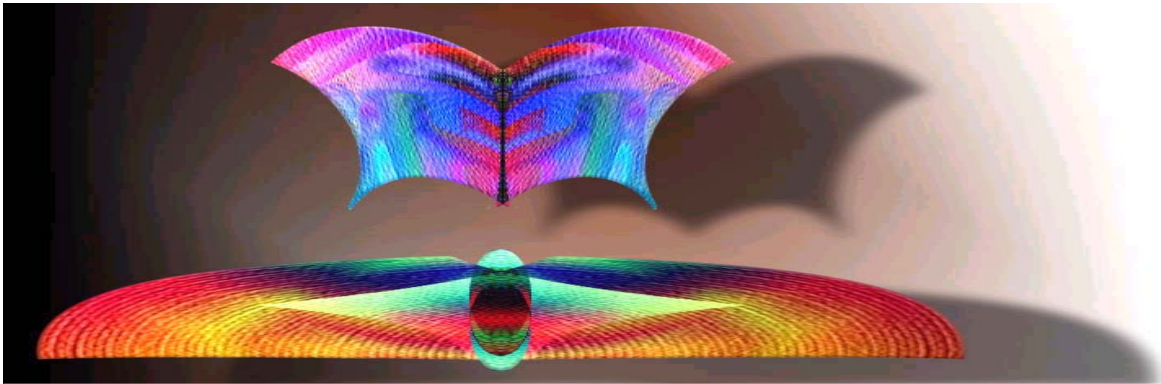


# Sharing

# The Joy!



April 2005

The Joy Cathedral

[www.thejoycathedral.org](http://www.thejoycathedral.org)

## **A Message From Reverend Dr. Vici Derrick**

### **Namaskar!**

I love it that we live in a time where science is beginning to answer some of the questions that have long resided in the awareness of mankind.

Since Cain slew Abel we have asked ourselves the question, "Am I my brother's keeper"? Even though Jesus answered the question a couple of thousand years ago, "In as much as you do this unto the least, you do it also unto me", it has taken all these years for science to be able to tell us why.

We live in a time of quantum physics and in the world of quantum science. This is a holographic universe. We now know scientifically what Jesus taught years ago. We are all connected to each other and to the hologram that is God.

The world of quantum science has turned over the old Newtonian model. One of the things that we know is that the observer affects the outcome of the experiment. Scripturally, this equates to, "According to your belief it is done unto you".

In a quantum world we are not random life forms but we are intentional aspects of a larger field of energy. We are reflections, if you will, of the Divine. The old axiom, "*as within so without*" is never truer than when we look at humanity, at this planet and recognize that all the systems are interdependent and interconnected.

We cannot harm the atmosphere without harming those who are dependent upon it.

We cannot harm the seas and the oceans without that harm being reflected in the rain and our crops.

We cannot destroy our rain forests without paying a commensurate price in the climate.

We are one with all that exists and the sooner we understand this the better we will be as a species.

On a social level this means that there is no other. The notion of the other has kept us in a tribal mentality. That tribalism might have been necessary in the early days of our existence on this planet. Now it threatens to wipe us from the face of the earth.

If I make it okay for you to starve then I am starving myself. The child who dies of hunger might also be the child who would have given us the cure for some disease that is currently incurable or written a musical or literary masterpiece.

There are no differences when we put aside our egos and begin to recognize and honor our essence.

We are taught to love one another, as we love ourselves. It seems to me that the crux of the matter rests in our not having established a loving relationship with ourselves.

One of the challenges is to differentiate between self-love and self-absorption. One of my favorite sermons was entitled 'He Who is Wrapped up in Himself Has a Small Package'.

Self-love is a matter of respecting and honoring your feelings. Self-love is a matter of taking responsibility for the well being of the body.

Selfish love is thinking that what we feel is the only thing that ought to matter to everyone.

I am selfish if I demand that you love me because I profess my love for you. Loving is its own reward. We love others because we can. It is not a business transaction, this loving. It is a way of being in the world connected to everyone and everything.

I have a scientist friend who likes to say that in this quantum energy field if we were sufficiently aware we would be able to feel a snowflake as it falls upon a mountaintop across the world. This same friend also insists that allowing oneself to be loved is the highest evolution the consciousness can make.

Most of us don't do this because I suspect we don't know how. We don't know how to love ourselves let alone allow someone else to love us. The word love has been used and over-used to the point of meaninglessness.

We know it is an important word. We search for love all around us. We look everywhere except where it lives. Love lives within us. God is love.

We must surrender to love.

When we do this there is no other. When we see in the faces around us the commonality of spirit, we are less likely to judge and more likely to support.

I read a book recently where the author described a man as having old clothing and being unshaven. The author asserts that the story you are willing to tell about this man identifies your level of consciousness. Do you see a bum? Were you threatened by this man's appearance? Is this man an angel in disguise?

Our myths contain stories about angels and gods who pose as beggars and the like to see who will respond with kindness and who will reject them based on appearance. In these ancient myths are the seeds of understanding that we must all allow to grow in our gardens if we would come into the full flower of our being.

Friends have chided me for giving money to people begging on the streets. "They will only buy liquor with it," they say. My response is always the same. Once I give something to someone it is theirs. What they do with it is their business. If my intention is to make life a little easier with my gift, then I am not the one to say what easier is. As far as I'm concerned, each person could be an angel in disguise. Each person could be me.

In a holographic universe when I do it unto the least I am doing it unto myself.

The answer then to the age old question, "am I my brothers keeper?" is no. I am my brother.

**Reverend Dr. Vici Derrick**



## **Artists of Life**

When we choose to be artists of life, we can then paint the blank canvas of our lives with the colors of Love, Truth, Wisdom, Understanding, Joy and Laughter and our lives can become our own personal masterpiece.

In this age of pagers, cell-phones, computers and all the trappings of modern living, we need to get back in touch with our Spirit and rekindle the romance in our lives. Romance is an attitude and to get there we have nothing to change but our hearts and minds! Attitude is everything!

Harry and Gertrude were in the winter of their lives. After 60 + years of marriage, they had been moved to separate retirement facilities due to the appearance of Gertrude's "Forgetfulness". Harry was 89 and confined to a wheelchair. Gertrude's short-term memory was gone.

When asked about Gertrude, Harry would say enthusiastically that Gertrude was very affectionate and still loved to hug him. He told me that he often fell asleep in his chair listening to music and dreamt that he and Gertrude were dancing together again.

By all appearances life looked pretty grim for Gertrude and Harry. Yet in spite of Gertrude's lack of lucidity and Harry's lack of mobility, each and every Wednesday, Harry would arrange for transportation and a guitar player to go to his beloved Gertrude's hospital room and sing in his sweet feeble voice, *'Let Me Call You Sweetheart, I'm in Love With You'* to his beloved Gertrude.

Harry had his Ph.D. in social work and had seen enough throughout his career to become bitter and jaded. He chose not to. He allowed his heart to remain open.

In this way Harry remained more alive than many younger people I know who have already chosen to become closed and hardened.

Harry made his transition just before Christmas. Two and a half months later, I was sitting on my porch in the dark, looking at the stars, and I had a vision of Gertrude and Harry dancing and twirling across the galaxy. Free of the earthly limitations of cloudy brains and restricted bodies. The next day I was told that Gertrude had joined Harry.

Let us open our hearts to the Love that is our birthright. Let us employ the mastery of Love and Life. Let us raise a glass to the Artists of life who have come and gone before us who upon being called incurable romantics would say, "Why would we want to be cured of that"?

Enjoy!

**Andrea on Botefuhr**

## **Ride the Light**

Ride the light  
Touch the Sun  
Dance to Nature's pulsing drum

Drink the wind  
Embrace the fire  
Dare to dream and be inspired

Release the doubt.  
Relinquish pain  
You have nothing to lose...  
Everything to gain...

Yes reach for the stars  
Smell the rain  
Allow your passion to rise again

Dance across the earth  
Be an artist of Life  
And live to Love with all your might!

Ride the light.  
Ride the light.  
Ride the light.

**Andrea von Botefuhr**



## **JOY**

I define joy as a state of being.

It is the consciousness that maintains itself at all times because it is the consciousness of the Presence of God throughout Creation.

It is the conviction of The Good Omnipotence.

It is the love of God that bubbles in the soul and insists upon manifestation.

It is our spiritual inheritance.

Every person who is involved with 'The Joy' endeavors to bring this consciousness to the level of everyday living.

It is expressed through our musicians and our staff.

It is expressed by our Board President whose idea (the 'Vici Derrick Ministries') this was.

It is my deepest commitment to Love  
and Loving.

The Vici Derrick Ministries was born as a result of the call and response of Spirit. The call of Spirit was to manifest a ministry where the simple principles of truth would inspire, encourage, enlighten and empower. The response is The Joy Cathedral.

**Reverend Dr. Vici Derrick**

## **Mission Possible**

A new friend of mine told me he was taking a trip to Cape Town, South Africa. At first I assumed he was traveling for either business or pleasure until he informed me that he was going for very specialized cancer treatment. The doctors in the US had told him there was nothing else they could do.

I could sense fear and yet resignation in him and we began to talk. He said he had been on a spiritual journey looking for answers to guilt that he carried from his past. We talked about there being only One Presence and the power of connecting to that Presence.

We concluded that day's visit with prayer and treatment and I assured him all was already well. I asked him if he could hold that in his heart on this journey and that I would check in with him daily through his cell phone.

When he checked into the hospital, he asked his friend to wait for him in the hall until he had changed and settled in. He opened the door to find an older woman, with gray hair and blue eyes sitting on his bed. She began to talk to him.

At first he thought she must be a social worker at the hospital until the conversation turned to her reminding him he had a mission to accomplish here and now. That he needed to believe in himself and to know that all was in right and perfect order. He needed to know he was fine. That he was loved and worthy of love. And then she left.

He followed a few steps behind and when he got to the door, he asked his friends where she had gone, but they had seen no one. He called me to share the experience; I said nothing is impossible for God and that God lives within you. And he told me his heart felt like it was over-flowing.

The surgery was a complete success and he was told by the doctor that he was cancer free and that the next steps were up to him. He was told that he had choice as to how the rest of his time would turn out, depending on his thoughts and feelings and the care he gave his body.

That afternoon his family - from whom he had been estranged - called him. His mother wanted him to know how much she loved him and that she wanted their relationship to be repaired.

He said he didn't know he came to South Africa to heal his heart, to discover he is loved and that he had been given a second chance. And he said, "You know, nothing is impossible for God."

I told him that was right - life is really mission possible.

So where in your life has it appeared that something was impossible? When have you been given bad news, have you turned to Source for the real story? That Presence within you has just been waiting to support you in creating your own mission possible.

**Reverend Lee Ann Gibbs**

## **The President's Corner**

### **Miracles and Answered Prayers**

Perhaps the most fundamental teaching in the practice of medicine is "First, do no harm." And yet, anyone who has undergone a significant medical procedure has heard the discussion of risks and possible complications that constitutes what we call the "Informed Consent" process. In my practice, the risk of harm is ever present, and vigilant adherence to safety protocols never ceases. It is part of my routine responsibility to inform patients, time after time over the course of a day, of potentially catastrophic risks, and at the same time, instill calm and confidence. It's important to allay anxieties, and bring them through interventional spine procedures without undue fear. Having done this thousands of times, it is still never simply routine. One of the affirmations I often silently repeat is that, regardless of appearance, no person comes under my care that is not, in some way, Christ in expression. I continually remind myself, "Even as you have done unto the least of these, my brethren, so have you done unto me." Such is the sacred trust that governs how I work.

If it were possible to eliminate (not just limit) all risks, we physicians wouldn't have to bother our patients or ourselves, with those pesky, anxiety-ridden consent discussions. But that isn't possible. And despite all the right precautions, one patient recently suffered an acute spinal cord infarction (blood supply to a part of the cord is blocked, either due to spasm or obstruction of the spinal artery). Paralysis ensued, from his neck down. I watched the fear in his eyes as he lost control of his limbs, pleading with me to "reverse it." My gut wrenched, knowing I couldn't. There are some things medicine can't cure. "Thy will be done," became my mantra during that time. I reached out for love support and comfort to my wife, Tessy, and to my prayer partners, Vici and Sandy. We prayed for my patient's healing, for his family, and for discernment of the good behind this apparent catastrophe. I visualized an intense, pure, white light of healing in my patient's cervical spine (and I continue to do so, daily). Vici affirmed a "parting of the waters" sort of miracle, and the prayer power of the entire ministry was mobilized.

I didn't know what would confront me when I went to see my patient and his family a few days later. He was off the ventilator, no longer sedated, but still in the Intensive Care Unit. I walked across the parking lot, repeating the thought "Love overcomes fear," again and again. At this point, his medical care was out of my hands. I simply felt that I was going to visit a man with whom I was now bonded by a life-transforming event. I had no idea how he and his family were handling this, but I prepared my heart to do nothing but love them, regardless of what they might be feeling or thinking. As it turned out, they had questions, but there was no blaming, no anger. My patient and I shared a deeply intimate conversation about faith, love and trust, and about hope and purpose and meaning. I promised him I would be there to share his journey insofar as I could be of help. I shared my faith with him. And I promised him we would all continue to pray for him, as, indeed, all of us in this ministry have done. He told me, with a smile on his face and a gleam in his eye, that some day he would walk into my office and shake my hand. I left him lying flaccid, barely able to twitch one hand. I can't recall ever having felt God's presence more intensely than in that moment.

Within a few days, he showed some early signs of improvement, and when I visited him again, he had started to move his legs, and there was a little bit of movement in his hands. He was joyful and enthusiastic at the progress. This was far better than any of his attending physicians had predicted. He was transferred to a rehabilitation hospital, and several weeks later, discharged to home care. Although not without some ongoing neurological deficits, he was able to go 300 feet with a walker, stand without assistance, get up and down from a chair, and perform necessary self-care! He is still undergoing

some physical therapy, but is home with an occasional visiting nurse to help with adaptations.

I still visualize every day the pure, white light of healing in his cervical spine. A “parting of the waters” did occur. We all have been brought to a deeper knowledge of God’s presence and power in our midst, and to a deep appreciation of miracles and answered prayer. We are eternally grateful, as, in Jesus’ name, we pray. Amen.

**Dr. Louis Saegar**  
**President of the Board of Directors**



## **Another Chance to Heal**

"The doctors say George is delusional," Melva told me. "Lately he's been mumbling litanies. He thinks he's in church giving communion."

I wondered if my elderly friend, Reverend George Haskell, was preparing himself for his transition. He had ministered to others all his life. Wasn't it logical that now he would minister to himself? George's wife Melva wasn't prepared to lose him. "Oh, Melva, this must be very hard on you," I said. "Yes, it's exhausting. I wish he'd get better. He's lost fifty pounds since the last time you saw him."

I walked from their apartment in a La Jolla retirement home to the infirmary wing wondering what reassurance could I offer a graduate of Yale Divinity School who had dedicated six decades to the ministry. I felt twinges of inadequacy. *Be with me God. Fill me with courage. Help me choose the right words.*

The words I had wanted to say to my dad and my grandparents lay buried inside me, trapped beneath layers of pain. Dad died unexpectedly twenty-five years earlier and I didn't get there in time to see him. I longed for a final conversation with him. I longed to say *I love you. I'm proud of you. You are my role model for kindness. Lots of people love you.*

I found George in the infirmary lounge – alone, his chin to his chest, his eyes closed. "George, it's Mary."

He opened his eyes. "Mary, thank you for coming."

I sat down beside him, shocked to see his frail body strapped into a wheelchair. His once-booming voice used to fill the church. Now I had to lean in close to hear what he was saying.

"How are you? And your sons?" he asked.

"Fine. We're all fine. I want to know how you are."

"I'm not doing so well."

We sat in silence for a moment. Sunlight streamed into the room.

"I'm so sorry, George." I patted his clasped hands. "God loves you, you know. You're going to get through this. I closed my eyes and listened to the waves lapping against the sea wall below. "Can you see my face?"

"Yes, but not clearly. The glaucoma's worse."

"Can you hear the waves?"

"I can. This little hearing device works well."

I felt peaceful – glad to hear George sounding rational.

"What are those symbols?" George whispered.

"What symbols?"

"There. In front of the light." He was looking at the window. "Those lines. What are they?"

"Show me."

He lifted his frail arms and drew two perpendicular lines in the air.

"Is it a cross?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "And there - beyond the light - do you see some people?"

"No, I don't."

I had heard of the visions dying people experience but I didn't know what to say. Then I said, "The people beyond the light are waiting for you, George."

We sat in silence for a minute.

"Will you please tell me again what you told me when you first came in?" He asked.

"What was that?"

"That God loves me."

"Oh, yes. God loves you very much. I know your family is not ready for you to go. They love you so much. Lots of people love you George. I love you too."

I stopped talking - remembering the day I arrived at the Seattle airport with my first-born son in my arms to say goodbye to Dad. His doctors had given him 24 hours; the staphylococcus infection had depleted him. I hadn't seen him in a year and a half. I got there too late - too late to say I love you, to say goodbye, to put my baby in his arms. I wanted him to be a grandfather. Dad died without meeting my three sons or my brother's son and daughter.

Dad's death set off a recurring nightmare. I would run up a hill and search for the house where Dad lay on his deathbed. If I ran fast enough, I would be able to talk to him. I wanted to tell him not to die. I never made it in time. The longing for a final conversation lingered on.

George was still looking at the window. I took a deep breath and found the courage to say something I had never said before.

"When you're ready to walk through the tunnel of light - God and the angels will be waiting for you. I'm going to be excited for you, George." When I left, I told George I would come back on Sunday to read to him.

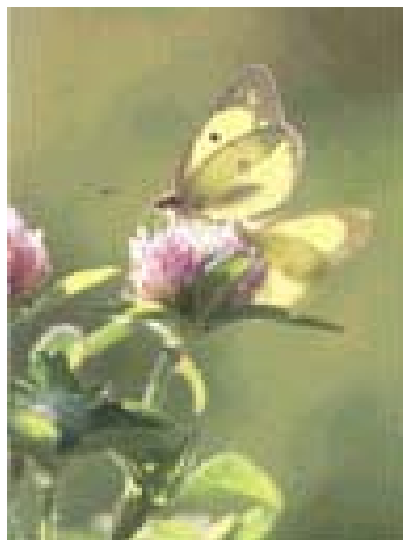
That week I dreamed about Dad again. I ran up the hill, found the house and a woman opened the door. It was Patricia Garfield, a dream book author. "He's ready to go," she said. "Now it's time for **you** to let go." I fell to my knees, put my head his chest and prayed for help letting go. A feeling of peace enveloped me. Then the wall behind Dad parted like a curtain - revealing a colorful mountain meadow and glistening snow capped mountains. Amazed, I took a few steps back. I realized I was in a church and the landscape was the backdrop for the altar. The dream healed my grief.

The next Sunday I knocked on the door of Melva's apartment with a Spanish classic in my hand - *La Vida es Sueño - Life is a Dream*. George's daughter Ginger opened the door. "Oh, Mary. You're here to read to Daddy in Spanish." She paused. Tears flowed. "Daddy died this morning."

I cried too - and I realized the last conversation I had with George served a pivotal purpose in my life. The mysterious hand of God had led me to another chance for a meaningful final conversation.

If you are grieving a loss, watch for God to provide a healing opportunity with different characters and the same plot. This time let the camera keep rolling. You are the director, producer and actor and the movie is your life. Move the scene beyond where the curtain fell before. Find the courage to release your longing - and feel a layer of pain melt away.

**Mary Willix**  
**Editor**



## **Venus**

Love is not blind.

Love washes the scales from the eyes  
of the heart.

So that it may again see clearly  
the face of its Beloved  
And host a party for all  
of creation to sing loves songs  
to eternity,  
and hymns to butterflies  
for their courage to insist  
upon flight.

This love has healing powers.

Bathe in it.

Drown your sorrows in the past.

We have earned  
the bittersweet taste of things &  
how it turns to honey  
saturating us with heart nectars  
blessed by angels.

A woman in love  
has powers unavailable to  
unawakened hearts.

She dwells upon her Beloved  
anointed by Grace,  
born again in radiance,  
pregnant with all things new;

The presence of God  
Indwelling.

**Sandra Leicester**  
**Church of the Wildflowers**

## **A Joyful Noise**

The painter has his canvas, the sculptor his clay. The songwriter has the silence. The silence is the backdrop against which the music is fashioned. It is the cocoon from which the music emerges. Silence is transformed into sound. But more than mere backdrop, the silence is also the tool of the songwriter. For in every great piece of music there is silence. Pauses. Rests. There are moments, however brief, when the silence returns to give the music 'space'. Space to breathe, space to begin again. There is a saying jazz musicians have that is reserved for those brilliant solos which are not only melodic but perfectly paced with the passages perfectly spaced. That ultimate compliment is "I dig your holes." The great writers and players know that the silence is their best friend. It is the source. Similarly, in the domain of spirit, the silence is the beginning. It is the backdrop against which the songs of our lives are sung. And it is truly the habitat of the source. Looking for your dreams? For what makes you happy? For answers? For your song? It's there in the silence. That is where you will hear the song of your soul. Every songwriter begins with the silence and when the song is done, returns to the silence. Every songwriter returns to the silence to hear the next song. The music that we hear in that silence is what we attempt to make real, to make a part of the physical world. Every soul must sooner or later seek the silence. The quiet mind. Just as the songwriter seeks out the silence for answers to his musical questions, the soul seeks the silence of meditation and prayer for the answers to its spiritual questions. It is the domain of the source. It is that place where the heart responds with the truest of answers and the surest reflection of what makes us happy and fulfilled. The silence is the songwriter's home and the soul's as well. What you find there is truly you and truly yours.

Until next time.....sshhhhh.

**Billy Mac**  
**Music Director**



## **Curiosity Transforms Judgment**

*Judge not, and ye shall not be judged;  
Condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned:  
Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.  
Luke 6:37*

*Out beyond the ideas of right and wrong, there is a field.  
I will meet you there.  
When the soul lies down in the grass, the world is too full to talk about.  
Ideas, language, even the phrase "each other" doesn't make any sense.  
Rumi,  
Persian Mystic and Poet*

This past month I was invited to add a quote to a board game which teaches entrepreneurs how to set up and run a business. After considerable thinking I chose the above quote "curiosity transforms judgment" as I believe in the power of suspending judgment to listen to another's heart and intention, especially as a business owner.

Researcher Fred Luskin of Stanford University conducted a study on forgiveness in the workplace. He trained a group of sales executives to forgive. He invited them to forgive regularly at work for a period of time. After which, Fred and his team compared the financials of the executives who forgave regularly and those who were not trained and didn't. What he discovered was a twenty percent increase in sales for those who forgave regularly. He called this "no duh" research.

Think about this for a moment. Do you remember the last time you were around someone who had such a high need to be right that your input didn't matter? It was as though there was one way only and yours wasn't it. How did you feel inside? Did you feel like running out and investing in their product? Probably not. When I am in the energy of someone being right without any room for any questioning or conversation I am not needed in the relationship. The interaction is one sided. When I notice I am playing in this energetic dynamic on either side of the equation I can participate in shifting the energy by introducing curiosity. "That is an interesting way of looking at it, tell me more..." Or, "I'd like to know more, tell me how you came to that conclusion."

As I have been facilitating The National Forgiveness Tour I've come to see how the polar dynamic of right and wrong is at the heart of forgiveness. This is, why I believe, Jesus said to "judge not" in the same verse he spoke of forgiveness. Forgiveness in the dictionary means "to let go of resentment." When we are put in the dynamic of feeling wrong because someone else is right; this can create resentment. Then, forgiveness is about releasing the energy which is the residue of judgment. We live from a place of victimization when we believe "we've been wronged" by another or we believe our view point is "right" without budging.

Curiously enough, forgiveness opens the gate to the heart. Carolyn Myss says it is the "heart initiator." As we are willing to move beyond right and wrong we discover our unity and our heart. We realize as the presence of God which indwells us, that we are One.

**Reverend Bonnie Barnard**  
**Associate Minister**

# **We Enjoy Hearing From You**

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### April Affirmation Calendar

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday 1	Saturday 2
					My life and affairs are orderly and ordered.	<i>As I change my perspective my life changes.</i>
3 I begin the day with the expectancy of greater good.	4 <i>I am inspired by the energy of spring that is all around me,</i>	5 I take responsibility and power in my life.	6 <i>I am part of the family of God.</i>	7 I am fearlessly doing what's in front of me to do.	8 <i>I am energized by Spirit.</i>	9 I love my life.
10 <i>The power of God is my power.</i>	11 I am strong in God and God is strong in me	12 <i>I am changed in depth by gratitude.</i>	13 I speak words of encouragement to those I meet today.	14 <i>I am inspired as I go about the work of the day.</i>	15 I start this day with a feeling of serendipity.	16 <i>I let go and let God.</i>
17 I will look to God to solve the situations in my life.	18 <i>I am a Spiritual Powerhouse</i>	19 I love my new attitude.	20 <i>I have been transformed.</i>	21 I construct my world out of the things of Spirit.	22 <i>I speak of the highest possibility today and everyday.</i>	23 I am at peace with my world.
24 <i>I am stronger and stronger every day.</i>	25 Nothing stands between me and my good.	26 <i>I am about my Father's work.</i>	27 I live in a dreams do come true reality.	28 <i>I love my neighbor as I love myself.</i>	29 I express the joy of living	30 <i>I let go of anything that blocks my view of the good life.</i>