



PAGL ASSOCIATES NEWSLETTER

FOR THE STUDY OF METAPSYCHIATRY

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Spring 2011

PAGL Associates Newsletter

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Editorial: *What's Inside ... watchfulness*

As God in movement transforms winter to embrace spring, we conclude our papers about "Transformation," last year's annual PAGL Associates Meeting theme. Now we shift into a season of asking relevant questions for the upcoming 2011 Meeting on Sunday, May 1st. All we have to do is watch the effortlessness of Spirit's seasonal transitions and perhaps learn to unleash a belief in the unreality of fleeting images so we may trust the Love-Intelligence of One Mind who fulfills endless wonders through our lives. ~PAGL is yours, Deborah Sofferman, Editor

Understanding begins with a Question

2011 East Coast PAGL Associates Meeting

This year we celebrate the value of asking questions. Without them, we wouldn't learn anything. But often, we ignore our questions simply because we think we should already know. So, what are your questions? What have you been avoiding? Is there something in Dr. Hora's work that you'd like to understand? What problems or issues in life are on your mind? This meeting is a time to engage in dialogue—to jointly participate in the search for truth.

Please submit your questions to Ruth Robins (robinspagl@aol.com). All questions will remain anonymous and will be used to lead the discussion throughout the day. Everyone is encouraged to participate. With questions, come answers...and learning... and laughter. Come join us!

Sunday, May 1st, 2011

9 am — 3:30 pm

Program starts @ 9:30

House of the Redeemer

7 East 95th Street, NYC

Registration Cost: \$75 (including lunch); \$85 at door.

A limited number of attendee scholarships are available.

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WE CAN NEVER BE GRATEFUL ENOUGH

RUTH R. ROBINS

A year ago, I broke my wrist and a foot bone in a fall on the sidewalk outside my condo. Lying there, I recalled having heard a voiceless voice say, “change your shoes” before rushing out the door. In a hurry to speak to someone on the lawn, I had ignored the message. Seeing the event as the manifestation of thought, I laughed wholeheartedly.

*Hidden invalid thoughts were revealed,
truth received, and transformation happened,
bringing needed change.*

How could this happen to me, a longtime counselor and teacher of Metapsychiatry? Why not? Do I think I’m so special? What will my students think? I could only laugh. What was the meaning of this event? “Pride cometh before a fall,” popped into mind. Hmm. What am I proud of? My health. I was proud to respond to questions on medical forms: No problems, no medications, no this or that, no operations. Well, I sure can’t say this anymore. It was embarrassing and humbling to see I entertained such silly thoughts.

The injuries now called for attention. “Help!” I cried out. Not a soul was in sight. Crawling back to the house, my housekeeper came to my aid and took me to the emergency clinic. This time, filling out the medical form and responding to some of the “futile” questions from the medical staff made me smile. The meaning clearly was pride. There was no cause.

I found myself filled to overflowing with gratitude for the kindness with which I was treated. With my arm in a sling and foot in a boot, followed by wrist surgery and a cast one week later, my life slowed down to a crawl. This provided the opportunity to really pay attention to my thoughts and live for the next seven weeks in the timeless Land of PAGL. Hidden invalid thoughts were revealed, truth received, and transformation happened, bringing needed change.

The principal culprits were pride and ambition. I was proud of practicing Metapsychiatry’s method of healing as an alternative to medical intervention. From nearly 30 years of work with students and myself, I had observed many healings, even dramatic ones, take place. I had a deep appreciation for this brilliant method. I credited God and Dr. Hora. Unrecognized until now, I also credited myself.

I thought I didn’t need the medical profession, that I could heal myself solely with God and this method as had happened for about 20 years. But I’d never broken a bone before. It was embarrassing and humbling to see the meaning of the fall. Concurrently, I had unconsciously become ambitious, wanting Meta’s method of healing to become more well known, involved with too many projects besides my primary work. A student commented that I had said

several times in recent months that I needed to “take a break.” I hadn’t paid attention. Now thought manifested as a break! This time I needed Metapsychiatry and the medical profession, one to redirect thought and one to reconnect the wrist bones.

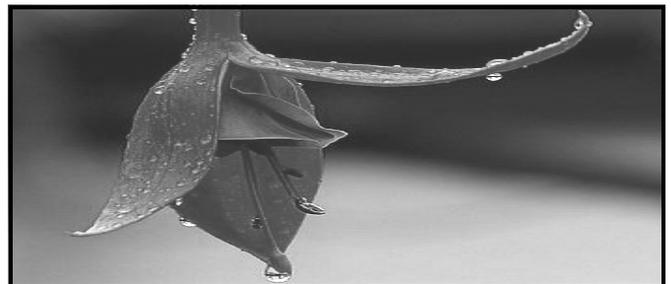
With PAGL in awareness, I proceeded, happy to report healing in both directions. I knew that pride and ambition exist in the dimension of time, not in the timeless Reality, but it was apparent I hadn’t been living in the timeless realm as much as I might like to have thought. Regretting the lack of awareness, not listening or letting God’s good ideas govern my life as much as I would like, I recommitted to live more consciously. There was ample evidence of God’s presence at the hospital. It was quiet. Everything was efficient, effective and effortless. I was inspired to ask the surgeon, anesthesiologist and head nurse to speak to me at the end of the operation, to tell me that the operation had gone well and that I would heal quick—if they were comfortable doing so and

*Gratitude is not only the door to joy,
but the entryway to the Land of PAGL.*

if it was true. Receptive to the idea, they promised to do so. I was filled with gratitude for their loving care and intelligence. The surgeon spoke with me later about adding this to his practice. I was grateful every day during this healing period to be able to work with students as usual on the phone from my home office. It was an incredible blessing.

Being unable to do daily things that require two hands made me infinitely grateful for the many dear souls who seemed to show up at the perfect moment in response to every need—at mealtime, to run an errand, to visit. One neighbor came every morning, unasked, just to cut up an orange for me knowing that I enjoyed it. The meaning of Dr. Hora’s words, “we can never be grateful enough,” expanded hugely. Gratitude is not only the door to joy, but the entryway to the Land of PAGL. Grateful for the learning and healing that took place, I came to see both Metapsychiatry and the medical profession in new ways. All is God. Separation between the two disappeared. The two became One, dissolving the duality personal mind had created. Did I mention that x-rays on the foot a week after the fall showed the bone miraculously healed?

Ruth R. Robins can be reached by Telephone # 860.434.2999, at: Robinspagl.org or through her website, metapsychiatry.org.



THE DOVE

ALL NIGHT LONG SHE STAYED WITH ME.

MARYBETH SCALICE

I knew she came as comforter, as a sign of Spirit with me. I knew she was my Guide and the symbol of protection. A vision of myself appeared through her. I was asleep, and She, the Dove who watches, Who waits, Who keeps vigil through the night lest my mind play naively in a dry creek bed where sudden storms would flood the plain and mad rivers sweep me under. Yes, my mind can be like this; if undisciplined it goes amiss. It wanders off like a playful child that takes no notice of the danger of her idols. She came, I'm sure, to keep me from drowning in midnight dreams of abandonment, a true friend on a lonely evening when I was deeply tired.

It is absurd how such a big bird managed all night on that tiny, really tiny ledge, hovering on a half inch, hugging the glass as if it were the breast of her beloved. It seems miraculous to me that she did not fall, fly off, leave as I came toward. She did not go. She was there when I walked up the stairs in the dark, silently, beautifully present. I turned on the lights startled by her gaze. A little closer to the window, close enough to look in her blue black eyes, I noticed the reflection there of light. She did not budge, but looked at me unruffled, and steady, turning her head slightly to follow my movement.

I did not want to scare her. I whispered...don't go. And dimmed the lights and prepared for bed. She was peaceful and yet, I fell to fearful thoughts. What if she were hurt? This is too unusual, and too much of a feat for such a large dove. And so I approached with my practical perceptions...but then stopped. I did not will to see with the eyes of the world. I did not want to project ego's fears about broken wings, or twisted innards. I wanted her there when I got into my bed. I wanted her as gift and grace. My bed is against the wall under this window, my pillow a shoulder from her wings. I insisted on being vigilant for truth. As I brushed my teeth I prayed, and after I fell to knees bringing us side to side in folded wings.

Abba, Papa, Is this not your Creation come to me this evening...your Spirit looking in on my world? What harm could I ever see in this Beauty of yours? What pain, what injury do you give? No, Father, this one is loved, as I am loved. We are equal in creation. We are safe in You. I See now with Christ's Vision, a reminder of my Power as healer and lover of Life. Yes, I see only the Real, the natural, and the Word that you have sent to bless me. I accept this blessing and bless in return. She is whole and healed and without deprivation. So am I, because You are Creator.

I gently and slowly made my way into the bed...from the opposite side this time, so as not to frighten...but she was not frightened. And I closed my eyes then, thanking God for this gentle wayfarer, this peace pigeon who rested in God with me. Briefly, I mused on Harry Potter, and felt that she, like a wise old owl, had brought a message from across the worlds, from Heaven Itself. *All is well. You are not alone. Spirit is with you. I extended a quiet but firm invitation. Please stay the night, dear Companion. Stay the night, here above my head.*

spread your wings and sing sweet songs to brighten your friend, blue sky.

At precisely 6:00 am I opened my eyes. And precisely in that instant she purred, a little lyrical coo coo...out of a soundless dawn. Her notes inside me reverberated with life. She said, fare well, good bye, namaste. And disappeared; her flight so sudden I could not trail it with my eyes, though I heard the flutter of wings. I wept a second for my loss and also with great gratitude for the purity of our relationship. Returning to my senses, I looked all around and about the windows and ran down the stairs and into the yard. I wanted surety she had not fallen, so quickly had she gone. She had not, but seemed to vanish into the morning breeze.

MaryBeth Scalice, M.A., Ed.D. recently published, The Love of Your Life, Vol. 1, The Jesse and Lily Intimacies. She practices spirituality and psychotherapy.

A GARDEN FOR GOD

(THE METAWAY VERSION OF AN ANONYMOUS POEM)

SUSAN VON REICHENBACH

First, plant 6 rows of peas:

Praise,
Prayer,
Principles,
Purpose,
Practicing the Presence,
And PAGL.

Next, plant 7 rows of squash:

Squash anger and resentments;
Squash fault-finding and criticizing;
Squash "shoulding,"
Squash gossip;
Squash hatred;
Squash judging by appearance and experience;
Squash interaction and self-confirmatory thinking.

Now, plant 8 rows of lettuce:

Let us live and speak Truth.
Let us manifest nonpersonal, nonconditional benevolence.
Let us be compassionate,
Let us listen and obey.
Let us learn "letting be."
Let us refuse "what seems to be" and insist on seeing "what really is."
Let us be here for God.
Let us glow for God!

Last, but not least, let us plant the "hearty" turnip:

Turn up as a presence.
Turn up with open-minded receptivity.
Turn up with inspired wisdom and creative ideas.
Turn up in PAGL and in joy.
Turn up filled to the brim with Love-Intelligence.
Turn up interested in living the enlightened Life.

"I have made you for myself
that you may show forth My glory." (IS 43:21)

May your "garden" reflect God's glory.

www.theMetaWay.com

THE ANATOMY OF AN ILLNESS

SUSAN FISHER

First came the disgust at someone's obvious wanting. Then came the evidence of suffering from my own wanting. Then, the invitation showed up. "I'll just sit here but I promise I won't breathe on you." That was from one side; the other came, "I feel awful, but couldn't stay home."

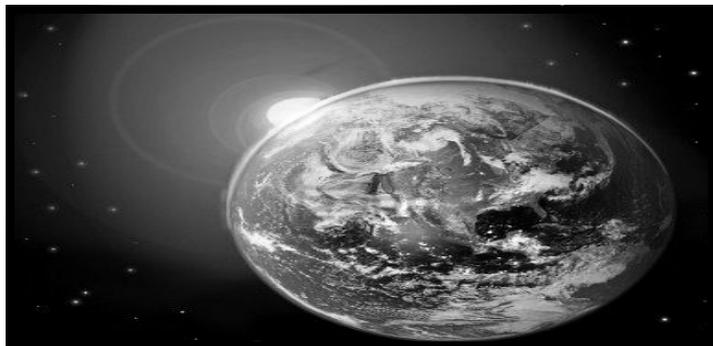
Then the warm and wonderful visit with groceries to a sick friend that will prove I'm a good person and I don't need to worry about germs. However just to be safe, I won't breathe much while I'm there. Then came the seemingly scratchy throat with a few tissues thrown in, but its Monday and Ruth's class, so I'll be fine. How about denial.

*It is really dawning that the human condition
is not where Good comes from.*

Wrong again. Even with some inkling of a chronic meaning. Then all hell broke loose with a real big sore throat, sniffles, headache, ears, the works. "Have you got a fever yet?" ask friends, "You just wait; it'll come after the sore throat goes away." "You'll feel worse tomorrow; my doctor said this is a 2 week bug." Finally, after two sleepless nights my own doctor asked, as he prescribed the antibiotic for the red throat, "Are you coughing? Has it gone into your chest yet?" Looking at my face and hearing my objections, he laughed and apologized. That was the first glimpse of help from above. Needless to say, it didn't go into my chest.

Meanwhile, there are the inevitable self-recriminations. You think you are so holy, tempting God. What's the matter with you? Don't you know the meaning? When are you going to give up on getting what you want? Most surprising, here, is the inability to meditate, too many tissues, too busy drinking tea to alleviate the pain of the throat, total lack of concentration. Eventually, I gave in to admitting the lack of interest, but not without a struggle. I'll read Hora, Tolle, Rubadeau, the Bible, anything, but sleep takes over and then wakefulness again. Then there is the mind and psyche having a field day of self this and that, loathing, pity, distress, restlessness. I even called someone to show myself that I wasn't really out in the cold. In the words of Dr. Hora, "It couldn't hoit." It was funny when I felt worse.

Finally, I ran out of options, patience, and attempts at self-control and began to follow the form of spiritual practice. I sat, closed my eyes, opened my eyes, ruminated, calculated, laughed, cried,



begged, yelled and occasionally saw glimmers of peace. I observed the sneezes, when they came and when they didn't; the nose cleared, and then dripped, the head stopped aching, but oops there it was again, on and off like a faucet.

Somehow, the formerly familiar pattern of this routine of getting sick and then slowly getting better wasn't the same and I began to realize it was "Get with it" or I could be doing this for a long time. "Hope you're taking lots of aspirin," said the friend who was tracking her illness with mine. "I'm sicker than you are but just wait till tomorrow you will..." I sat, with no thinking; mind fasting; recognition, regret and embarrassment at the lack of awareness.

Then, finally, there was the first glimmer, the blast of purple light that signifies to me the beginning of quieting mind. I had to work at this steadily for days before a return to sincere interest and the willingness to look at the meaning. That is when the real work began and which of course continues. Help came from unexpected corners; a kind word from a fellow student, my daughter's loving attentiveness, and, a friend's question that prompted a spiritual response.

PAGL showed up at last and lo and behold, the seeming symptoms gave up the ghost. Am I healed, a bit? Cured mostly, but with more regret of a mode of being that's been a habit long before my awareness of it. Mostly I'm grateful, (a) that it wasn't worse, (b) that the teachings of Metapsychiatry actually work, (c) that life is long and maybe I'll really learn something and (d) that it is really dawning that the human condition is not where Good comes from.

Susan Fisher lives in Connecticut. She teaches parents and children principles and ideas of Metapsychiatry.

MEDITATION ON THE LORD'S PRAYER

Thomas Hora

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.

I cherish the knowledge of God as omniactive Love-Intelligence.

Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth, as it is in heaven.

Heavenly harmony is available here and now to the "shouldless."

Give us this day our daily bread.

The good of God is realized daily as inspired wisdom, peace, assurance, gratitude and love (PAGL).

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

I abandon the error of interaction thinking.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:

God-consciousness is immune to seduction, provocation and Intimidation.

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever.

God-centered living is the only alternative to self-confirmatory ideation.

BECOMING A "BAD" DAD

LOUIS CONSELATORE

At last year's conference, the pressing issue on my mind was my deteriorating relationship with my 13-year-old son. I could not let go of my "shoulds," judgments and expectations. He felt I was overbearing, insensitive and rude, which is exactly how I felt about him. Much to my dismay, my wife would often point out how similar my son and I were. So much for marital bliss!

I told Bruce Kerievsky that I couldn't let go of my "shoulds" regarding my child. I thought if I let go, he might royally screw up his life and that only a bad dad would let his child do as he will. Shouldn't my son spend more time on homework and prepare for tests in subjects that he was failing? Shouldn't he speak respectfully to his parents? Shouldn't he be neat and not make the house messy? Shouldn't he wear long pants outside in frigid temperatures rather than shorts? Shouldn't he stop

*We serve our children maximally
when we see them in their glorious divinity.*

threatening to run away and make his mother cry? Shouldn't he stop "accidentally" kneeling me in my private parts? My preoccupation with these futile questions was not bringing PAGL to either one of us. Yet, I would feel like a bad dad if I let go of these "shoulds" and just let him be. Bruce replied, "Then be a bad dad." I interjected "Isn't that irresponsible? Doesn't society tell us to socialize and train our children? Aren't we the best advisors for our children?" He responded that "we are not even to silently want anything in our consciousness for our children, for even that is a trespass and an attempt to influence."

The idea of "letting it be" seemed like a wonderful rule of thumb for life overall, but it hardly seemed appropriate as a philosophy towards one's children. Isn't it morally right and socially correct to mold and shape our offspring? Perhaps, as parents we bear a totally unnecessary burden, a false sense of responsibility. We try to be beneficent persons instead of beneficial presences. Letting our children create their own painful experiences is incredibly challenging from the valley of parenthood. But from the mountain-top of "spirit-hood," we can see that our children are God's children. Their destiny is as assured as ours. They are free to make as many mistakes as they choose. We all have the right to be wrong. "The road to hell is paved with good intentions," is particularly apt for parents. Mother knows best, father knows best - not! Only God knows what is best and we serve our children maximally when we see them in their glorious divinity. Anything other than that ingrains in them a false sense of self, a voracious thirst for self-confirmation that is never quenched. It leaves God out of the picture and teaches fear, not love, scarcity, not abundance. And so the experiment began. Since my son already ~ *Continued on page 6*

BOOKSTORE NEWS

Celebrating its 15th anniversary this year!

NEW BOOK!

The PAGL Bookstore Announces

The Publication on May 1st of:

ENCOUNTERS WITH WISDOM, BOOK III

Among the chapters are
Overcoming Personhood, Needs vs. Wants,
Selflessness and Political Correctness.

Available through The PAGL Bookstore.
The cost is \$12 plus \$4 for shipping & handling.
CT. residents, please add .72 tax.
Orders outside the U.S., add \$8 (S&H)
Buy The Book At The Meeting!

We are grateful to the following for contributing to the publication of the book: Marilyn Searle, Irene Kubitsky, Benay Buber, Judith Osborne, and others who contributed time and talents to this work.

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seemingly hated me, I decided to become a “bad dad.” I thought less of “what’s a Father to do?” and more of how a father is to be. Most importantly, I became more peaceful, particularly with my son. I was more gentle and spacious. I would listen more and speak less. I gave less advice, tried not to use the word “should” or even think it. Unfortunately, sometimes I would fall back into old patterns. Being a “bad” dad is hard work. It was, however, successful, not

***From the mountaintop of “spirit-hood,”
we can see that our children are God’s children.***

Their destiny is as assured as ours is.

always for a change in his immediate behavior but for a change in my consciousness. I was living life, including its parenting aspect, above the firmament and beyond the “sea of mental garbage,” and this was beneficial to my whole family.

Spiritually speaking, it seems most wise to let him be, to come to know the ramifications of his choices and let life be his teacher. He used to resent me because I was always trying to teach him about everything. Why wouldn’t anyone, let alone my son, want the benefits of my all-encompassing knowledge of every topic imaginable? I knew “teaching parents” created resentful children but I thought this was the most loving thing a father could do in order to increase his child’s odds of success in the world and help him avoid as many mistakes as possible. Yet, worldly success is often existential failure. I have often said that parenting is the ultimate “mind-bleep.” Every ounce of you wants to protect your child from pain, while another part of you knows that painful experiences can lead to spiritual unfoldment. Therefore, I am now a “learning parent” who gets schooled by his child each day.

When he really tries to push my buttons, I jokingly thank him for training me to become a saint. Of course, even this sharing lets him know that he can move me away from my peace and is a mild attempt to influence him, perhaps to take pity on his poor ol’ Dad. If children are extensions of parental consciousness, his actions are a reflection of what needs healing in my own mind. Hence, my spiritual training under his expert tutelage continues.

Enlightened beings can suffer fools gladly, and I need to be such a beholder since my son plays the fool in Oscar-winning fashion. But fools are appearances and our true identity is “hid with Christ in God.” Secure in the knowledge that God’s great blessings are pouring over us at every given moment, when ensconced in the Christ consciousness one can stay joyous and peaceful, even when his child is seemingly hurting himself or wasting his parents time and money. Everything and everyone works to our benefit since we are always moving from good to better on the spiritual path. The victim mentality often sees the world and all the ugly situations that bombard us as something to be avoided at all costs. But the enlightened man knows that everything

and everyone is here for God.” After all, as a divine consciousness, I can suffer no waste or harm or victimhood. “I and my Father are one,” is true for my son and all of us.

When it was first mentioned to me that it would be incredibly beneficial for me to be “unflappable” in regards to my son, I laughed at the preposterousness of that notion and its seeming unavailability to me. However, by the grace of God I have been able to maintain my equanimity and peace in very trying circumstances. My son and I now have an unbelievable relationship most of the time, which is tested whenever any kind of limitation or boundary is placed on him. But I now see less of a need for any of that. He sometimes comes to me and hugs me unexpectedly, which would have been unthinkable last year. We have some wonderful talks and are closer than ever. We just finished a 12-day father-son trip to Florida in a cramped RV and I did not experience a moment where PAGL was absent. Talk about miracles! In the immortal words of Michael Jackson, “*You know I’m bad, I’m bad, I’m really, really, bad.*”

Reverend Louis Conselatore is an Interfaith Minister who helps people become married anywhere in the United States. He may be reached at www.ABeautifulAffairofTheHeart.com or by Telephone # 888.886.6075.

“The master in the ART of living makes little distinction between his work and his play, his labor and his leisure, His mind and his body, His information and his recreation, His love and his religion. He hardly knows which is which. He simply pursues his vision of excellence at whatever he does, leaving others to decide whether He is working or playing. To him he’s always doing both.”

~ James A. Michener



Correction

We regret the omission of several words from the article, QUIET JOY, by Anne Kubitsky (Winter 2011, pg. 2, par. 4). It should have read: “Because of this, I went through a period of dying: my car died, my phone died, my relationships died, and I went through a problem that brought up my most repressed memory—being sexually assaulted when I was fifteen.”

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Your Thoughts Are Welcome

This is your space. You are encouraged and invited to keep the dialogue open, share spiritual healings, offer musings, thoughtfully comment on articles and ask insightful questions. Inform us of ways in which the application of PAGL principles has expanded consciousness in your personal life or current events.

BLESSED OVERLOAD

by Elvira Sisca

I've grown weary
Of "doing",
This and that,
Things.
Of enticing
Stimulating experiences,
Such heavy overload
Of sight, sound
And feeling.
All silly non-essentials
That steal my Peace;
Again, all fear of the void.
"Being" has been lost
To busyness,
To seeming progress,
To invalidity.
To blindness of what is.

So I rush to rise early morn,
To sit by my mountain lake.
Collected in the beauty
Of quiet stillness;
I become what is:
Soaring mountains;
Clouds floating white
In their sea of purple-pink;
The blanket of mist
Hovering low over the water;
The scent of towering pines;
Of wave's whispered laps;
The call of a loon.

Somehow the world stops.
All is effortless Now.
I sense a loving presence
Embracing me
Assuring me
That all this beauty
Is but a tender pointer
To what really is.
I am restored
In joyful gratitude.

IN DR.HORA'S WORDS ...

Dr. Hora: There are individuals who can go among a group of wolves, and they will not be hurt by them—the wolves will just snuggle up to them like pets. And there are individuals who can walk among rattlesnakes, and the snakes will not bite them; and there are individuals who can put their hands into a tiger's mouth, and the tiger will not hurt them. What is their secret? They are not vulnerable to evil because they know something. You see, when we come to know the one Mind, no one can hurt us with "his" mind because we no longer believe in the power of an illusory mind. This understanding allows us to confront such individuals with the utmost assurance. They will have no way of taking advantage of us.

Student: What if we notice that we are being influenced by deviousness?

Dr. Hora: It means that we believe in the reality of such a mind, and as long as there is this belief, there will be vulnerability. Therefore, we cannot say, "I won't believe anymore that wolves can't hurt me." We would be very foolish to say this. To say "I don't believe" means that we believe. We have to know something, to have realized that there is an overriding Reality whose truth replaces our belief or unbelief. We neither believe nor disbelieve—we know something. And it is this knowing that makes us invulnerable to any illusory powers of illusory minds. The problem is the belief: if we can be healed of the belief, then we will see that there is nothing to see.

Student: Isn't there a "meaning" to the experience of separate minds? Isn't it always that we invite friction and conflict?

Dr. Hora: It is not we who are inviting it; it is the universal belief that is inviting it. For example, if we believe that there are vicious minds, then we are going to experience vicious minds.

Student: Let's return to the example that was mentioned earlier where two individuals each wanted to be important and the result was a power struggle. When we realize that we are in a power struggle and we want to be important, we could turn to the thought that God is all important. This idea would ameliorate the power struggle by lifting us out of interpersonal thinking and putting us in contact with the one Mind. It seems that this is a step that would help us.

Dr. Hora: But we need to go beyond even that step and seek to be healed of the belief [in the existence] of many minds. How can we be healed of this belief in many minds? In meditation, as we seek to realize that there is only one Mind, the belief will gradually disappear. There is an old saying, "Seeing is believing." But what we are saying is, "Believing is seeing." When the belief disappears, the seeing disappears—and we will see that there is nothing to see. There are no personal minds, no crooked minds, no vicious minds, no con artists. There is only one Mind, and what we suffer from is the collective belief in the existence of personal minds.

Student: When all these different garbage thoughts come to us, is it because we believe that they are able to gain entry into our consciousness? Should we disbelieve them?

Dr. Hora: Disbelieving is not enough. We have to reach a point where we really know that there is no such thing. Then there is no more believing nor disbelieving—there is seeing that there is nothing to see. When we see that there is nothing to see, then we have realized that what we saw before was just an illusion. We have been healed of the belief, and thereby we become invulnerable. From: Hierarchy of Values, Page 18

PAGL COMMUNITY NEWS AND SUNDRY ITEMS:

Metapsychiatry on TV ~ In The Listening Place's nine part television series "Who am I? & What is the Purpose of My Life," **Nancy Rosanoff interviews Ruth Robins** about the core ideas of Metapsychiatry. If you would like to watch a free clip from the show, read the text of some interviews, or purchase the DVD/VHS series visit: www.metapsychiatry.org. A longtime student of Dr. Hora, **Ruth counsels and teaches Metapsychiatry** in person and by telephone and can be reached at Tel. #860.434.2999.

Diana and Bruce Kerievsky have been hosting a 60 minute **Teleconference** on a **once a month** basis (the first Wednesday evening of each month). Each participant dials in to **join the conference call**. There is a fee of \$15/month. Call: Tel. # 516.829.5027 or email bruce@industriallogic.com.

Two companion books to Metapsychiatry: **Meta Meanings**, which explains the juxtapositional method with examples and **Meta Prayers and Principles**, a pocketbook reference with elucidations. Send \$10.00 each (S&H \$3. USA, \$5. abroad) check or money order to: **Susan von Reichenbach**, P.O. Box 1024, Old Lyme, CT 06371. Tel. # 860.434.8866 or visit: www.metapsychiatry.info. Susan is a **spiritual guide** & teacher of Metapsychiatry, in person or by phone.

Humorous Meta black and white cartoons depicting 11 Principles of Metapsychiatry may be purchased. For 15 cartoons printed on "8X5" cardstock, send: \$20 (S&H \$3 USA, \$5 abroad) to: **Anne Kubitsky**, 317 Boston St., Guilford, CT. 06437 or: aokubitsky@yahoo.com.

Reverend Deborah Sofferman is an ordained Interfaith Minister who **officiates joy inspired Weddings**, Baby Blessings and other **Sacred Life Ceremonies**. For **spiritual guidance** in person or by phone, you may call her at Tel. #860.567.2201 or at: ReverendDeborahS@aol.com. For more information, you may visit her website: ReverendDeb.com.

**Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord,
that I am God.**

~ *Isaiah 43:12*

If you would like to contribute to the discussion, you may submit your letter, poem, photo, illustration or article to:

PAGL Associates Newsletter
Deborah Sofferman
P.O. Box 1525
Litchfield, CT 06759
or: ReverendDeborahS@aol.com

Letters may be edited for length and clarity

The editorial policy regarding contributions of students is to see to it that the article is substantially related to the teaching of Metapsychiatry. The opinions expressed are entirely the responsibility of the writer. Neither the PAGL Foundation nor the PAGL Associates Newsletter Editor endorses them.

WHAT ARE YOUR QUESTIONS?

IS THERE SOMETHING IN DR. HORA'S WORK THAT YOU'DE LIKE TO UNDERSTAND?

(All Questions Will Remain Anonymous)

THE 2011 NEW YORK METAPSYCHIATRY MEETING: Sunday, May 1, 2011 9 AM — 3:30 PM.

For more information and to submit papers, contact Ruth Robins at: RobinsPAGL@aol.com or call her at: Telephone # 860.434.2999.

Monthly PAGL Teleconference ~ **Heather Brodhead** leads a **monthly telephone conference** on the third Wednesday of each month, 6:30 PM Pacific Time, 9:30 PM Eastern Time for 55 minutes. Contact Heather at: hbrodhead@cox.net or: call her at: Tel. # 805.898.9931.

METATATIONS--a new *MetaBook of short contemplations*--direct quotations from the works of Metapsychiatry, written or **spoken by Dr. Hora**, arranged by topic. \$7. (incl. S&H) check or money order. Susan von Reichenbach, P.O. Box 1024, Old Lyme, CT 06371. Tel # 860-434-8866 or: TheMetaWay.com.

The Blessings of Metapsychiatry Videotape of Dr. Hora's legacy to all his students is available for purchase. **To order a 58 min. CD**, \$25. (\$5. S&H). Contact: PAGLBooks@aol.com or Call: Tel. # 860.434.1512.

In her book, **Love and Compassion: Their Application to Healing in Psychoanalytic Psychotherapy & Metapsychiatry**, Christie Rinehart, M.A, contrasts cultural & therapeutic ideas about love, compassion, & wholeness in psychoanalytic psychotherapy & **Metapsychiatry**. She uses comparisons to clarify how qualities of consciousness lead to greater mental & **spiritual healing**. Christie participated in Dr. Hora's NY group as a Research Associate of the Institute of Metapsychiatry. \$16. (incl. S&H). c/o Pacific Inn #136, 5461 W. Torrance Ave., Torrance, CA. 90503. Tel. # 310.540.6261. christierinehart@earthlink.net.

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