was 'institutionalized' and didn't think he'd make it in the group home he was going to. "You didn't think you'd make it as my pop-can-runner either, remember?" A year after the hospital closed, I was in the drive

through at McDonalds in southeast Portland, ready to pay, when my pop-can-runner squeezed between my car and the cashier's window.

"Hi, Goldilocks," he said. "I knew I would see you again." He reached into his pocket, handed me a crumpled piece of paper, then turned and walked away. It was another beautiful story; one he'd carried everyday for over a year, even knowing I didn't live in his town, but trusting we would meet one last time so he could give me his story, tell me he was fine and had made it in the group home.

I watched him in my rear-view mirror, standing under a tree, happily chattering away to himself as I drove off. The teachings about the divine spark honors our connection to God, our awareness of our essence, and the divinity within all our brothers and sisters. And so it was with this pop-can-runner; my brother, teacher, and friend.

