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## Board Members for the C.G.J.S.V.!

Ask what you would like from the Jung Society and how YOU might help bring it about! We need a slate of candidates for the AGM in June for the Board - A President, VP, Treasurer, Secretary, & Programme Chair. We also need volunteers for specific tasks that don't require being on the Board, but do help the Society to run smoothly.

At the March meeting of the Jung society, Peter Gibb opened a discussion about our need for new members to join the Board. The Board members spoke of the enriching experience of being on the Board and the need for community and the active participation of members where they can contribute. We received a positive response and new volunteers who offered to help with the web page and make/serve cookies.

Members who will step off the Board offered to mentor new members who take on new jobs. Mary Barnes, who is stepping down from the Board as Program chairperson will be glad to continue to do posters if other people can help with their distribution. We are putting together a book on 'how to do tasks: the membership List, email distribution, the treasurer, posting posters, advertising and the annual report to the Ministry of Finance and Corporate Registry for Societies.

Please contact Peter Gibb at [secretaryJSV@shaw.ca](mailto:secretaryJSV@shaw.ca) with any contributions toward the running of programs and events, either for events in April, May or June, or for next year. For example do you know of :

- ✓ a place to post a meeting notice?
- ✓ a magazine, newspaper, newsletter, etc. where we might advertise an event? (If you would undertake to place a poster or an advertisement, even better.)
- ✓ do you have ideas of a good place to hold workshops (location, price, comfort)?
- ✓ can you share ideas for speakers?

Drop Peter a note, and a board member will contact you to help make it happen. Ask yourself, is there a task on the board I might like to do to be more active in the Jung Society of Victoria?

The key to getting what you dream is in contributing your own time, energy and ideas. The Board and the Society need you.

### Articles

Board Members!....1
Editorial...2
Essay - Home...3
Poem - Spring Tide...6
Fairy Tale -The Littlest Princess...6
Poem - Summer Straits...7
Poem - Endure...11
What's in a Name:...11
Essay - The Dark Night of the Soul...12
Forthcoming Events...16
Submitting your material...20

## Victoria Jung Society Newsletter Editorial

### Articles

Board Members!....1
Editorial...2
Essay - Home...3
Poem - Spring Tide...6
Fairy Tale -The Littlest Princess...6
Poem - Summer Straits...7
Poem - Endure...11
What's in a Name:...11
Essay - The Dark Night of the Soul...12
Forthcoming Events...16
Submitting your material...20

We are pleased to offer the second edition of the Society newsletter. As you have already noted, the newsletter has finally received a name – “The Mandala”, courtesy of Carol Greenwood. Jung encouraged the “naming of the thing” in working with archetypal and complex material. When we name something, it takes on a clearer and succinct form – it becomes alive. In naming this newsletter, we hope that the same development will occur.

This issue begins with an article by Brigid Molloy about the idea of home(lessness). Synchronicity plays a role in this article as Brigid starts her piece describing the erasing of a Tibetan sand mandala (symbol used in our new name). In the removal of tiny grains of coloured sand, the monks demonstrate the notion of impermanence. Brigid’s focus is on her understanding of the three ages of women – Maiden, Mother and Crone, but from the idea of the impermanence of “home.” It is Brigid’s use of her own lived experience that makes this short essay so important for us all. Ultimately, she shows that it is the “inner home” that has to be addressed in the process of individuation.

Fergus Carrick submitted a series of poems - Spring Tide, Summer Straits and Endure. Deborah Millar’s fairy tale entitled The Littlest Princess shows us how even in the midst of a corrupt home, connections came to made with the Other. Genine Hanns’ essay on a core theme in Analytical Psychology, “The Dark Night of the Soul” describes her own experience of an individuation process.

The Society is extremely fortunate to have a senior training analyst from Zürich visiting Western Canada in September. John Hill will be lecturing and giving workshops in Victoria, Vancouver and Calgary. Our Society has asked John Hill to give a public lecture on the notion of Home, and a workshop on Celtic Myth and Arthurian Romance.

## Home By Brigid Molloy

### Articles

Board Members!....1
Editorial...2
Essay - Home...3
Poem - Spring Tide...6
Fairy Tale -The Littlest Princess...6
Poem - Summer Straits...7
Poem - Endure...11
What's in a Name:...11
Essay - The Dark Night of the Soul...12
Forthcoming Events...16
Submitting your material...20

I stand in the BC Museum and watch the Tibetan monks sweep up the thousands of grains of colored sand. They are destroying the mandala so painstakingly created a few days before. The message of this destruction, they tell us, is the impermanence of all things. I think to myself: "That's the word I need – impermanence". That word just about describes my situation with the issue of home for the first 57 years of my life. For I have been homeless for all of this time. When I say homeless, I mean to say that even though I have always had a roof over my head, I nevertheless lived in what I considered to be somebody else's home.

Reflection on the experiences of home for this paper pointed out to me that my home situations have corresponded to the three ages of woman, namely Maiden, Mother, Crone.

The Maiden stage, characterized by possibilities, by hopes, by waiting to see where life beckons, lasted for 22 years. During that period I lived in the Molloy family home in a small fishing village, named Trepassey, on NL's East Coast. This home first belonged to my grand parents, then to my parents. It was simple and cozy, but in a fishery failure, very poor. Even though I cannot say that I was desperately unhappy there, nothing I saw, heard or felt in that house or in that village would inspire me to look for a mate and create a home of my own. Not even the lure of sex could induce me into replicating my mother's experiment. Being the oldest of seven children had made me far too familiar with that dynamic. Deep inside, I always knew that the day would come when I would leave behind that life, that village, that home.

"Leaving home" or entering the second stage where a woman produces something for the world, brought me to the doors of Presentation Motherhouse in St John's. Here in the Novitiate I would receive instructions on how to live the vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience for the rest of my life. Since we were a teaching order, the secular task was to teach, while the religious tasks were triple: 1) to develop a relationship with God, 2) to keep the 3 vows and 3) to live in community. So while other women my age were creating homes, having babies, raising families, I was immersed in the above-mentioned tasks.

Life in the Convent gave new and weird meaning to the word "home". For then, home became any convent to which I was transferred every 3 years or so. Being transferred so often created a certain unease, a certain instability. To demur or complain was unheard of. God had spoken. Like Tennyson's noble six hundred:

Ours not to reason why  
Ours but to do and die.

## Home (cont.)

### Articles

Board Members!...1

Editorial...2

Essay - Home...3

Poem - Spring Tide...6

Fairy Tale - The Littlest  
Princess...6

Poem - Summer

Straits...7

Poem - Endure...11

What's in a Name:...11

Essay - The Dark Night  
of the Soul...12

Forthcoming Events...16

Submitting your  
material...20

By the time I was 50, I had lived in 10 different so called homes. All these homes were presided over by different women, some of whom were forward-looking, intelligent, and compassionate ; however, others could find themselves at home in at least 10 pages of what was then *The DSM III*. A slice of life!

In between teaching stints came some glorious study stints. When it came to study I was permitted to go where I chose and study whatever I wanted. That part of my life was heaven. I was truly at home, even ecstatic, when I stepped upon a campus for the first time.

Around Silver Jubilee time my inability to reconcile the different parts of my life eventually pushed me to the edge of a severe "midlife crisis." Here I was forced to stop and ask myself: "Will I wait to be pushed in?" or "Will I walk into it myself?" For some sorry truths had unfolded before me:

I lived for teaching and study, the God project with its neat little package had not produced the promised results and worst of all, I hated community life. The older I became the more I detested it. Wall-to-wall togetherness was not part of my being. In essence, I knew I should leave. But one voice said: "You'd better not get into old age and death in this spiritual and psychological condition". Another voice, equally as strong, mocked: "Where are you going to go? It's all you know".

After months of floundering around in anguish a marvelous Synchronicity appeared. I chanced upon a Jungian Analyst, Robert Moore. Under his guidance and with lots of hard work, and puncheons of tears, I had to come to terms with my dishonesty, my false Image of God and my inflated Ego. Liminal space offered me no consolation or compliment. At the conclusion of Analysis I knew full well that I had to leave behind what had purported to be my home for 35 years. That process could fill a book. But I thoroughly understood the lines from Francis Thompson:

I pulled my life upon me ground with smears.  
I stand amid the dust of the mounded years.  
My mangled youth lies dead upon the heap.  
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke.

## Home (cont.)

### Articles

Board Members!....1
Editorial...2
Essay - Home...3
Poem - Spring Tide...6
Fairy Tale -The Littlest Princess...6
Poem - Summer Straits...7
Poem - Endure...11
What's in a Name:...11
Essay - The Dark Night of the Soul...12
Forthcoming Events...16
Submitting your material...20

Far too soon after my departure from Presentation, my 65<sup>th</sup> birthday arrived. Now was the time to move into the third age of woman – the Crone. On that very day, in a profound ritual I was inducted into conscious cronehood.

Stepping into the circle of conscious cronehood meant that I committed myself to several tasks, the most important of which was to live with freedom and integrity out of my own being. The ideas of accepting the deterioration of the body and preparing for death were included in the ritual. As for home, I was reminded that “life is the vale of soul-making” and was enjoined to live where I my soul could grow, and to try to live life as it unfolded before me.

That induction was a very freeing process. I have lived where I chose and have not been slow to move if that home did not totally satisfy me. Since moving to Victoria in 1999, I have moved many times. Many people think I am hard to please, but that's the prerogative of the Conscious Crone... to let people think whatever they like. Since I am thousands of miles away from family and the familiar, I must follow Emily Dickinson's dictum regarding who I allow into my life “to let the soul choose its companions”. Soul friends, not soul mates, are the quest of the Crone.

As for the deterioration of the body, I'm still recovering from 2 broken arms, and I have 3 loose screws roaming around in my elbow prosthesis. In May I was rudely visited by a pulmonary embolism. How deteriorated can one get!

Since I visited this house last summer, Death has made two swipes at me. One would assume it would be polite enough to assail me when I was home. No, it went after me on the streets of Victoria – once on Government Street, and indignity of indignities –once in front of the Revenue Canada Building on Vancouver Street.

But I know death is coming. I am inclined to take my cue from that great guru, Woody Allen; “I'm not afraid of Death. I just don't want to be there when it happens.”

**Spring Tide**  
**By Fergus Carrick**

Articles

Board Members!...1  
Editorial...2  
Essay - Home...3  
Poem - Spring Tide...6  
Fairy Tale - The Littlest  
Princess...6  
Poem - Summer  
Straits...7  
Poem - Endure...11  
What's in a Name:...11  
Essay - The Dark Night  
of the Soul...12  
Forthcoming Events...16  
Submitting your  
material...20

**Moon-drawn water laps my sole, starting me  
to watch it rising up the wall  
as if it means to cross the shore this time  
and overtake us all,  
leavening from the deep to the dark  
in night-hidden, protean dream,  
over toys and times and all we know,  
some opaque new reckless theme.**

**Water-promise swells my silence so  
with sleeping, future fire  
but the eyes of new-moon midnight hide  
its detail from the prier, save  
in the rise resistless of spring tide,  
a latest life in all that's died.**

## **The Littlest Princess** **By Deborah Millar**

### Articles

- Board Members!...1
- Editorial...2
- Essay - Home...3
- Poem - Spring Tide...6
- Fairy Tale - The Littlest Princess...6
- Poem - Summer Straits...7
- Poem - Endure...11
- What's in a Name:...11
- Essay - The Dark Night of the Soul...12
- Forthcoming Events...16
- Submitting your material...20

Once upon a time there was a small kingdom in the land of Ur where the last descendants of an embattled nation still haunted the corridors of a modest castle. They had, so to speak, all the necessities and plenty of room, but somehow they had lost their sense of kingship and lived in the silent bitterness of a last generation of rulers that had no one to rule over but each other.

The King was a fiercely private man, given to reading and esoteric writings. As best he could, he fulfilled the duties of Marriage and Fatherhood. On Sundays he would shut himself in his room to count on his abacus.

The queen was also an enigma. She sat absently on her throne sipping a cup of tea. She didn't care much for royal functions. In fact, neither did the king. So they did not mind that they were all dying off, as this discharged them of any social obligations.

The Prince was the oldest of their three children. He was born a hunch-back, which was a constant embarrassment to the King. There were two princesses, Princess Melody who was the youngest and her much older sister, Princess White, who lived in the role of Middle child.

The littlest princess was a sensitive soul whose disposition wasn't made for the cold, empty spaces of the castle. She would often collect her dolls and animals around her and dream she was a benevolent queen loved by all her subjects. At the end of every day, each one, large and small, was entitled to a kiss.

Many years went by and the Prince went off to war, but returned home, having deserted the life of the battlefield. The king was most displeased and gave the prince a royal thrashing in the stables. This behaviour deeply upset the littlest princess who was only old enough to sense something was terribly wrong, and worried that perhaps in some way, she might be to blame.

Later that same year, the Queen, while dining at the royal dinner table, sat up, grabbed her plate and sent her peas and carrots flying across the room. The littlest princess was shocked by this strange outburst. Obviously, all was not well in the land of Ur. The Prince too, had taken to hiding in unforeseen places in order to jump out and frighten whom he could. This caused the princesses to move with even more trepidation through the cold, vacant castle. One day, he pulled out a chair from underneath Princess White, who fell and cracked her royal coxis.

## Articles

- Board Members!...1
- Editorial...2
- Essay - Home...3
- Poem - Spring Tide...6
- Fairy Tale - The Littlest Princess...6
- Poem - Summer Straits...7
- Poem - Endure...11
- What's in a Name:...11
- Essay - The Dark Night of the Soul...12
- Forthcoming Events...16
- Submitting your material...20

## ***The Littlest Princess (cont.)***

The littlest princess, lost in thought one day, suddenly found herself propelled down two flights of stairs. Despite this, the littlest princess couldn't help feeling sorry for her brother, who after this mischief would limp off down the dark corridors of the castle, cackling to himself. She thought how hard it must be to be so disfigured and out of favor with the king, with no hope of having a kingdom of his own.

As the years went by, many suitors came to ask for the hand of Princess White. There was an endless line of noble men in fancy carriages pulling up in the courtyard. The littlest princess watched all these proceedings out of the study window. One day her sister got in a carriage, drove away and never came back. And so, the littlest Princess was left alone in the castle to be ruled over by the King and Queen. She became subject to prolonged interrogations, room searches and was accused of all manner of evil behavior. One night she fled the castle sobbing as she went, not knowing where she was going. She came upon a small, thatched cottage in a clearing in the forest, whose insides glowed with the warmth of a fire. Over the door was a carefully carved sign saying "Be ye welcome here". A small pathway lined with crocuses and forget-me-nots led up to the door as a thread of smoke curled lazily out of the chimney. Suddenly, the door opened and there stood Mistress Love, gingerly wiping flour off her hands onto her apron. "ello! What's this? All alone in the middle of the night? Better come in then!". The princess shyly walked in, embarrassed by her tear-stained face. What was she crying for? How many times had she been told how lucky she was to live with the King and Queen? But the more she repeated these thoughts to herself, the more their kindness touched her and so she cried all the harder. "ere, 'ere!" said Mistress Love, "Why, she's been crying! Better sit down love and tell us all about it!"

The princess was taken aback by these kind, simple folk who wanted to hear her side of the story. This kind of talk was forbidden at the castle, as it was deemed as insolence. Not knowing quite where to start, the littlest princess poured out her heart as Mistress Love served her a glass of ale and passed her a handkerchief. The littlest princess sipped on the forbidden drink as a secret thrill ran through her.

## *The Littlest Princess (cont.)*

### Articles

Board Members!....1
Editorial...2
Essay - Home...3
Poem - Spring Tide...6
Fairy Tale -The Littlest Princess...6
Poem - Summer Straits...7
Poem - Endure...11
What's in a Name:...11
Essay - The Dark Night of the Soul...12
Forthcoming Events...16
Submitting your material...20

Why hadn't she been told that there were such kind people outside of the castle? She had been strictly instructed not to speak to anyone, and especially not to give out any details of the royal family's goings-on. All this while, Master Love had been sitting quietly by the fire in his rocking chair, puffing pensively on this pipe. When the littlest princess had finished talking, Mistress Love put her hands on her hips and said "Well I think it's bleedin' crime to treat a child that way, and I don't care if they ARE the King and Queen! What do you think Father?"

"Quite right!" replied Master Love between puffs, "Quite right!"

"'Ere" said the mistress, "You should meet my daughter, she's about your age I should imagine. I'll go and call 'er! Rose! Rose! We've got comp'ny!"

There appeared in the kitchen doorway a buxom young girl with a wide generous face that was flushed with health and vigor. She had strawberry hair that curled and fell down to her waist. Rose loved to sing and produced a small harp she had made while tending the sheep. The littlest princess recognized some of the tunes, as they were songs she had heard the servants sing. They sang together in harmony and the littlest princess couldn't remember the last time she had so much fun.

It was getting late and Mistress Love said gently to the princess:

"Let me send up a wee note to the castle to let them know you're alright. You're welcome to spend the night with us!"

The Littlest Princess hung her head. She knew she didn't have the courage to not go back, as the punishment awaiting her was already daunting enough. Mistress Love put her arm around her and said:

"There, there! You'll always be welcome 'ere! It seems my Rose has taken a liking to you!"

"Oh, yes" cried Rose, "and we have ever so many songs we haven't sung yet!"

The littlest princess took each one's hand and said goodbye and made her way back to the castle. As the draw bridge came down she saw the King and Queen waiting for her on the other side, their faces folded in anger and disapproval.

## Articles

- Board Members!...1  
Editorial...2  
Essay - Home...3  
Poem - Spring Tide...6  
Fairy Tale - The Littlest  
Princess...6  
Poem - Summer  
Straits...7  
Poem - Endure...11  
What's in a Name:...11  
Essay - The Dark Night  
of the Soul...12  
Forthcoming Events...16  
Submitting your  
material...20

## *The Littlest Princess (cont.)*

The littlest princess lifted up her chin and walked right past them and into her bed chamber, where she fell exhausted into a deep sleep. She dreamed of gypsies and caravans and of a great ship, its' sails gently swollen by the night breeze as it sailed down a dark shimmering river. The moon above her was full and shed her light upon the waters, leading the way. She was sailing towards the kingdom of Love.

## *Summer Straits By Fergus Carrick*

**One long winged bird flying off the quarter  
keeps company on my world-wide water.  
Wings in solitude are a wonder, I think.  
No bird came here for the thrill of ports  
not had and wanted, with imagining made precious  
until, attracting falsely, they disappointed in receipt.  
So must I hold to water routes, but he is in the air.**

**Perhaps mere summer lured him - a season that  
in this latitude, gets the sea with glassy sleep  
and imposes a calm of such extent I cannot see it all.  
He would have fled near silence from the shouts  
of shoreside quays, to where the sea has stilled its rhyme  
Whose conscience could not cramp in care  
A spirit moving wings in living time  
Where fractioned chatter from the land  
And lack, and want, inform the air.**

## Articles

Board Members!....1
Editorial...2
Essay - Home...3
Poem - Spring Tide...6
Fairy Tale - The Littlest Princess...6
Poem - Summer Straits...7
Poem - Endure...11
What's in a Name:...11
Essay - The Dark Night of the Soul...12
Forthcoming Events...16
Submitting your material...20

## **Endure** **By Fergus Carrick**

Dark storm water falling down far from shore  
self devours into thunder, rushing  
demons to wrestle me at the rudderpost.  
Suddenly they smash the prow, lifting it  
into the screaming night, like one looking up  
and sensing the imminence of the end.

We've come here before, and would come again  
if graced past this night's relentless ruin,  
to bruise against winter's nasty gamble  
piloting purpose through insanity.

Salvation's for the lucky dead. Regret, and yet...  
And yet... perhaps we'll win. Every soul of us once  
as we embarked in the whirlwind  
hugged hopeful dreams of harbour.

## **What's in a name**

In our first edition we asked for suggestions for the newsletter. After careful review, the Board has decided to go with the suggestion by Carol Greenwood of "The Mandala." As mentioned in the Editorial, above, in naming something, we breathe life into it, and hopefully, Carol will have done the same for the newsletter. We did receive very good suggestions for the newsletter and after some discussion amongst the Board, "The Mandala" was chosen. To recognise Carol's suggestion, we have officially named this newsletter. A gift certificate to Munro's Bookstore will be winging its' way to you Carol. Thank you.

## **The Dark Night of the Soul** **By Genine Hanns**

### Articles

Board Members!....1
Editorial...2
Essay - Home...3
Poem - Spring Tide...6
Fairy Tale -The Littlest Princess...6
Poem - Summer
Straits...7
Poem - Endure...11
What's in a Name:...11
Essay - The Dark Night of the Soul...12
Forthcoming Events...16
Submitting your material...20

A term familiar in circles of spirituality is “The Dark Night of the Soul.” This is an experience that challenges our faith in both Spirit and ourselves. It is a deep transformational journey into the core of our inner selves; we die spiritually, then we are reborn. Within this quest, heroes fight fiery dragons and receive wonderful insights to gain a wisdom pearl that will help us on our journey that leads to personal growth and enlightenment. This we endure for our own benefit and for the ultimate benefit of the world.

This experience perfectly fits the archetypal pattern of the hero or heroine warrior so eloquently presented in Joseph Campbell’s The Hero’s Adventure. In Greek mythology, the journey became a “Dark Night” experience for Odysseus, who descended into the underworld and conversed with the shade of his dead mother, Anticlea. He also received Divine Guidance from the Theban seer, Tiresias. Jason, who pursued the Golden Fleece, received help from his dead mother, Polemede, at the shrine of Hera. Persephone’s visit to the underworld came in the form of Hades, who fell in love with her and stole her from Demeter, her mother, but later allowed her to return to earth for eight months of the year. The other four she spent with Hades as his wife because she had eaten of the pomegranate. Demeter’s brave intervention on her daughter’s behalf insured her release. This is the myth for the seasons we have on earth, a lovely metaphor and a splendid example of the heroine warrior archetype.

In the world of today, many of us have deep transformational journeys that occur in our own lives that are very similar to these Greek epic quests. While we are in the throes of it, we do not understand its significance until several years have passed because we are only concerned with the personal agony of the experience now. Journeys such as the death of a loved one or the loss of a partner through separation and divorce are experiences of the “Dark Night.” Some journeys are inevitable; we must take them. We must accept the loss and transform ourselves; rebirth ourselves for a brand new quest. This involves the archetypal journey of the warrior hero or heroine, a journey of courage, commitment, patience, and love for the inner self.

## *The Dark Night of the Soul (cont.)*

### Articles

- Board Members!...1
- Editorial...2
- Essay - Home...3
- Poem - Spring Tide...6
- Fairy Tale - The Littlest Princess...6
- Poem - Summer Straits...7
- Poem - Endure...11
- What's in a Name:...11
- Essay - The Dark Night of the Soul...12
- Forthcoming Events...16
- Submitting your material...20

My own journey, brought on by the transit of Pluto traveling through my birth chart, represented a descent into the dark subconscious of my own psyche. This occurred in order for me to claim riches or buried treasure, and bring it with me into the realm of conscious experience so I could manifest it into my creative reality. At the time, it was a struggle for me between actual life and death and I did not realize the huge impact it would have upon me for my ultimate future as a writer.

The year was 2000 and I was transforming myself as a poet and artist and was about to make my big break in publishing. I was presented with a number of challenges in the form of friendships. I found I could not distinguish whether they were friend or foe. I became confused, was wounded by the jealousy of others, listened to wild rumours, became drained, and unhappy. The communication between my husband and I broke down completely. Our marriage of twenty-two years needed to be upgraded and allowed more freedom for both of us to grow, as marriages often do. I did not make the wisest choices for my own best interests regarding friendships, setting clear boundaries, and how to handle the challenges in my marriage so I went down what I considered to be the wrong path; the wrong journey for my life.

As a result, my husband became frustrated, left me, cut his stepchildren and I out of his life, and cut me off from our friends. As a result, I suffered a severe depression. I could do nothing much with my life except to eat and sleep. This went on for two years. Many times while in the pit of my depression I called out to Spirit to either kill me or cure me. I also called out to my father who had been dead for fourteen years and asked for his help.

Then, I had a revealing dream. I dreamed a man, a stranger, came to me and said: "My noble darling, I am so sorry you have to go through this. I wish I could be there to comfort you. It's almost over. Please, hold on."

## *The Dark Night of the Soul (cont.)*

### Articles

Board Members!....1
Editorial...2
Essay - Home...3
Poem - Spring Tide...6
Fairy Tale - The Littlest Princess...6
Poem - Summer Straits...7
Poem - Endure...11
What's in a Name:...11
Essay - The Dark Night of the Soul...12
Forthcoming Events...16
Submitting your material...20

I thought it was a survival part of myself speaking to me and it was, but I later discovered that the dream was, in fact, prophetic. Like Odysseus, I had a message from the dead. The dead do watch over us like guardian angels and help to lead the way.

A year later I met a man - a beloved catalyst and mentor to me now. This man had the same first name as my father and his exact same birthday. My dead father saw I was going the wrong way, was thinking of ending my life, and so he offered a message to help me. I made the connection immediately and began a close relationship with this man. He was able to support me to make my way out of the underworld onto solid ground once more. I was rewarded for my bravery in transforming myself for a whole new journey. I can see that my life is far better now and more rewarding. I have found new, wonderful friends. All my friendships are deeper, even that of my second ex partner. My life goals are now even more firmly within my grasp.

As a warrior woman, I am telling you this story not to call attention to my own journey, but to tell you that I had what I believed was the worst transitional experience in all history, yet I emerged from it with all my mental faculties intact and my spirit renewed. I do not regret taking the journey, but regret only that I did not make the wisest choice in taking it. Journeys to the underworld are serious transformations; we need to respect them, but we also need to ask of our journeys, are they respecting us? Sometimes they dishonour us. No one wants to suffer years of setback and loss and be saddled with unhealthy addictions; that is not a growing experience. There are some journeys that are better not taken. If we do find ourselves on a journey that is too much suffering for our soul, we can always turn back.

When taking the journey into the core of our spirit, it is important to choose mentors who have an emotional investment in us, and in our own personal growth. Counselors and ministers are wonderful for helping us determine whether the journey will be well worth taking, or whether it is better abandoned. Astrologers and psychics can be useful also. The basic law of life is rebirth. One has only to look outside oneself and see the passing of the seasons. Everything changes; nothing stays the same. The journeys that enlighten you after struggle, that bring no unhealthy addictions, self-blame, blame of others, suffering, judgment, or shame, are the journeys your soul wants to take.

## *The Dark Night of the Soul (cont.)*

### Articles

Board Members!....1
Editorial...2
Essay - Home...3
Poem - Spring Tide...6
Fairy Tale -The Littlest Princess...6
Poem - Summer Straits...7
Poem - Endure...11
What's in a Name:...11
Essay - The Dark Night of the Soul...12
Forthcoming Events...16
Submitting your material...20

When we are to undergo a transformation or change, a part of us will always resist this experience, so we must choose the path of least resistance, the path of the Wise Sage. We must honour the hero or heroine within us, and flow with the experience, as Lao Tzu, the Chinese philosopher, advises. In this knowledge we can then trust our journeys with certainty and know that the outcome will greatly enrich and enhance our own lives and the world around us.

## Forthcoming events

### Articles

Board Members!....1
Editorial...2
Essay - Home...3
Poem - Spring Tide...6
Fairy Tale - The Littlest Princess...6
Poem - Summer Straits...7
Poem - Endure...11
What's in a Name:...11
Essay - The Dark Night of the Soul...12
Forthcoming Events...16
Submitting your material...20

### **FUNDAMENTALS INTENSIVE COURSE IN ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY**

The purpose of this week-end course is to introduce Jungian psychology to interested people. By the end of the week-end you will have a good working knowledge of all of the core concepts of Jungian psychology, be able to address specific questions theoretically (and clinically), and, experience your dreams and the symbols of life in a deeper, richer and more meaningful way. This course will address the needs of the beginner and the professional individual in terms of their existing knowledge.

#### ***The lectures/ group experiences cover the following material:***

Individuation & Model of the Psyche  
Collective Unconscious & Archetypes  
Ego, Shadow, Persona  
Complexes  
Anima / Animus  
Interpretation of Dreams  
Dream Groups

#### **About the Facilitators**

**John Betts** is a Diploma Candidate at the International School of Analytical Psychology, Zürich, and offers Jungian Analysis in his private practice.

**Catherine Ellis** is a Jungian Analyst in private practice. She graduated from the C.G. Jung Institute, Zürich in 1999.

A Course Reader will be provided.

## Forthcoming events - lectures, workshops, gatherings -

### Articles

- Board Members!...1  
Editorial...2  
Essay - Home...3  
Poem - Spring Tide...6  
Fairy Tale - The Littlest  
Princess...6  
Poem - Summer  
Straits...7  
Poem - Endure...11  
What's in a Name:...11  
Essay - The Dark Night  
of the Soul...12  
Forthcoming Events...16  
Submitting your  
material...20

### **FUNDAMENTALS INTENSIVE COURSE IN ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY (cont.)**

**DATES:** Friday 21<sup>st</sup> April – Sunday 23<sup>rd</sup> April

**TIMES:** Friday 7 – 9 p.m.;

Saturday 8:45 a.m. – 5 p.m.;

Sunday 09:00 a.m. – 12:15 a.m.

**EARLY BIRD REGISTRATION** (by 1<sup>st</sup> April): \$180.00 (incl. lunch & coffee/tea)

**REGISTRATION AFTER 1<sup>st</sup> April:** \$210.00

**CONTACT :** (250) 360-2040; [jbetts5@telus.net](mailto:jbetts5@telus.net);

1190A Fort Street, Victoria BC, V8V 3K8 : [www.jungian.ca](http://www.jungian.ca)

### **“Complexes” lecture**

In this lecture we review a common reason why we act out when under stress – we “complex out.” Jung noted that we all have complexes, but what many of us fail to remember is that “complexes have us.” Why do we get upset when someone uses a particular tone with us? Why do we have problems doing our taxes? What makes communication with our spouse so problematic?

**Lecturer:** John Betts

**Venue:** C116 David Strong Building, University of Victoria

**Date:** May 5th

**Time:** 7:30 p.m.

### **“Complexes” workshop**

Do you want to be able to be less prone to getting stuck in a complex? In this day-long workshop we will identify our core complexes in a safe and fun way, then find how to “depotentiate” these structures.

**Facilitator:** John Betts

**Venue:** to be announced

**Date:** May 6<sup>th</sup>

**Time:** 10 a.m. – 3 p.m.

## **Forthcoming events** **- lectures, workshops, gatherings -**

### Articles

Board Members!...	1
Editorial...	2
Essay - Home...	3
Poem - Spring Tide...	6
Fairy Tale - The Littlest Princess...	6
Poem - Summer Straits...	7
Poem - Endure...	11
What's in a Name:...	11
Essay - The Dark Night of the Soul...	12
Forthcoming Events...	16
Submitting your material...	20

### **Homeward Bound: A Work of Translation** **- lecture**

To be at home in the world is an expression of attachment observed in all living beings and the specifically human need to create a world of shared meaningful experiences. The mythic notion of Sacred Space symbolizes an archetypal intention to invest kinship libido in people, animals and objects within the boundaries of a known world. Today many have gained new opportunities of finding home with a diversity of people or communities, yet an analysis of homesickness reveals an archetypal need for enduring attachments rooted in experiences of a world that is familiar, enduring and soulful. Homeward bound is a continual work of translation, a symbolic process that evokes hope, security and continuity so as to survive those transitional processes that allow us to make new worlds our very own. The theme is part of the analytic space and appears in dream and transference.

Lecturer: John Hill

Venue: C116 David Strong Building, University of Victoria

Date: Friday 22<sup>nd</sup> September

Time: 7:30 p.m.

## Articles

Board Members!....1
Editorial...2
Essay - Home...3
Poem - Spring Tide...6
Fairy Tale -The Littlest Princess...6
Poem - Summer
Straits...7
Poem - Endure...11
What's in a Name:...11
Essay - The Dark Night of the Soul...12
Forthcoming Events...16
Submitting your material...20

## **Celtic Myth and Arthurian Romance Reviewing a Cultural Context in a Contemporary Context - Workshop**

This workshop will introduce some of the main themes of Celtic Myth. On the one hand we will trace the development of Celtic motifs in Arthurian Literature, seen as a kind of re-awakening of Europe's Celtic soul, on the other hand trace those same motifs in Irish history, politics and literature. Finally, I hope to review the appearance of Celtic myth in contemporary dreams and poetry.

**Facilitator: John Hill**

**Venue: to be announced**

**Date: Saturday 23<sup>rd</sup> September**

**John Hill**, received his degrees in philosophy at the University of Dublin and the Catholic University of America. He trained at the C.G. Jung Institute, has practiced as a Jungian analyst since 1973 and is a training analyst of ISAP Zurich. His publications include the following subjects: The Association Experiment, Celtic Myth, The Significance of Home, Dreams and Christian Mysticism.

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If you would like to have an announcement of an event you are hosting in this section of the newsletter, please email the details to The Editor at [jbetts5@telus.net](mailto:jbetts5@telus.net). All reasonable attempts will be made to include your event but we cannot guarantee its' inclusion. At this stage there is no charge for advertising in the newsletter.

## **How to submit material to the newsletter**

### Articles

Board Members!....1
Editorial...2
Essay - Home...3
Poem - Spring Tide...6
Fairy Tale - The Littlest Princess...6
Poem - Summer
Straits...7
Poem - Endure...11
What's in a Name:...11
Essay - The Dark Night of the Soul...12
Forthcoming Events...16
Submitting your material...20

Jung emphasised a strong connection between the psyche and the environment, so, in keeping with this approach, we don't want to print the newsletter on paper. Please submit everything through email. Send written material in two ways : in the body of the email text; and, as a MicroSoft Word file attachment. Send images as Adobe Acrobat pdf's.

If you are having any difficulty with the electronic issues of submitting material, please send us an email and we can try to work out the challenge together with you.

### **Finally.....**

Please forward a copy of this newsletter to two other people and ask them (should they like the newsletter) to subscribe. It's free! To subscribe send an email to the Editor with the word "SUBSCRIBE" in the subject line. (jbetts5@telus.net)