

Sophia
Creating
a Soul

Wise
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Cover Story: Angels—(and demons, too)

The Science of Man does not approach Angels directly... all the principles given are designed to be provable by direct experience—nothing is stated that cannot be checked out, right here and right now.

So although the idea of Angels has been around from antiquity, it is not something that can necessarily be proven by currently accepted scientific methods. But neither does the Teaching deny Angels... it merely does not state that there is—or isn't—a separate race of beings in Spirit's creation... it leaves it up to you.

"Angel" means messenger, and is also understood to be "intermediary." In this respect, we can readily see an Angelic influence within the Work... the Teaching is the message, it has been brought to each of us by a messenger, and it is received by the intermediary between Spirit and the physical body—Awareness, whose job it is to send accurate "messages" to Spirit. With this in mind, this issue of Sophia, Wise Woman's Journal, will use the Angelic symbolism to describe a Soul—purified, strong Awareness. We will also offer some experiences which cannot be checked out, but which are real nonetheless to the people reporting the events.

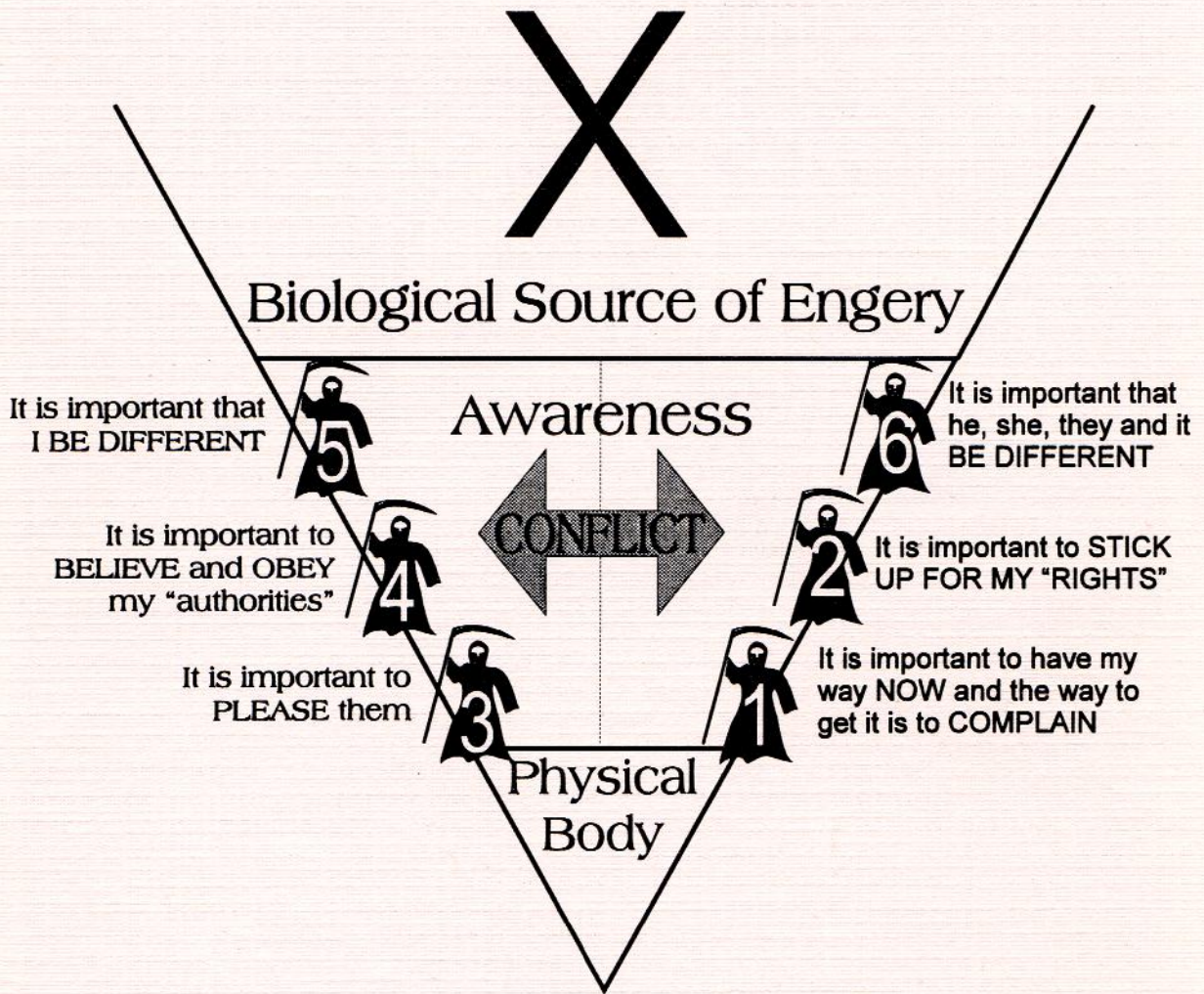


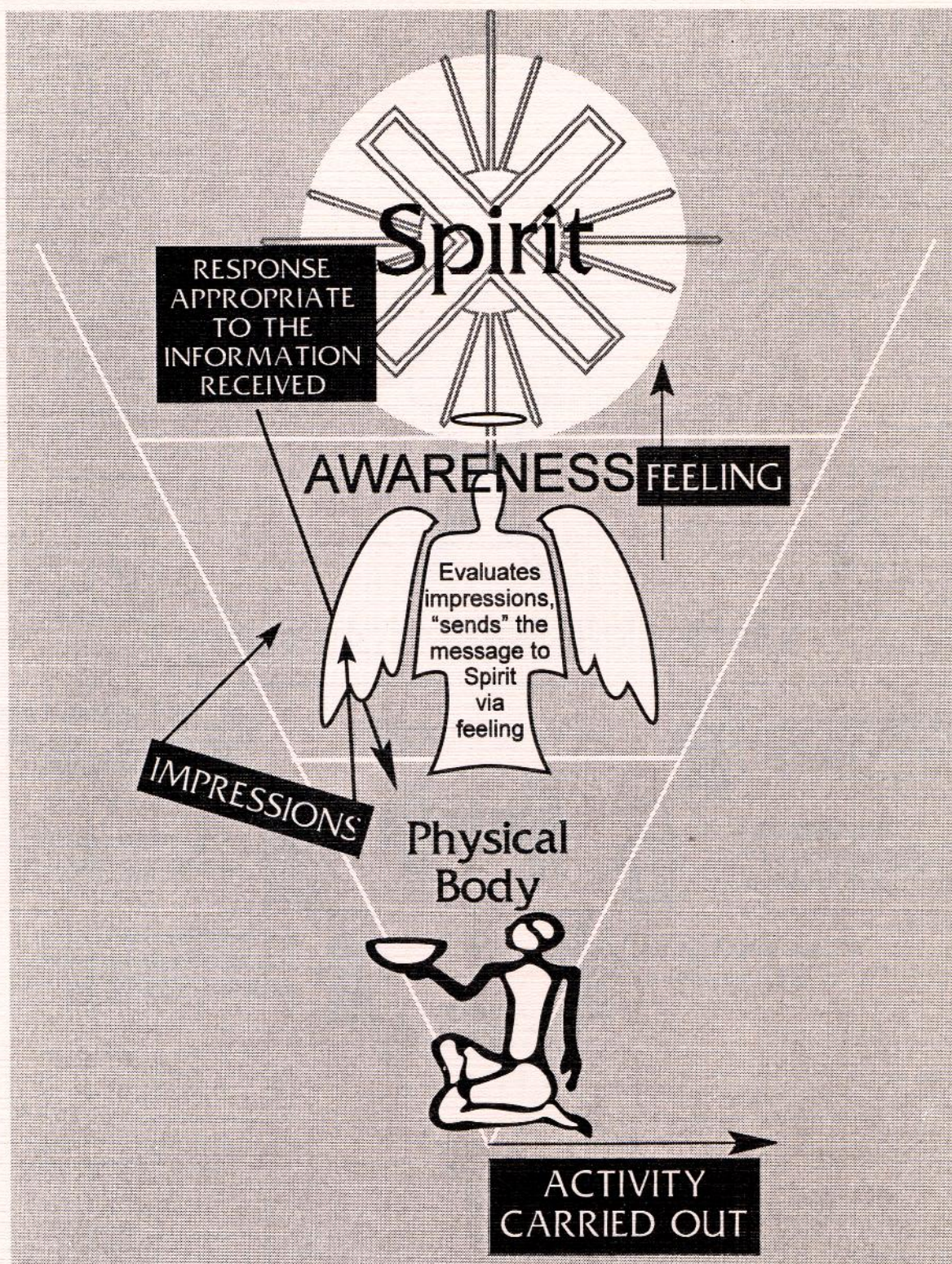
The Awareness function of Spirit arrives here with the Physical Body to the event that is one's Life in the world. Because the arrival is unpleasant, to say the least, the little Awareness decides with feeling that the purpose of living is to regain the previous non-disturbed state. This is an error—she has died to the uterine world of no responsibility and is now in (but not OF) the world of challenge.

But she doesn't like it, and desires only to escape the challenges and to gain the pleasures. She doesn't know she is here to fulfill a creative purpose, but rather acts on the regressive decision to regain non-disturbance.

You could call this little mistaken Awareness a fallen Angel... she was meant to bear the light of Life but mistakenly prefers to fight it or consume it, for gain and escape.

Little demons show up to "help" the fallen Angel in her misguided pursuit. The first is THE COMPLAINER, who makes noise whenever she doesn't get her way. Next is THE DEMANDER who whispers to her that her privileges are really rights and that she should stick up for them. The next little devil to appear conflicts with the first two—THE PLEASER. It tells her that smiling and cooing and eventually being a doormat are good techniques to connive to get her way. Then the stern fourth fiend, THE BELIEVER, shows up and tells her she better believe and do as she is told by "authorities"—which are just older people who she thinks should be responsible for her state. Then the GUILT DEMON materializes and compares her to (Cont.'d P. 5)





¶Picture of Man with Properly Functioning Awareness or "Soul"

Awareness receives impressions from both inner and outer worlds, evaluates them based on the Purpose of Living, communicates or "reports" their value to Spirit via the medium of feeling. Spirit always responds appropriately to the information received; this response is carried out through the physical body. (Rhondell's Science of Man uses the term "X" to represent the Life Force; just as for instance in algebra, it designates that something exists in an equation that cannot be precisely defined—yet. Sophia uses "X" interchange-

man-made standards, always pointing out that she has failed to live up to them; it tells her, too, that her feelings are bad and of no account and she shouldn't have them, or she should at least cover them up by acting differently than she feels. Finally this all becomes too much and she is both glad and angry to hear THE BLAME DEVIL who insists that her misery is everyone and everything else's fault.

The fallen Angel Awareness has seven devils directing the drama of her life—she finds herself in a living hell.

But she is not damned for eternity... eventually a messenger arrives with very Good News: The message is that she can exorcise the demons the moment she pleases just by recognizing them and telling them to get out. They may then scratch at the door a bit, but she need only ignore them.

And the message, indeed, comes from a higher realm, as if delivered by an Angel. She knows she did not dream it up herself, that the Message is a gift given to her, which she cherishes every time she uses it. ⊗

And He created you, then fashioned you, then told the Angels: Fall ye prostrate before Adam! And they fell prostrate, all save Iblis, who was not of those who make prostration.

He said: What hindered Thee that thou did not fall prostrate when I bid thee? [Iblis] said: I am better than he. Thou createdst me of fire, while him Thou didst create of mud.

He said: Then go down hence! It is not for Thee to show pride here, so go forth! Lo! Thou art of Those degraded.

Koran, VII

And there was a battle in heaven; Michael and his angels battled with the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels. And they did not prevail, neither was their place found any more in heaven. And that great dragon was cast down, the ancient serpent, he who is called the devil and Satan, who leads astray the whole world; and he was cast down to the earth and with him his angels were cast down.

Apocalypse [Revelations] 12:7



on who dwell in the shelter of the Most High, who abide in the shadow of the Almighty, say to the Lord: "My refuge and my fortress, my God in whom I trust." For he will deliver you from the snares of the hunters, from the deadly plague. He will protect you with his wings, and you shall take refuge beneath his wings: his faithfulness is a shield and a buckler. You shall not fear the terror of the night nor the flying arrow in the day; the plague that wanders about in the night, nor the calamity that destroys at noon. Though a thousand fall at your side and ten thousand at your right hand, it shall not come near you. But with your eyes you shall observe and see the reward of [those who miss the mark]. For the Lord is your refuge, you have appointed the Most High as your defense. No evil shall approach you, and no plague shall come near your dwelling, for he has given his Angels charge over you, to keep you in all your ways. In their hands shall they bear you up, lest you dash your foot against a stone. You shall tread upon the asp and the viper, you shall trample under foot the lion and the dragon.

Because he clings to me, I will free him; I will protect him because he has known my name. He shall call upon me and I will bear him; I will be with him in tribulation, I will deliver him and honor him. I will fill him with length of days, and I will show him my salvation.

Psalms, Chapter 91 (Chapter 90 in Catholic Bible)

Angel Stories

When I decided to do an issue on Angels, I asked some friends for their own experiences that might be considered Angel Stories:



Bill wanted me to stay home from work the next day and go hunting with him that night. I couldn't miss work, I declined. He called some friends, no one could play with him, he was furious and then absolutely enraged. Suddenly he knocked me to the floor. I was stunned... and it got worse. He kicked me in the ribs, he stomped my belly, he bent down and swung at me, he stepped on my arms and legs; mostly he just kept kicking my torso, it was a living nightmare. He had pushed me down the stairs a few times, but never had he actually beaten me. I was terrified, I knew he was going to kill me. Then he stopped, but the worst was yet to come... he yelled that he would show me, he would get his gun. He stomped down the stairs toward the car. I was frozen, I knew I would end my life at age 20 right there on the living room floor, this was the end. The door swung open—I hadn't heard his heavy footsteps return—and there stood my friend Betty. "I just knew something was wrong, so I came over." Bill walked in and the spell was broken... he would not commit mayhem in front of witnesses, God forbid that anyone knew what he was really like. He stood silently by as Betty helped me up and escorted me past him, down the stairs, and off into the night, to the safety of her home. Yes, I have seen an Angel, and she saved my life. ~Leah



The pain was familiar and it was excruciating. I have had this pain occasionally over the years and am not afraid of it. It has been the opportunity to Work, to be free to experience, and it has catapulted me to great heights when I have had the strength to Work with it. But this night it was more intense and more unrelenting than ever. Of course I could not sleep, and just lay there, alternately Working to disidentify from it and Working to freely experience it. And then I would rest—it IS Work! Around three a.m. I dozed slightly. I was in that state of exhaustion where real sleep is not possible but there is a sort of twilight zone where you are aware you are not fully awake. I sort of dreamed I was driving a car careening up a mountain-side, round and round, higher and higher, dangerous but okay, because I was in charge. My mother was in the back seat. The dream lasted maybe a minute and the throbbing brought me fully awake. Then I noticed that "someone" was sitting on the couch... "Oh, she's still here," I thought, meaning my mother. But as I tried to focus I realized there wasn't "really" anyone there on the couch... but there WAS. A dark figure, with a black veil covering it's—her?—face. I don't think I had ever had a "vision" in my life, I certainly was not prone to them, or to flights of fancy, and I had always thought my imagination was firmly planted in reality. But there was no mistaking that there was someone in black sitting on my couch. Ethereal, not tangible, exactly—but there for certain. Even this bizarre phenomenon did not distract me from the pain which bore down on me without let-up. I thought, maybe I am going to die... this pain may be more serious than I thought. I said to the figure, "Are you the Angel of Death? If so, you may come here. I am not afraid." It did not stir. It sat there on the couch, head slightly

bent, hands in its lap. I repeated my invitation. When pain like this consumes you and you are not afraid, it is easy to let go... if this were my time, I was ready. But the dark presence did not stir. I looked away, I went back to my Work, alternately accepting and disidentifying, to the throbbing tempo of pain. A few minutes later I glanced over and she... I could tell that now, it was "she"... was still there. I realized that somehow she was intimately connected with the pain. She was there, separate, yet she was the pain, and she was me, and she had something to do with my Work. I lay there a few more hours, and she did not leave. Somehow I found some comfort in her presence, though I can't exactly explain it. She was sort of the Angel of Pain, and she was helping me. I let her be. At dawn the pain was gone and so was she, but to this day I wonder if I could have made it through that long dark night without her. ~Chris



The love of my life had betrayed me. The details aren't important, and not really even interesting. Probably everyone is betrayed at one time or another, and knows this particular pain intimately. But at the moment I discovered his betrayal—when he told me he had changed his mind, that he no longer wanted me—I was utterly dazed... not catatonic, exactly, because I was shaking like a leaf. But it felt as though the earth had dropped from under my feet, that my breath would never return, that death would be a welcome comfort from the knife plunged into my heart. I somehow managed to return to my little room overlooking the sea. I paced and shook and cried and paced... yes I even tore at my hair. I was more distraught than I'd ever been in my life, I was overcome. I could not bear it. I screamed a silent prayer, "Help me with this!" Suddenly a calm and loving peace overtook me, it came to me, yet it came from within me. I have never had a prayer answered in so dramatic a fashion. I sat down, dried my tears with my sleeve, I began to breath rhythmically. I ached in every fiber of my being, but I knew I was okay. I sat in a mist of comfort, as though smothered in an Angel's lap, with her wings enfolding me, and everything was going to be all right. I saw no presence, but I felt it. Love filled the room and love comforted me. Betrayal was, after all, something I could—and would—endure. And I did, thanks surely to some kind of Angelic power. ~Mary



I was 18 when I left the terror of my mother's house. But occasionally on Sundays I would return to visit my little brothers and sisters. These visits were supervised by her psychotic presence, but worth it just the same, to see the little ones. It was about thirty miles from her house to my apartment, and I had to take two busses over two hours to get home. I would stay until about nine when the kids went to bed, and walk a mile to catch the first bus. This was in the neighborhood and not particularly frightening, though there were no street lights or sidewalks. This bus left me off at the depot downtown which was in the middle of Skid Row and I had to walk six blocks to the second bus... past bars and strip joints, past leering men and around passed-out drunks and other unsavories. If it were past eleven, too late for the first bus, my mother would sometimes drop me off at the depot, she didn't want to go the extra seven miles, or even the six blocks. This might have been scary, but wasn't. I knew somehow that I was protected. I walked tall and sure, and felt protected. No one ever spoke to me or stared at me or bothered me at all. I walked with confidence, knowing somehow—I don't know how—that I was protected. It was as though I had an invisible wall around me, which miraculously made me invisible to all. I have been afraid, certainly, before and since, and there is no way I would chance such a journey today. But then there was no other way, and it was okay. Did an Angel walk with me? I don't know, I never saw one. But I KNEW that I was all right, and I

was; that I was completely protected. With each step I repeated my appreciation for whatever lovingkindness sheltered me from harm's way. ~Annie



On the way into the gas station I noticed a black plate on a black truck, "Show Me State." I paid for the gas, and returning to my car was stopped by the driver of the truck. "Can I talk to you? I'm new in town and don't know my way around." I looked at him... neat and clean, about 40, with a beard. But his words did not sound right... what an old line, I thought, and glanced down to see my purse open. I hugged it close to my body, thinking that to zip it up right then would be too obvious. I stood there and he asked directions to Santa Monica Blvd. As I was telling him, I realized that he already knew the way... he was "helping" me describe the route. Why is this man talking to me? Maybe he is trying to pick me up? But as I rattled on, turn there, go there, etc., I sensed that he could not "see" me... he definitely was not trying to pick me up, he couldn't even see me! Then in every sense of the word I "felt" a twelve-inch lead wall between the man and me. It was tangible in every respect except that I could not see it. I could feel it, perceive it with all senses but physical sight, although in my mind's eye it was plain as could be—six feet tall, one foot thick, lead. "Why is this wall here? This man is a threat, but he cannot touch me, there is an impenetrable barrier between us and I am saved from some horror, I know. Who put the wall up? I didn't. But it IS here." I was so shaken that I got in my car and drove off without even paying for the gas... I noticed a few miles down the road when I looked at the "Empty" gauge. I don't know where the protection came from but I am certain that it was there. Ten dollars worth of unpumped gas seems like a very small price to pay for a very good lesson... don't automatically trust strangers. There all kinds of forces "out there"—some sinister, and some obviously not merely benign, but downright Angelic. ~Sarah



When we hear the word or see a picture, we often see a beautiful, heavenly messenger with wings. Angel books adorn shelves in bookstores today; and many of us have artwork or glass or stone sculptures of these friends in our homes. I'd like to tell you about the Angels who have visited me today. This morning two Angels entered our home. Their names are Amanda and Christopher. Amanda is our caregiver and Christopher is her son, also a special friend of our son, Matthew. After a sleepless night because Matthew was sick, I so appreciated their presence. It was a gift for Matthew to be with his friend and a gift for me because I could go to the market and pharmacy knowing Matthew was with people (Angels) who loved him. I'd like to introduce you to another Angel, his name is Matthew. I'm sitting in his room as he finally sleeps. I often call him Angel Boy. He is an Angel to me. One of the greatest gifts God has ever given my family. He is almost six years old and is always delivering messages that catch my attention and keep me awake. For example, driving to school I asked him what he was going to do in class. He responded, "I won't know until I do it." I could only smile and say thank you. On the floor by my feet rests another Angel, Pepe. He is my sister's dog who is staying with us for the day. Wherever I am, Pepe is. Today he is the Angel of Company. Nat is out of town and with Matthew adapting, this furry Angel is a wonderful companion. Another Angel I visited with on the phone today is Matthew's Godfather, Bob. He guided me on medications for Matthew and asked me to tell his godson he'd be working with him with all his might! Bob is a guardian Angel here on earth! So dear friends, while the mass appeal of Angels is towards the invisible messengers, please don't forget the visible Angels here with you right here and now. ~Robin

The Four Dual Basic Urges

I came across this picture in a book of Botticelli paintings and was immediately taken with it. The legend beneath the picture went on about how no one knows for sure just what it represents—perhaps Venus and Mars, or some royalty of the period. There has been a debate for centuries as to its meaning.

Did I laugh! It is so obvious, when one has been given the message. It is sleeping Spirit, distracted Awareness, and four little Dual Basic Urges speaking to Spirit in His sleep while Awareness stares off into space. And nothing happens, just two dull would-be-lovers, not loving, not doing much of anything, while four little imps make noise. And Spirit looks none too healthy in the color version.

If you have a chance to view a larger version than the little one here, you would find that if you took a straight-edge to determine Awareness' gaze, it is not looking at Spirit but past Him. The imps, you can see, are only half-human, they are little goats with cherub faces—sub-human, for sure, yet appealing at first glance, until you notice their beastly nature. The horn is not being used properly... rather than making a glad sound which would definitely awaken the sleeper and raise the tone.

The Four Dual Basic Urges are not necessarily bad or wrong... they are, though, merely part of the landscape here. They are not the purpose of living and they are not to be used as the only medium of communication between Awareness and Spirit. Her job is to shoo them away and speak directly to her lover, to see to it that the little demons do not speak for her. ⊗

THE FOUR DUAL BASIC URGES (The 4DBUs)

LEVEL	GAIN	ESCAPE
PHYSICAL	Comfort, Pleasure	Pain, Discomfort
MENTAL	Attention	Being ignored, rejected
EMOTIONAL	Approval	Disapproval
TRANSCENDENTAL	Feeling needed, important, appreciated	Feeling inferior, useless, unappreciated

In the final analysis, discovery is invention. 'Reality' is what we say it is. In a very real sense, The universe changes each time our theories change. [Emphasis the author's.] Keith Thompson, Angels & Aliens



The Four Forces and the Removing Angel

If your need is great enough and your want is small enough, Mushkil Gusha will appear and remove all difficulties."

Mushkil Gusha is a Persian term for "The Remover of Difficulties." He "appears," usually unseen, and removes obstacles and smooths the way. Rather like the western idea of Angels.

The Removing Angel is invoked by specific means: Reporting with sincerity that the want is lesser than the need. In other words, by not making it important.

First Force is an intention, made with feeling (not just a thought or a wish, but a determination to DO), and always based on one's purpose of living. Second Force always appears to challenge the Intention. This is seen by the uninitiated as evil, or bad luck, or problems—difficulties. But we can do anything we make up our mind to do, if we invoke the Removing Angel by properly evaluating what's going on: Is our intention of a single-minded purpose? Or is it full of conflict, to both gain and escape at the same time? Is it important to have our way, or is it merely that we have intended to DO something, rather than HAVE something, and we will to do it. Willing to do it means to be willing to face the challenge of Second Force. It means we freely experience the obstacles in our way, don't make them important. Then the Removing Angel will "appear" whether we see it or not, and clear the way for us.

Our Intention will be accomplished: there will be a Form (or event) that manifests our Intention, and there will be a Result—what we and others make of it, how it is responded to.

But if these beings guard you, they do so because they have been summoned by your prayers.

Saint Ambrose

Are not all Angels ministering spirits sent for service, for the sake of those who shall inherit salvation?

Hebrews 1:14



Commentary

I have a slight difficulty with Angels as they are presented today. Have you seen any of the several TV specials about them lately? Even if you haven't, you probably have heard similar ideas all your life. For instance, that Angels will sometimes appear in the nick of time to save a life. In one recent documentary, a woman said she was saved by an Angel from grave injury or death in a terrible car wreck that killed or maimed others; another woman said an Angel saved her from entering an elevator where a murder was taking place. My response, in each case, and all that are like this, is: What about the others who WERE gravely injured—and what about the woman who WAS murdered in the elevator? Where were THEIR Guardian Angels? The implication is that those who were spared were somehow special, or maybe even "good," while the others were not. Well, I have news: The sun shines on the just and unjust alike. Love is available to whoever will accept it, period.

I have heard enough of these miraculous stories to feel certain they have some validity—there are just too many of them to dismiss as imagination or luck. But just what is going on, in the context of the Teaching? There is a perfectly fitting description of what happened: When Awareness gets the impression that her purpose of living is threatened, this constitutes an emergency. If her very life is truly threatened, this is a real emergency. This emergency condition is reported instantly to Spirit via the medium of feeling, and Spirit responds appropriately. The life is protected, it is spared.

Now exactly how Spirit does this is not always apparent. Who is to say X does not send an emissary to snatch the person from harm? We see it all the time, humans coming to the rescue of humans (and animals); I cannot imagine that Spirit would have any limitations or restrictions of who—or what—its agents would be. And it is equally possible that when Spirit's intervention is perceived, the person fits the "miracle" into some context that she can more readily understand—perhaps an Angel. It doesn't matter. What is real is that there was a true emergency and "something" intervened to keep the person alive—because she reported accurately.

What precisely happened is this: Awareness was paying attention to subtle impressions, whether the personality was aware of it or not. She reported these impressions to Spirit with feeling, whether personality was aware of it or not. Spirit responded to her message and protected her. This goes on constantly for everyone all day long, every day of their lives. The difference between those with Angel intervention and those without is that the former were paying more attention. It is that simple. This is the way It works, from the most mundane activity like quenching thirst, through all the actions, tedious to creative, taken throughout the day and night, and for true emergencies as well.

The direction for Angelic experiences in your life: Pay attention. That's all. It and/or "they" are there for you, and how you interpret or see it, is completely up to you. ⊗

The angels, as other dervish teachers have stressed, are the higher developments of the mind."

Ghazali's sense of 'angels' are the higher faculties in man ..."

There are four major 'conditions' of man. All mankind is in one of these. ... Shah Mohammed Gwath, in Secrets of the Naqshbandi Path, expresses the conditions in religious terms: 1. Humanity, the ordinary condition. 2. On the Path, equated with 'angels' in the cosmic sense. 3. Force, equated with what is called 'power,' or real capacity. 4. Absorption, referring to the condition of 'divinity' in another sphere."

Idries Shah, The Sufis

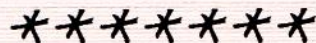


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Why, who makes much of a miracle?
 As to me I know of nothing else but miracles,
 Whether I walk the streets of Manhattan,
 Or dart my sight over the roofs of houses toward the sky,
 Or wade with naked feet along the beach just in the edge of the water,
 Or stand under trees in the woods,
 Or watch honeybees busy around the hive of a summer forenoon,
 Or animals feeding in the fields,
 Or birds, or the wonderfulness of insects in the air,
 Or the wonderfulness of the sundown, or of the stars shining so quiet and bright,
 Or the exquisite delicate thin curves of the new moon in spring;
 These with the rest, one and all, are to me miracles,
 The whole referring, yet each distinct and in its place.
 To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,
 Every cubic inch of space is a miracle,
 Every square yard of the surface of the earth is spread with the same,
 Every foot of the interior swarms with the same.

To me the sea is a continual miracle,
 The fishes that swim—the rocks—the motion of the waves—the ships with men in them,
 What stranger miracles are there?

Walt Whitman, Miracles



By miracles we don't mean contradictions to nature. We mean that left to her own
 resources, she could never produce them.

C.S. Lewis, On Miracles

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