

# THE SPIRITUAL CONNECTION

The Portland Spiritualist Church  
January 2018



## From the Desk

January 2018

It was always a running joke in my parent's household that when you asked my Father what you were going to get for Christmas, he'd always reply "Oh... you're all getting socks and underwear!!" That was supposed to strike fear in us so that we wouldn't be as bad a child as we had the potential to be. It eventually became a running joke in the Carter household. Socks and underwear! Christmas, Birthday, it didn't matter. Socks and underwear!

So, let's fly ahead to the present and to this Christmas morning. What do you think that Santa brought to me in the night? You bet. It was socks and long johns. And you know what? I was so happy to see these wonderful items of clothing. I had actually asked for them when I was last on Olé' St. Nicks knee. Perhaps I'm starting to get old. Well, at least practical.

But we never know what the future has in store for us. Things that we never thought would happen, happen. We try and try to see some sort of big plan and think that the way we see the Universe will always be the same. Age, or perhaps experience, and the little changes that we make in our lives always lead us to new horizons. There is no such thing as a "static" life. That in itself is against Natural Law.

So, as we go forward into 2018 let's keep in mind that the Universe and Infinite Intelligence are always working at making us better, stronger and closer to understanding all of the wonders that this time and this place has to offer. Let's not waste it!

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## Board of Directors

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### **Sunday Speakers and Mediums**

Sunday Speakers Services 6:30 PM

**Jan. 7<sup>th</sup>**

Rev. Beth Carter CH, CM  
Portland Spiritualist Church

**Jan. 14<sup>th</sup>**

Mike Carter  
Portland Spiritualist Church

**Jan. 21<sup>st</sup>**

To Be Announced  
Watch Facebook and Web-site

**Jan. 28<sup>th</sup>**

Inga Olsen MPI  
Portland Spiritualist Church

**Board Meeting January 17<sup>th</sup> @ 7:00p.m.**

**Membership dues \$20.00 are now due**

#### **Legends**

CM - Certified Medium  
MPI- Morris Pratt Institute Student  
REV- Reverent  
NST- National Spiritualist Teacher  
CH- Commissioned Healer  
LM- Licentiate Minister  
M- Missionary

### **Friday Development Classes**

Friday Classes 7:30 PM

**Jan 5<sup>th</sup>**

Table Tipping  
Rev. Beth Carter CH, CM  
& Mike Carter

**Jan. 12<sup>th</sup>**

Meditation & Mediumship  
Lance Cyr

**Jan. 19<sup>th</sup>**

Mediumship Development  
Rev. Beth Carter CH, CM  
& Mike Carter

**Jan, 26<sup>th</sup>**

Séance  
Rev. Beth Carter CH, CM  
& Mike Carter

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Start keeping an eye out for the messages that Spirit has to offer to **YOU!** You can and should work on expanding your mediumship to serve and help others. But, like we urge everyone who sits in healing: "Allow the blessings of Spirit to come to you first." When you are healed you are a better conductor for healing others. This also applies to receiving Spirit messages. Let Spirit help you first. Let loved ones who wish to help you come to you with greetings. As you become a better messenger for yourself, you become a better messenger for others.

I have become more aware of my Father and Mother making themselves known to me. Sometimes they will make up over me when I look in the mirror, or they may impress me with some little tic or trait that they always used to use. Mostly they step in just to let me know that they are there, and sometimes they have a message or impression that they would like me to remember. I never thought that this would happen for me, but "SHAZAM!!" there they are.

So, start being aware of the loved ones that come in for you and you alone. Share their information and love if you feel that you should. Keep it close to your heart if it brings comfort and love for you. The Universe and Spirit are wonderful things. They are always available to us if we just listen and acknowledge them. Infinite Intelligence can and will be your guide as you look into the future and grow.

And if you're really good. And if you listen very, very closely, you too may get socks and underwear next Christmas too!

Mike Carter  
President  
Portland Spiritualist Church

## CONSOLATION

(R.L. Stevenson)

Though he, that ever kind and true,  
Kept stoutly step by step with you,  
Your whole long, gusty lifetime through,  
Be gone a while before,  
Be gone a moment gone before,  
Yet, doubt not, soon the seasons shall restore

Your friend to you.

He has but turned the corner-still  
He pushes on with right good will,  
Through mire and marsh, by heugh and hill,  
That self-same arduous way-  
That self-same upland, hopeful way,  
That you and he through many a doubtful day  
Attempted still.

He is not dead, this friend-not dead,  
But in the path we mortals tread  
Got some few, trifling steps ahead  
And nearer to the end;  
So that you too, once past the bend,  
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend  
You fancy dead.

Push gaily on, strong heart! The while  
You travel forward mile by mile,  
He loiters with a backward smile  
Till you can overtake,  
And strains his eyes to search his wake,  
Or whistling, as he sees you through the brake,  
Waits on a stile.



# BELLY LAUGHS

BY MADISYN TAYLOR

*It is easy to laugh when we feel good, but it is when the world appears dim that we most need laughter in our lives.*

As children, we laugh hundreds of times each day, delighted by the newness of living. When we reach adulthood, however, we tend to not allow ourselves to let go in a good belly laugh. Inviting laughter back into our lives is simply a matter of making the conscious decision to laugh. Though most of us are incited to laugh only when exposed to humor or the unexpected, each of us is capable of laughing at will. A laugh that comes from the belly carries with it the same positive effects whether prompted by a funny joke or consciously willed into existence. When our laughter comes from the core of our being, it permeates every cell in our physical selves, beginning in the center and radiating outward, until we are not merely belly laughing but rather body laughing.

Laughter has been a part of the human mode of expression since before evolution granted us the art of speech. Through it, we connected with allies while demonstrating our connection with people we didn't know. In the present, laughter allows us to enjoy positive shared experiences with strangers and loved ones alike. Yet solitary laughter carries with it its own slew of benefits. An energetic and enthusiastic bout of whole-body laughter exercises the muscles, the lungs, and the mind in equal measure, leaving us feeling relaxed and content. When we laugh heartily at life's ridiculousness instead of responding irritably, our focus shifts. Anger, stress, guilt, and sadness no longer wield any influence over us, and we are empowered to make light of what we originally feared. Laughter also opens our hearts, letting love and light in, changing our perspective, and enabling us to fix our attention on what is positive in our lives.

It is easy to laugh when we feel good, but it is when the world appears dim that we most need laughter in our lives. Our laughter then resonates through our hearts, filling the empty spaces with pure, unadulterated joy. We regain our footing in the moment and remember that no sorrow is powerful enough to rob us of our inborn happiness. When we understand that uninhibited laughter is the food of the soul, nourishing us from within, we know instinctively that life is worthwhile.



## Winter

BY MADISYN TAYLOR

*Welcome Winter Solstice, in our hearts we burn warm with all that you offer and all we hold dear.*

In times past, the bare-limbed trees, long nights, and biting chill of winter signified to all that the time had come to slow down. Humanity emulated the animals, retreating into cozy dwellings where they sustained themselves on foods harvested late in autumn and passed the time in peaceful reflection. Today, most people proceed ruddy-cheeked through winter's frosts, ignoring the profound effects cold weather has on their bodies and their minds. Yet the beauty and significance of wintertime cannot be so easily overlooked. As the temperature plummets, leaving the air crisp and the landscape bare, we tend to crave warmth and relish rich foods. The presence of loved ones seems more comforting when blustery winds rattle window panes and we feel compelled to conserve our energy by engaging in only the most soothing of activities.

Though your daily schedule may remain more or less the same no matter what time of year it is, you will find in winter many opportunities to honor the way in which you are impacted by this most magical of seasons. At first glance, the world may seem desolate during the coldest months. Yet there are many unique and stimulating sensory experiences to be had--in the intricate beauty of individual snowflakes, the patterns of frost that form on your windows, the tang of smoke from wood-fueled fireplaces, the crunch of freshly fallen snow under your feet, and the briskness of the air. Do not be afraid to venture joyfully out into the cold and the snow as you may have when you were a child. A tingling and reddened nose is a small price to pay for a clear mind and invigorated soul. If your body articulates a desire to rest, give yourself permission to spend your free time reading, writing in your journal, daydreaming, engaging in artistic pursuits, playing board games, working a puzzle or meditating.

Many plants, like the tulip and the apple tree, would not blossom in the springtime were it not for the period of dormancy that is the gift of winter's chill. Their example can inspire us to use this season of slumber to cleanse ourselves of spiritual and emotional detritus like flora shedding lifeless foliage so that we, too, may emerge from under the frost refreshed and renewed when spring arrives.

### **Do not stand at my grave and weep**

**By:** Mary Elizabeth Frye (1905-2004)

Do not stand at my grave and weep,  
I am not there, I do not sleep.  
I am in a thousand winds that blow,  
I am the softly falling snow.  
I am the gentle showers of rain,  
I am the fields of ripening grain.  
I am in the morning hush,  
I am in the graceful rush

Of beautiful birds in circling  
flight,  
I am the star shine of the night.  
I am in the flowers that bloom,  
I am in a quiet room.  
I am in the birds that sing,  
I am in each lovely thing.  
Do not stand at my grave and  
cry,  
I am not there. I did not die.