

BRIDGES Magazine

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Bridging Science and Spirit

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*International Society
for the Study of
Subtle Energies
& Energy Medicine*

MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR



from Celia

What ideas shape our lives? What should we explore?
What's important for us to talk to each other about?
And, what words, which terms, should we use?

Each issue of *Bridges Magazine* presents information about consciousness, healing, and subtle energies: in this one five authors write about what they've discovered and give us some of their answers to these questions.

Penny Kelly's experience of a kundalini awakening gave her an understanding of the nature of consciousness and the continuum of existence from Source-to-human. What could be more important to speak about than that? But we've had trouble doing so, in part because of the language we use. With a later "download" of information, Penny received organized concepts and specific terms to use so that we can advance what we all know.

Richard Barteel, an important person in Scott Kalechstein Grace's life, was delightfully wise about being human. He based what he had to teach and the words he used, in love. "More hugging, less mugging" is a deceptively simple rhyme that comes from his profound understanding that we are all one and that Love is what matters most – a belief found in religions around the world.

Charles Eisenstein says that although a positive, creative way of being is "closer than close," we keep ourselves (especially in western cultures) from realizing it because of a belief in "separation." We view ourselves as separate from each other and separate from the world around us. Once again the remedy lies in becoming more aware and more loving since, as he says, "The knowledge of our interconnectedness lies deep in our hearts."

As a psychotherapist, Luisa Kolker knows of the harm done when we are disconnected from parts of the self. She found a way to reclaim her own discarded inner aspects, a process that has become part of the work she now does with others. Self-confrontation is a means for gaining a true understanding of our own individual natures and many teachers have said that it is a necessary part of the personal growth that can lead to our developing expanded states of consciousness.

Are the makers of crop circles using the language of geometry to help us save our planet? Anne Wotring was impelled to see them for herself and find some answers about what they really are. There have been differing views about the nature of these constructions that have been found in fields of grain – and on frozen lakes - around the world. Quite different terms have been used to describe them - are these manmade "hoaxes" or are most of them "messages" sent to us by subtle, intelligent forces?

Our own experiences are vitally important as we explore the nature of what is true and important in life, as we make discoveries and then find the words to describe what we've learned. In all of our searching part of what we find, again and again, is that we need to be lovingly connected to ourselves, to others, and to the world around and beyond us.

"There's no sharp division between thought, emotion and matter.... The entire ground of existence is enfolded in space."

– David Bohm

ON THE CONTINUUM OF EXISTENCE

Penny L. Kelly

I have been involved in the study of consciousness since 1979 when a series of full, spontaneous kundalini experiences blew the lid off my mind and ushered me into a world of consciousness. At first, I had no idea what happened to me. I thought I was going insane. Since I did not have any background in metaphysics, telepathy, clairvoyance, or the many miscellaneous psychic abilities and spiritual gifts that come with kundalini, this sudden awakening was very nearly disastrous.

A chance meeting introduced me to someone who was passionately interested in all things metaphysical and he gave me a book to read. The book was only somewhat helpful, but it led me to search for other books that might offer something more useful, more helpful. What I found was an endless number of concepts, words, and definitions that rather than helping, created more confusion and uncertainty.

Today, more than thirty years later, we are struggling to put together an

understanding of the science of subtle energies, and part of that struggle is the absence of a commonly agreed-upon set of concepts and terms. In standard science everyone knows, for example, what the words gas, plasma, or cell refer to. We know what electricity is and what it does. However, this kind of understanding is not the case in the field of subtle energies.

While doing research for *Consciousness and Energy, Vol. 1*, it became clear to

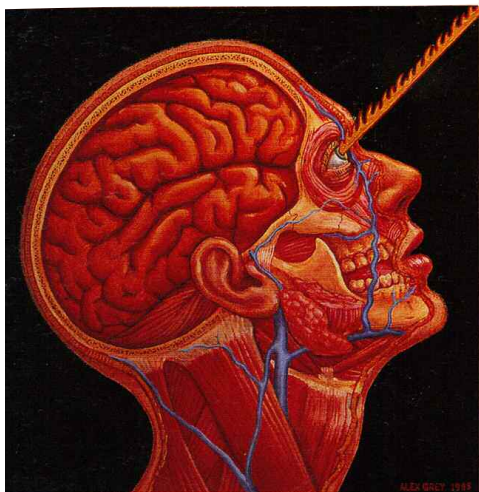


me that we are not going to get very far in answering some of the more important questions until we have a language that allows us to speak and write clearly about our subject.

One of the more pertinent questions has been brought up by mathematician Paul Davies in his book, *The Mind of God*. It sets the stage for suggesting a set of concepts and words that we can work with. For millennia, reports of a timeless, eternal world of being-ness have come from religions, saints, and sages. Yet we live in a reality dominated by time keeping and constant change. We can “become” whatever we choose, and this is what Davis calls the “arrow-of-time” conundrum.

“But here once more the difficulty of reconciling being and becoming resurfaces, for how do we account for a flux of time in a world founded upon timeless laws? This “arrow-of-time” conundrum has plagued physics ever since, and is still the subject of intense debate and research. No

“In standard science everyone knows what the words gas, plasma or cell refer to. This kind of understanding is not the case in the field of subtle energies.”



attempt to explain the world, either scientifically or theologically can be considered successful until it accounts for the paradoxical conjunction of the temporal and the atemporal, of being and becoming. And no subject confronts this paradoxical conjunction more starkly than the origin of the universe.”¹

When I read this, I knew instantly how we got from the silent, unchanging world of eternity to the noisy world of time where everything changes. I knew because I had experienced the transitions that exist between those two worlds many times. Then, adding to the kundalini experiences, some years later I’d had an unusual “download” of information that organized those experiences and used a specific language to do so. I called this the Teacup Dictation and in this article I use both the language and the concepts that I was given then.²

To anyone who has experienced the full kundalini awakening, it is obvious that there is a continuum of existence that stretches from Source-to-Human and is characterized by four major states or levels. At each point along this continuum, there is a two-sided coin, or state, of existence.

The first point and the ground of all being is that of *mind/space*, which is silent, motionless, timeless, a place of *being*. When space begins to move, a new state emerges, that of *consciousness/energy*. The third state of becoming is that of *intelligence/particle*. The fourth state is that of *thought/form*. Each stage evolves or morphs into the next, bringing all of the capacities of the previous level forward, and embedding them in the new level. A full kundalini experience is when one opens to the most basic level of being, that of...

MIND/SPACE

*Mind is the awareness property of space.
Space is the location aspect of mind.*

This is the level of existence that we call *Source*. When you are at this level, all

that exists is the simple awareness that you do, in fact, exist. Nothing more, nothing less. This level is full of *tiny pinpoints of light* that are absolutely silent and motionless, you are these lights, and you are supremely aware of but one thing – I Am! This level of existence was honored by the ancients as the base of reality or the ground of all existence. They called it the *I Am*. Religions call it *God*. Those of us doing research know it as Mind/Space.

The *I Am’s* focus on holding the awareness of existence is total. If the *I Am* were distracted from its intense concentration on holding this awareness, all life would wink out in a moment. This level of existence is the source of life and the base on which we are able to build all the rest. When you open to this level, you are concentrated in the light of the *I Am* and there is only bliss...no ideas or worries, no past, no future, no boundaries or needs...just the total ecstasy of existing. This level is where our oneness comes from, for we are all based here. Mind is the awareness property of space, space is the location aspect of mind, and these two sides of the coin we call “reality” are the foundation of all that exists.

CONSCIOUSNESS/ENERGY

*Consciousness is the feeling
property of energy.
Energy is the motion aspect
of consciousness.*

To begin building a reality system, mind/space must begin to move, and when it does, there is a change of properties. Mind in motion becomes consciousness, and space in motion becomes *energy*. We move from the quiet, singular awareness of “I am” to the duality of consciousness: “I am...and something is happening to me.” If there is any mystery in the cosmos, it is Who or What sets things in motion?

Embedded in consciousness is the awareness of existence that was brought forward from the *I Am*; and embedded in energy are all the properties of space.

It is the nature of consciousness to create, which it does by directing energy. It can create because it carries the power of life held by the *I Am*. When consciousness creates, space expands infinitely to hold the creation.

With energy, we have huge amounts of power and force in motion. It is the nature of energy to move consciousness from one experience to the next, and this is the basis of time. Energy is the motion of consciousness – which is continuous – thus we are creating with every single move we make. Both

“I had an unusual ‘download’ of information that organized those experiences and used a specific language to do so. I called this the ‘Teacup Dictation.’”

consciousness and energy operate in an infinite and unlimited way because they carry the properties of the *I Am*, which encompasses and includes everything. In addition, there is a natural propensity for consciousness to inject joy into everything it creates.

INTELLIGENCE/PARTICLE

*Intelligence is a store of information about
Source, motion, and capacity to act.
A particle is a center of communication.*

Moving along the continuum of creation, picture the ocean in your mind and then see that ocean seething, frothing with whirlpools and eddies, and huge waves traveling through it and pounding the shore. This is similar to

what happens in the ocean of consciousness/energy. This motion becomes intense and great pressures are set up. These pressures compress and compact the energy into its first solid forms – particles. There are literally millions of particles coming into existence or being reabsorbed at any given moment. Each particle not only carries information about its Source and its capacity for motion, it is aware of other particles. “I am, something is happening to me...and there are others!”

Intelligence is not only a store of information, it is the propensity to communicate. What gets communicated is whatever information is held inside the particle. Each particle becomes a tiny, intelligent communication center that continuously pumps out information about its location in space, the energetic motion that it derived from, and what its propensity for action is. The presence of other particles gives rise to a natural tendency to come together and create harmonically, which means that certain particles will work well together while others don't. Those that don't work well in one reality system, do work well in other dimensions based on other harmonics. Those actions that are mutually beneficial and constructive end up creating arrays or assemblies that then begin coming together to work in ever larger and more creative ways. The result is the rise of ...

THOUGHT/PATTERN

Thought is the maintenance aspect of a pattern.

A pattern is the sequence of thoughts needed to arrive at an end state of function.

We have now arrived at the stage where highly complex patterns of life are possible. The pattern is a field or matrix of highly interactive particles. All particles are in communication with all other particles because of the oneness of the *I Am*. There is a natural tendency for living systems to self-organize, and the particles in these systems use a set of repetitive communications to prolong the pattern or form. We call these

repetitive communications “thought.” Thought is any deliberately repetitive sequence of motion within the ocean of energies and particles, and is the mechanism for maintaining the field that contains the pattern. The highly intelligent particles have discovered ways to collect and process light and certain kinds of motion, and they use these to build sophisticated arrays of physical structure by which they can reproduce the energies that will keep the particles in motion and the pattern in existence.

Billions of particles gathered together into one composite pattern give the whole group access to an immense amount of life, energy, and intelligence. Whether the pattern is that of a human, an animal, plant, fish, or insect, certain sequences of thought will be inherent in the pattern, and these are the drivers that we call instinct. The mosquito will always behave like a mosquito and will never try to grow roots and make flowers. The lion will seek the deer, the tree will seek soil and sun, and the fish will seek water. Why? It's nothing personal; it is because those are where it can most easily renew its sources of light and motion. Thought maintains the pattern, and the pattern allows for reproduction and continued existence.

In closing, it is important to note that we live in a reality system. When change occurs within that system – whether internally or externally introduced – certain kinds of light and energy may no longer be available and patterns will disappear. Changes moving through our solar system at this time will force huge changes upon all of us. If we want to survive and thrive, we must begin to communicate in ways that eliminate confusion and build an understanding of how life arises and what the practical possibilities are.

Science is simply a way of observing, testing, and organizing information that is useful to us. We will not get any farther in science if we do not survive, and science will be unable to help us survive unless we put science and

consciousness together as we conduct research. We cannot begin to do this without a language and set of concepts that we all agree on, and we cannot continue to throw around terms like mind, consciousness, awareness, perception, intelligence, thought, energy, as if they are all interchangeable, for they are not. In the future we seek, mind holds the infinite potentials of space and our presence in that space. The rest is up to us and what we do with our consciousness, intelligence, and thought. Science is a key in opening the door to that future.

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REFERENCES & NOTES

1. P Davies, *The Mind Of God*, Simon and Schuster, (New York, NY, 1992), p. 38.
2. You can read the full description of this experience in chapter 17 of *Consciousness And Energy*, Vol. 1, pp. 215-227.

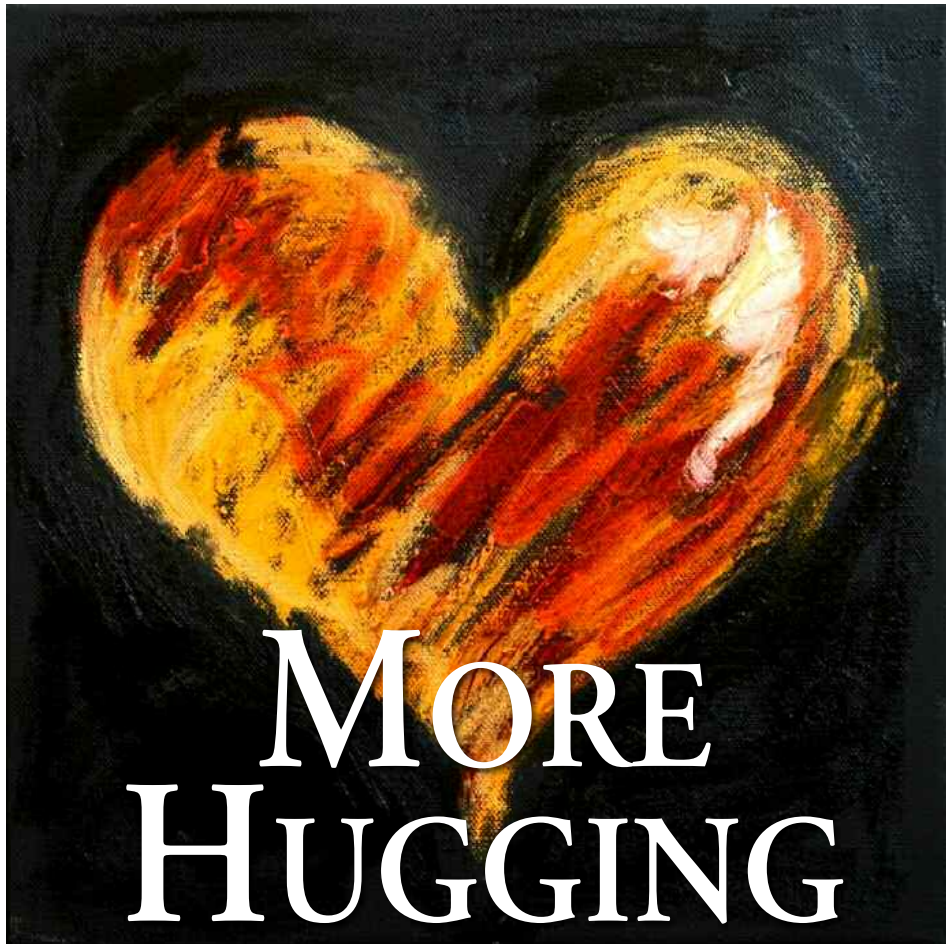


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Center in southwest Michigan. Penny has been researching and exploring consciousness, cognition, perception and intelligence for over 30 years, and works with Dr. Wm. Levegood of Pinelandia Laboratory near Ann Arbor, MI.

She has co-written and edited 23 books with others, and written five books of her own:

*The Evolving Human
The Elves of Lily Hill Farm
Robes – A Book of Coming Changes
Getting Well Again, Naturally –
From The Soil To The Stomach
Consciousness and Energy, Vol. 1 –
Multidimensionality and A Theory of
Consciousness*



MORE HUGGING

Scott Grace

"I asked everybody, everybody agreed - more hugging, less mugging is what we need."

- Swami Submayananda

The first time I met Richard, whose alias was the 'D' Train Poet, I was riding a Manhattan subway. I noticed him right away. Big, black, and beautiful, he was busy breaking the unwritten, but widely adhered to, laws of the New York City underground – mind your own business, bury your face in a newspaper, and above all, don't talk to strangers. He approached me with a twinkle in his eye and an irresistible question: "Would you like to see a picture of the next savior of the world?"

I had no idea what he was up to, but I was intrigued by the warm, mischievous way about him, and I wanted to play along.

"I'd love to!" I said with a smile.

He took out a mirror and held it up to my face.

"Surprise, you're it!"

"Not it!" I was twenty years old, out on my own for the first time, a college dropout aspiring to find a place in the world, nowhere near a savior of anything.

Every few months I would run into Richard around the city.

One night I was strolling through Greenwich Village smoking pot. I stumbled on Richard talking to a gathering of teenagers who were sitting on a stoop, captivated by his charisma. As I got closer I heard enough to realize he was using his gifts of rap, poetry, and humor to encourage them to stay away from smoking. Just as I started to turn

around and quickly walk the other way, he spotted me. He called me over and gave me a big bear hug as I inconspicuously dropped the joint to the sidewalk and braced myself for his reaction to the pungent cloud of smoke around me. But neither his nose nor his heart chose to register the aroma, and he immediately engaged me in the sort of conversation one does their best to avoid when one is stoned.

He asked me what I did for a living. I told him I was a street peddler, but that I was also a singer-songwriter and in training to become a workshop leader and a practitioner of rebirthing. He became animated and excited.

"I've been wanting to find out about rebirthing!" he exclaimed.

Before I had time to guess what was coming next he had taken a pocket tape recorder out of his briefcase, pressed the record button, and said,

"Scott, a professional rebirther, will now give a short talk on rebirthing!"

He put the mike up to my mouth, and I managed to sputter out a few sentences on the therapeutic technique that had been rocking my world at the time.

Although he had strong feelings about living a drug-free life, Richard never mentioned the marijuana. He had even stronger feelings about loving and accepting people as they were, seeing the beauty and magnificence in them even when they weren't yet seeing it in themselves.

We kept running into each other in odd places and through it all a friendship emerged. I nicknamed him "Swami Submayananda" and he liked it. Richard's subway ministry was a big part of his life, and the name fit him. A spiritual teacher I was studying with at the time warned her students to avoid the subways. She said the vibrations down there were too dense and could be very draining to sensitive souls seeking to serve humanity. I was glad that Richard hadn't studied with her.

Someone who doubts Jesus' prophecy that one day we would do works greater

“He had even stronger feelings about loving and accepting people as they are, seeing the beauty and magnificence in them even when they weren't yet seeing it in themselves.”

than his never saw Richard in a subway car raising a crowd of people who seemed dead to the world. Once I saw him get almost everyone on the train to chant “More hugging, less mugging.” This was his signature slogan. I started spotting it on window decals and bumper stickers all over the city. Richard, who had once been a police officer in Syracuse, had discovered that he preferred preventing crime with creativity and love to fighting crime with might.

Richard was a Christian, and loved Jesus in a big way. He was filled with a sense of purpose and considered himself a missionary of sorts. But he didn't share his church or his religion – he shared his SPIRIT. I had never before met a traditional Christian who so honored everyone else's spiritual and religious points of view.

Besides being a blazing light in the tunnels of the city, Richard was also a political activist, a community organizer, a gospel singer, a rap artist, a minister, a gifted and moving poet, and a great improviser. We shared wonderful times together making up songs in the moment, and he was a big supporter of my emerging musical career.

I was thrilled to have a man twenty years my senior believe in me so enthusiastically.

When I moved to California in 1990, I didn't keep in touch with Richard. Early in 2003, through the grace of Google, he found me. After an e-mail exchange we had a wonderful phone conversation, catching each other up on the years that had passed. Feeling like the prodigal son returning, I apologized for how long it had been. He welcomed me with open arms and expressed a strong desire to hear the music that had come out of me since leaving New York. I sent him thirteen years' worth on nine CDs.

Two months later Richard's wife phoned to tell me that he had died after having a heart attack. She wanted me to know that he had been enjoying the music I'd sent.



*Richard Bartee,
1943-2003*

I told her how much he had meant to me, that he had infused me with his passion in such a way that my life had been forever touched and blessed.

Now I'd like to speak directly to my friend:

“Richard, I will always be grateful for your example of fearless living and loving, as well as the sincere interest you took in me. I will always remember your holding that mirror to my face the first time we met. Back then I thought you were delightfully crazy, and ever since I've been aspiring to reach your level of insanity.

You passed your torch on to me and countless others. Help us hold it high, dear brother, and continue to support us in being the light that we are, the light that you showed me in the mirror, the light in the tunnel. I love you and thank you for your precious gifts to me and to this planet.

This article is an excerpt from *Teach Me How To Love: A True Story That Touches Hearts And Helps With The Laundry*



*Scott Kalechstein
Grace is an author,
speaker, singer,
comedian, and an
out-of-this-world
lover. You can feel
the love on his
website,
www.scottsongs.com,
and over at his*

*YouTube Channel,
<http://www.youtube.com/user/skalechstein>.*



SEPARATION

Charles Eisenstein

MORE THAN ANY
OTHER SPECIES,
HUMAN BEINGS
ARE GIFTED WITH
THE POWER TO
MANIPULATE
THEIR
ENVIRONMENT
AND THE ABILITY
TO ACCUMULATE
AND TRANSMIT
KNOWLEDGE
ACROSS
GENERATIONS.

The first of these gifts we call technology, the other we call culture. They are central to our humanity.

Accumulated over thousands of years, culture and technology have brought us into a separate human realm. We live, more than any other animal, surrounded by our own artifacts. Among these are works of surpassing beauty, complexity and power, human creations that could not have existed – could not even have been conceived – in the times of our forebears.

At the same time, it is quite easy to see technology and culture not as a gift but a curse. After millennia of development, the power to manipulate the environment has become the power to destroy it, while the ability to transmit knowledge transmits as well a legacy of hatred, injustice, and violence.

Today, as both the destruction and the violence reach a feverish crescendo, few can deny that the world is in a state of crisis. Opinions vary as to its exact nature. Some people say it is primarily ecological while others say it is a moral crisis, a social, economic, or political crisis, a health crisis, even a spiritual crisis. There is, however, little disagreement that the crisis is of human origin.

Are genocide and ecocide the inevitable price of civilization's magnificence? Need the most sublime achievements of art, music, literature, science, and technology be built on the wreckage of the natural world and the misery of its inhabitants? Despite the miracles we have produced, people across the ideological spectrum, from Christian fundamentalists to environmental activists, share a foreboding that the

world is in grave and growing peril. For those most deeply familiar with the crises at hand, this foreboding often gives way to despair, as it becomes apparent that even the most ambitious responses in the mainstream are far too little, far too late.

Yet no matter how complete the despair, no matter how bitter the cynicism, a possibility beckons of a world more beautiful and a life more magnificent than we know today. We become aware of it in moments, gaps in the rush and press of modern life. These experiences, given to us through grace or through tragedy, plant a knowing in our hearts that no amount of betrayal, disappointment, or despair can ever extinguish. Moreover, this knowing isn't limited to personal life. It promises more than a personal, spiritual transformation: we intuit that something similar is possible collectively. Some may have experienced it when we find ourselves cooperating naturally and effortlessly, instruments of a purpose greater than ourselves that, paradoxically, makes us individually more and not less when we abandon ourselves to it. It is what musicians are referring to when they say, "The music played the band."

Another way of being is possible, and it is right in front of us, closer than close. Yet it slips away so easily that we hardly believe it could be the foundation of life, so we relegate it to an afterlife and call it Heaven, or we relegate it to the future and call it Utopia. When nanotechnology solves all our problems... when we all learn to be nice to each other... when finally I'm not so busy... We set it apart from this world and this life, and thereby deny its reality in the here-and-now. Yet the knowledge that life is more than Just This cannot be suppressed, not forever.

I share with dreamers, Utopians, and teenagers an unreasonable intuition of a magnificent potential, that life and the world can be more than we have made of them.

What error, then, what delusion has led us to accept the lesser lives and the lesser world we find ourselves in today? I have spent the last ten years trying to understand what keeps us – and what keeps me – from the better world that our hearts tell us must exist. Every time I ask the question, and pursue the "why's" down a few levels, I keep discovering a common root. Human nature is not what has carved the vast swath of ruin underlying our civilization but the opposite: human nature denied. This denial of human nature rests in turn upon an illusion, a misconception of self and world. We have defined ourselves as other than what we are, as discrete subjects separate from each other and separate from the world around us. Upon the illusion of separation, we have built our world.

The root and the epitome of separation is the discrete, isolated self of modern perception: the 'I am' of Descartes, the 'economic man' of Adam Smith, the individual phenotype of Darwinian competition for resources, the skin-encapsulated ego of Alan Watts. It is a bubble of psychology trapped in a prison made of flesh. Whether you call it mind, soul, or spirit, it is a self fundamentally separate from the body, from nature, from other people, from an objective universe "out there."

Seeing ourselves as discrete and separate beings, we seek to manipulate the not-self to our best advantage. Surely we have done this in our relationship to earth, treating nature as a pile of instrumental, accidental stuff, a source of resources and a repository of waste, but certainly not part of our selves. Based on the story of Separation, we have sought to become, as Descartes put

it, the lords and masters of nature. Our defining mythology sees our progressive separation from nature as a good thing, an "ascent" in which we have risen above our animal origins. It says, indeed, that someday our mastery will be complete, that we will through science achieve perfect understanding of the universe, and through technology achieve perfect control. We will transcend all natural limits, conquer disease, leave earth behind and rise to the stars. It foresees a future of higher, faster, and more, forever and ever.

For an increasing number of people today this rings hollow. As the environment continues to deteriorate, as job security evaporates, as the international situation worsens, as new incurable diseases appear, as the pace of change accelerates, it seems impossible to believe the promise of technological utopia, the ideology that we are closing in on paradise. The mythology of Ascent, and of the separate self underlying it, becomes less compelling with each passing year.

In one way or another, each institution of our civilization serves and embodies Separation and Ascent. The money system, for example, dissolves community (creating separation from each other) and drives the conversion of nature into commodities and culture into intellectual property. The medical system is based on overcoming nature: conquering germs, controlling body processes. The institution of war, quite obviously, is only possible through Separation: the "othering" of the enemy, the desire to conquer and expand. Moreover, all of these

“Another way of being is possible, and it is right in front of us, closer than close.”

institutions have an internal, personal reflection: judgementality, self-rejection, hatred, and any kind of violence to oneself and others.

The good news is that the world built on Separation is coming to an end, victim of its own premises. Saints and mystics have tried for thousands of years to teach us how we are trapped in a delusion about who we are. This delusion inevitably brings about suffering, and eventually a crisis that can only be resolved through a collapse, a surrender, and an opening to a state of being beyond the previous self-limitation.

In the crises gathering today – in money, energy, politics, biodiversity, soil, water, health care, and more – we are witnessing just such a collapse. These crises are the contractions birthing humanity into a new era.

If our self-conception as discrete and separate beings is an illusion, then the

whole ascent of humanity (culture and technology as we know it) is based on illusion as well. That is why the implications of our present reconceiving of ourselves are so profound, promising no less than a radical redefinition of what it is to be human, how we relate to one another, and how we relate to the world. The old separate self is becoming obsolete. In physics, the distinction between observer and observed is in question; so, in biology, is the primacy of the selfish gene. Ecology teaches us that all species have a gift to offer that contributes to the well-being of the whole. In the social sciences, we are beginning to understand that the individual is a social construction. And in spirituality, the skin-encapsulated separate soul is giving way to an understanding of interconnectedness and oneness.

Consciousness and knowledge are evolving, but our institutions are still those of separation. As the ground beneath them shifts, those institutions are crumbling, and a space is clearing for something new. What would technology, science, money, medicine, or politics look like if it embodied the new self, the connected self? What would they look like if they embodied the new human relationship to earth, not of domination, but of co-creative partnership? Herein lies the germ of the answer to the riddle: how to distinguish the gift of technology and culture from the curse. Grounded in a new sense-of-self, we will not only apply technology in a different way; our basic approach to technology will change.

We can see a preview of this age of reunion already in the form of nearly any idea that garners the label "holistic" or "alternative". All embody love and not domination, connection and not separation. They lend themselves ill to profit; they see the world around us as part of ourselves. From holistic medicine to green electricity to local currencies, all occupy a marginal status today. To envision a world based on

them seems hopelessly radical. However, as the old certainties dissolve in the gathering crisis, the radical becomes commonsense.

As the planetary crisis invades our individual lives, unavoidably, neither the personal nor the collective misconception of who we are will remain tenable. Many of us, on an individual level, have already experienced "the world falling apart," and this experience has given birth to a new way of being. Soon, this will happen on a collective level. The crisis is facing us with the consequences, and the tragic illusion, of humanity's separation from nature and our own individual alienation from life, nature, spirit and self.

The knowledge of our interconnectedness – some might even call it interbeingness – lies deep in our hearts. We have always known it to be true, but our beliefs have been grounded in separation. Now our beliefs are changing, and it no longer seems so crazy to follow the logic of the heart. The more beautiful world that we have long sensed to be possible is near, and it is the breakdown of the world of separation that is propelling us toward it.

Copyright Charles Eisenstein.

“Many of us have already experienced 'the world falling apart,' and this experience has given birth to a new way of being.”



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***Eating**. He writes about money, civilization, and the evolution of human consciousness.*

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TRAVELING BETWEEN WORLDS



Luisa Kolker

As a shamanic psychotherapist, my healing toolbox includes an unusual set of techniques.

I use arcane methods such as soul retrieval, deprojection, and curse unraveling as well as contemporary psychotherapeutic techniques such as “empty chair” work for detoxifying trauma, along with the most basic healing implement of them all – listening with an open heart. Not a traditional supply of psychological tools, but an effective one for the renovation and, sometimes, deconstruction and rebuilding of the emotional houses in which we live.

My healing model has developed out of a life-long need to unearth the inherited and acquired complications of my own psyche. Necessity being the mother of invention, over the past twenty-five years I’ve gathered the essential components of what has been effective for me and synthesized a model of healing that I can teach others.

Most psychotherapists will recognize the conventional techniques I use. However, the shamanic journey

technique has become increasingly attractive to healing professionals who welcome the expanded and grounded insights the journey experience offers. I combine both shamanic and standard techniques to bypass ego boundaries and bring repressed emotional material into awareness. When these frozen emotional states are released, the original flow of life energy is restored leading to optimal health and emotional vibrancy.

The first subtle energy “masters” were the pre-agricultural shamans dating as far back as 40,000 years ago. Knowledge of weather patterns, animal migrations, the growing places and uses of healing herbs – these were the province of the men and women within a tribal community who had access to the realms of the spirit through the induction of altered states of consciousness. The core shamanic journey, as made popular through the work of Michael Harner and Sandra Ingerman, shifts consciousness from ordinary, rational reality to non-ordinary spiritual dimensions. Accompanied by a repetitive rhythm, often a drum, beating between 200 and 250 beats per minute, the brain attunes to a theta brainwave state. In this intentionally achieved altered state, ego boundaries become permeable and allow healing information and guidance to flow directly to the journeyer.

The journey is taken in the company and under the protection of a helping spirit – sometimes a power animal, sometimes an ancestral spirit. In every case the spirit is a non-physical being dedicated to the service of those human beings who desire access to the bridge between earthly and spiritual dimensions.

While a journey can have a lucid, dreamlike quality, the real gain of a journey does not come from interpreting the elements of the story or receiving a linear and rational

answer to a question. Rather, the journeyer is more often given a subtle (and sometimes not-so-subtle) energetic encounter that engages and shifts awareness itself.

Anyone who is drawn to the crossroads of transformation is no stranger to a spiritual descent into darkness. I'm no exception. Recently, in the aftermath of emotional trauma, I lost my bearings; I was no longer certain about anything I knew, or thought I knew. I was plunged into the abyss commonly known as one's shadow, the psychic space between conscious and unconscious reality where disowned aspects of one's personality may take refuge.

Through this fall into the shadow, I was given the gift of possibility, the possibility of coming into relationship with parts of myself that, early in my life, I'd evaluated as being shameful or unworthy, and then discarded. Those aspects had been exiled and then forgotten. In shamanic terms, this is called soul loss and results in a loss of essential vitality and compromises one's spiritual, emotional, and physical resilience.

I've used the techniques of the shamanic journey for many years with my clients and myself, but I'd never put it to the test of helping me to regain my balance and sanity when nothing else seemed to put the pieces back together again. My healing now depended on the successful re-integration of my discarded inner aspects. My first step on this mission was to meet the spirit of my "wounded child" because a preliminary journey had shown that it was she whose pain had been unearthed in the most recent trauma.

I began my journey:

Lying on a Mexican blanket in my meditation room, my eyes are covered with an eye mask. On my Ipod, I hear the steady beat of a frame-drum and gourd rattle. With my imagination I jumpstart my journey, seeing my spirit body moving beyond time and space so that in a heartbeat I have arrived at a dusty mesa overlooking the Galisteo Basin in Northern New Mexico. Though my physical body is several miles away, within a few seconds my spirit body is sitting cross-legged at the edge of the mesa. I am in the company of one of my helping spirits – Isis, a gold-skinned, dark-haired woman with wings.

While my physical body rests quietly on the blanket, I orient myself to my new location in non-ordinary reality. Isis and I are sitting together and there are other spirit friends with us. They all sit with me in the expansive silence as my eyes sweep clock-wise across the scene in front of me. The view of these mountains nourishes my soul: the Manzanos, the Ortiz, the Sandias, the Jemez. Now the

journey begins. Isis extends her hand and walks with me to a wind-sculpted desert juniper. We stand at the base of the tree, by ancient twisted roots unearthed by years of exposure. I repeat my intention: "I request a journey, Isis. I desire to come into relationship with the wounded part of myself that I left behind a long time ago. Please take me to her." And so we begin, our bodies sinking down magically into the root system of the juniper tree.

The roots become labyrinthine underground passages that we follow through caverns and rock tunnels. We walk, slide, and fly along until we arrive at an opening that leads from the depths of the earth into the light of day in the lower world. Isis looks at me and I understand that I am to step out into the scene before me. I feel some hesitation.

What I see is an abandoned building site surrounded with ditches of shallow stagnant water. Remnants of building materials contribute to the forlorn scene – concrete clumps, rotting boards, rusty rebar. And then I see the girl. At her side is a large black cat with a single white spot on its forehead. She's about four years old. Her hair is dark and matted, her clothes ragged and grimy. Our eyes meet and I recognize the intensity in her big, hazel eyes. I understand that she is me.

She says, "Don't look at me! I'm dirty." As I come a bit closer, I see that the cat is actually a stuffed animal, the only comfort she has. "You will get sick like me if you come too close. I am horrible. Stay away!"

My heart feels like it's breaking, and yet, Isis tells me to say nothing, just to listen. The girl sees us both and seems shocked that we're not repelled by her. Finally I tell her, "Luisa, sweetheart, I'm you, all grown up and I want to help you." Her eyes widen and soften at the same time. It's clear that she has nowhere else to go. When Isis and I each extend an open hand toward her, she comes with us. Isis leads the way and guides us away from the building site to a meadow filled with wildflowers.

There, Isis lays out a picnic blanket and sets it with tea for the three of us. Isis and I tenderly clean the little girl and dress her in a pink dress and white pinafore edged with lace and embroidered with flowers. She is hungry for such kindness and beauty. "My heart is broken," she says. "They do not want me. I am so much trouble for them."

It would be easy to conclude that "they" refers to my parents, or to someone or something external. What I finally learn from her is that "they" is my inner community,

"I share this journey with you, not because it is extraordinary, but because it is ordinary."

*“Our wounds and self-deceptions demand our understanding.
It is necessary to bring them into conscious awareness.”*

the many selves and complexes in my psyche that ousted her and her shame and vulnerability a long time ago. I am eager to know and love this little girl, and by the end of this visit, I have asked her to stay with me. The drumbeat on my Ipod changes – the steady beat gives way to a series of seven slow, solid beats and then a rapid, racing rhythm. We are being called back to “ordinary” reality. Isis, the girl, and I retrace our steps back up through the earth to the edge of the mesa. The sun is high in the sky and every color and shape around us appears to be shimmering.

I breathe my spirit body back into my physical body, and as I do so, Isis kneels by my side and cups her hands to form a circle around my sternum. Then she blows the essence of the four-year-old gently into the center of my chest, a long sustained breath. “Welcome home,” Isis whispers. She is speaking to the four-year-old girl whose eyes are now sparkling with joy. “Welcome home, precious girl,” I say, as I wrap my arms around this younger self, who is now safely home in my heart.

I share this journey with you, not because it is extraordinary, but because it is ordinary. Sometimes there are “fireworks” in the journey experience. More often there is a quiet reverence, similar to walking into a sacred space or gazing into the uncomplicated gaze of a newborn baby.

When I journey with a helping spirit, I acquire, temporarily, different eyes with which to see. Some translate the word “shaman” as “she who sees.” Having seen with new eyes, I return from my journey with a sense of ordinary sadness and relief. This sadness is akin to Carl Jung’s description of “legitimate suffering,” the antidote, he said, to neurosis. The ability to feel pain, to allow it to defrost and flow, often softens the frozen straits of trauma. In reclaiming a cast-off part of myself, I began coming back to life with a renewed connection to both my inner and outer nature.

The Sumerian myth of Inanna, the Egyptian Isis/Osiris myth, the abduction of Persephone into the Underworld, all of these are stories of descent, dismemberment and loss. With every descent into the transformative darkness, there is a chance (though no guarantee) to find treasure. What can be found is an authentic relationship and the union of all the parts of the self, the dark and the light, the masculine and the feminine, the sacred and the profane. An integration of the alienated aspects of one’s self becomes possible.

As the natural wilderness of the external world recedes further from the daily lives of most of us, so does the spirit of our inner nature. The once-flowing waters and wide-open skies of our sacred selves have become strange to us. As the structures of community, government, and family deconstruct we have fewer external touchstones for our identities. Whether we have paid attention, or not, to our internal realities becomes increasingly clear. Our wounds and self-deceptions demand our understanding. It is necessary to bring them into conscious awareness. The chronic depression and anxiety experienced by so many of us are an indication that we are not in good relationship with our own souls.

Emotional crises, in general, lower the threshold between our conscious and unconscious selves. And, if we are both cursed and blessed, the psychological floor beneath us gives way and we go crashing into the lower levels of our repressed emotional material. This encounter with the reality of one’s vulnerabilities and unchecked self-deceptions entails a journey into hidden places. Through the structure of the shamanic journey we can find guidance in our quest for healing. To journey is to volunteer to experience our capacity to suffer. The shaman knows that the door that opens to pain also leads to joy.

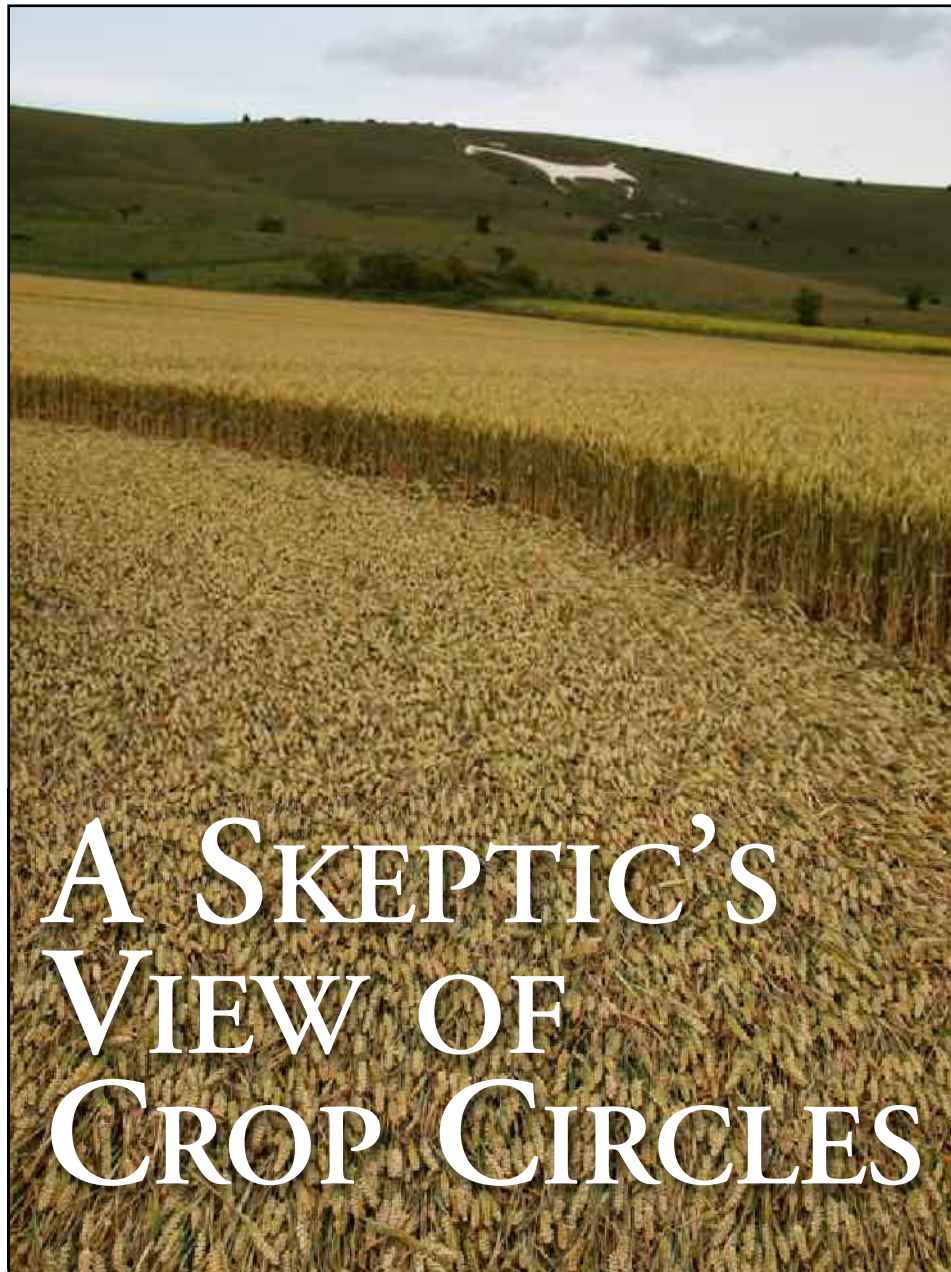
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*Article Artwork “The Grounding Tree” by
Catherine Rose Hutchison
Her work can be viewed at www.boulderhealingtouch.com*



A SKEPTIC'S VIEW OF CROP CIRCLES

Anne Wotring

I am a natural skeptic so when I heard of sophisticated geometric creations of perfectly dissected circles, arcs, and angles using phi, Fibonacci and Mandelbrot ratios, circles that were constructed in football-sized wheat fields sometimes with three new ones turning up on the same morning, I had many, many questions. It did not help that there were people who claimed responsibility for the crop circles but were unwilling to demonstrate how they made them. I just had to see the crop circle phenomenon for myself.

Which is just what I did this summer with my Quantum Consciousness study group known as “The Bookies.” We traveled to Wiltshire, England, home to the majority of the world’s crop circles with fifty-nine this summer at this writing. (Forty-six others were found around the world in America, Canada, Indonesia, Australia, Italy and Russia.) The seven Bookies have studied together for eleven years, exploring many subjects that have included quantum mechanics, cosmology, neurobiology, philosophy, consciousness, and spirituality. We’ve read books by Ken

Wilber, David Bohm, Brian Green, Karl Jung, Peter Senge, Elmer Green, Richard Tarnas, and Matthew Fox, to name but a few. Eleven years adds up to a lot of books!

This year we studied crop circles. We read 2012: *The Return of Quetzacoatl* by Daniel Pinchbeck, followed by *Secrets in the Fields: The Science and Mysticism of Crop Circles* by Freddy Silva and then the beautiful coffee table book, *Crop Circles: Signs, Wonders and Mysteries* by Steve and Karen Alexander. We became so fascinated that we all decided to experience them in person and we put together a nine-day adventure.

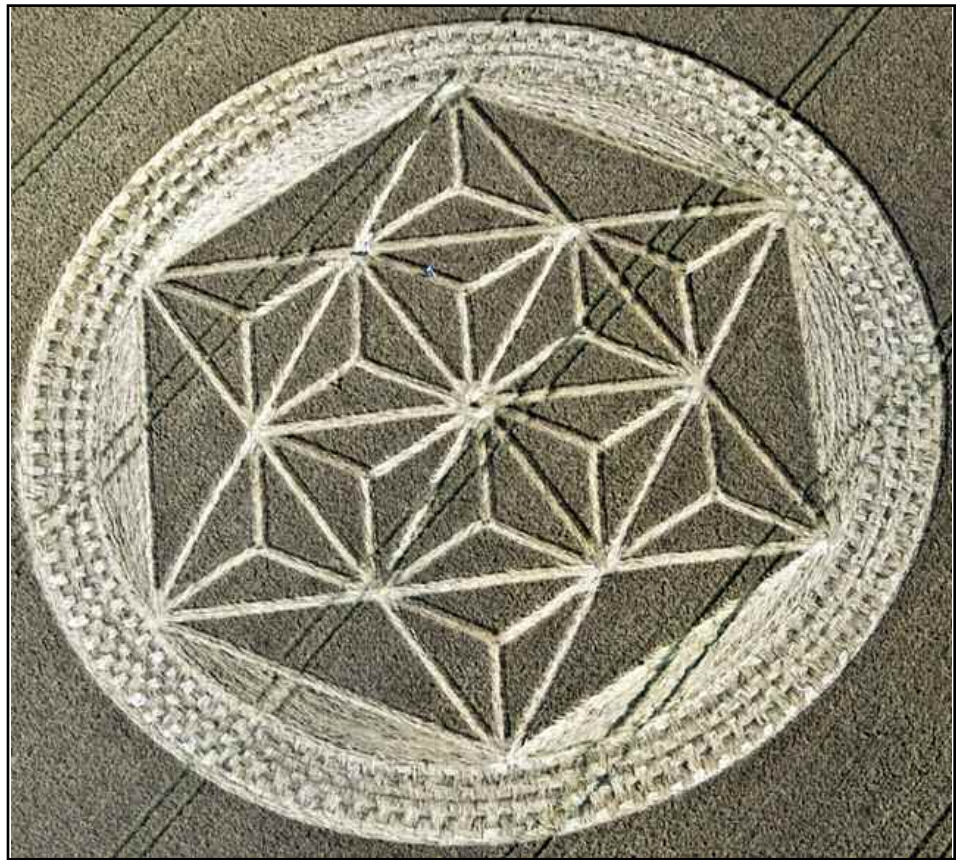
With my skeptical nature I constantly juggle belief and doubt. I’ve had my own very real subtle energy and “paranormal” experiences but some reports about crop circles seem just too strange even for me to trust. I encountered them for the first time in 1982 when I read one of the books published just as crop circles were gaining notoriety in England. Then I visited Avebury and saw the ancient sites found in that part of the world: Stonehenge, Silbury Hill, West Kennett Long Barrow, the Sanctuary, Uffington Chalk Horse as well as smaller burial mounds and tumuli. I love these ancient mystery spots and knew that even if crop circles turned out to be a hoax, that is, man-made, I would still enjoy our fortnight in that glorious countryside.

In the meantime I attended a conference on consciousness where I was delighted and surprised to hear Penny Kelly and dowser David Yarrow talk about crop circles. I also had a chance to experiment with dowsing rods made from coat hangers and to follow energy and water lines that David had discovered on the conference grounds. I came away with a vague plan: to trace the energy of crop circles by entering each one to discern through my wit and senses whether it was or wasn’t of human construction.

We hadn’t expected to experience a crop circle before our second day in

Wiltshire but the very first morning, just as we pulled onto the A303 to go grocery shopping (driving right by Stonehenge!), someone shouted, "Crop circle on the left!!" It sat about the length of two football fields beyond the highway. We pulled off at the closest "lay by" (British for "pull off") and admired its flower-like design visible from our slightly raised position. With a little hesitation by some of us, and none from others, we negotiated the fence, found the most direct tractor line and filed in. We had read the "Crop Circle Etiquette Guide" and knew the basics, mostly common sense. However, we learned later that it's also good to check www.cropcircleconnector.com each day, to see if that particular farmer welcomes visitors. This particular farmer decidedly did not and fortunately for us, we didn't encounter him.

Upon entering the circle, some of us set about deciphering the pattern's geometry, others lay down on the



"I came away with a vague plan: to trace the energy of crop circles by entering each one to discern through my wit and senses whether it was or wasn't of human construction."

flattened stalks, or meandered around barefooted. I knelt to examine the individual wheat stems to see if they were bent or broken. We hadn't talked in advance about what we'd do once we reached a crop circle, so it was interesting to see our different approaches. I had heard that broken stalks indicated human creations and bent ones signified mysterious forces at work. This wheat was decidedly broken.

It was also quite messy, some stalks up, others flattened, many askew. I had understood that non-human-made circles had perfectly and uniformly flattened grain. Also, I didn't feel any unusual energy and I became discouraged about the prospects for our week of adventures. But our next stop at Stonehenge lifted my spirits and I concluded that the ancient mysteries would sustain my trip even if the present-day ones were all hoaxes.

My crop circle experiences improved dramatically as the week unfolded. The next day our guide, Gary King, took us to two crop circles - one that was smooth as glass and in the shape of a complex Celtic knot - regal, elegant, and immaculately groomed (see photo page 14), and the other containing five scarabs, each formed from small intersecting circles and angles arranged inside a large circle. Within the body of each scarab was a Vesica Pisces, a geometric term previously unknown to me but familiar to symbolic and sacred geometers. A geometer is someone who practices "geometry" - from the Greek

"meter," one who measures, and "geo," the earth. The Vesica Pisces symbolizes creation, in which from two elements a third is born. I know it as the simple fish outline that early Christians chose as a symbol for Christ and used to indicate Christian meeting places. Standing in the Vesica Pisces I felt a powerful, peaceful, and compelling energy that made me pause there for a while. I suddenly realized why the early Christians who experienced great peace might have used the Vesica Pisces as their symbol.

Gary offered two significant points that changed my heuristic research approach. First, he told us that visitors' feet naturally break the downed stalks, so the theory I'd adopted about broken stems proved faulty. As a result I began to explore the formations' far edges, but was not able to tell for certain if the stalks were bent or broken. Second, he pointed out that the circle-makers achieve three-dimensional depth by making what appear to be messy clumps and erratic layers. This explained the catawampus flower formation we

discovered on our first day. An aerial view shows that what resembles loosely knitted yarn creates the geometrical flower design. My skeptical mind opened.

Understanding the symbolic and sacred geometrics boosted my enthusiasm further. We were fortunate to have tea with Michael Glickman, a geometer, retired architect and engineering professor, and Gary King's partner. He told us about a number of crop circles and the meaning of their geometry. I was particularly taken with the concept of "Squaring the Circle" that surely would have made my high school geometry class a lot more interesting. If you were lucky enough to have a more innovative teacher than I, you will know that "Squaring the Circle" involves the exact proportion between the earth and moon's circumference and has been known since Pythagoras' time as a symbol for heaven and earth. It challenges even very experienced geometers' ability to construct the square within the circle because the necessary proportion is based on an irrational number (a term I vaguely remember). The squared circle is the form in which Michelangelo placed his famous Vitruvian Man to show heaven and earth in proportion to a human. Michael told us, flashing a mischievous grin, that he stares at aerial photos and computerized diagrams of each new circle, analyzing them until his "forehead bleeds." He certainly gets amazing insights. One can access videos of Michael and Gary discussing many of these on their website (www.cropcirclereporter.com).

On the trip I decided I didn't care who or what makes crop circles. These questions ceased as I experienced, touched, smelled, heard, "felt," and tasted (yes, we chewed wheat kernels which are a wonderful cereal) a total of eight of this summer's masterpieces. I now hold a place of amazement and wonder...and hope that there is indeed some creative force that is beyond our human capacity, an



“The circle-makers achieve three-dimensional depth by making what appear to be messy clumps and erratic layers.”

intelligence that might help us out of our planetary mess.

After my return I learned about the more than 600 hundred American crop circles reported since 1880! Who knew? My sense of wonder has increased. The Wiltshire ones are just the ones with all the publicity. Jeffrey Wilson, Director of the Independent Crop Circles

Researcher's Association (www.iccra.com) explains the rigorous research protocol, one that involves two levels. First, they screen out "hoaxed" crop circles, those that do not pass objective laboratory measurement by demonstrating, for example, extreme heating, blown nodes, and unusually high levels of electromagnetism and radiation. Then, of those that meet the criteria, they

analyze their symbology and geometry. This involves finding alignments between geologic and ancient land formations. Sixty-five percent of the crop circles are located very close to known Native American mounds, landscape formations, earthworks and ancient archaeological sites, just like their English cousins. The percentage is likely to be higher because many ancient sites were destroyed or are still undiscovered. Interestingly, crop circles are also found near power lines, transformer boxes, bodies of water, and on the down-slope or lowest point in the field.

The history of crop circles intrigued me from the beginning. Freddy Silva cites the earliest known written references to them, including 17th century diagrams by Robert Plot, Oxford professor of chemistry and keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, that illustrate his theory of how “Fairy circles,” as they were called then, were formed. Plot depicted a large trumpet emerging from clouds blowing towards earth forming a crop circle, and another trumpet, this with a square-shaped mute inserted in it, creating a larger outer circle surrounding a smaller square. Silva also quotes 16th century John Leyland, a chronicler appointed by Henry VIII, who describes “the origins of the traditional maypole dance patterns: ‘We go out in the early hours and we learn the patterns that appear on grass overnight.’”¹

I also was astonished by magnificent photographs by Steve Alexander and text on symbolic numbers and sacred geometry by Karen Alexander in their coffee table book, *Crop Circles: Signs, Wonders and Mysteries*. Steve’s full color aerial photos of unimaginably complex and elegant crop formations from over 20 years are astonishing. I cannot imagine that human beings could make such perfect shapes in a few hours in the nighttime, each one embedded with complex and sacred geometries.

I’ve had some interesting conversations about crop circles since returning from England. I’ve noticed that people who think that all crop circles are man-made are very emotional and adamant. The strength of their emotion seems quite odd. I’ve come to the conclusion that these people do not tolerate mysteries and cannot entertain wonder. I’m very pleased that I have been able to find the balance between my skepticism and my open and curious mind.

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Anne Wotring, PhD, is a professional development coach. Her practice is called *Dare To Think Fresh Thoughts*. Anne specializes in helping her clients open their minds and increase their capacity for the future of our planet. You can find her at www.annewotring.com.

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