


VISIONARY

Winter 2007

THE JOURNAL OF GAY SPIRIT VISIONS

Volume 13, Number 1

The Magic of Spirit



**How does the Magic of Spirit manifest itself in your life?
Wasn't it Spirit's Magic that brought you to GSV?
Some of our brothers tell their stories!**

VISIONARY

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**Gay Spirit Visions
Mailing Address:**

P.O. Box 339, Decatur, GA 30031-0339

Voice mail: 404 658-0221

E-mail: info@gayspiritvisions.org

Website:
www.gayspiritvisions.org

Council of Trusted Elders

Michael "Ma'el" Varnum,
Presiding Elder

Bruce Parrish,
Elder of Finance

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Advisors: Martin "TreeWalker" Isganitis, Andrew Ramer, John Stowe

Journal Committee:

Al Taylor, *Editor*

Migs Halpern, *Assistant Editor*

Mike Goettee, *Design & Production*

Submission Queries:

visionary@gayspiritvisions.org

Please put "GSV Visionary" in the subject line.

Address changes & advertising queries:
visionary@gayspiritvisions.org

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Good Day, Brothers

The new year has begun. My personal cycle ends-begins with the pagan celebration of Imbolc. Imbolc is the first of the spring celebrations. It's also known as Candlemas or Groundhog's Day. On the pagan path



By Michael Varnum

it's about the returning of light, warmth and life to Mother (our planet Gaia) and ourselves. We have made it through the long cold dark winter. Our lives (and ourselves) have been stripped bare, the old and non-serving aspects released. In celebrating Imbolc, we plant the new aspects to be cultivated throughout the coming year.


This is a joyous and welcoming time of year. New life is growing all around us. A life full of promise...of hope...of love. It is full of romance, beauty and passion. All of these attributes correspond to the world outside and within.

Outside, Mother is changing form. Trees awake and bud...reaching out to the world around them, plants begin their reach upwards into the warming light, birds are returning with songs of fresh sweet possibilities, the light of day shines longer and is filled with the hint of things to come.

Within, our own excitement grows. We begin remembering the long warm playful days, we begin shedding the extra layers protecting, we begin inviting in our hearts dreaming and wondering at the endless possibilities coming our way.

In this time of transition, we simultaneously let go of our old wrapped selves and begin unwinding our new notions of self; the promise of this spring of life and all it has to offer. We begin to take in life itself...its passion and ever changing rhythm. To reach out, like Mother, to our potential...to grow in new and unexpected forms.

This year I am leaving behind something that has been *very dear* to me for a long, long time. It has served me, helped define me and has given me great joy... but its time has passed. Now I must explore a new side of myself...a new form. One in which my old self will help feed and ignite the new life growing within.

I'd like to leave you with this final thought: what past aspect is igniting this spring's growth? 

Blessings, My Brothers
Ma'el

Michael "Ma'el" Varnum lives in Marietta, GA, with his beloved best friend. He is a massage therapist/lightworker and is looking for his distinguishingly graying papa bear.

Gay Spirit Visions

Our Mission Statement

We are committed to creating **safe, sacred space** that is open to **all spiritual paths**, wherein **loving gay men** may explore and strengthen spiritual identity.

We are committed to creating a spiritual community with the intent to **heal, nurture** our gifts and potential, and **live with integrity** in the world.

We are **committed to supporting others** in their spiritual growth by sharing experiences and insights.

To fulfill these goals we facilitate annual retreats and conferences, sponsor social events, publish a newsletter, and maintain Internet-based communications for men who love men.

The Magic of Spirit in My Life!

I grew up in the all too typical dysfunctional family. There was no real sense of family at my parent's house. Looking for this sense of belonging, my path intersected with a Pentecostal Church at the age of sixteen. Here I found the sense of family my spirit needed. Within six months of finding this place, I was saved, filled with the Holy Ghost, and on my way to Bible College to learn how



By Al Taylor

to preach the message of salvation.

For five years I walked the Pentecostal path of the Christian, three of these years at a Bible College. During these five years I prayed for the demon of homosexuality to be removed from my spirit. I prayed, fasted, hoped, and yearned to be what I then perceived as "normal." It never happened. (Today I am so happy it didn't.)

During my senior year at Bible College I decided to drop out. I was so confused and torn by these urges I could not overcome (but had not acted on up to this point). I thought since I was filled with homosexual urges I could not remove, I could not go to heaven. While believing my demon of homosexuality was still firmly housed in my soul I began to doubt that it would ever be removed. So I left the Church believing my soul was lost.

When I left the Church I also left all things in the Spiritual Realm. For the next twenty years I followed what I will call the gay path. Anything remotely Spiritual was something I could not embrace. During these years I was accepting of being gay, but not proud of it. Being gay was something I accepted similar to accepting any other challenge in life.

Then in 1996 through the Magic of Spirit I found myself at the GSV Fall Conference. A wise man with whom I was working had suggested I attend this conference. It would be my first introduction to GSV and The Mountain. I had absolutely no experience with any of the magic that happens on the mountain. I had just thought I was going to

have a weekend of boyfriend shopping. Those three days were very confusing, and ultimately life changing. There were all these men who seemed to be high on something. And they all seemed to really like each other. I did not know what any of them were high on, but wanted to find out. Later I would find they were high on the Magic of Spirit.

This is how the Magic of Spirit first worked in my life. I came to believe that I could embrace Spirituality as a gay man. Also I came to believe that my soul was not lost because I was gay. This Magic has been with me ever since. Now more than ten years later I embrace my homosexuality. It is not a curse but a gift. I have Spirit and GSV to thank for this. The Magic of Spirit first brought me to GSV. At every GSV conference I attend I feel the magic. The ritual of the small gift exchange is filled with the Magic of Spirit. How many times have we been amazed by the gifts received which were "meant to be?"

My wish for you and me is that this Magic will keep working in our lives.

Al Taylor
New Editor of the Visionary

I live in Farner, TN at a place I call Hemlock Hollow. It is about two hours north of Atlanta. It is my passion to turn Hemlock Hollow into a B&B/Retreat Center. My real job is as an Accountant. I have an Accounting Service I run out of Atlanta doing taxes, financial statements, and payroll reports for individuals and small businesses.

I have lived in Atlanta, GA, Jacksonville, FL, and Olivehurst, CA. Now I spend most of my time at Hemlock Hollow with my five dogs, with occasional visits of friends and family.

I am so excited to be your new editor. Please feel free to contact me with comments, suggestions, and submissions at visionary@gayspiritvisions.org.

Born Michael J. Halpern in New York City, I am often asked how I got the name "Migs." I was a volunteer for Peace Corps in El Salvador from 1997-1999. I was known to the locals as "Miguelito," a diminutive of Miguel, which is Michael in Spanish. Of course, my fellow volunteers were Americans, and 4 syllables was too much for them, so it became shortened from "Miguelito" to "Migs," and it stuck.



By Migs Halpern

I am a licensed clinical social worker who, after a lifetime of big-city living, became overwhelmed, and in May of 2006 I moved to Asheville. My new Asheville friends introduced me to GSV, which I attended for the first time at the Fall Conference. It was definitely spirit-guided, as I became transformed by the wonder of it all.

I have always been interested in words and more words. (I am a Gemini, and Geminis have been described as the "Wordsmiths of the Universe.") I have been published in Spanish in a psychology magazine in El Salvador, and recently two articles in *Out in Asheville*, the local gay rag.

Finally, a word on the Magic of Spirit in my life: I left NYC in March of 2006 to take care of something in Polk County, NC. I stayed there a few weeks, and then visited Asheville for the first time. Spirit grabbed me by the collar and said, "Open your eyes. You are Home." I have never left. The Magic of Spirit and the Power of Asheville (built on mountains that are 70% quartz crystal, I am told) have given me a new life. I am full of joy and gratitude most of the time; a sea change over the previous 95% of my life. Spirit has been very good to me (when I pay attention, that is).

I work as a case manager for WNCAP (Western North Carolina AIDS Project) and am a single, available, beefy bear, open to the Magic of Spirit to guide the right lifemate to me.

Migs Halpern,
Assistant Editor

10th Annual Gay Spirit Visions Spring Retreat



April 13-15, 2007
The Mountain Retreat and Learning Centers near Highlands, NC

The Council of Gay Spirit Visions invites you to join us for our annual spring gathering at The Mountain Retreat & Learning Centers outside Highlands, North Carolina.

Less structured than our fall conference, the spring retreat offers free time to relax, catch up with old friends and make some new connections – all on that magical mountaintop. Drumming, flagging, spontaneous workshops or a puppy pile...all things are possible!

Plan to arrive Friday between 3 and 6 PM. A heart circle follows dinner Friday evening, and there will be opportunities for anyone to schedule workshops or other activities on Saturday morning and afternoon. If you have a workshop idea that needs a low-key trial run, this is an excellent time to give it a try! Following a closing heart circle and lunch Sunday, we take our renewed spirits back out into the world.

Two ways to register!

1 Print the spring retreat registration form found on our website – complete and mail it with payment to The Mountain.

www.gayspiritvisions.org

2 Call The Mountain and register with credit card by phone.

The Mountain Retreat & Retreat & Learning Centers
828-526-5838
FAX: 781-846-1295

The Stewards and Elders of Gay Spirit Visions hope to see many of you at The Mountain for this spring event!



For more information, visit our website, email us at info@gayspiritvisions.org or leave voice mail at 404-658-0221.

SUMMER GATHERING, July 13-15

The GSV Council is pleased to announce a Summer experience at Lake Logan North Carolina (near Waynesville-an hourish drive north of Clayton) www.lakelogan.org. The grounds of Lake Logan are 300 acres in a pristine valley surrounded by the majestic Blue Ridge Mountains. We will enjoy activities to include hiking, canoeing, volleyball, softball, horseshoeing, dancing, drumming, singing, swimming, fishing, tennis...and of course CHEERLEADING!!! Specific information about rates and registration will be forthcoming!!

GSV HEART CIRCLES

Held the second Sunday of every month at 7:30 p.m., hosted by Wendell Johnson and Lem Arnold. For location and more information, contact Wendell at louis8@hotmail.com or Lem at lem1951@mindspring.com

GSV POTLUCKS

GSV Potlucks in Atlanta, are held the fourth Saturday of the month at 7:30 p.m., unless otherwise noted. GSV potlucks are drug- and alcohol-free events.

Feb 24 - GSV Potluck. Justin Thomas, 3891 Commander Dr, Atlanta, GA 30341, (404)438-4939 or jtarbutnot@Yahoo.com

Mar 24 - GSV Potluck. No one scheduled yet

Apr 28 - GSV Potluck. Jeff (Tigrr) Jacka, (address to be announced) 770-366-6672 or tiger@Heartbreath.org
NOTE: Potluck will start at 3 PM.

May 26 - GSV Potluck. Mike Goettee, Roy Smoot & Marty Harris, 3263 Wynn Drive, Avondale Estates, GA 30002, 404-292-5825 or maxglitz@mindspring.com

Jun 23 - GSV Potluck. George Miller, 339 Tenth St. NW, Atlanta, GA 30318, 404-875-1061 or aagm8888@AOL.com

Hosting a potluck is a simple and effective way to serve GSV. Please let us know if you can host.

Contact Arnold Peluso at roadrunner30080@yahoo.com.

A BROTHER'S PASSAGE



Cary Jackson passed away on Friday, January 19, 2007 at his home in Duluth, GA. He was born on July 4, 1956 in Floyd County, Georgia.

He was a Court Reporter in the Atlanta area. He was also an actor and an expert in arts and crafts. He was a true artist. He was also a Professional Massage Therapist and was recognized as one of the best in his graduating class.

His honesty and openness as well as his positive attitude made him a wonderful person to be around. Every year he looked forward to spend time with his brothers at the GSV fall conference. He will be missed by everyone whose spirit he touched. It was a privilege to have known him.

—Martin Villarreal

The Magic of Spirit

Keep Breathing

The morning wind spreads its fresh smell.
We must get up and take that in,
that wind that lets us live.
Breathe before it's gone.

-- Rumi (tr. Coleman Barks)

Some years ago, I was privileged to study piano with a very fine teacher. It puzzled me at first that he emphasized my breathing awareness more than keyboard technique or musical interpretation. Eventually, I made a connection to breathing practices I had



By Bob Strain

learned elsewhere – meditation, yoga, and Body Electric techniques. In each case, I realized focusing on the breath helped me open into a more spiritually aware state.

To me, this is the essence of the magic of spirit. The word “spirit” itself comes from a Latin root word for breath. By shifting attention to the way breath is entering and leaving my body, my consciousness changes.

My first attempts at conscious breathing were as a younger man when I began studying meditation. I noticed a tendency to take shallow breaths, or to hold my breath while trying to force my mind into stillness. This also was apparent when playing piano, and the resultant tension often led to unhappy musical consequences. That in turn caused me to restrict my breath even more, leading to yet more tension in a vicious circle. The outcome was performance anxiety and frustration.

My teacher helped me overcome this creative block by introducing me to specific breathing techniques and helping me notice whenever I was restricting breath. I began to feel energy moving more freely as I played, and I became much happier with the musical results.

My experiences with yoga and with Body

Electric ecstatic breathing also helped deepen my awareness of this opening to spirit. As I began to breathe more completely, I noticed that troublesome areas of my life were getting better and I generally felt more enthusiastic about life.

Eventually, still breathing, I came with my best friend Ricky to a mountain in North Carolina for a conference of gay men interested in spirituality. That was the 1991 GSV gathering. I remember movement and bodywork activities that encouraged attention to the breath. For me, it was a revelation to be in the company of so many awake and aware gay men. I saw exquisite expressions of spirit in the men, and in the Mountain as well. It was magical.

I come back each year for the fall conference to be in your company again and breathe with you. Every year, I see new facets of gay spirit that leave me humbled and grateful to be part of this family.

And magic always happens in that incredible space. Walking and touching the white oaks, sitting at Meditation Rock or on the tower, I am amazed at the beauty of the Mountain. Shooting stars, hurricanes, mystic fogs, and sun-drenched days are all parts of my experience of the place. Between the clean air and the company, I notice that my breathing deepens and relaxes while I'm there. (I also notice that the altitude makes me huff and puff a little at times).

Within this magical place, the GSV tribe reveals its richness. I have amazing memories of the conferences I've attended – wonderful keynote speakers, stunning ritual, gifted workshop and small-group leaders, ecstatic dancing and drumming, heart circles, and sweet connections with beautiful men. Often, we breathe together, either as a directed exercise or just naturally, as we synchronize ourselves to each other.

I've always been honored to help with the talent show, which to me is the epitome of magical spirit and very sacred.



It's often touched with Trickster energy as well as sincerity, and is a very loving experience. Men stand before their brothers and reveal something about who they are and what their passion is – poetry, music, prose, dance, humor, drama, and of course fashion – and we are witnessed and affirmed.

My friend Ricky died a year after his first conference in 1991. I was with him as his breath and spirit left his lovely body for the last time. I miss him greatly, but when I'm at the Mountain especially, I feel his sweetness nearby along with that of other dear men whom I've grown to love through GSV. Their spirits are never far away.

I now study Taiji and Qigong, both of which incorporate conscious breathing practices. But my best breathwork is still while I'm playing piano, and my very best breathing of all is when I'm playing piano on the Mountain for you all. You're my magic.

If anyone wants to know what “spirit” is, or what “God's fragrance” means, lean your head toward him or her. Keep your face there close.

Like this.

--Rumi (tr. Barks)

Bob Strain lives with his dog Bayou in a small town in the Shenandoah Valley of West Virginia, where he is a musician and teacher.

The Magic of a Mother's Spirit

In the summer of 2002 I was fortunate to be going on my first trip to England and Scotland. The journey had been several years in the making, even being postponed one year because of the hoof and mouth epidemic in Britain. The



By Bobby Tyler

tour guide for the trip was a dear friend of mine, Christy, a deeply spiritual woman who specializes in personalized tours to the British Isles. In meeting with Christy to plan the tour, I told her that I was interested in visiting as many sacred sites as possible, most particularly Stonehenge. Christy made all the necessary arrangements including getting us special access to spend an hour inside that ancient stone circle — certain to be a highlight of the trip.

About this time, my mother was admitted to the hospital for surgery. It was not emergency surgery, but rather a procedure that would hopefully alleviate some chronic conditions from which she had been suffering. Mom's surgery was scheduled for the week before I was to fly to London, our expectation being that she would be out of the hospital and recuperating at home by the time I left for England.

Mom's surgery went well, but the day before I was set to depart, she started having complications and was moved into the ICU where her condition could be monitored more closely. When I talked to her in the hospital and asked if she wanted me to cancel the trip, she said, "Absolutely not. Your father and I have your itinerary and can contact you if we need to." In fact, the next morning before I left for the airport, Dad called to say that Mom wanted to make sure I went on the trip and had a good time, and they would be in touch if they need-

ed me. So I left for my first trip across the Atlantic — excited about seeing the places I had so often read about, but also with a heavy heart, deeply concerned about my mother.

As we visited some of Britain's most sacred sites, including Roslyn Chapel and Glastonbury Abbey, I lit a candle for my mother and wrote her name in the prayer book at each church. I sent Mom cards from each locale, telling her that people all over Britain were also praying for her speedy recovery.

While on the Isle of Skye in Scotland, I called Mom back in Virginia. She was still in the hospital but insisted that I complete my trip before coming back to visit her. I told her how grateful I was to have her as a mother and how much I loved her. I wasn't sure exactly what to do, but after prayerful consideration decided that it would probably upset Mom more if I defied her wishes, so I continued on the trip.

A couple of days later the time had arrived for our special access into Stonehenge. Typical for England, the day was overcast and drizzling, but during our time in that mysterious space, the skies cleared and a rainbow appeared overhead. Christy was quite excited, saying that in all the years she had been leading tours to Britain, this was the first time she had actually seen a rainbow appear over Stonehenge. She made sure we took pictures to commemorate the experience.

After our allotted time in the circle, we drove back to our guesthouse and an amazing thing happened. The rainbow that had appeared over Stonehenge seemed to be following us and, in fact, was becoming a double rainbow. It was so intense that we pulled off the road so we could get out of the car and admire the spectacle. I tried taking a picture, but the double rainbow was so immense that it wouldn't fit into the camera frame,

so I decided to just soak it in and take a mental picture to remember.

When we arrived back at the guesthouse, the owner came out to the car to meet us. She had a solemn look on her face as she said, "Bobby, you must call home right away." Even before making the call, I knew what had happened. I don't remember what time it was on the East Coast when I called back to Virginia, but my sister answered the phone and told me that Mom had passed away earlier that day.

The next several hours were a blur of calling airlines and friends in Georgia and family in Virginia to make arrangements for Mom's funeral. Dear Christy got up at 2 o'clock the next morning to drive me to the airport so I could catch the next flight back. Our long route to the airport took us past Stonehenge just as the sun was starting to rise. It was then that the magic of what had transpired the previous evening became clear: the breathtaking rainbow that appeared to us at Stonehenge was my mother's spirit coming to say good-bye. And the glorious double rainbow that followed us back to the guesthouse was Mom reassuring me that her loving spirit would always be with me.

What a beautiful and magical gift my mother had given me. My final image of her could have been that of her lying in a hospital bed, but instead it was a magnificent rainbow spreading across one of the planet's most sacred sites. By insisting that I go on my trip, Mom had blessed me profoundly. Now whenever I see a rainbow, I think of her and I am reminded of how much I am loved.

Bobby Tyler is an ordained minister and a Reiki master. He is also the marketing and media relations director for the University of Georgia Performing Arts Center in Athens. He can be reached at btyler@uga.edu.



Avalokitesvara: God or Goddess?

How does a male deity from India, named Avalokitesvara, become known as a goddess in China and later throughout the world as Kwan Yin, the Goddess of Mercy and Compassion? One cannot walk into a New Age bookstore throughout the world without seeing her image in statuary and on other sacred objects such as incense burners and jewelry. Like any search for meaning the truth lies in his name. Avalokitesvara means, "He who hears the cries of the world." Legend has it that he was born from a teardrop of the Amida Buddha. Another legend states that he was born from a ray of light emanating from the Amida Buddha. Either way the legend goes, the same stories apply to Kwan Yin with her name meaning, "She who hears the cries of the world."



By Art Blue

Whether or not we see the deity as male or female the truth is that both Avalokitesvara and Kwan Yin are Bodhisatvas and not Buddhas. A Bodhisatva chooses not to cross over into Nirvana until all suffering beings in this world reach Nirvana as well. Here is a quote from Kwan Yin, "Never will I seek nor receive private, individual salvation, never will I enter into final peace alone, but forever and everywhere will I live and strive for the redemption of every creature throughout the world from the bonds of conditional existence." Like Jesus, Avalokitesvara is a savior and Kwan Yin a savioress. Is it no wonder that after ages of patriarchy that Asian and New Age people everywhere are finding solace in a savioress archetype who becomes the Divine Mother who hears the cries of her children?

Some historians believe that Kwan Yin was always a Goddess and that it was a patriarchal religion that decided her gender. Like Christianity, Buddhism was a male dominated patriarchal religion. Only male Buddhas and male Bodhisatvas could enter paradise. So what does a patriarchal religion do with an androgynous deity? The truth is in the people's response to that deity. As Buddhism began to spread along the Silk Road in China during the 7th and 8th century people saw Avalokitesvara as Kwan Yin a Divine Mother archetype. Taoism and other shamanistic cultures in China had a long history of Divine Mother archetypes. So, Kwan Yin was an embodiment of the feminine aspect of God. Quickly artists responding to popular belief at the time began to depict Kwan Yin as a goddess in religious art. Tibetan Buddhism, being very patriarchal, could not resist this popular shift so at first they said that a Bodhisatva could take on a female form but had to return to a male form before going on to Nirvana.

As patriarchal Buddhism had to respond to popular culture in the 7th and 8th century, Christianity was responding to a similar upset when Mary became popular as the Queen of Heaven. Mary was so popular that religious art began to depict her in statuary and folk art. Now we have another twist of fate with two other major religions based on patriarchy at the time of the 11th and 12th centuries. At this time the Silk Road in China became the major route of trade and the major route for missionaries carrying the message of the new religions of Christianity and Islam into Asia. As the Chinese people saw the statues and images of Mary they immediately saw her as Kwan Yin their Divine Mother. This major misinterpretation of Mary as Kwan Yin is when historians believe that Avalokitesvara's sex was changed from a male deity to a female one. Upon seeing the Mary statues and folk art, Chinese artists began to popularize Kwan Yin in statues and art that made her look very Christian, but with Asian attire and jewelry. The halos the artists saw on Mary became known as the Full Moon Kwan Yin with her halo being the moon. Images of Mary with the Christ child be-

gan to be depicted as Kwan Yin holding a baby. To this day women in China pray to Kwan Yin as a fertility goddess to bring them a child.

Now that we have seen how popular culture can affect the gender of a deity and the way she is depicted, let's return to the topic of patriarchy in Buddhism. Tibetan Buddhism alone still depicts Kwan Yin as the male Avalokitesvara and in much of their art to emphasize this they will add a mustache to this effeminate deity to emphasize his gender. But Tibetan Buddhism found a way to approach the popular consciousness of the people by creating the Goddess Tara. The Goddess Tara, like Kwan Yin was born of a teardrop from the Amida Buddha. Like Mary, who began to have her own mythology, legends, and miracles that surround her, the same is true of Tara in Tibetan Buddhism. Tara has her own mythic structure with prayers, songs, dances, and art with one of the most popular being the Green Tara. Tara could perhaps be the female twin to Avalokitesvara since they were both born from a teardrop of the Amida Buddha. It is quite amazing that a patriarchal religion such as Tibetan Buddhism, which started out with only male deities, should now include a pantheon of female deities as well. This transformation shows how people have the power to affect change within the construct of their own faith.

Despite the changes in patriarchal religions that now include aspects of the divine feminine, my own personal opinion, having studied the folklore and history of Kwan Yin and having visited many temples devoted to her in China, is that she has always been the Divine Mother and Goddess of Mercy and Compassion. No matter how much patriarchal religions try to suppress the divine feminine she always emerges through her people and the popular consciousness of those who need the balance of matriarchy in order to survive in a patriarchal world. May 'She who hears the cries of the world,' hear your yearning heart as well. If you need a Divine Mother there is none I would recommend more highly than Kwan Yin. Namaste!

Art Blue is an artist living in Asheville, NC. He has been on a spiritual journey with Kwan Yin since 1993. ArtBlue1111@hotmail.com

Words Of Inspiration From Our Brotherhood

Provided by Arnold Peluso

**“Start by doing what’s necessary,
then what’s possible,
and suddenly you are doing the impossible.”**

~Saint Francis of Assisi

I am

**Only one but still I am one.
I cannot do everything but
still I can do something.
I will not refuse to do the
something I can do.**

— Helen Keller

WHO ARE YOU?

If I ask, “Who are you? What is your life
all about?
What is your purpose in life?
What do you think about most? What do
you fear?
What gives you pleasure or satisfaction?
Who, or what, is your God?
How do you serve Him or it?
What is your dream? What are you pre-
pared to pay for its realization?

When you can answer these questions
you will know who you are.
Perhaps you will like yourself.
Perhaps not.

—Author Unknown

Provided by Migs Halpern

“Sooner or later we all discover that
the important moments in life are not
the advertised ones, not the birth-
days, the graduations, the weddings,
not the goals achieved.

The real milestones are less prepos-
sessing. They come to the door of
memory unannounced, stray dogs
that amble in, sniff around a bit and
never leave. Our lives are measured
by these.”

—Susan B. Anthony

Provided by Jim Fason

And, ah~ to the joy
of exquisite friendship
with you.
You are the only one I know
who gives me what you do.

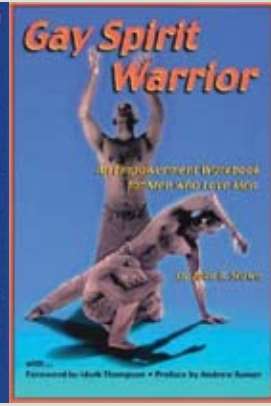
The pleasurable combination ~.~
love maker’s intellect and soul
searcher’s curiosity ~.~
uniquely you
wonderfully you.

And the way you present
appeals so deeply
to so many parts of me ~
perhaps the most important parts
I think in
the end.

~.~ Our infinite neighbor mother
father brother sister guest one~
was ~.~ is ~.~ will be ~.~ with us ~.~
offering food and wine~
sustenance divine~
some marvelous human spirit one
singular mysterious
gift of life ~.~
and love ~.~
that goes on ~ and on ~ and on ~ and
on ~ and ~ ohm ~.~
halleluia ~.~
peace on earth good will towards men
all creatures great and small, amen ~.~

BOOKS

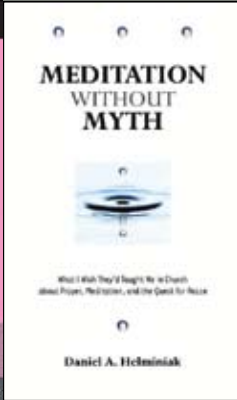
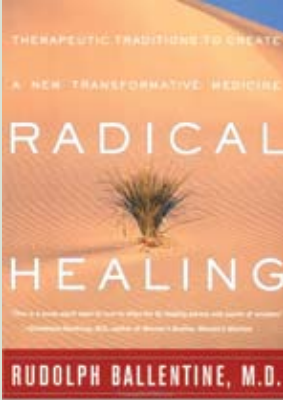
authored by a Brother



Charmed Lives, Toby Johnson

Two Flutes Playing, Andrew Ramer

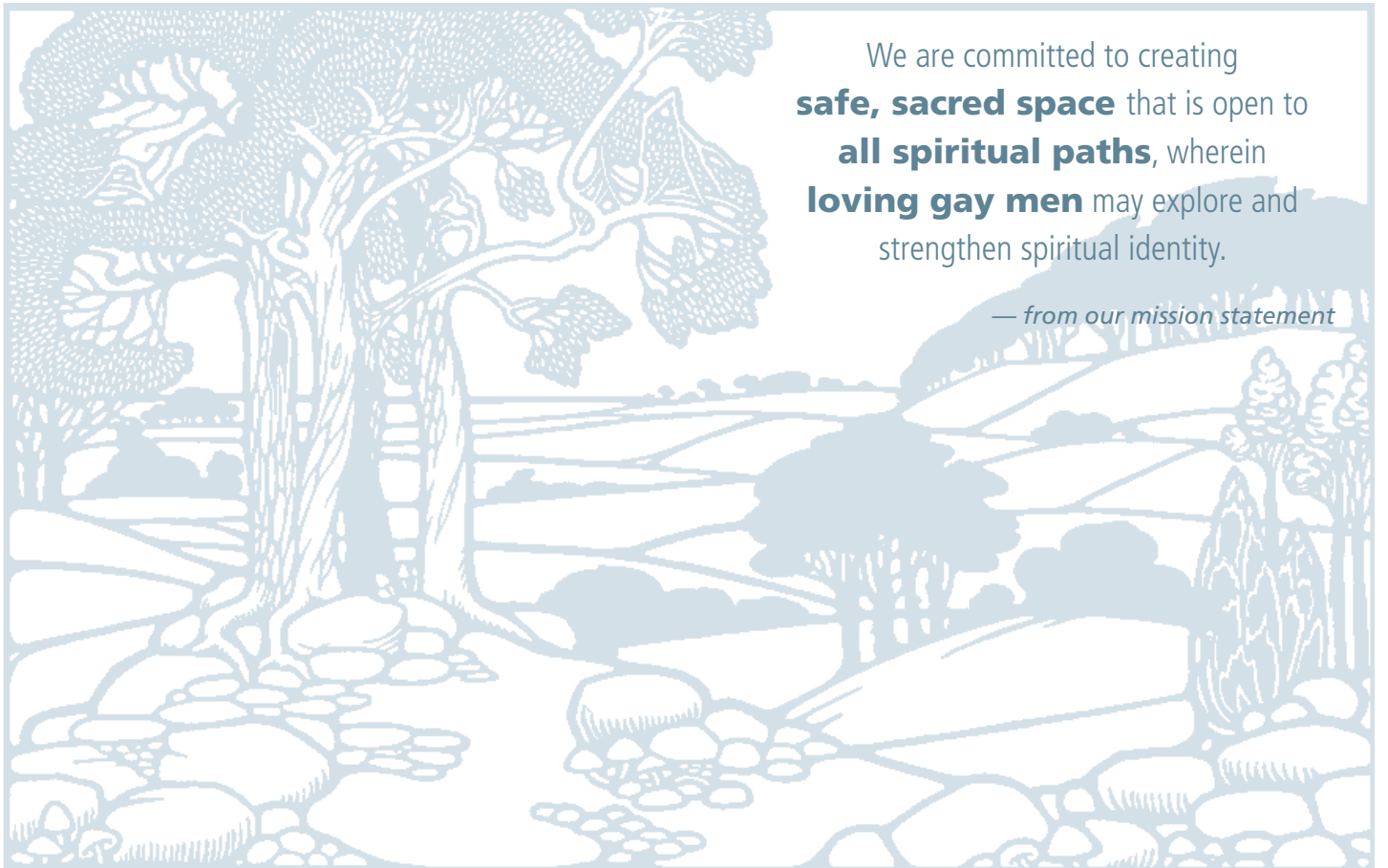
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Radical Healing, Rudy Ballentine, MD

Pop Trickster Fool, Kelly Cresap

Meditation Without Myth, Daniel Helminiak



We are committed to creating **safe, sacred space** that is open to **all spiritual paths**, wherein **loving gay men** may explore and strengthen spiritual identity.

— from our mission statement

A scrapbook from the 6th Annual

GSV

Winter Meditation

January 12-14, 2007

Photography by Lem Arnold

