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Profound Gratitude

by Rev. Dr. Karen Cosgrove

Gratitude flows through my being
as I experience ever more wisdom and
profound blessings.

I trust that all beings have the capacity to tap
into the love, light, wisdom and Oneness.

At this time in humanity's evolution things
may appear to be falling apart.

Yes, the old is falling away to
make way for the new.

A new era of light and beauty,
peace and grace.

Welcome it in and integrate it into your being.

See it in others and celebrate this time of new
birth, a new world, a sacred formation.

My heart sings with joy and I am profoundly
grateful for this precious gift!

Excerpt from Rev. Dr. Cosgrove's full poem
Profound Gratitude





UB Founders
Rev. Drs. Rick and Jeni Prigmore

WE MISS YOU! *Your UB Family*

When we don't have updated contact information, your mail comes back to the office and we don't know how to reach you.

PLEASE HELP!

If you have moved, if you have changed your phone number, and/or if you have changed your email address please contact the office with your current information:

P.O. Box 670278
Coral Springs, FL 33067
Phone: 954-974-9904
Email: robin.ubm@gmail.com

Universal Brotherhood Movement, Inc.

**Certificate of Incorporation was
filed on August 16, 1976**

"Universal Brotherhood Movement is an active, alive, recognizable spiritual presence in the world.

We LIVE it as ministers to the world in which we live.

Our prayer is that UB will continue to bring together the BEST of each discipline for the betterment of all peoples and animals. Each one of your recognized 'ministries' is a dedicated blessing for all life on earth.

May the intentions in your heart be guided and blessed by that infinite force for Good that prompts you to live the ministry YOU have created and nurtured. May all of life be blessed through your efforts.

*Peace be with you, Every One,
Jeni and Rick Prigmore"*

**You can find Rick and Jeni's article
How Do You Put 40 Years Into Words?
on page 3 in the UB GoodNews
[Summer 40th Anniversary Edition 2016](#)**





AN INSPIRATIONAL MESSAGE UB President Rev. Rosemary Cathcart

Hello and welcome to a combination *UB GoodNews Spring~Summer* edition and a joint message from me. If you're anything like those of us here on the front lines of UB, you've had quite the hectic, exhausting Summer.

It seemed for a while that every time we turned around, there was an immediate need that had to be dealt with. In my personal life, I traveled home to New York to assist my sister after a spinal injury found her leaving her apartment of many years and moving to a nursing home with round the clock care. Saying "good-bye" to her lifetime of treasures was a lesson in life passages for all of us. While there assisting my sister, my beloved Godmother went from vibrant and lively to a Hospice resident in the space of mere days. Her passing into the arms of the Angels was a surprise to many and a heart-wrenching jolt for me. I'm sure, since we are all connected as "children of God," my experiences mirror yours as well; perhaps not specifically, but with the same exhausting energetic intensity.

May we all be allowed to take a collective sigh of relief as we approach the last four months of 2019.

Since my life allowed no time for sharing an Independence Day message, I wanted to combine the spirit of the 4th of July with a Labor Day message as it is such an excellent way of staying in touch with all of you, and a pleasure for me.

This past **4th of July** marked the 243rd birthdate of the United States of America, my country of birth and perhaps yours as well. Whether you are a natural born citizen or one of the millions of naturalized citizens who have helped America thrive on the world stage, the USA is our home. Even though a glance at the news might cause one to feel a bit unsteady, it's in these very times that we must dig deep to find our true connection to our "deep internal body wisdom" that always guides us unerringly forward with grace and power.



In trying times, the wise words of our forefathers can still remain a steadying force as well as the voice of wisdom. In his First Inaugural Address in 1861, **President Abraham Lincoln** said, "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

No doubt we are all eager to connect with "the better angels of our nature," and to help promote that, I encourage direct eye contact with everyone we meet. Since the eyes are indeed

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“the window to the Soul,” let your heart connect openly without reference to skin color, accent or outer attire. As our name implies, we are a universal organization, after all, with our hearts very much open to people of good intent. Hopefully, your 4th of July was noisy, joyful and safe.

Now as we warp speed ahead 60 days, we find ourselves about to enjoy the 132nd celebration of **Labor Day** on Monday, September 2, 2019. First introduced into the New York State legislature on February 21, 1887, it took over 7 years for additional states and the District of Columbia to join in this national day of recognition.

Imagine, if you will, a creation of the labor movement, mobilizing the entire country to pay tribute to the vast contributions of American workers (many of them, just as they are today, born on foreign soil) to “the strength, prosperity, and well-being of our country”?

Although the faces of those workers have changed in the past 100+ years, the blood, sweat, tears and spirit of their contribution has not. Americans, no matter what their cultural heritage, or the color of our skin, or the slant of our eyes, have always been “workers.” It’s that unbeatable combination of idealism, ingenuity, persistence and grit that when combined, create the essence of what it means to be an American. We’re a spunky lot, and I’d like to think that we are still more than capable of fairness and “fair play” in a world that at times now seems too often impersonal, enormously fast-paced and driven by technology.



However fanciful it may seem, Universal Law dictates that we approach life with kindness, openness and eager anticipation of all that’s good. **We can only receive what we expect** and I diligently work at always expecting the highest and the best in every situation. Which is why today as I write this message, I am filled with only gratitude as I acknowledge for Labor Day the many American-made items that fill my home and my office. I don’t just see bricks and wood, but I sense the deep passion and creativity it took to conceptualize and then create these lovely items. I know I am not the only Universal Brotherhood Minister who honors their citizenship and recognizes the ingenuity and talent that comprises our American work force.

In the midst of the three-day holiday, with lots of sales and family outings, please take a moment to pause deliberately and remember the shoulders on which this wonderful country was built and continues to operate. Millions of American workers toil away to give us the best life possible, and I for one am deeply grateful for that every day of the year.

As a quintessential American creation, founded on the principles of good faith and right action for all concerned, Universal Brotherhood Movement, Inc., remains anchored in the best our country has to offer. On behalf of our Founders, Rick and Jeni Prigmore, and the entire Corporate Board, Bless you for your dedicated service to UB and for being a part of the love, healing and growth of our wonderful country. May we, as ministers of God and ministers to mankind, all go forth into the world representing “the better angels of our nature.”

Have an exceptionally Blessed Labor Day celebration, take a well-deserved break and **know you are thought of and loved every moment of every day.**



The Burden of Being a Perfectionist

By Rev. Kelly Graham

If you Google the phrase “perfectionism is the enemy of” — Google has many suggestions for words to end that sentence.

“Perfectionism is the enemy of **good**.”

“Perfectionism is the enemy of **progress**.”

“Perfectionism is the enemy of **creativity**.”

“Perfectionism is the enemy of **profitability**.”

And my personal favorite:

“Perfectionism is the enemy of **everything**.”

And then you can Google “perfectionism leads to” — and the results will be depression, anxiety, avoidance, OCD, and the really big one: procrastination. We perfectionists are not natural procrastinators. We are procrastinators because we want to do it, whatever it is, perfectly.

I’ve mentioned in these pages before that in my very first conversation with our UB President, Rev. Rosemary Cathcart, I received possibly the best advice I have ever heard. She said: “As one Libra to another, give up the search for perfection.”

Ah. That’s solid gold right there, folks. Perfectionism is bogging me down, more and more, as more projects slide onto my plate. Heck, even without more projects!

In my work as an investment advisor, I do a great deal of financial counseling. I have to talk a lot about “adulting.” Being an adult about money is hard for many people, and I find it’s particularly hard for women. So often, we have just not been taught about money. I recently met with a couple and the wife handed me a two-inch-high stack of statements she had not even opened. Anxiety, avoidance, and procrastination. Need I mention she’s a perfectionist?

In my work with clients, since there often are real and immediate needs for results with their finances, my advice is often along the lines of Nike’s slogan: “Just do it!” Just fill out the budget. Just move the accounts so you have more simplicity in your life. Just tell your 40-year-old son who lives in your house that YES he owes you rent. *Just do it.*

Our company’s new fiscal year began July 1, and my new approach to just beating down my perfectionism has begun as well. For example, I had a meeting on a Monday. I never have meetings on Mondays, but that’s when the client could meet, so I broke my “I need Monday to do research!” rule and met with the client.

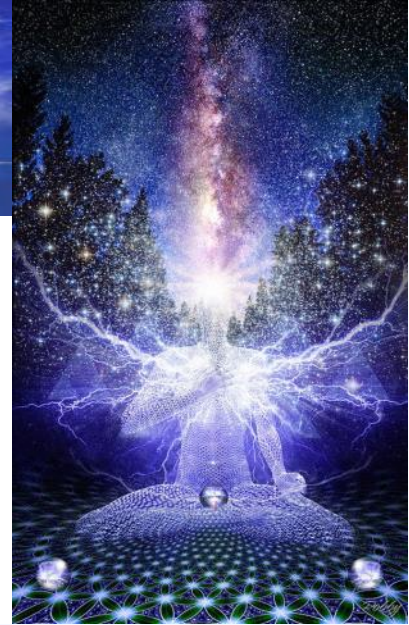
And a client who did not have an appointment called and said she was in the building, could we meet? Normally, my perfectionism would cause me to say no, let’s set an appointment, but instead I met with her. And learned we needed a referral to a real estate attorney, which I immediately found from another attorney rather than doing some *perfect* research to find one. And the attorney was in our same building, and we met with him within 10 minutes. It wasn’t perfect, but it was DONE.

GET IT DONE is my new goal. Even if it’s not “perfect.” Send me good thoughts and good juju on this journey! And join me in JUST DO IT, if you like!

Spiritual Awakening

By Rev. Anne Gillis

When I was in my twenties, I suffered a crisis of identity. I had done everything I could to undo my misery. I realized that I would not be able to **make** my dream of peace and happiness happen, so I surrendered to something, anything, that might bring relief. I didn't know if anything outside my cognition existed, but in a frantic moment of misery, I let go. I stopped. I gave up. Something snapped and a veil lifted. It was as if the sun shone for the first time. My life was illuminated by grace, peace, and a sense of omniscience.



This experience carried me for several years, and even though I experienced mini awakenings, there were two more *emergences* (not emergencies!) that stand out. They occurred in ten-year intervals. The final one came unexpectedly, gently, and easily, in 1997. My tradition was to do something special for my birthday. I eagerly eyed the flyers I'd received from Rosemary Cathcart, our president, to post. Maybe this was my birthday event. I called Rosemary, who organized the event, for advice. Would the 3½ hour drive be fruitful? Rosemary laughed, "Anne, people come from around the world to see Gangaji. Yes, you should come." This short conversation changed the course of my life.

The meeting was called **satsang**. The teacher gives a short talk, followed by a question and answer period. I had never heard of the woman, so when she came to be seated, my mind kicked in. "She's about my age, attractive, well-spoken..." But something else stirred. The movement was quiet, soft, and unknown burdens shifted then lifted. There was a freedom I'd never felt. Her words touched my soul and penetrated my ego. Everything I thought I knew dissolved as my belief systems collapsed. Life was pleasurable. All the stringent standards of spirituality I clung to were gone. There were no words to change, no affirmations to recite, no need to change anything. Life as it was, was the kingdom of heaven.

I returned home to my life and found that with my new-found freedom, most of what I thought was important, was irrelevant to life. It was as if my life had been a militarized zone, and the troops pulled out. I didn't know what to teach. I spent years as a minister, a spiritual teacher, and suddenly I could not identify with the content of my message. I closed my Memphis spiritual center, Connection, and felt guided to move to the Houston area. Eventually I spoke publicly. I always distilled my message to one main point: ***the only time to awaken to our true identities, is now.***

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People loved the message, but I could tell there was something missing. How could there be something missing from the ultimate? I realized that people can't see the ultimate when they are standing in front of a boulder. People can awaken suddenly, as I did, but I had worked ceaselessly for years to remove the boulder from my mind's eye.

Paul woke up on the road to Damascus, but who knows what events occurred before he saw the light. He may have searched for a better way but was stuck in familial expectations and the customs of the land. We will never know, but his story reminds us to keep moving along life's highway, because **waking up, even for the hard-hearted, is possible**. I've seen it happen, especially as people age. There's a realization that smacks them in the face – a realization that changes them deeply. It could come from a near death experience or a moment of inquiry, when they just let go.

What is waking up like? It differs for each person, but we tend to have an inflated sense of what it means. We think if we wake up to the divine, everything will fall into place. We will be smart, we will always be at peace, people will seek out our wisdom, and life will be hunky dory. But this isn't exactly true. The more we wake up to ourselves, the more we recognize the injustices of the world and the more we see our foibles. Here's the slippery part: we develop a benevolent attitude that makes us want to share the news, shout the news. We want to eliminate others' suffering and bring peace to wounded hearts. We want to fix



things. We have the world in its proper place, and we want to shout the message to everyone, but here's something to consider. It may not be best to spread the news when the ink is still wet on our new story lines. This is the time to integrate life's message, because when we wake up, we aren't done yet. Some people say, "Grow up, then wake up." But the converse is also true: we must "Wake up, then grow up."

There doesn't seem to be a rule book for waking up. We arrive at the airport wearing the wrong clothes and going in the opposite direction from our destination, but, through some act of grace, it all works out. We survive. We learn. We wake up. We begin to thrive.

One truth, the one we might miss along the way, is essential; ***No matter where we are on the journey, no matter what life throws at us, no matter what, everything is okay, and when we realize this, we wake up. We may see this for a moment, a week, or a lifetime, but when we know this for sure, that everything is okay, as it is, we are awake. It's that simple.***

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This realization is not glamorous, but it is immediate, and it is within our ability to let go in every moment. Everyone loves an easy philosophy, and that's it: "Everything is okay." When we realize this, then everything can be EZier and EZier.



Rev. Anne Sermons Gillis, who was ordained by Rev. Rosemary Cathcart, is an interfaith UB minister and personal growth coach who lives in The Woodlands, Texas. She advocates for the absolute right to freedom of religion and affirms the truth in all religions, faiths, and spiritual traditions.

Her first awakening was at the age of four and her first sermon was delivered when she was 16. She was the senior minister at Connection Church in Memphis, TN for 13 years and currently speaks to churches and groups about confronting and healing ego driven struggle, stress, and sacrifice. She is often called the Minister of Mirth. She is the founder of the [EZosophy Movement](#). Anne publishes a weekly newsletter that focuses on spiritual growth and evolution. Her five [books](#) are: *Off-beat Prayers for the Modern Mystic*; *EZosophy: The Art and Wisdom of EZ or at Least EZier Living*; *Standing in the Dark*; *Words Make a Difference: Affirmations, Visionary Statements, and Revolutionary Ideas for Transforming Ourselves, Our Culture and Our Planet*; and [The Living Book](#). They are available on Amazon Kindle and on [Anne's website](#).



LOVE

By Rev. Grover Cleveland

THE BEST GIFT WE
CAN GIVE OURSELVES
IS TO OPEN
OUR HEARTS AND
POUR OUT LOVE
TO THE WHOLE WORLD!

BECAUSE THAT LOVE
BEGINS WITHIN US
AND EMBRACES
EVERYONE AND
EVERYTHING
WITH LOVE, LIGHT AND
HEALING!

LOVE TO ALL OF US
EVERYWHERE!
LOVE,
GROVER

*Minister Director Grover Cleveland
resides in Vermont*

Namenth Speaks ~
Channeled through
Minister Director Mary Midge Miller

*Rev. Mary Midge Miller serves as a
Minister Director in Michigan*

Dear Ones:

The higher the frequency we resonate to, the healthier we will become. When we are coping with fear and despair, we eventually become depressed. These emotions are toxic to our body, mind and senses. Our Spirit is a Light body.

The brighter we shine, the stronger the energy. It is our responsibility to learn to function within the density of this planet on a vibration much higher than we are, if we are to live, love and thrive at our highest capacity. Think of “we all” as capacitors; we hold energy and our Creator is like a magneto. We can fire up with love. It’s important to know and understand that we have the power to do this.

Our bodies have suffered because of external toxins and we have become aware of the harm they caused. When we choose to realign ourselves with wholesome thoughts and purposeful acts of kindness, our Light, our Spiritual Light, ignites our immune system and because we feel from the heart, love heals.

It is no wonder that our country and our schools, even our families, are suffering major losses. We have been inundated with psychospiritual pollution, but we have an antidote for this. It is compassionate meditation. We can love ourselves into wellness. As it is said, charity begins at home and home, Dear Ones, is where the heart is. Have a heart and love first. *Eat.Pray.Love* was a great title for a book and a movie. Let’s make it a theme for our life.

***Here are our guides’ thoughts for
self-empowerment.***

Set time aside to meditate and work on the inner self by learning to listen.

Cleanse the mind of “stinking thinking.”

Rehydrate the body.

Sleep heals the mind as well as the body... increase rest.

Personal relaxation replenishes energy.

Eat only healthy foods in moderation.

Create a goal each week to debride and clear out the inner and outer residence (i.e. physical body in and out)

Connect with a friend in need. Grace erases karma.

When you are retired, volunteer. Serving someone is an opportunity for the soul’s evolution.

With any karmic retribution is a frequency that is raised, higher within the spirit. (When you go on your computer look at 528hz. It is a healing frequency and when morning comes you WILL rise and shine.)

In every year that is new, remember better times begin with better people.

Lastly, abstain from the negative by observing the negative diet which contains the elimination of all words such as words that do not heal – *shouldn’t couldn’t wouldn’t death sickness dying*

It’s time to move on in this brave new world by regaining self-empowerment.

Namaste.

The Recall List

By Rev. Mary Ann Barry

(I dedicate this crazy little cathartic poem to Robin, and all my beloved fellow UB ministers of love and peace. Love & Blessings, Rev. Mary Ann)

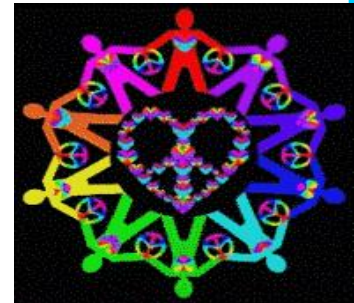
The Recall List...

There is a recall on my prescription, cigarette carcinogens the no longer secret ingredient.

There is a recall of my car's grenade-wannabe air bags.
What's the latest recall on something in the supermarket?
(But, just letting you know, stay away from the chocolate!)

So here is me, taking back my power, with my recall list:

*There is a recall on hate, to be replaced by love
There is a recall on fear, to be replaced by courage
There is a recall on tears, to be replaced by joy
There is a recall on loneliness, to be healed by listening
There is a recall on anger, to be healed by forgiveness
There is a recall on emptiness, to be filled by God!
Amen*



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Snippets of Australia

Minister Director Mesheril Christallene

Note from Rev. Robin: M/D Rev. Mesheril lives in Australia . Every so often she shares her delightful photos with me at the UB office. I hope you enjoy these photos as much as I have!



I grew up on a sheep station of 2000 acres. We never had kangaroos close to the house because of the sheep dogs, but here.... We have both kangaroos & wallabies (small cousin to the Roo) eating our grass just feet from the house; several kinds of beautiful parrots; kookaburras who laugh in the sun each day & sing me to sleep each evening.



I have two families of magpies coming daily for food. They are basically black & white crows but with the most glorious song. The baby of both, who is almost as big as mum and dad. A "single" mum, calls out to me but flies off when I go out with food. Both parents feed the baby which I didn't know. They must have been fed by the original owners of the property because they come very close.

While I was taking the photos I've included, one magpie was behind me when I turned round. They're notorious for attacking when they have babies and my first thought was "she's about to attack." (My ear was pierced by one when I was a teen!) But she just cocked her head to the side curiously considering me, then she followed me until I went inside. I promised to feed her when I moved in and the rest is herstory, as they say..haha.

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Mrs. Magpie enjoying a snack



Kangaroo!



Mrs. Kookaburra is taking too much food from Mrs. Magpie. A bit later I put food out for Maggie but she stayed within a foot of the food. To my surprise the kookaburra swooped in and “stole” some food and flew off again. She flies off if I go out and only comes back once I go inside so this was a big deal that she flew in with me still there.

BOOK NOOK ~ Rev. Carole Louie

The Legacy of the Lei Family Architects Lives On

Rooting for Truth: A Legacy Lives On

“There is something in all of us that thrills to this experience of touching the past. It could be an old letter, a genealogical record, a battlefield, a cemetery, or fragments of an ancient text.” James Tabor.

Those words touched me deeply as I pondered how to share the story that I’d unearthed as I searched for my roots. I had hit many walls when it came to my immediate family, but as they say, “When one door closes, another opened.” In this case, it was the door to the Forbidden City, the world’s largest palace complex, and to Yangshi Lei, the architectural family who played a part in its creation.

In fact, Yangshi Lei designed and built five of China’s UNESCO World Heritage Sites and was recognized by UNESCO in its Memory of the World Register.

As the 400th anniversary of the birth of Lei Fada, the progenitor of Yangshi Lei approaches, I am honored to fulfill a promise I made recently to Lei Zhangbao, the tenth-generation descendant to announce that *The Legacy of the Lei Family Architects Lives On: The Story of Yangshi Lei* is now available on Amazon. (<https://www.amazon.com/dp/099883341X>).

My sincere thanks to my sister Florence Louie Bass, who joined me on the journey in 2018 even though rooting is not her cup of tea; to my aide Liu Hao from *My China Roots* for her assistance with my research including finding Lei Zhangbao and arranging our meeting; to Zhangbao and his family for meeting with a distant cousin from a faraway land; to *Friends of Roots* who helped pave the way in 2016 for this journey; to all of the Louie/Lai clan; and to my ancestors who guided me to share this amazing story.

Carole Louie aka Lei Bao Ling

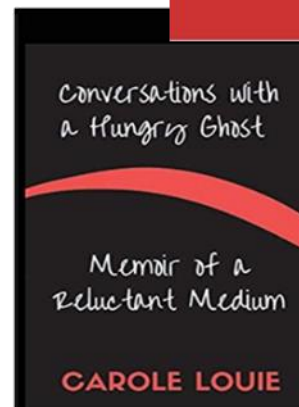
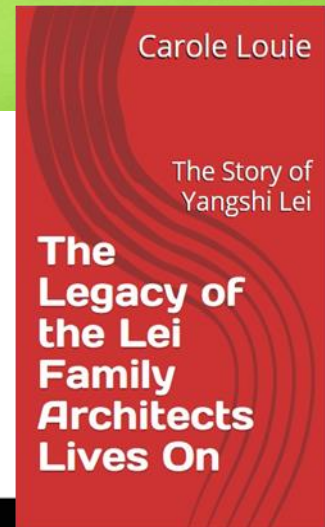


Rev. Carole Louie has been ordained with UB since 1993.

She resides in Virginia.

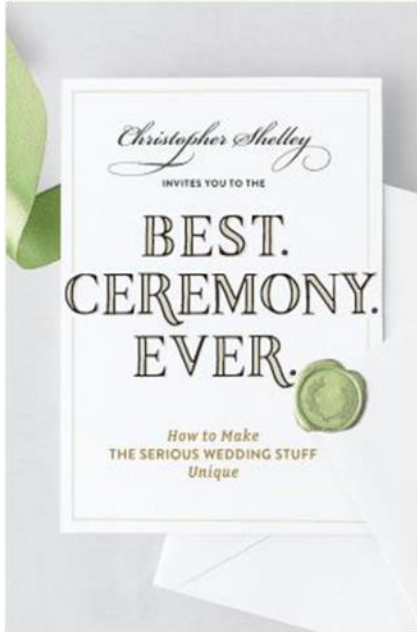
Please connect with Rev. Carole Louie on her blog:

<https://carolelouie.com/>



BOOK NOOK

Best. Ceremony. Ever. By Rev. Christopher Shelley



Best. Ceremony. Ever. by Rev. Christopher Shelley:
part genuine guide, part professional proponent.

When I began writing my book *Best. Ceremony. Ever.* back in 2017, it was just me on my computer fooling around with the idea of a wedding humor book, what was meant to be an encyclopedia of wedding buzzwords, defined in broad, realistic, comedic terms. But then I realized that I knew a whole lot about creating entire wedding ceremonies, and that perhaps the thousands of people who'd witnessed the ceremonies I perform were not merely being polite when they expressed their delight. Perhaps I knew something that could be valuable for other wedding professionals.

I was conflicted about writing a book that could be used to assist amateurs – friends, family members – when they were asked to officiate ceremonies. I've been involved in the effort to educate people about the value that trained officiants and Celebrants bring to weddings. For me, the friend-officiating-the-wedding is my personal nails-on-a-chalkboard. Anyone reading this has probably had to do some client-educating of their own, and you know how exhausting this can be.

Yet I also realized that I would never be able to entirely quell this trend country-wide. Clients from only a few states ever reach out to me. The trend will likely never go away. Budgeting concerns will always plague couples, and since our contribution is less tangible than photographs or videos, our efforts are likely to be valued less for all eternity. So my thinking became more self-serving and survivalist. Hey, why not do what I can to help people have better ceremonies, whether they are professionals or not? As I mention in the book, I'd love to officiate every wedding in every state, that's how much I love officiating, but this is obviously impossible.

Now the book is out, and it's only been since I saw the physical book in my hands that I realized something wonderful: the sheer amount of information in this book could deter amateurs from going through with the exercise of performing a function for which they are wholly unqualified.

I can see the book helping people, for sure, but I can also see it opening peoples' eyes to the

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BOOK NOOK

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fact that officiating a wedding is a more complex task than it initially appears to be.

I hope the book can help all of the good people who sought out legitimate, valuable ordination through this wonderful organization. And until I meet you in person – hey, have a good wedding today!

*Rev. Christopher Shelley
New York, 2019*

Rev. Christopher Shelley has been officiating weddings since 2011. He has a BFA in Acting from Boston University and an MFA in Creative Writing from NYU. He's performed weddings in settings as diverse as the New York Public Library, The Park Plaza, The Roosevelt Hotel, The Brooks Atkinson Theater (Broadway!), Citifield (where the Mets try), Grand Central Station, all over Central Park, on dinner boats and rooftops, in wineries, repurposed warehouses, breweries, mansions, country clubs, hotel suites and one old retired cop's living room in Brooklyn. He has appeared on *The Rachael Ray Show* several times and hosted a memorial for Joan Rivers' dog on the late comedienne's show, *Joan & Melissa: Joan Knows Best*. He has published short fiction in several online magazines and his story 'Tongue Tricks' was nominated for a 2008 Pushcart Prize. It didn't win; he just likes the anecdote. Chris writes and performs wedding ceremonies through his company *Illuminating Ceremonies*. He lives in New York and Cincinnati with his smart wife, King.

Best. Ceremony. Ever. is available via [Amazon](#), [Barnes & Noble](#), [IndieBound](#), [Target](#), lots of places where books are sold.

Joy for No Reason written by: Danna Faulds

Contributed by Rev. Mary Ann Barry

I am filled with quiet

Joy for no reason save

The fact that I'm alive.

The message I receive

Is clear – there's no time

To lose from loving, no

Place but here to offer

Kindness, no day but this

To be my true unfettered

Self and pass the flame

From heart to heart. This

Is the only moment that

Exists – so simple, so

Exquisite, and so real.

By Danna Faulds



SPIRITUAL IMPACT OF TRAUMA

By Rev. Anthousa Helena

A spiritual break is a common outcome of trauma. Trauma separates you from your Self and causes a split. Every human being experiences some sense of separation from Higher Self but with traumatic events the human ego disconnects the logical mind from the compassionate heart in order to survive.

Neurological and physiological patterning, memories and beliefs about traumatic events become interwoven into the foundational identity of ourselves and beliefs about the world. It affects relationships, impacting our ability to trust self or others. It skews the sense of boundaries as well as understanding and valuing our sacred space.

It sets the nervous system on high alert and locks it into survival mode because what you believed about yourself and the world has been shattered. It is a painful existence, with feelings of emptiness, disconnection, aloneness, abandonment, shame, self blame, powerlessness; afraid to be seen, to take up space or have a right to exist, like you don't matter.

Furthermore traumatic memories are handed down from generation to generation through genetic coding and DNA stored on a cellular level. It is a collective problem with deep roots. It is not something that goes away on its own with time. Healing must come through all levels, physical, psycho-emotional, energetic, and spiritual; orchestrated by Divine Grace for our awakening and transformation.

At a very early age I went through physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual abuse. I feel that the biggest injurious effect was a spiritual break; the connection that broke within my spirit. My reality and relationship to God and myself changed and shattered. It caused long standing chaos in my life with much time spent feeling lost, confused, without proper guidance and direction, just plain not really knowing what to do. I was unable to have intimacy or any real connection to self or to others, which reinforced a disconnect with my own Higher Self and Spirit.

In the long run, it was a great gift! I do believe, especially people that have been through trauma, it becomes our greatest gift to give. You may have heard the adage "the greater the wound, the greater the gift," and the greater the ability you have to help others and humanity as a whole.

We presently live in a world of duality. Our brains are physically wired that way as humans. It happens to be a built-in stress mechanism aimed to help us survive. The survival instinct is a powerful innate force within each and everyone of us. It is known as the "fight, flight, or freeze" mode in our autonomic nervous system. When we are stressed, this mechanism kicks into action to keep us alive. When chronically stressed it develops into PTSD (Post Traumatic

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Stress Disorder). You just get into this high level of continual stress that cannot be turned off. This means your nervous system is always vibrating at the most intense level of being on alarm, always overreacting too quickly.

During my internship in graduate school studying psychology, I learned that in the 1950's an endocrinologist, scientist and medical doctor named Dr. Hans Selye had discovered that we actually have a mechanism that creates the illusion of separation.

This mechanism inside our brain is located anatomically in the cranial fourth ventricle in the middle of our head. It actually creates the illusion of separation, and is made up of a complex of structures that store all our fears, belief systems, conditioned habits, traumas, and memories.

Know that we are physically made up this way, all of us. So it's not just what you are personally struggling with, it is the human condition that all of humanity faces on a global scale. In Sufism it is known as *Al-Mujahada*, "The Great Inside War." Then add on abuse to that and it becomes even more of a challenge to overcome.

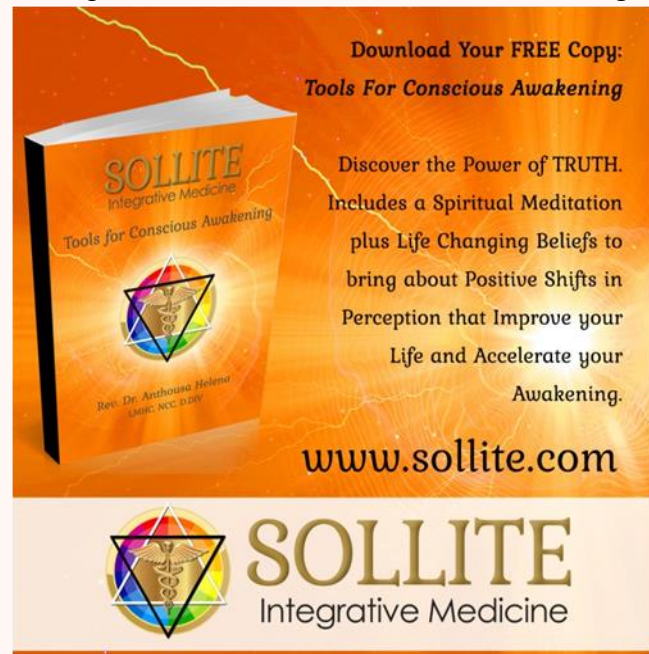
We need to learn how to calm our nervous systems down and respond appropriately instead of overreact. I call that becoming less reactive. I quote in teaching stress resilience three parts: *Know your mind, Train your mind, Free your mind.*

The mission of SOLLITE is to heal the illusion of separation, which is this mechanism causing duality in our brain that is our human makeup. Actually, I feel the illusion of separation is the global illness of humanity. It causes disease, a global epidemic. It's part of the human path, the path of humanity, to heal and become one at peace within our own selves and within the world at large. When we can rise above it back to our Divinity then we can see the world differently. We must view and experience the world from a higher state of consciousness; so we are being in the world but not of it.

Part of mending my spiritual brokenness was with my doctorate dissertation; because my spiritual connection is what really broke in me from abuse. I knew for me the answer was, I needed to connect back to the Truth of who I Am, a Divine Spiritual being, which I strongly feel we all need.

Remember the Truth of Who We Really Are, Divine beings having a human experience. This

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The image shows a promotional graphic for SOLLITE Integrative Medicine. On the left is a 3D rendering of a book titled "SOLLITE Integrative Medicine Tools for Conscious Awakening" by Rev. Dr. Anthousa Helena, LMHC, NCC, D.Ed. The book cover features a colorful Sri Yantra symbol. To the right of the book, text reads: "Download Your FREE Copy: Tools For Conscious Awakening", "Discover the Power of TRUTH. Includes a Spiritual Meditation plus Life Changing Beliefs to bring about Positive Shifts in Perception that Improve your Life and Accelerate your Awakening.", and the website "www.sollite.com". At the bottom is the SOLLITE logo, which consists of the same Sri Yantra symbol and the text "SOLLITE Integrative Medicine".

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was my process in developing SOLLITE Integrative Medicine.

The common denominator I found, besides love of course, is Light. Things can appear outwardly dark at times in the world. It may appear “bad” but only because the dark side has to bubble up and somehow unite to integrate with the light. It is like a bright spotlight shining so the dark areas can no longer find a place to hide anymore. It's got to be seen, so that it can be integrated, so that the Unity can come about.

I developed a professional training based on a series of courses which build upon one another for this ultimate goal. If you would like more detailed information regarding my other professional offerings, including private conscious counseling sessions and Integrative Medicine training programs, go to www.sollite.com.

We must have what I call “Honest Self-Inquiry.” It's when we look inside within ourselves and become familiar with those various inner voices and thoughts, then using discernment on what we choose to listen to. We learn to reconnect to our spirit, and know that our ability to love and be loved is our birthright.

What I'm saying to all of you who are still struggling: there is a special jewel still hidden inside underneath those wounds that is wanting to come forth in service to humanity. You've already survived the worst part, so you can make it through to the other side. Your special jewel within yourself, once awakened, will end up empowering you. It really is worth it to live the life you deserve, a life of beauty from ashes.

Here is a reminder: “Just when the caterpillar thought the world was over, it became a butterfly.” So do the best you can and believe things will change because change is inevitable. “Faith is not believing that God can; it is knowing that He Will.”



Rev. Dr. Anthousa Helena, LMHC, LMT, D. Div., founder of SOLLITE Integrative Medicine, is a national board certified and state licensed mental health counselor and massage therapist with a doctorate in divinity, specializing in spiritual and energy psychology. With 43 years of professional experience, her mission is to heal the illusion of separation by remembering the truth of who we really are; utilizing integrative medicine to bridge the gap between medicine and spirituality.

For more detailed information go to www.sollite.com.
For the “While We Were Silent” book go to amazon.com/author/anthousahelena

Conversation With The Divine

By Rev. Donna Corso



[In part one (UB GoodNews, Summer Edition 2017) of this series, I wrote of my journey from Ohio to Colorado. Part two (UB GoodNews, Summer Edition 2018) of the series covered my magical five years living in Boulder, the foothills to the Rockies. As much as I loved those mountains, the day came where I felt change on my horizon. Sitting in my car in the parking lot of Mile Hi Church in Denver I had a powerful moment of knowing ... knowing it was time for my next journey into "somewhere." Where? I had no clue. That would require a clarity quest.]

In my previous article (*The Power of Energized Prayer*) I wrote about a defining moment in my life when I knew it was time to leave my beloved Colorado, time to venture on. I had thrived during my time in Boulder. Those five magical years would be the most sublime time of my life, filled with so many new experiences. Then, little by little, spirit-nudges told me my time there was coming to an end. Change was in the air. I would soon be moving on...but I had no idea to where. If I've learned one thing in my life though, it's to put my faith in my inner guidance: the still small voice within. It will always guide me to my highest good.



And so bidding friends and clients goodbye for a few weeks, my clarity quest began. With camping gear tucked snugly in Tercy (my little red Toyota Tercel) and a flutter of excitement in my gut, I left Boulder early one morning with only a vague idea of which direction to set my inner compass. I meandered my way southwest and ended up in Joshua Tree, California, where I knew there lived a musician/author named James whom I had met once at a concert he gave. Knowing there was community forming around him at that time, I thought maybe that's where I was to move next.

It would be the beginning of a series of synchronicities that validated I was on the right track. I had camped out under the glorious Milky Way for a couple of nights in Joshua Tree National Park before deciding to drive down into the tiny town of Joshua Tree. Spotting a little health food store, I went in to pick up a few items and asked the clerk if she knew where James lived. She didn't but she told me her friend down road might know. He had a small camping store as well as a place where campers could take a shower, so I made my way there, had a much-welcomed shower, and asked the store owner if he knew where James lived. He said, "My friend Chris knows James. I'll call Chris. He might even take you to James' house."

Chris showed up in about ten minutes and we chatted a while over coffee, then he said he'd be happy to lead me to James' house. Voila! Arriving at the house, I met several folks who were staying there, including a lady named Sharon (who remains my friend to this day). I learned that James would be returning later that day from his international peace concert tour. In the mean-

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time, Sharon and I and another person did some sightseeing, driving out into the Mojave desert to see Giant Rock and stopping at a strangely intriguing dome-like structure called the Integratron which had been built in 1959 by George Van Tassel. Van Tassel had lived with his family in a cave underneath Giant Rock in the desert ... a fascinating story in itself, which I won't go into here!

When we returned to the house, James had just returned home. He welcomed us with his huge smile and bone-crushing bear hug, and after he got settled, he asked if he could share with me a song he had just written for his new album. Known as the "Peace Troubadour," James writes songs based on the scriptures of all major world religions with a focus on bringing peace between cultures. He travels around the world into dangerous war-torn areas and performs his peace concerts. After listening to the song and sharing an evening of conversation, he said I was welcome to "camp out" on his living room floor if I wanted to rather than go back up into the park to find a camp site for the night. I was happy to take advantage of his offer even though I'd miss looking up at the stars.



Though I had been in the area only a few short days, I could sense it was not a climate I wanted to live in. I love mountains, I love trees, I love green, I love cool! The hot dry desert climate was not my thing, so the next morning I left early and continued my quest traveling north through California, making stops along the way in Sequoia, Kings Canyon and Yosemite National Parks, then onto the San Francisco area where I hung out a few days with my son Steve who lived there at the time.

After that I continued towards Mt. Shasta in northern California. I thought maybe I would drive into Mt. Shasta City and hear bells and trumpets in my head and know I had arrived! Ha! Nope. Mt. Shasta is a mysterious potentially-active volcano at the southern end of the Cascade Mountain Range. The views here are awe-inspiring. Yet I felt drawn to keep moving north. So after a couple days in the Mt. Shasta area, I followed I-5 north and crossed over the Oregon border. As I started the descent down from Siskiyou Summit, I spotted beautiful Emigrant Lake nestled into the foothills next to the charming little town of Ashland. It was at this moment I felt that subtle "knowing," that visceral feeling that tells me I'm in the right place: that I'm home. This is where I will live. I now had the clarity I had sought when I began this quest.

After finding my way to Emigrant Lake and securing a campsite on a hill that overlooked the lake and valley, I spent the day exploring my new hometown! Ashland had a population of 19,000 in those days. It's a popular destination for travelers from all over the world who come to experience the Shakespeare Festival which is a repertory theater featuring classic and contemporary plays nearly year-round. I continued my exploration of Oregon for a few more days by camping at Crater Lake (Oregon's only national park), then returned to Boulder to get ready for my move.

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[Before the actual move to Oregon I took time out to drive to Florida to help my sister prepare our mom and dad for their move back to Pennsylvania to be near my sister in their later years. Then I drove up to Pennsylvania as they got settled into their new apartment. Then I drove to Boulder to pack up my life. Then finally drove on to Oregon to start my “next” new life! You may have figured out that I love to drive, yes?]

It was August of 2000 when I finally settled in Ashland. I had already secured a place to stay for the first month or so, and shortly thereafter I found the cozy little apartment that would be my home for 17 years. Time to look for work! I placed a flyer in the local senior center and soon acquired a few caregiving clients. I made friends, found a Unity church to attend, joined a local Toastmasters club, and enjoyed exploring the mountains of Oregon which continuously coaxed me to their magical heights.



There is a special energy in Ashland that entices many artists, musicians and authors to live there. One local author had written a series of books called *Conversations with God* which had become instant New York Times bestsellers. I had read his first book back in Boulder and had even attended his lecture in Boulder Book Store a couple years earlier. It was exciting to know that he actually lived right there in Ashland. His name: Neale Donald Walsch. I discovered the Conversations with God Foundation in town and soon I volunteered there a couple afternoons a week.

One day as I was volunteering at the CWG Foundation I had a call from Neale’s personal assistant asking if I could come up to his house right away. When I arrived, she said, “I’m moving back east and he needs a new personal assistant.” She guided me into Neale’s office where he interviewed me and said if I wanted the job I could start the following week by attending a staff retreat. And that was the beginning.

I could never have imagined that one day I would be working for a bestselling author, and the job had just fallen into my lap! Many doors then began to open for me. As other well-known authors came for meetings or visits with Neale, I frequently was the one to pick them up at the airport and return them, which gave me a few moments of one-on-one time with them. Those were exciting years for all of us.



By that time, James Twyman (the Peace Troubadour) had moved from Joshua Tree to Ashland and became friends with Neale and all of us on staff. When James (aka Jimmy) produced his first film “Indigo” in which Neale had a leading role, I had the fun experience of appearing in a group scene which took place at sunrise high up on Mt. Ashland above the clouds.

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A couple years later, major film producer Stephen Simon moved to Ashland, became friends with Neale, and produced the movie *Conversations with God* which highlights Neale's life. The part of Neale was played by actor Henry Czerny. Lots of us in Ashland were enlisted for a couple of the large group scenes and it was fun to know I was somewhere in that crowded auditorium scene!

I had been ordained as an interfaith minister years before and now was being given occasional opportunities to speak at a local Unity church. Eventually I wrote my own book for which Neale wrote the foreword. It's titled *When the Wind Chimes Chime: Ending the Greatest Fear of All* (more information [here](#)) and deals with letting go of the fear of dying.

My Ashland years were absolutely magical. One summer I traveled to Peru with an American shaman and a group of women for a two-week retreat to visit several sacred sites including Machu Picchu, then took a bus on my own down to Lake Titicaca and hired a private shaman-guide who took me to several more sites that I had dreamed of seeing. A year later I accompanied my friend Carolyn and two others to Spain to walk a 100-mile portion of the Camino de Santiago followed by a few days sightseeing in Barcelona.

So once again, as I look back at my life I sometimes imagine it as a stream flowing through valleys and meadows, cutting through ancient rock, taking twists and turns, this way and that way, being pulled along by some invisible force beyond gravity. I've had a blessed life and I know there's much more to come. Moving from place to place and never really knowing quite where I was going, or why, I've learned that I don't *have* to understand the reasons.

Most folks prefer to know where they are going, to have a reason for going there, and to have a plan for once they get there! That's logical! But I've learned it doesn't work that way for me. I only need to trust, and to know that when I get there, wherever "there" happens to be, life's gonna be great! And it always is.

So. Now I live in North Carolina! How did that happen, you wonder? Well that took another "clarity quest." Guess you'll have to wait 'til next newsletter for Part 4. That's all for now.



Rev. Donna Corso is an author, public speaker, interfaith minister and Dream Builder life coach. She has been personal assistant to Neale Donald Walsch since 2001 and currently lives in North Carolina.

Her websites are <https://donnacorso.dreambuildercoach.com/> and <https://donnacorso.com/>

Tuning In to the God Frequencies of Love, Healing, Empowerment and Enlightenment

By Rev. Irinie Chiu

My mother was born with the abilities of a spiritual medium. I feel very fortunate because I inherited her abilities. I often joke about it — I always noticed “something strange” about me since I was very young.



January 1993 marks the initiation of my spiritual journey for healing when I was diagnosed with Graves' Disease. It is an extreme case of hyperthyroidism; if untreated, it can be fatal. There is no cure yet. The thyroid gland is shaped like a butterfly and is located in the 5th chakra region. We all know that the 5th chakra is about alignment with truth, which includes walking your talk and walking your (inner) truth.

While this medical condition was happening, it propelled me to go inward to search for an inner cure when I was not responding well with the side effects of the medications the endocrinologist prescribed. This specialist gave me only 3 options:

- 1) take medications to control the disease and avoid seafood (which triggers the natural production of thyroxin in the body);
- 2) excision of the entire thyroid gland with invasive surgery, then take synthetic thyroid hormone for the rest of my life to regulate my metabolism; or
- 3) take a single dose of radioactive iodine to permanently stop the functioning of the thyroid gland without invasive surgery, then take synthetic thyroid hormone for the rest of my life to regulate my metabolism.

None of these options really appealed to me, since the side effects of the medications were making me unwell. I really did not want to kill the thyroid gland with radioactive substance which might linger in the body that might have long-term detrimental effects. Nor did I want to go through a surgery to take out the thyroid gland. None of these seemed to offer any healing to me.

Meanwhile, I noticed my clairaudient ability had deepened. I could hear words through my throat, my heart and my ear chakras. I started reading a lot of books on metaphysics and miracle healing, spontaneous healing. I did healing meditations frequently. I read Louise Hay's books, including *You Can Heal Your Life* and *The Power is Within You*. I also read Dr. Wayne Dyer's books to help me expand my understanding on spirituality. I remember Dr. Dyer wrote in his book *You'll See It When You Believe It* that he once had a nodule in his thyroid and he was able to shrink the thyroid back to its original size without medication or any surgical

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procedures. **I held on to that truth.** So I stepped fully into the realms of spirituality to help heal myself. I wanted to find out and understand how to heal our bodies naturally.

I was extremely unhappy in my career of corporate data work. I felt like I was a walking zombie just doing a day job and did not feel in any way fulfilled. So I was constantly looking into developing my spiritual gifts further so I could one day be a professional reader and healing practitioner to help people from all walks of life.

I was constantly reading Louise Hay's website to find self-help resources, and that's when I learned about Dr. Doreen Virtue and her Angel Therapy work.



In 2003, I felt strongly guided to sign up for training at her Angel Therapy Practitioner workshop in Laguna Beach in California, so off I went. It was the year of Harmonic Concordance, I could feel everything was being realigned for the spiritual emergence for people. I was following my heart. During the five day training, I found that almost everyone who was attending the training was already a natural born psychic reader like me.

Dr. Virtue's role was to help us fully embrace

and acknowledge our spiritual gifts. One of my wishes during the workshop was to heal my thyroid and during one of the healing meditations, I felt Archangel Raphael working on me. When I got home from the trip, I felt more at ease.

I was reading *A Course in Miracles* that Christmas 2003 as well as Dr. Eric Pearl's book *The Reconnection: Heal Others, Heal Yourself* and I felt strongly guided to go through training for Dr. Eric Pearl's Reconnective Healing Practitioner. Then I signed up for Dr. Virtue's mediumship mentoring training in Laguna Beach in February 2004. That really helped me embrace my mediumship abilities to do my work professionally. Then I went for the Advanced Angel Therapy Practitioner training in June 2004. That whole year of 2004 was about accepting my spiritual gifts and unfolding them.

Backtrack to Christmas 2003: as I sat reading *A Course in Miracles*, I felt a profound peace inside. I had been diagnosed with Graves' Disease in January 1993, so at the time of Christmas 2003 it had been 10 years I had struggled with the illness, including two relapses. In addition, I was very tired of corporate work, and wanted to start earning an income as a spiritual reader and healing practitioner.

My thyroid gland was not completely healed and there were lingering symptoms of Graves' Disease. The goiter had not increased in size, my hands were shaking less and the metabolic rate seemed to have slowed down dramatically after the angelic healing I experienced at the Angel Therapy Practitioner training in November of 2003.

But the medications were still making me unwell. I was just so tired of being sick in my

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thyroid. I love seafood, but seafood has iodine. Iodine would increase the level of thyroid hormone production, thus increasing the metabolic rate. Because of the overactive thyroid, I had to either limit or eliminate seafood intake so it would not trigger an increase in my metabolic rate.

On the couch holding the book *A Course in Miracles* in my hands during that Christmas of 2003, I said in my heart to God, "I really do not want to do this Graves' Disease any more. I am so tired of the illness. I don't really believe that my entire being is sick. My body might be sick, but my soul, my invisible being cannot be sick. Illness is just a condition of the physical body. I surrender my body and this illness to you and I no longer want to do this thing with the thyroid." It was an ironclad decision I made to not be controlled by Graves' Disease.

With those words said, it's quite funny that my decision to give up the illness so I can freely let go of the symptoms and freely consume seafood was so firm that **I sensed the healing occurred within my whole being. Since December 2003, I have not needed to any medications to treat my thyroid gland.**

Over the next few years, by 2007, my thyroid gland shrank back to its normal size. The associated symptoms of Graves' Disease were



simply gone. Last year my blood work indicated a healthy thyroid. So in the 15 years since I spoke to God about wanting to rid myself of Graves' Disease, I am still alive, without medication or surgery or any radioactive iodine. I am still free of thyroid illness. I am healed. So the impossible is actually possible.

The blessings of the illness brought me into alignment with my truth, helping me to walk my truth and express my truth. **And that involved making the decision of self-healing and coming out of the closet to accept myself and to do my reading work and healing work professionally,** despite the risk of criticisms and society's judgment.

Even though my deceased mother was born with the gift, it was not her destiny to do reading work professionally. Her life's work while she was on earth was to look after her husband (my father) and to help bring up the kids. People of her generation did not openly believe in metaphysics. Spiritual reading work was often regarded as a risky profession and not credible. Even today it is still not a mainstream line of work. In the 1930s it was not openly spoken of, so my mother did not have the chance to explore her gifts and use her gifts professionally.

Still, I had to learn to accept myself and further open my gifts and utilize my gifts to help people in alignment with integrity. My mother could not help me with that. I am the first one on either side of my family to work as a professional reader and healing practitioner. My family did not fully support me in this line of work. However, since it is my life-path to do this work professionally, I just have to walk my truth in alignment with Spirit. I found that we all have to be true to ourselves first, then we can be so much more at ease.

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With self-acceptance and self-encouragement to naturally unfold our lives, we develop deeper empathy and compassion and humility toward others and society, hence the entire world.

The more that I do my professional spiritual work in alignment with Spirit, the more I love doing my work, and the more I feel fulfilled, and the deeper the love, compassion and empathy I have for humanity and the world around us.

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Heart Wisdom

By Rev. Eda Long



Do you have old tapes that keep popping up in your current modern, amazing, super operating systems?

Is it time to just acknowledge them and replace them with great supportive, loving programs that allow you to let go of some of the pressure, anxiety, worry, concern, and time restraints that keep you going instead of being!

Would that allow you a day to sleep in? A time to turn off the electronic umbilical lines, a get away to lower stress levels and a chance to laugh with a dear one or beloved?

Ponder, and as you do, recognize that you are worthy, magnificent, loved and blessed beyond measure.

There is a power and Presence within you that will support you and direct you to a gentler way; with grace and ease when you allow it to!

We are called to slow down long enough to listen, to hear, to feel and to breathe peacefully. EVERY DAY! even if just for 10 minute intervals, every few hours.

Isn't your health and heart worthy of that? Does it not long for it?



Rev. Eda Long is celebrating her 16th year as an ordained UB minister. She happily lives in Texas.



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Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone Numbers:

Home: _____ Work: _____ Cell: _____

Email Address(es): _____

Website(s): _____

Anything else you would like to share? _____
