

the Ray of Connection

A SOCIETY OF SOULS® NEWSLETTER OF INTEGRATED KABBALISTIC HEALING®

Letter to Marilyn

Jason Shulman

Marilyn:

I don't remember the first time I met you: I think it was on the phone when you called for a healing, but I can't be sure without going back and reading my notes from those days. You were very sick, and frankly, I didn't expect you to live out the year. But for some reason, I heard a voice, or not even a voice—a wordless feeling inside me—that said: Just do this, and this, and this, and she'll be okay. I only half-believed it, but you did, and you got better.

Each time I was going to give up, something inside me said, "Do this and this and this" and you would get better. You tried to give me credit for it, but over and over again I knew it was not me: It was you.

So over the years I got to know you and I watched you change from one thing to another, or maybe more clearly, I watched you change from someone who hid herself inside herself to someone who was out front, straightforward in her love and in her allegiance to the truth.

Over the years you sent many students to the school. Most of them were former clients and all they could do was talk about you and being in your presence, the love they felt and how that love saw them through hard times.

Sometimes in class at *A Society of Souls*, when I would talk about you without mentioning your name, five or ten people would hold their breath: They knew you and cared about you, and through them, your presence filled the room.

I think of the enormous effort you made to get to the Graduate Seminar. I see you sitting silently on the beach as the sun

was going down. I remember the many phone calls when you were in physical agony and wondered aloud, "What do I need to do to let this pass? To let go to dying? Is there something more I need to do that I haven't yet done?"

Now all that is passed, and I know you are beginning to see yourself as we, your friends and family, have always seen you. After death you see the self that others saw. So now you know.

You know what a triumph your life was, especially in the last years when you were more awake than ever, awake enough to struggle with all sorts of revelations and pains and early wounds, and still accept your humanity and still continue to love.

I hated to see you suffer and someday I hope to grow wise enough to understand or accept why this must be. But now that it is over, now that you have left the body, and now that I still see you clearly, glowing in the planes that are beyond the usual senses, I know that you have become who you always were: a soul of light and power who funneled an immense heart and consciousness into a temporary and wonderful small place called "Marilyn," for some sixty-odd years.

You were a girl, a young wife, a mother, and finally a healer and a teacher. Now you are yourself once again and I am without words to say what you truly are.

So let me simply say this: Thank you for being such a splendid companion, someone who taught me so much; my mother; my child; my teacher; my student; my friend.

I have no fear for you. I know where you are, and I know how long love lasts: It endures forever. ○



A Note from Jason

After a profound interaction with life lasting almost 67 years, Marilyn Schneider left this plane of existence for parts unknown on October 19, 1999. And while Marilyn struggled—as we all do—with the many human difficulties, many of us were also in awe of her total dedication to the truth. There was nothing she would not do to find it.

Herein are some reminiscences, but by no means all of the feelings we still carry for her. We will all get to share our personal reminiscences of Marilyn at this year's graduate seminar. I feel these "parts unknown" are a little more known because Marilyn is there.

— Jason Shulman

A Farewell to Marilyn & Bill

Alix Young

In their last year of life Marilyn and Bill each had a favorite book. Marilyn's was *Close to the Bone* by Jean Shinoda Bolen and Bill's was *Tuesdays with Morrie* by Mitch Albion. These books both address the meaning of life through terminal illness in unique but different ways.

Tuesdays with Morrie is the true story of a university professor whose last course was on his own dying process with ALS. In the last paragraph of the book the author asks:

"Have you ever really had a teacher? One who saw you as a raw but precious thing, a jewel that, with wisdom could be polished to a proud shine? If you are lucky enough to find your way to such teachers, you will always find your way back. Sometimes it is only in your head. Sometimes it is right alongside their beds."

Marilyn and Bill were such teachers. They taught us what a complex and difficult journey walking hand-in-hand through life and into death can be. And they showed us how completely our dying rests in God's hands. The journey they took together illustrated the paradox between life and death as they dipped into the preciousness of life through the pain of dying. Bill once said that as we learn how to die we also learn how to live. I have been inspired by this many times during the past few years. For these years have been a testament to the depth into which illness can take us; that is, out of our ordinary lives and into the realm of soul, where the big questions confront us. This is the realm where we have the opportunity of tapping into our deepest knowledge, which has the power to transform ourselves as well as all those around us. This is a different kind of living than I have ever been part of before. I both feared it and was in awe of it.

I knew that because of her pain Marilyn knew something that I could only know as

a companion on the journey. The teaching I received at her "bedside" (although she never really went to bed) involved being part of a descent, as her mentor Jean Bolen calls it. It involved a descent into the depths of her being and an exposure to that which she most feared. I came to experience this as a profound dropping into Form Anxiety, where she surrendered into increasing depths of herself. I began to experience Form Anxiety as a teaching about time and about movement in and out of the present. I felt it as a time line calling her deeper into herself and into the attending moment. This journey required a gradual giving up of all the outward symbols of identity as well as a collapse of her physical body as she became worn and tired. Her illness took her further and further away from her old form of life and it delivered her deep into her Self where she found nourishment from her inner Truth. She traveled the time line of Form Anxiety by being present to each moment until she began to carry the light of Presence. She traveled 'bone' deep, and knowing this closeness is to come close to the essence of who we are as human beings.

This is what Marilyn knew in the marrow of her bones that I couldn't fully know. But I was blessed to share and witness her pain so this pain could be received and illuminated. She offered magnificent gifts from this place because this is a place where pain unearths love. Staying with her in the presence of acceptance and love transformed her pain into immanent gratitude. As a result she could come back to life over and over again renewed by her own gratitude in knowing profound love and intimacy and the trust that can happen between souls. The gift of being with Marilyn was feeling Truth present itself over and over again—demanding a commitment to enter deeper and deeper relationship. This relationship was a journey that required being honest and vulnerable together through our struggle with love and fear.

Marilyn's faith, courage and trust in her process led her through life. Although her body continued to be drawn toward death, this same faith, courage and trust led her slowly across the border into the most conscious death I have ever been privileged to be part of. She died as healed a person as I have ever known. ○

(With love to my fellow companions Dani, Kim, Melanie and Susan.)

Alix Young is a senior teacher for the first-year class. She has a healing practice in Halifax, NS.

Until We Meet Again

Michael Schneider

Maybe it's because I believe Mom is still alive that I have a hard time feeling she is gone.

When I think of her, or call to her, or picture her in my mind's eye, I feel she is still here with me, loving me, guiding me. I believe as deeply as I can believe anything, that she still lives.

I think I can speak for all five of us (Marilyn's children), that we know the bond of love is not severed by the death of the body. Mom's love and guidance is just as tangible and real as when she was living in her body, in her incarnation as Marilyn Pilder Schneider. As much as I'd love to hear her warm, "Well, hello there!" or hear her laugh, which my daughter described as sounding like bells ringing. I know Mom is continuing her work and that one day we will be reunited.

Physics tells us that energy can't be destroyed, only transformed. Those of us who loved her only have to find that place in our hearts where love dwells, and she'll be there. ○

Mike Schneider is currently in the first year of ASOS.

Memories of Marilyn

Kathryn Cameron

I was not a member of Marilyn's inner circle of intimate friends and yet she is someone who I truly love, respect and admire. I have many poignant and precious memories of her, some of which play in my mind like slightly detached, instructive scenes and others that dwell close to my heart.

I see Marilyn and her husband at Jason's Omega workshop. They are in the back corner of the room by a window, and there is so much beautiful blue light surrounding them that they seem to inhabit a world apart. I am mesmerized. Marilyn's husband lies on the healing table, his body wasted by a degenerative disease. Marilyn is seated in his wheelchair, her hands resting on his body. It is disturbing to see her in the wheelchair and this intensifies the reality of their difficult path. And though I know there is difficulty and suffering in this scene, it is not this but rather their presence and grace that moves me to tears.

How can one remember Marilyn and not comment on her appearance? Marilyn had class and style, and I never saw her less than perfectly turned out. Her clothing, make-up and hair were always as tasteful and impeccable as she was herself. She was a true 'lady.' I remember a morning at the Novotel when she was suddenly afflicted with an awful rash from the morphine she took for pain. She was in extreme physical discomfort and yet rather than disappear or complain, she once again rose to the occasion. That day Marilyn honored her tormented body by wearing the softest white cashmere sweater to class. She said that she had recently purchased the sweater as a special gift to herself.

I remember a group diagnosis that included Marilyn, at Days of Practice. We all struggled through the diagnostic process, disagreeing on what healing to do. Finally a decision was made, at which point it became apparent that one person should

lead the healing. I turned to Marilyn and asked her if she was feeling well enough. I believe with that gesture, I spoke for everyone in our group. It was a gesture of respect and acknowledgment of her station and seniority. I do not mean an entitled seniority, nor a superior seniority, not even the seniority of age or experience. Whatever you call it, it is the thing itself. She simply took her rightful place at the head of the table. She held the healing and she held us with a love and intimacy that was breath-taking.

Graduate seminar 1999. So frail and weak. So determined to be there one more time. So ready to say goodbye. When I experienced her presence and the way our community held her, I had a glimpse of what it might be like to pass over, within the container of so much love. I am grateful to know that this is possible. And yet I struggle with God and I demand to know, why did she have to suffer so? Yes, she was an imperfect human being, but she was also such a 'good,' human being. She didn't 'deserve' to be in such pain.

My struggle with this leads me to recall an exercise we once did with Jason. He asked, would you still be a healer, if this life was really all there was, no afterlife, no nothing when you die, nada? Though we hated to admit it, some of us realized that on some level we did hope that our good deeds might exempt us from say, a bad death, or might earn us more favor in the divine realms once we pass over. Yet what that exercise ultimately taught us was the exquisite reality of the pure present. It also illuminated the Great Mystery. So I do my best to allow the Great Mystery of Marilyn's life, illness and death to exist and to exist in light; yes, even the suffering. I do this for my own healing and I do this because it is how I can best love Marilyn and say thank you. ○

Kathryn Cameron is an assistant teacher in the first-year class. She has a healing and psychotherapy practice in Mt. Kisco, NY.

Marilyn's Room

Michael Shooltz

I had accepted her son's invitation to spend a few moments in Marilyn's bedroom. As I sat there peacefully, alone, I almost felt as if I was able to float. The calm was palpable. I felt myself expanding. The rest of the house was abuzz with Marilyn's family, friends and classmates. We had all come back here to her home after her funeral. There was a flavor of melancholy and sadness in the air, but what was really touching me was the sense of joy beneath it all, supporting everything. And here in this room there was great peace.

I remembered that, at the church, as soon as I was seated in the pew I closed my eyes to center myself and immediately saw Marilyn's wonderful twinkling eyes looking back at me. She stayed with me in that way throughout the service. I sensed her joy at this occasion as she listened to the special words of her children's tributes, to Jason's sharing, and to the priest's words acknowledging her healing work. And I realized that it was not the tributes that gave her joy. It was the love that she was feeling for each one of us present there within her family. It was a joyful, knowing love that she was feeling, that she was giving, and that she was receiving.

Sitting there in her room I noticed the elegant beauty that was so characteristic of Marilyn's touch. That peaceful beauty was accentuated by the many flickering votive candles honoring her favorite saints and teachers. I reflected on the extent of her family. The essence of Marilyn had clearly flowed out and touched many. I had shared my church pew with my own ASOS classmates and afterwards had met and talked with people from every ASOS class including those who had not yet graduated. And I was very touched speaking with her children and people that she knew from other aspects of her spiritual journey. I shared with her sons how pleased and

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excited she had been on Cape Cod last summer, when she told me that they had enrolled in ASOS.

During these conversations with Marilyn's immediate and extended family I began to realize that there was something unique about this funeral. I have attended many funerals over the years but Marilyn's was somehow different. It was the knowing. The eyes there in the faces of Marilyn's extended family shared a knowing. And within the context of this family's shared knowing, Marilyn's funeral was radiant. I wondered, "Could there be a more beautiful tribute?"

There in her room I remembered how fortunate I had felt after my first healing session with Marilyn, knowing that she lived only two blocks away from me. I also remembered the void I felt when Marilyn finally had to stop seeing clients. But there in her room I knew that I was receiving healing again. It was a holy place. I can still go there now. All of the prayers, light and blessings that had been sent to Marilyn in that room are still present. The blessings of the saints whose pictures filled the room are present. The sacred energies that Marilyn had invoked and cleaved to here in her final space are present. That which radiated within the eyes of Marilyn and her family is present. I know that for me it is a resource for returning to the source, and that Marilyn's healing work continues.

I walked out of Marilyn's room back among the nods and the knowing eyes, grateful for the invitation to spend time in that space, and for so much more. ○

Michael Shooltz lives in Alexandria, VA, and graduated ASOS 1999.

The Box Lunch

Hope Robertson

I met Marilyn for the first time in 1988. It was at the SYDA yoga center in Cincinnati, which at that time was in my stepsister's house. Marilyn's son David had been coming to the center and was really taken by Gurumayi. Then Marilyn and Bill, her husband, started coming.

I was told before I met Marilyn that she was this incredible woman, really wonderful. When I met her I had to agree. There was something about Marilyn that went beyond words: her elegance, her kindness, her strength, the deep knowing and compassion and mother that was inside. Marilyn had a deep sense of family and warmth and welcoming that was remarkable. I adored her from the start. So it began.

I remember many nights sitting next to her as we meditated and there always seemed to be an air of the divine around her. Then there were many times when we would make the long drives from Cincinnati to the New York ashram together. It was on one of those drives that Marilyn's impact on me really hit home. It was a simple thing really. She hand packed a box lunch for us. But there was so much love and tenderness and the feeling of the mother packed into that box lunch. To this day I am still moved. It was the first meal I had ever had that came with so much love and came from the true mother's touch. I remember as we sat at the outdoor rest stop to eat, I began to cry I was so touched. I told her why.

Of course, Marilyn being Marilyn, was very modest about it. Then Marilyn began Barbara Brennan's training. Of course, we all signed up right away to be her guinea pigs for healings. Those healings with Marilyn were remarkable. I remember one time especially when she was clearing some cords on me and she looked at me directly and said, "You are part of a network of Healers. You will be going to Barbara's school." I thought that was just great. It was even greater that it came from her. Though some part of me did not believe it.

I remember when Marilyn was diagnosed the first time with cancer. I was in Vancouver, Canada, taking an intensive with Gurumayi. I had called my stepsister to let her know what was going on in the Intensive. She told me that Marilyn was very sick and that I needed to pray very hard for her. That night at Darshan (going up to meet the Guru) I made a firm resolution to ask for Gurumayi's help for Marilyn. Now this was no easy thing for me to do. Find my voice? Speak out? Especially to the "GURU.!" It was always very difficult for me to speak up in any crowd.

But this was for Marilyn. Marilyn was the one who always always encouraged me to find my voice and let it be heard. As I walked up to where Gurumayi was giving Darshan, everything inside of me wanted to run away and be silent. Then I found myself leaning forward and a voice coming out of me.

"Gurumayi, Marilyn Schneider, David's mother, is very sick. Would you give your prayers and blessings for her well being?" She looked at me for a long and deep while as if eternity itself was present. She nodded her head. I knew everything somehow would be O.K.

Marilyn did get better. And she taught at Barbara's. And she was a teacher of the sophomore class the year I was a sophomore. I felt it such an honor and joy to have her there as a teacher. She was the one who got me there in the first place. Everyone loved her. During the years through my training at Barbara's I would have sessions with her. These sessions always went deeper and deeper into the great mother and became more profound each time. They connected me to a part of myself that had long ago been lost: my voice, my feminine, my passion, my truth. She taught me so much.

Marilyn gave and gave and gave She was my first mother in many ways. She taught with every action with every word. Marilyn was and is a remarkable teacher, guide, friend, mother. She taught me about intimacy, truth, finding one's voice and more. I could go on and on. My words feel so inadequate for how deeply she touched me. I am every grateful and healed in my soul from having known her. ○

Hope Robertson lives in Boulder, CO, and graduated ASOS in 1999.

Being with Mom

Thomas Schneider

With all of the memories that surface when remembering my mom, most are pale beside the ones that linger from her last year of life. I will never forget the courage she displayed in moving so gracefully through her illness. Being with her and experiencing the profound love she was able to give and receive is still so present with me. The moments with her when all there was to do was enjoy the remaining time we had are so fresh in my memory. Many of them are filled with sadness, but it's a sadness mixed with great love and joy for life. The richness of that time will stay with me forever. Sitting in her room, I often felt as if time were standing still. I have never experienced "being in the moment" more completely. I am so grateful to have had the chance to share those moments

with her. To be able to say goodbye was so important in the process of letting go. None of that would have been possible if it weren't for the openness in which my mom shared her own process of letting go. Her acceptance of all of her struggles seemed to come from a knowing that it was all part of the journey, and it was all OK. Being with her in her truth made it so much easier for me to be present with my truth, as well as all the intense emotions of saying goodbye. I often try to return to that place, because at that time, in that room, being with mom was perfect.

From my mothers journal:

"If you are determined to gather life's honey, just stick your hand into the hive, again and again and again, to be strong so many times that you become numb to the pain, to preserve and persist till those who know and love you become unable to think of you as a fairly normal woman, you will not be called mad, you will be called alive."

— Author Unknown

Mother

*Sometimes I can't see you.
I am paralyzed, frozen in sadness.
But I know you're still with me.
You have always been there.
Mother.
I am trying to see you,
understand your pain
My pain.
I want so desperately
To see you as you are.
To see me as I am.
To see in my children
the fruits of your struggle.
Our struggle.
Thank you for sharing
a splendid journey.
Teaching me
Loving me
Helping me
find my way home.*

Thomas Schneider is currently in the first year of ASOS.

Remembering Marilyn

Cathy Novak

I feel grateful beyond measure to have known and loved Marilyn Schneider as a healer, teacher and friend. Although our time together seemed too brief, her gifts to me will last a lifetime. She showed me a wondrous new way to see the world, and through our work I came to trust a process that is often beyond understanding: to consider being rather than doing; to feel more kindness and patience for myself, and to open to forgiveness, receiving, acceptance and surrender. She opened the door for me to a path of deeper connection—a path back to God, to others, to long abandoned hopes...and to the very core of my soul. In time, that same path led me to healership, to Jason and to a community of healers, teachers and friends that I dearly love.

Marilyn's wisdom and compassion touched every aspect of my life and guide me still. Yet, in reflecting on the transformation I experienced in our relationship, I believe that the most powerful effects of her

healership came from the example of her own life. Her determination to see life's challenges as opportunities for growth, to sit in the unknown, to surrender to the journey before her, to discover the gifts in her difficulties—and to share her learning with others—will forever be a source of awe and inspiration to me.

Marilyn's desire to be with God, to be present to life and to bring these qualities to her work created a sacred space in which I increasingly felt the presence of God. Her own remarkable radiance and exquisite presence seemed to expand, even as her illness progressed, and eventually I found that the thoughts and feelings I so urgently wanted to share simply melted away into the sheer love and pleasure of being with her. I experienced with Marilyn how someone can be a healing presence just by being who they are, and I pray that someday I, too, can be such a presence in the world.

At the graduate seminar last summer I was fortunate to see Marilyn with the

community she so loved. Already aware of her affection and commitment to ASOS, I was overwhelmed by the depth of her connections to so many people—and how many lives she touched. Since then I have dropped into an even deeper appreciation for the difficult path she walked ahead of me, and for the personal work, courage and integrity it required.

I am aware that this past year of Marilyn's illness and transition has presented me with tremendous oppositions in feelings; deep love and anger; gratefulness and grief; patience and frustration: A very Kabbalistic condition, she would say. I know that something in me is different, for when I choose to speak of her, I am amazed that even people unfamiliar with her or with healing seem to somehow have an experience of her, and of my love and gratitude. I know she believed that our forms and relationships change, but that we are all always connected. She assured me that that love never dies. Maybe I am starting to get it. I hope so. With all my heart I hope so. ○

Cathy Novak graduated ASOS in 1999 and lives in Great Falls, VA.

Marilyn's Gift

Lainy Reicher

"Who among us has not dreamt of breaking through the bounds of life and death? The wish to do so shocks us into panic, filling us with hope and dread."—*Mary Shelley*

In July 1991 my husband died of cancer. I was left with two children to support and no income. I had to face my worst fears of not being able to take care of their needs. I studied with a master who taught me the body's chemistry and two years later I opened my own office, practicing as a nutritionist who also balances the body's chemistry. And because of the trauma I experienced around my husband's death, I decided not to treat any clients with cancer.

It was at this time that I met Marilyn Schneider. She was a teacher at the Barbara Brennan School of Healing and a graduate of ASOS. As she sat opposite me, my first impression of her was that she was very soft-spoken. She also had large doe eyes

and a marvelous large, tooth-filled grin. She was dressed conservatively and meticulously. She told me why she had come: She had cancer.

Knowing the law of the universe that says, "Never say never," I soon realized that both the universe and Marilyn had plans for me. I simply couldn't refuse her and told her I would do the best I could. Thus began our relationship.

As Marilyn followed my program of balancing her chemistry, she taught me kindness, humility and patience. She supported and encouraged me, always telling me how grateful she was to be working with me. After her visits, I was left with a greater sense of self-worth. She started sending me other cancer clients and again I couldn't refuse. I struggled with wanting to be perfect and wanting to make them all healthy.

Then in January 1998, I called her and she told me she was thinking about me. She said she wanted to thank me for everything I'd done for her and that it was time to stop

struggling: The cancer was back. My heart stopped! My first response was, "Don't give up! We can work harder; I know other people to contact." She was patient with me and told me it was time for her to let go.

After hanging up, I cried, realizing my tears were for me. It was my pain and fear and not hers. Marilyn was at peace with her decision and she would face her death with the same courage, humility and grace with which she lived her life. I didn't need to make it better for her.

Hilda Charlton, my first spiritual teacher, once said to me, "How will people remember you?" I often think of how I want to be remembered and I strive to be that person. I have always known that there are not any accidents; that we meet certain people for specific reasons. Marilyn's life and her passing was a gift to me. I will never forget her. ○

Lainy Reicher lives in Woodstock, NY, and graduated ASOS in 1998.

Class Facilitators Needed

Attn: ASOS Students and Graduates

As the number of ASOS students and graduates grows, there is increasing need for better communication both within each class, and between all classes, students and graduates. Students and graduates need to be able to share with each other the changes, ideas and struggles they experience as they deepen into Integrated Kabbalistic Healing. For this reason, we are looking to make our ways of sharing and communicating more consistent.

Already there are some systems in place for a single class to communicate with its own members, whether it be for class announcements or a need for prayers and healings. One class does it informally; another has a phone tree; another has an e-mail list and yet another has a chat room set up to discuss many different issues.

There have been many discussions about the best way to organize this and our plan is as follows: We propose that each class should have an e-mail list, with an appended phone tree to include those who do not have e-mail addresses. A chat site will be set up on the SOS website that will allow for members of all classes to talk to each other.

This website would also include a place for class members to chat about things privately, within that class only.

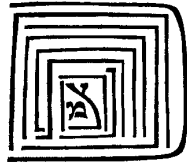
We need a volunteer from each class to act as a facilitator. We also suggest that there be a back-up facilitator. The facilitator would be responsible for maintaining and updating the e-mail and phone tree lists and would initiate (as needed) community-wide communication.

Ann Barry from the class of 1998 has been the driving force behind the need for better communication and will work with each facilitator to set up an efficient system. Steven Sashen from the class of 2000 has been working with a chat site for his class for sometime and has volunteered to set this up for all of the other classes. If you'd like to learn more about constructing an efficient system, you can call Ann Barry at 781-894-1494.

If you are currently acting as either the formal or informal facilitator for your class, please let us know who you are! We hope that you will add an e-mail list/phone tree and chat room to your communications system. We need a volunteer for each class beginning with the graduates from 1996 and continuing on to those in the current Year I that will graduate in 2002. To sign up to be listed as the facilitator for your class, please call Jan at **973-538-7689** or e-mail her at **jan@kabbalah.org**.

Pick Up That Word Processor

Please send us articles about your experiences with Kabbalistic Healing. Articles should be received no later than May 15. Email articles to jan@kabbalah.org.



For more information about A Society of Souls training or Jason Shulman's workshop schedule, please contact Ms. Jan Bresnick at 17 Witherspoon Ct., Morristown, NJ 07960 973-538-7689 or visit www.kabbalah.org.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Jason will give a weekend workshop, **Working with the World: A Kabbalistic Approach to Ecstasy**, at The Naropa Institute in Boulder, CO, beginning Friday evening at 7 PM on April 28 and ending Saturday at 5 PM. This workshop will fulfill the requirement for applying for the three-year training. For information about registration, tuition and room and board, call 303-245-4800.

Dani Antman will lead a daylong workshop, **Working with the World: A Kabbalistic Approach to Wholeness**, at the Holiday Inn Silver Spring in Maryland on Sunday, April 30, from 9:30 AM — 5:30 PM. This workshop will fulfill the requirement for applying for the three-year training. Tuition costs \$85 if you register by April 5 or \$100 after that date. To register, send payment in full to: A Society of Souls, c/o Brenda Blessings, 8316 Tobin Rd. #22, Annandale, VA 22003. Make checks payable to Jason Shulman. For further information, please call Brenda at 703-641-5949.

An Invitation to Do Almost Nothing

At the first Graduate Seminar on Cape Cod, members of A Society of Souls decided to meditate on Wednesday night at 9 PM Eastern time, and Sunday morning, at 10 AM Eastern time for about twenty minutes. This means that wherever you are in the world or in your life, you have the opportunity to sit down and spend some time in silence with friends. Please join in.

ORDER FORM

To order the following products, please print your name, phone number and mailing address in the box at right along with your check, made payable to Jason Shulman and send to A Society of Souls, 17 Witherspoon Ct., Morristown, NJ 07960.

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