

A Liturgy for Dream Groups

Rockwood Hudson, Joyce. Natural Spirituality: A Handbook for Jungian Inner Work in Spiritual Community . Chiron Publications. Kindle Edition.

Opening

The God of all faiths tells us in Hindu scripture: By whichever way you approach me, so I receive you. All paths lead to me. Come then, and let us walk in the light of the Way.

[Here may be said a canticle to Wisdom]

[Then one or two of the following:]

I **will bless** the Holy One who gives me counsel; my heart teaches me night after night. Ps 16

Without going outside, one can know the whole world. Without looking out the window, one can see the ways of heaven. Dao De Jing 47

O Giver of Life, we praise you for the universe which you have been evolving through time, vitalizing matter with energy, bringing forth all things as an expression of your creating Wisdom, permeating your creation with love. As your Wisdom reawakens our souls to the Eternal Mysteries that surround us, may we be led with courage through darkness and light to the fullness of life for which we were created. With that fullness of life may we better serve you, our loved ones, and the communities of which we are a part. Amen.

Adapted from a prayer by Teilhard de Chardin

Closing

Glory to the Holy One whose power, working in us, does infinitely more than we can ask or imagine: Glory to the Mystery of Being from generation to generation. [Here may be said a canticle to the Power of Heaven] Accept, O Giver of Life, our thanks and praise for all that you have done for us. We thank you for the splendor of the whole creation, for the beauty of this world, for the wonder of life and the mystery of love. Grant us the gift of your Spirit, that we may know it and make it known, and may give thanks to you in all things. Amen.

(Special intercessions and thanksgivings)

May the Holy One bless us and keep us. May grace flow to us and through us. May Wisdom and Love light our way and give us peace, this day and evermore. Amen.

Canticles to Wisdom

[Canticles are read by all in turn, by sentence or by verse] A Song to Wisdom Wisdom 7:21–8.1

All we have come to know, hidden and plain, we have been taught by Wisdom, who designed them all.

For within her is a spirit intelligent and holy, unique and manifold, benevolent and humane, steadfast and calm, almighty and all-surveying.

Wisdom is quicker to move than any motion, so pure, she pervades and permeates all things.

She is a breath of the power of God, pure emanation of the glory of the Almighty, and nothing impure can enter her.

She is a reflection of the eternal light, untarnished mirror of the working of God, image of his goodness. Although alone, she can do all; herself unchanging, she makes all things new.

In each generation she passes into holy souls and makes them friends of God, and prophets; for God loves none so much as those who live with Wisdom.

She is more splendid than the sun. She outshines the constellations. She reaches mightily to the ends of the earth. And she orders all things well.

Weaving of the Dao Dao De Jing 14

One looks at it but it cannot be seen; it is called Yi, “balanced within and permeating all things.”

One listens to it but it cannot be heard; it is called Xi, “woven into the fabric of all things.”

One grasps it but it cannot be obtained; it is called Wei, “moving hidden within all things.” These three aspects cannot be physically examined, as they blend in as one with everything.

Its rising does not bring brightness, its sinking does not bring darkness. Unending, unending it cannot be named, always able to rise again because it has no form.

It is the shape of that without shape, the image of that without form; it is obscure and unconscious.

One can open and receive it but will not see its beginning; one can follow it but will not see its end.

Keep disciplined to the primordial Dao, so as to navigate all that modern day holds. It is possible to know the primordial beginnings: it is called Dao Ji, “weaving of the Dao throughout space and time.”

Translated by Joseph Fiala

Wisdom’s Gift Wisdom 7:7–15

I called on God, and the spirit of Wisdom came to me. I preferred her to scepters and thrones, and I accounted wealth as nothing in comparison with her.

Neither did I liken to her any priceless gem, because all gold is but a little sand in her sight, and silver will be accounted as clay before her.

I loved her more than health and beauty, and I chose to have her rather than light, because her radiance never ceases. All good things came to me along with her, and in her hands uncounted wealth.

I rejoiced in them all, because Wisdom leads them; but I did not know that she was their mother. I learned without guile, and I impart without grudging. I do not hide her wealth, for it is an unfailing treasure for mortals.

Those who get it obtain friendship with God, commended for the gifts that come from instruction. May God grant me to speak with judgment, and to have thoughts worthy of what I have received. For he is the guide even of Wisdom and the corrector of the wise.

Canticles to the Power of Heaven

[Canticles are read by all in turn, by sentence or by verse] The Profound Mystery

Dao De Jing 1

Dao can be spoken of, but not the constant, eternal Dao. Its name can be named, but not the constant, eternal name.

The nameless is the origin of heaven and earth. The named is the mother of the ten thousand things.

Therefore, a constancy without desire is the means to contemplate its deep wonders.

A constancy with desire is the means to contemplate its manifestations.

These two arise together but differ in name. Together call them Xuan, “the profound mystery.”

Inside this mystery lies more and more mystery; it is the door to many deep wonders.

Translated by Joseph Fiala

Jubilate Deo Psalm 100

Be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness and come before his presence with a song.

Be ye sure that the Lord he is God. It is he that hath made us and not we ourselves.

We are his people and the sheep of his pasture. O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise.

Be thankful unto him and speak good of his Name. For the Lord is gracious.

His mercy is everlasting. And his truth endures from generation to generation.

I Permeate the Universe Bhagavad Gita 9:4–34

Thus says the Holy One: I permeate the universe with my unmanifest form; all beings are brought forth and sustained by me. All creation exists within me, yet my inconceivable vastness extends beyond it.

Nature and her laws proceed under my guidance, bringing forth all created things, animate and inanimate.

To those who follow the path of Wisdom, I am known as the many and the One. Behind the faces of all gods, they recognize my face. I am the father and mother of the universe, and its grandparent, too.

I am the sum of all knowledge and the bringer and refiner of new understanding. I am the beginning and the end, the way and the goal of life; it is I who reign over life and I who support it.

I am insight, I am home and shelter, I am the heart's true friend and lover. I am the heat of the day; I bring the rain and I hold it back. I am death and immortality; I am all that is and all that is not.

I favor all beings equally—none are more dear or less dear to me. But those who love me with devotion live within me, and I live within them.

Keep your mind on me always; feel me with your heart; love me, serve me, and acknowledge me with reverence. In turning to me, you will find me, and we will be together forever.

English rendering by J. R. Hudson

Domine, probasti Psalm 139, 1–17

Lord, you have searched me out and known me. You know my sitting down and my rising up; you discern my thoughts from afar. You trace my journeys and my resting-

Indeed, there is not a word on my lips, but you, O Lord, know it altogether.

You press upon me behind and before and lay your hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is so high that I cannot attain to it.

Where can I go then from your Spirit? Where can I flee from your presence? If I climb up to heaven, you are there; if I make the grave my bed, you are there also.

If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there your hand will lead me and your right hand will hold me fast.

If I say, "Surely the darkness will cover me, and the light around me turn to night," darkness is not dark to you; the night is as bright as the day; darkness and light to you are both alike.

For you yourself created my inmost parts; you knit me together in my mother's womb. I will thank you because I am marvelously made; your works are wonderful, and I know it well.

My body was not hidden from you while I was being made in secret and woven in the depths of the earth.

Your eyes beheld my limbs, yet unfinished in the womb; all of them were written in your book; they were fashioned day by day, when as yet there was none of them.

How deep I find your thoughts, O God!-How great is the sum of them! If I were to count them, they would be more in number than the sand.