

THE DEEP WELL TAPES
SEX, TRAUMA AND
CONJUNCTIO

Marc Bregman
Christa Lancaster

with
Susan Marie Scavo

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Dedications

From Marc:
For my clients
who made it possible for me to grow
and discover this work for myself and others.
Their breaking into the deeper underworld
has allowed me to follow.

From Christa:
To the Beloved within
who knows and loves me.

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PROLOGUE

Within the book *Sex, Trauma and Conjunctio* is a second book called *Vessel*. The two narratives form a conversation between the theoretical text of my friend and colleague Marc Bregman and my own very personal story of spiritual unfolding through Archetypal Dreamwork. Interesting in itself is the story of how Marc and I came to write this book together, along with Susan Marie Scavo, a brilliant writer and editor who succeeded in bringing it into actual form, weaving around our narratives other stories that illustrate elements of Archetypal Dreamwork that my story did not, or could not, address.

This book is a true collaboration and a labor of love, fleshing out the ideas put forward by Marc and Susan Marie in the first and second books of the Deep Well Tapes series. The purpose of this book is twofold: to further understanding of this work through Marc's text and to embody through personal story - mine and others - how we can live and grow through our issues of sexuality and trauma to open to the state of spiritual union we call conjunctio. This is no small feat and one not easily conveyed or understood. By including different voices through their art and writing, we hope to give a human face and feeling sensibility to the concepts and ideas that Marc communicates in his direct yet concentrated style.

The Deep Well Tapes series consists of four books. Each is a rich source of insights and spiritual discernment from Marc, who is the founder of Archetypal Dreamwork. All of the books include accounts of personal journeys from many of those who have followed the practice of Archetypal Dreamwork and experienced transformation in their lives. The first book, *The Deep Well Tapes*, is an introduction to the conceptual framework of the Dreamwork.

The second book in the Deep Well series, *The Secret of the Pomegranate*, further illustrates the journey by exposing the limiting mythology that we live under, that we learn to accept in the process of growing up and adapting to the world at large. This is what Marc names the Big Lie, the lie under whose shadow we live and

struggle and allow to define our reality. The Big Lie refers to the collective state of compensation that masquerades in the world as the truth. At some point in our lives we lose our connection to the real self that knows Divine Love and create a false self in compensation. Without knowing what is happening, we enter the Big Lie.

This book, *Sex, Trauma and Conjunctio*, deepens the reader's understanding of the Big Lie by continuing to reveal its deceptions through the narrative that Marc provides as well as through my story, *Vessel*, in which I show how I was lost and how I was found. The subject of our intertwining narratives is the nature of spiritual trauma, the universal trauma of our separation from the Divine. My story, *Vessel*, weaves through the text of Marc's essays and commentaries showing how I reenacted my spiritual trauma through the drama of human relationship and sexuality. Our intention was to show how it is possible through the wisdom of the dreams to pass through the protective layer of trauma to the core wound of spiritual separation. In so doing we are blessed to find not only the self that awaits us but also our unique and individual relationship to the Divine, the state we call spiritual union, or conjunctio.

Marc began writing this book in the summer of 2007. He and Susan Marie evolved a way for Marc to "write" by speaking with Susan Marie on the phone each night at the end of his workday, from his home in Morrisville, Vermont. He would begin with a topic or a thought that may have arisen out of his work that day with clients. Susan Marie, sitting in her attic room in Montpelier, Vermont, would ask him questions or encourage him to say more. In this way, Marc received much of the book intuitively in conversation with Susan Marie, who typed as he spoke. She then, as a writer and editor, would give the received wisdom form and structure. Thus, a book was born. They continued this process for many months until the book was complete. Susan Marie posted each excerpt nightly on the North of Eden website. Readers followed the book with great excitement.

Meanwhile, I had been writing a spiritual memoir over a period of twelve years. In speaking with Marc in 1996, he suggested I write a book about this work. I agreed enthusiastically without having a clue about how to do this. I plunged in by reserving a time each day to write about my process in the Dreamwork. Almost immediately, I had a dream in which I entered a bookstore. It had many levels like a tower. When I reached the highest floor, I found a man waiting for me. He told me his name was Salzburg and that he would help me write my book.

Over time, help came also from writers Karla Van Vliet and Susan Marie, who taught me how to write about both the past and the present, anchored in the revelations and teachings of my dreams. I found the form of the short essay to work well for me. I wove into the narrative vignettes from my childhood in Bermuda and my adult years of marriage, children, divorce, and the death of my mother.

My writing about the Dreamwork took many forms over the years. During that time I was growing in my relationship with Marc and in my involvement with Archetypal Dreamwork. Our relationship evolved from being strictly client and

therapist to becoming partners in the business of North of Eden (NOE) and co-directors of NOE retreats. At one point Marc and I discussed writing a joint book, an idea I rejected at the time because I felt I would not feel free enough to find my own voice. I had my unique contribution that was different from Marc's, and I was learning to trust my own intuition and connection. I needed to find the teacher within me through my particular spiritual connection. Writing my book was a large part of that individuation process.

In the winter of 2007, Susan Marie and Marc were wrapping up the final chapters of *Sex, Trauma and Conjunctio*. Meanwhile I had worked the edges of my writing and found my voice, purging the writing of residual blame or victimhood. I came to understand that my book was the story of how I worked through my issues around my sexuality and men, back down into my hurt around my mother's unconscious rejection of me, through the crust of my trauma to recover the soul self in me who could know the love of the Divine. In effect I had written my own version of healing through sexuality and trauma to conjunctio.

Soon after, I walked into our shared office space and suggested to Marc that we combine our two books into one. He agreed instantly with great enthusiasm. Finally, the book about the work we both loved could be a joint venture. Susan Marie combined our two distinct voices with the gift of her intuitive wisdom, adding into the mix the other voices to round out the offering. The result is the book you are holding. It is our hope that this book conveys some of the power of this mysterious and miraculous, and ever-evolving, work.

Christa Lancaster

HOW TO READ THIS BOOK

When reading a book, we usually enter at the beginning and wind our way through from that beginning to the end. We start out on a journey, learning and experiencing things on the way that build on the journey and then we come to the end.

The first two books in the Deep Well Tapes series, *The Deep Well Tapes* and *The Deep Well Tapes: The Secret of the Pomegranate*, were written and arranged with the assumption that they would be read from beginning to end. Like the parts of the process that those books talk about, there is a way to step through the books. It is a little like how we step into the work, step into our own personal and unique journey.

We step in with the need to learn where we are, what is of us and what is not of us. We learn about pathology and how it hides itself in our blind spots, how it works to keep us from seeing it and thus moving into our journey. We learn about the way that this works in the outer world through the gyroscope, how we create selves in order to survive the separation from our true selves. How, from this creation, we create outer world structures.

This process is not entirely linear, but there is a way to understand the greater arc of the process which is linear.

The work is about going in to find what is true, what is not true. Once we have worked to a place where we see this and understand this as it is manifest in our lives, then another phase of the work can begin.

This phase is the phase of working through trauma; our trauma of separation from our selves as well as any trauma we may have experienced, working with our sexuality and sensuality and coming into conjunctio with the Divine.

This book is about this step of the work. It is about how we step into facing the traumas that need to be faced in order to face into union, into our own personal relationship with God. At this point of the work, it becomes even less linear.

Because of further breakdown of linearity, this book can be read in a different way than the other books. Instead of a journey, this book is like a river. The narrative

flow can be entered at any place – at or near the mouth where it begins, midstream, the places where it eddies around itself, the long places where the current is deep and slow, the rapids, the falls, the place where it merges back to the ocean. It can be read entirely out of order, in whatever order feels right. Each each chapter is both a whole unto itself and part of the whole; each piece of Christa’s book is also both whole unto itself and part of her narrative whole.

The way to read this book is to find the place in this river that is right for you to enter and to find the places where you want to explore.

It is like the process of conjunctio itself. It is not linear but all things at once.

Susan Marie Scavo



I have cast fire upon the world and behold, I watch it until it blazes.

Jesus, Gospel of Thomas

SEX, TRAUMA AND
CONJUNCTIO

INTRODUCTION

Dream:

I see people being kidnapped and drugged by demon figures. While they are drugged, each person is given a program of some sort so that when they wake up, they do not know who they are. Instead, they believe that they are the program they were given when drugged.

I am aware that I am also drugged and not my true self. I am plunged into desolation and a feeling of lostness because I know that I am not my true nature at the same time as knowing what I am not, which is everything I thought I was.

I am with the Animus throughout the dream and feel comforted even though I am shocked to see that this is the nature of the world, shocked that we are all part of this grand conspiracy.

I see that the purpose of living is to leave the lie that we have been told and to find the true nature of what God created in each of us.

From this dream, one of my own, I am aware that every dream is an attempt to free us from the idea that we have about ourselves. No matter how wonderful and seductive and beautiful or how dysfunctional or depressive or destructive the idea, the idea is all a lie. While the lie is easier to believe if the program is a “good” program rather than a “bad” program, it is all still a lie. “Good” and “bad” lose their values when the reference is anchored in the self that is the programmed self. It is this self that has to die whether it is “good” or “bad.” Issues of morality, correctness, right and wrong, imperatives to find the self or to caretake - everything in the programmed self is to be questioned.

The dream lays the self open like a patient undergoing a heart transplant, cutting through the layers of deception, layer by layer, until all that remains is the essential soul. The descent of Persephone into the underworld to seek the Divine is not unlike the descent of the knife as it pierces into layer after layer of consciousness and life.

For in each lie there is a grain of truth, in each hopeless hope, a grain of love, but it still must all be cut through. The process is painful because there is love in every attempt to live the life that we live even if it has been programmed. We have not been brainwashed - it is that our love has been used against us in some way. We are tricked by our own pain and yearning, to live lives that are not rooted in our souls.

The depth of our desire that forms us, however, is still present, and it does come from our souls. Therefore, we bleed when we are cut.

The lie hurts because we are caught in it even as we are sincerely attempting to live in the world with integrity. The greater the attempt at integrity, the greater the wound when the lie is discovered. The greater the wound when we sincerely believe we are in the love even as we attempt to find the love. And, of course, in some ways we are in the love.

Therefore, the treachery is complete. There is enough of our true selves, our authentic souls, mixed into the lie that the pretending is not the pretending of the self in many cases. The pretending has its roots in passion, sincerity and real caring which is why the pathology can come as something good in a dream. The demon can carry and use as a cloak the real intentions of the soul and it can also raise the flag of personal desire for our soul's expression. But the demon lies. It is treacherous and it suppresses the deeper truth.

Where is this truth? Why should something wonderful and holy be so corrupted that the very aspects of its nature continue to live amidst the corruption? How can we discern through the subtle fabric of this lie when the soul lives in it? This lie is mostly revealed through relationship and the issues that arise out of that relationship with the Divine - the Animus, the Anima, the child or the elemental spirits and animals such as bears, panthers and lions. In these relationships, we see our failings and our good intentions become devoid of the very thing we seek. Dreams bring us this conflict in a way that expresses the source of the separation and its dysfunction. The place which the pathology would have us not see, the blind spot that exists in us all. The blind spot that is the portal into the other world.

Once the lie is revealed, the feelings underneath suddenly become available in the psyche - first in the dream unconscious and then in consciousness. The willingness to go through a portal which leads to another world means that we must descend into the essence of the feeling itself.

The many ways dreams accomplish this can be shocking, seemingly immoral and confusing. We often look at feelings that arise in dreams from the position of an event that caused the feelings. We always look for the smoking gun, for the childhood experience that caused us to be lost from our true selves. We look for the reason, not

the feeling, because we do not want to feel the feeling, we do not know that all we have to do is feel it. In all cases, pathology does not want us to feel the feeling.

Although causation is a big part of psychological learning, it is only the first step in the process. True healing requires the descent into the feeling itself, whether there is trauma or not, and always ends up in a spiritual awakening.

Therefore, what seems bad in a dream is often good. Once we understand that what is bad is good, we can begin to learn how we are separate from our true selves. Once we understand how we are separate from our true selves, we can begin to realize what we need to feel in order to narrow that separation, what we need to feel in order to become transformed and changed into the selves we were born to be.

We can grow through life's experiences, through our mistakes and failings. We can grow in our lives and learn the lessons to evolve to a place where we can be with God by the end of our lives. In our mythology, old people grow and learn; grandparents are better to their grandchildren than they were to their own children. There is an elevation, a maturation.

It is also true that most of us grow at such a slow rate that if all we can achieve is to be better grandparents than we were parents, it is to provide some kind of Archetypal example to our grandchildren. It is a victory, yes, but a small one.

As human beings, we are evolving and we are growing, but not in a way or at a rate that is dependable. The pathology simply adapts to the changes we make and is most often successful at ruling us yet again and in a more sophisticated way. Maybe we have grown in the last two thousand years, but it is also true that we would have blown each other up many times if it had not been for Divine intervention. We are always on the brink of war.

Without intervention, it is unclear what the future holds for human beings. We clearly need intervention. Dreams attempt to supply that spark; they demand, command and require than what we are doing in almost every case. Whatever we are, whatever we have done, it is not enough; there is always more in store for us.

Archetypal Dreamwork does not belong to or come from anyone. It is the psyche's attempt to bring us to some understanding in order to accelerate our evolution. Dreams are not the only answer, of course, but clearly we need to do something more.

Some of us are finding that we can do more, that we can progress. It is shocking to find that we can actually wake up, that we can actually feel the potency, the aliveness, the fear, the pain, the joy.

We can see with new eyes in ways that we probably would not have seen until the end of our lives. For seeing things clearly at the end of life, if we are lucky, is still a victory for the pathology, for we are at the end of life. The Archetypes would rather we reach this kind of clarity while we are still alive and well.



HIBISCUS AT NIGHTFALL

Christa Lancaster

I dream about a baby girl in the water, underwater. I think I need to nurse her. Then I realize that she does not need me. She is fine, being fed, under the water.

Through opening my heart to my friend, I found the girl in me, the one who knows how to love and be loved, who can breathe the water, who can live there in the depths. Where she is, there can be no shame. She feels, she loves, she loses, she grieves, she loves, she knows, she does not doubt her heart, she does not question her knowing, she loves who she loves, she gives herself to love, she is discerning and wise, she has boundaries, she has grace.

The Girl



My broken heart was the entry point for the Beloved. He needed a portal through human relationship. My heart, which broke open, with sweetness and innocence, to my old friend, was the portal.

I lost the girl, I lost the way to her. Breaking open to love, breaking my heart open led me back to her. I did not recognize her power, the power of the vulnerable child.

She has no doubt. In the water, she is fed, breathing water, teaching me to breathe in the deep water. She is held by the ocean depths, safe in the water, the element of feeling.

I feel her when I break open to loss, leaving, changing . . . children growing and leaving home, friends partnering and moving on in their lives. Change. My grandmother dying. Leaving. Changing form. Loss and love. I feel her now. I could not feel her then. Too painful.

Frozen Child



Had to separate from her, the one in me who could feel love and loss. Too much grief and separation. Too big a wound. Mother gone, father gone, the ones who might have loved, turning, turning away from her radiance and wisdom. So, I joined them, turning away from her, the one who knew, who felt it all, who saw and felt and knew. I could not stay. I could not bear the pain. I left her.

Into the empty, unfelt space came the demon of shame, casting a dark shadow where the girl had shone light. Into the pit I fell, spiraling down so far into a self-hating that I could not remember who I had once been. I forgot the baby girl in the water. I forgot her tender heart. I closed up like hibiscus at nightfall, tight, coiled. I forgot and hid under the cloak of shame.



The Collective Illness

If everyone is sick together and we are all separated from our souls together, if we all live in the world or variations of the world of separation together, then we all support an insanity that we all agree is sane because it is the norm. Normal means we are all alike or at least within the bell curve - the 60 percent of us who are similar in how we think. Most of us have people in our lives who believe the same thing we believe.

We believe that normal is sane. We never know how sick we are because everyone is sick with us, and some people are even sicker so that we can point a finger at them and feel that we are not doing so bad. We never know how badly we are doing until we find the Divine and then can look back at our lives. Or we suffer so much that we know something is wrong.

It is a collective insanity and we all play off of it and are all victims of the same thing. We can blame each other, be better or worse than each other, but it is all the same.

When we journey deep into our work or have the extraordinary capability of breaking through the lie, we begin to have dreams in which the Archetype emerges. Then, we have the opportunity to leave the world, to leave the massive, psychotic insanity of the world and enter someplace extraordinary, the realm where our souls live. All we have to do is say yes, die to self when the moment arrives, when the moment is offered.

In that moment of Dying to Self, we are asked to drop down into deeper relationship with the Divine. The dropping down takes us through, underneath and down below our deepest feelings, our deepest wounds, our deepest traumas, our deepest doubts, everything that is the part of the separation of our souls' knowing.

We enter the great tunnel, the great well, which leads us through to the deepest, most vulnerable parts of ourselves.

Whether the journey metamorphizes as the clitoris, which is the little girl's connection to the soul of a woman, or as the boy, who finds his way back to the Father, humble, broken and open, somewhere in those mythologies, in those words, in those actions is the very essence of a feeling that we can call vulnerability or that we can understand as the mythos of Persephone's descent into the underworld.

These ideas and thoughts can be misinterpreted and misunderstood and devalued and explained away. The real meaning can only be known as feelings to be felt and unraveled through the descent in the moment we say yes to the feeling.

In that moment of saying yes, there is an opportunity for Alchemy to occur, for a feeling to be explored, for a dynamic to be received that is an expression of Divine love and healing. We call this alchemical because of its miraculous ability to change us forever.

This brings us back to a place of innocence where we feel different, where we feel ourselves, where we feel the world, where we feel the Divine in a way that has been previously unfelt or only momentarily known.

These deepest and elusive core feelings create a moment that is akin to a great musical expression. We may feel a particular note in an Om or a prayer or a ritual, but to truly drop down into the self that is the true self that lives in that note, that lives in the Om, that lives in the prayer, that lives in the knowledge of God as an expression of God, we must enter the very feeling itself. This is vulnerability. To drop down into the place where we can truly commiserate with the Divine is ultimately the journey's end.

Dropping down and underneath means dropping down and underneath the collective neurosis of the social order in which we live. The collective neurosis is the deal we all make to survive - the growing up to be fallen away from our souls, to forget, to know and suffer the loss of the self we once knew. Dropping down and underneath to reach our true soul selves is the only way to gain relationship with the Divine as we stand in this world.



ANCESTRAL SHAME

Christa Lancaster

Ancient history: rupture and the etiology of shame

My father calls me before Christmas: "You've made a bad mistake. You've made a really, really bad mistake."

I brace myself. Taking a breath, I plunge in toward decades of shame turned outward, condemning shame pushed back out at the world.

“What, what have I done?” I ask.

“You’ve sent me your sister’s Christmas presents instead of ours.”

“Oh,” I reply. “They are swamped at our local Mailboxes; they’ve made a mistake.”

Human error not tolerated. “He does not suffer fools gladly.” “You airhead.” “You idiot.” Condemnation. The one who has been shamed shaming the other.

Falling backwards in time, down into the spiral, where she, the daughter, is wrong and bad. Everyone has gone away and the pain cannot be borne so she dwells in the dark land. She had a dream when she was sent to boarding school in England, from Bermuda. In the dream she holds a deformed child. She bites off its head.

I do not remember wanting my father. I do remember forgetting what he looked liked.

Girl in the Closet



My mother, alarmed, taped a black-and-white head shot of my father onto the door of the blue wardrobe of the bedroom I shared with my brother Tim. He traveled for his work, for long stretches of time, especially to Latin America. I did not understand what he did. He was gone a lot. My mother was the one who fixed things that were broken and built me a playhouse and pruned the Poinciana in the backyard outside my bedroom window. When my father was at home, he spent Saturday and Sunday mornings playing tennis with his regular cronies. In the afternoons, he sat on a chaise lounge by the side of our swimming pool, with a yellow legal pad and a pencil, doing his work in the sun. Most Saturday nights my parents went out, often entertaining visiting company executives and their wives. We were brought out by the nanny, bathed and clean in fresh nightclothes, to be presented to the guests while they drank cocktails. We lived in a regimented household, eating dinner with our nanny in the kitchen, separate from our parents.

Separate and ordered.

I cannot remember the feeling of ever wanting my father. I do remember that I was matter-of-fact when I told my mother that I could not recall what Daddy looked like. My desire for a father, was, I believe, deeply buried.

My mother's father was distant. This is what she knew. She married a man who was a good provider and emotionally distant. Safe distance. Secure provider. An ancestry of men travelling to the edges of the British Empire, in search of fortune and adventure, travelling away from their wives and families. My father worked in the empire of an American insurance company. He travelled parallel distances, over ocean, into far continents rallying the insurance managers in their local offices around the globe. Distance. Empire. Acquisition.

With distance I detached from wanting. I relinquished desire.

The baby breathing underwater knows her desire. She knows how to want. She knows how to be close and connected. It is she in me who can connect to real love. She in me can know real love and open like a night-blooming cereus to the mystery of the Beloved's love. She is the bridge to His passion and potency. I need her to know Him. She was never hurt. She never closed up. She has been waiting in the mysterious depths of the ocean, breathing in the timelessness of the

water world, the eternal spaciousness that lies beneath our air-breathing world. She is the eternal core of my being that moves through time and space without limit.

I have been learning with her to stay underwater and breathe, to become a water-dweller, to live in the other element, away from the airy world.





WHAT WE ALL KNOW

Where *The Secret of the Pomegranate* leaves off, this book begins. *The Secret of the Pomegranate* explored the mythological or symbolic walk through the psychological video game. Within this walk, the book discussed certain human experiences on the journey from the position of the past as well as the position of Alchemy and some of the ways the process of the past is rectified and moved into the present.

These ideas, although powerful, do not speak to the human condition or the human experience. It is the purpose of this book to delve deeper into the exploration of that condition and experience. This is largely represented as Psyche's reality, which reflects much of the suffering of women, and by the reality of men who are lost to women or lost from their home, their true selves, that would find the Divine, as represented by the Prodigal Son.

This book endeavors to explore those experiences that we hold sacred because we do not want to uncover the frailty of our experience. The Big Lie is not what happened but what we perpetually create by living the compensatory life, the life outside the Divine in which we claim to find both satisfaction and meaning.

In every human life, there are times when the lie cannot be sustained, when the American dream - or whatever it is that holds the life together - is suddenly challenged by some breach in the armor. We often look at these external events as bringing us to question ourselves in our lives. These events might be serious health issues, financial ruin, death of a child, the death of a spouse or a near death experience. They may get our attention briefly or even more than briefly, but what can be done?

This deeper looking in for the answer requires not an external breach in our physical safety or sense of ourselves, but rather it requires facing what we already know. We already know that we lie and we already know that we are far from the truth, even though we may have told no one.

There are many things we know or suspect about ourselves. Maybe we know we have been infidelitous, we have cheated on our taxes, we have cheated on our

partners, we have stolen from our spouse or our parent or our siblings, we have lied, we have done drugs without anyone knowing, we have a second life no one knows about. Maybe we do everything perfectly and everyone believes we are great, but in the darkest of night we really know that we hate ourselves.

There are many different kinds of knowing and not knowing. There is fear about doing something wrong and getting caught or not doing something wrong but feeling as if we have and getting caught. There is this kind of knowing of uncertainties, of crimes committed, of crimes to be committed, of things we may do, of things we may not do.

While this is part of the knowing of ourselves, there is another kind of knowing. Another knowing that maybe we know that God is watching us. Maybe we know there is a God but we do not believe there is a God, and we know there is something wrong with not believing there is a Divine. Maybe we know the world is off; maybe we know we are off, that everyone is off. Maybe we know there is a spiritual dimension we are not aware of and yet are aware of.

Maybe it is not a knowing of guilt but a knowing of what truly is and not being able to fathom it. Maybe what we call guilt is just living outside the truth of Divine connection.

Maybe what we all know is that there is something more that what we think we know or what we want to admit we know. Maybe what we admit is not really the truth, and there is more we do not know. More about ourselves and more about the Divine.

Maybe it seems there is always something calling to us that will not be reconciled no matter if we pay our back taxes or we tell our partners we cheated and receive forgiveness or we pay reparation for what we have stolen or we admit our frailty, uncertainty, unworthiness. There is always something calling to us even if we prostrate ourselves before God. None of this will really solve the problem, the true problem, for there is the underlying place that says it is not quite right.

There is a deepest sense of not knowing that can only be found at the the deepest levels of the psyche. This is where Persephone journeys, the place of the journey's end. Maybe this is the place where we discover our souls. No matter what we do, no matter how we try to mimic or create or become the thing we already are, we are still not the thing until we truly become the thing.



UNDER ELUSIVE

Christa Lancaster

At our house in Stowe, Vermont, the house that my mother left to my siblings and I, Guy, my younger brother and his wife, Kate and I were discussing the word elusive. It is a word that comes up in conversation

with them. “So and so is very elusive . . .” I pressed them to say more. What did they really mean? Did they intend it to be pejorative? Was it a compliment? I was persistent. We followed the conversation to the point that my youngest child declared that it was really boring to go on and on about the nature of a word.

Clearly there was something in it for me. I needed to understand if and how I was elusive. After about an hour, I realized that I have been very elusive, particularly in relationship to men and that elusive was not a desirable way of being in relationship with other humans. I made a list of all the words I associate with being elusive.

Elusive:

- ambivalent
- leaving
- running away
- rebellious
- independent
- prideful
- ashamed
- diffident
- unable to be intimate
- separate
- eluding as hiding
- ambivalent as a means of avoiding commitment
- being on the fence

A week before, I dreamt:

I am married to Jeff. I feel so happy to be with him. I am five months pregnant. I lean into him. It feels good to be close.

Then, I begin to doubt . . . are we really married? Is it okay to be pregnant if we are not married? Does he really want a baby after all? Have I trapped him into marriage by getting pregnant? Blah, blah, blah.

Poof, he disappears.

Jeff was my first love from whom I walked away on a very cold day when I had just turned twenty-one. I went with him to the now-defunct TWA terminal at JFK airport to see him off back to London

where he was living and working. I had been with Jeff since I was eighteen. We had a plan to get married when I finished college. I was in my senior year of college in New York City. Instead, I told him I wanted to break up with him, I needed to see other people, I was not ready to settle down. I delivered the news, turned on my heel and walked out of the Eero Saarinen-designed building. I never looked back. Frosty. Elusive.

Elusive



Aloof. I have been aloof, elusive, gotta go. Cannot be present. Cannot stay. This is the way I have been with men. Not knowable. Seductive.

A bit mysterious. Elusive is mysterious aloofness. Also a bit slippery. It looks like I am there but then, in an instant, I am gone. Aloofness with some intrigue and mystery. Getting away. Jeff called me his sphinx. He once drew a picture of me as a sphinx on a page of yellow-lined legal paper.

My sister responded yesterday to my writing:

“ . . . thought this morning reading your piece, being elusive is about not having any emotional skills. You left because you could not tell Jeff you felt hurt . . . that really resonates for me with our English ancestors . . . distant, far away because that is all they/we knew how to do. I flash to Mum smoking cigarettes in the bathroom . . . that was her main way of dealing with emotions! Leave, isolate, suppress.”

She is right. We learned this from our mother, who learned it from her mother. Our emotional range was compressed into one succinct English dictate: Keep a stiff upper lip. This was the rule that we lived by, that had been handed down through the generations. Do not let your lip shake, do not reveal your feelings. Hold them in and back. From my father's working class side of the family, we received a different slant on life and how to negotiate it: Life is not a bed of roses.

For example, when I was not happy at boarding school in England and wanted to move back home to live with my parents and go to a day school, my father's response, on the way to Marylebone train station on a Sunday night, was that I should not upset my mother and that I needed to understand that life was not a bed of roses. End of discussion.

My second husband mirrored the leaver in me. He loved to leave, go away, be intimate at school, have his intensity far away with others. Intriguingly distant. I was elusive in my own way with him, saving my intensity for my female friends. Then I began to change. I wanted to close the widening gap between us. I wanted to see where we would meet if we were really intimate. I thought we could grow together and become more intimate. I was ready to let go of being elusive.

For innumerable reasons it did not work. The more I tried to be close, the more elusive he became. Issues of power and money became blocks to moving closer. Very deep intransigent positions about

money, power and patriarchal ownership became apparent. I began to see them, though, they had always been there: I had just been complicit. As I awoke, they became blatant and obvious. I became allergic, gradually, to my own complicity. A latent rage in me rose up, toward both men I had been married to, like a forest fire. It extended toward men I knew who were operating out of their own misogynistic position, unconsciously to be sure, but misogynistic all the same.

Then I had a dream which showed me that it was time to give up my rage, that it too had become a position. It was time to let it fall away and just feel the simple pain of oppression, how it hurts both the oppressor and the oppressed. My rage, untransformed, could serve only to perpetuate the problem.

Last year, I went beyond being elusive. I risked opening my heart to a friend who opened his heart to me. I was different. I was not elusive. I broke out of my pattern to be exposed and awkward and foolish looking to the world. The risk was for me even though he broke my heart by turning away. I told my brother that it was the very first time I had risked being a fool for love. I was forty-seven years old.

I fell into a deep place inside myself in relationship with my friend. In fact, it was the deepest place in me I had ever known. The voices of the opposition in me told me I was an idiot, he never loved me. Last week, I believed the voices.

Dream:

I am in a kitchen. My friend and I are kissing. I feel his love. A woman comes in who is like an automaton, a zombie with zoned-out eyes. When she enters the room, he stops kissing me and disappears behind his newspaper. I leave.

It is not about leaving. It is about staying. Staying with myself, true to my heart. Can I just stay in the kitchen and let the waves of his turning away wash over me? My old pattern is to leave. My pride kicks in. I am not going to look like an idiot. He is the idiot. I am outta here. Color me gone.

But . . . the gift of opening up deeply was for me. It took me to a deeper place than I had ever known. When I leave, I lose the

spiritual gift of deepening. I abandon myself.

I broke up with Jeff because he moved to another country and I felt hurt when I went to visit him in London and he was distant. I did not know how to say, “Hey . . . where are you? What is going on? I do not want you to keep your regular squash game on the day I came all the way across the ocean to see you.” So I disappeared and left and never came back.

I turned away from Jeff at twenty-one, and I was lost to myself, lost down dark alleyways with dangerous men. I walked away from other tender men like my friend Peter. I was intrigued by aloofness and mystery. I moved to Paris and dated a blasé French count, a brutal Bosnian artist and a man I met in a nightclub who lived in Proust’s apartment.

I did not want to spend time with Peter who was American and interested in me and who I was. He kept showing up at my door. He was too available, too open and too kind. He urged me to read the novel, *Endless Love*, to discover Paris with him. Instead, I watched Jean Seberg films, cut my blonde hair short and cultivated an image of mystery. I had entered into an image of living in Paris. Cool and inaccessible. Aloof. Aloof to God, aloof to my heart, aloof to intimacy.

Having children began to break down my aloofness. I was twenty-four when my son Rory was born. I wanted to learn how to be close. Children taught me about being more immediate. They taught me about being more real and intimate.

Dream:

I am physically curled up close to my youngest son. I am at first natural, close to him, sensual and accepting. Then, I notice people all around us. My ease vanishes. I become self-conscious and horrified. Shame grips me and I leap up. The child disappears. I try frantically to find him in a nightmare of a fun-house. No use. He cannot exist alongside shame. He cannot live in its dank, dark basement.

In two dreams the personifications of the Divine disappear when I become doubting and ashamed. In the other dream, I disappear. In all

three, I disavow the love that is present for me. Lots of leaving and being left.

Pattern:

Choose the wrong man. Feel hurt. Leave.

Choose the wrong man. Feel hurt. Leave.

Choose the wrong man. Feel hurt. Leave.

Breaking out of the cycle means feeling vulnerable with Jeff in the dream, vulnerable with the child, vulnerable with my friend in the kitchen.

Breaking out of the cycle means not leaving, not falling into the treacherous shoals of shame, not doubting what is good.

Maybe I am just scared to be that open, awkward, raw and vulnerable. I feel sensation in the front of my chest, my heart when I say that. I am scared to be so open, awkward, raw and vulnerable. Maybe I am just scared to have the love I say I want. It would mean changing. It would mean staying open and not leaving. On Terry Gross the other day, Robin Williams said, "Change is not a hobby." It is work. My work is to see this big old blind spot of mine.

It is hard. I feel fuzzy, discombobulated. Fear is rising in me like a slow scream. It feels like the air in Bermuda when the barometric pressure is dropping before a hurricane arrives. I know a storm is brewing. I am on edge, unsettled. I am sleeping in frantic snippets, my head reeling.

A few days later, in a conversation with my friend Dale, I read her my thoughts on being elusive. She says that I did a good job of laying out the pattern of being elusive with men. I start to get it. You cannot really be with God if you are being elusive. It is a contradiction. You have to be present to receive the love and the grace. You have to be open if you want to receive the gifts. You cannot receive if you are running out the door.

Then I really got the pair of dreams, one with Jeff, one with my friend and what they are really showing me. My default position is one of shame, which for me reads as, "There is something wrong with me." In the first dream, I react to being married to Jeff and his love by doubting what is good and wonderful. In the second dream, I react to my friend turning away with pride which also masks, "something's

wrong with me.” Here we are at the epicenter of my blind spot around men and relationship. How can I be close to God . . . or a man in the world . . . if I disappear? Being elusive for me is how I avoid myself, it is my inability to tolerate being open, vulnerable and available to my own heart and feelings.

Avoid is the dictionary synonym for elude. It is not on my list. Being elusive is about avoiding real life, real feelings, real hurt, grief, joy, pain, fear, terror, grace. Real love requires real openness. To it all. Unconditionally not leaving. Unconditionally staying present to my own deep, true, raw, awkward, vulnerable experience.

Under elusive is vulnerable.

Why have I spent so many years avoiding being vulnerable, particularly in relationship with men. What is that?

What is that about? Why? If I were my own client I would asking, “What does elusive cover up?”

The truth is that I do not know.



What is the thing we call soul? It comes in dreams as a child, as a self that we protect or want to protect or want to ignore or avoid or disdain or need or carry or hold, but we are rarely the child. We are rarely this part where we are obliged to it, where we want it. It is always calling to us to become the thing which is our true selves. No matter what we do to solve the mystery of the world or our lives or the Divine, in the end, none of it matters. In the end, the true calling is becoming ourselves.

What does God really want from us? Does He really want us to supplicate ourselves and seek forgiveness? Does He want us to be perfect, to do His bidding? Or, does He want, in fact, relationship with us? How can He have relationship with us when we are not truly the selves that He created in the first place?

Perhaps God created souls to have relationship. The soul, then, needs to be acknowledged. The Divine will not have relationship with us until we acknowledge and become our true soul selves. It is not that we just acknowledge who we are - we must become who we are. The primary issue of this work is not to be connected with the Divine, is not knowing God or God’s love, God’s purpose, God’s direction. It is not even cleaning up our messes, our falsehoods, our lies, our pathology.

The primary condition of growth is becoming ourselves, is becoming aware of the self that begs for our attention. The self we lost so long ago as children, the one that left us or that we left. To return requires an ability and a willingness to feel feelings we have long since forgotten or hope we have forgotten. In lieu of not remembering those feelings, we try to buy our way around them.

We will do anything to avoid those feelings. We will be the right person as if there is something wrong with us or we will be the wrong person as if there is something wrong with us. We only need to be who we are. The simple truth is we only need to be who we are, to be what God created us to be. In this work, the first order of business is cutting through the lie of ourselves, good or bad, and finding the truth of our true self. The true self that is unconditionally loved and accepted and was created to have relationship with the Divine.

The dreamwork therapist takes our dreams and shows us that we know this and we have no choice but to admit it. We have to admit it because the dreams show us. This is an inner breach - and we already know we have an inner breach. We do not need a catastrophe to wake us up. We already know that we are far from ourselves and that we are living lives of projection and blame and suffering. We just do not want to let ourselves know that we know.

This book's success requires each of us to be honest about what we know about ourselves. The endeavor is to touch on this human awareness and challenge the ideas that try to repress and suffer that awareness into oblivion. Sometimes these repressing ideas are so strong that we cannot allow our knowing to gain a foothold. Our knowing is too outrageous against the backdrop of the social arena we all find ourselves in and the collective lie that no one wants to admit. The collective, social and individual failures.



THE ACT OF GROWING UP

Passage to the Divine is through union with the Animus. This union leads through trauma or leads into the core of one's teachability, the capability for feeling into the core self. Feeling into the core self is a requirement for Alchemy. There cannot be real work without feeling into core feelings and the dreams will bring us into them over and over again. At every juncture, the Archetypes will make an appearance to work with us in this way. The Archetypal imperative is Dying to Self. Dying to Self is simply another way of feeling into one's self.

Why should Dying to Self be feeling into the self? It is a problem because most of us are attached to nonfeeling. When we do not feel our feelings, nonfeeling must be replaced by some compensatory function - the many ways we emote, react or justify our lives. While some of these functions are often not a big deal, they are all designed for one reason - to separate us from our capability to feel into the feelings we are supposed to feel. Our attachment to what we do instead of feeling what needs to die.

The question remains, however: Why is this hard? What is the nature of this process that most would not relish coming to terms with feelings? Why have we gotten so far away from those feelings? Is it because of some form of trauma or separation, or some form of evolution of the psychological realm?

Growing from childhood to adulthood requires, in and of itself, a kind of trauma in terms of evolutionary process. The trauma of growing up. Why should growing up be such a catastrophic issue? Because growing up is growing away. Just growing up is traumatic. It is less an issue of looking for a smoking gun, looking for a reason for trauma, but rather the fact that it always happens. There are, of course, those who are unable to manifest as adults because they are born with Down Syndrome or emotional issues. In these cases, there is not much psychological damage.

The act of growing up itself is against nature on a spiritual level, for it is against the core self. It is not God's fault that we failed, it is not that He failed us - it seems to be predestined. In the act of growing up, we grow away. Perhaps this explains why so many mythologies are about leaving home and then returning, as in the Prodigal Son. Leaving home is a requirement - everyone has to grow up.

We often try to project the child self onto children, protecting them and encouraging them to be innocent. But we cannot protect them and they do not want to be protected. Children want to grow up, which is almost like replicating the fallen nature of humanity. Fallen, in this way, means fallen away from God, not necessarily falling into sin.

We work so hard to grow up as if we choose to grow up. We feel we want to grow up, get married, have children, have things. We want these things not from the child self, however, but from our adult self in order to make up for the lack and for the separation that has already occurred. Objectively speaking, this leaves all of us bereft.



RIVERBEDS

Christa Lancaster

I wanted my mother so much it hurt. I looked up at her with all the love in my heart streaming out toward her. I would sit on her lap and tell her over and over again how much I loved her. When I was ten I cultivated a cough which lasted for a year. I forced myself to keep the cough going long after the cough was naturally gone. I had an operation to have my tonsils taken out. When I was sick, I got my mother's attention. She paid attention to me when I was sick. I did not want to give up the cough attention. I could not bear to lose what little I had of her.

I wanted my mother so much it hurt.

I was given a dream about the traumatic event of my childhood:

I am in a hideous, filthy, disgusting room. It feels horrifying to be there. I want to get out, get away as fast as I can. My maternal grandmother is lolling lasciviously, naked on a sofa. She feels demonic to me, terrifying and alien. My mother, a decrepit hag, walking with a cane and barely able to breathe, is leaving me there with my grandmother. I rush out, look at the gorgeous islands and the glittering water; I feel separate from

the beauty. I go up the hill and see my brother with people I do not know. I feel alienated from him too. I feel like I do not belong anywhere. I feel utterly alone.

Earlier this week I wrote about flushing out pockets of shame. Now I am at home, sick with a respiratory infection. My lungs began stinging with inflammation the day I took the dream to Marc.

The grief and the shame. Where there were deep pockets of shame were pockets of grief frozen up in terror. Frozen in my lungs, unable to move out. Until now. Tears flowed all night on Thursday, flowed up and out of my heart and lungs and back. Raging tears, sorrow and rage mixed, moving from hard pain to soft sorrow. Softening the river beds in me from dry, hard rock to soft clay. Clay that is soft yet can hold moisture, can hold and be molded by the river, can receive, be a vessel for moving waters, for feeling, for love.

When I was eighteen months old my parents went on a trip to Europe for six weeks with another couple, their best friends, Tillie and Walter. It was the summer of 1959. My parents had been married in 1953, when my mother was just twenty years old, my father twenty-five. My older brother, Tim, was born in 1956 and I followed in January of 1958. My mother stopped working the day my brother was born. She stayed home with us while my father worked.

My mother grew up as part of the landed class in Bermuda, part of old Bermuda, descended from the first settlers, the English colonists who came to the island in the early 1600s. Her father was not able to make the money to keep the family lands intact. During the war his import business ground to a halt. As a strategic base for NATO, the island was surrounded by German submarines and U-boats. Trade and commerce ceased. Like most families in Bermuda, my mother's family subsisted on government rations and the limited food they could produce at home in their vegetable gardens, with a cow, goats and chickens. My mother went away to boarding school in the U.S. in 1949 and then to the Philadelphia Museum School of Art. After a year she left. My grandfather could not pay the tuition. She took a job at the Bermuda Tourist Bureau.

My father was sent to relatives back in England for the duration of the war. He lived with his aunt and grandparents on a farm in the Lancashire dales, leaving behind his own family. Too dangerous to

travel across the ocean during the war, he did not see his mother and father for eleven years. A working class boy of immigrant parents, who never owned a home or a car, my father learned about the lives of the wealthy when he returned to the island at eighteen, on a ship with his dog, a bulldog, whose name was Brenda, the name of his wife-to-be.

When I asked him a couple of years ago how he even knew about being rich, he said: “I dated rich girls and I saw how they lived and I liked what I saw.”

Above and Below



Tall, handsome and charming, my father had the kind of movie star looks that, according to a woman in Bermuda who knew him then, girls drove around the block again to catch another glimpse of. He

partied hard from the time he arrived back until after the births of his first children. Before he married, he went out drinking and dancing six nights a week. On the seventh, he rested to start again. He would ride his moped home from work, sleep from five to nine and then go out till late. Postwar Bermuda became a winter home for rich Americans. My father, with his charm and good looks, found his way into their world of power and money. He declared once to his buddies, at a late night party, that what he wanted in life was, “power and money.”

My mother had been engaged at nineteen to a budding young writer called Brian. He was also from old Bermuda bloodlines but he was passionate about writing. He broke my mother’s heart when she found him kissing her best friend, Phoebe, on the front verandah the night of their engagement party. Brian was a wild man, flamboyant and unstable.

A year later she was engaged to Jack, my father. A partyer, but a man with ambition; a handsome, charming man with the taste for Cuban cigars, fine cognac and rich women imprinted. Together they moved in a crowd, the offspring of American and English wealth that partied hard even after they were married with children. They became friends with Tillie, a diamond heiress, and her Canadian-born husband, Walter. They conceived the idea of doing the Grand Tour around Europe by car, travelling from great hotel to great hotel, dressing each night in smoking jackets and evening dresses, from Rome to Paris. They would see Europe in style. They would leave their two children, eighteen months and two and a half, with my mother’s parents, Grace and Ross, who then lived on a little island in the harbour in Bermuda.

Several years ago my sister, Bettina, put all the 16-millimeter film from our family’s past onto a video. Within the archives was footage from my parents’ trip to Europe. It took me months before I could bring myself to watch it. When I did one cold Saturday afternoon, I watched with frozen horror scenes of my mother, with her Jackie Kennedy pillbox hat and smart, fitted suits, looking out the window of a charming French hotel, waving to my father below. She looks stiff and self-conscious, a girl pretending to be grand and grown-up.

When my parents were on that trip for six weeks, I cried inconsolably for the entire time, according to my grandmother with whom I was left along with my brother Tim. When my mother returned, I recoiled from her in terror.

When she was at home she was not there in the way I needed. I wanted closeness and connection. She wanted to get away from us, she sought distance and time alone away from us.

Once we had a full-time, English nanny, when I was five, she travelled on business trips with my father, all over the world, sometimes leaving us for six weeks.

When I went to boarding school in England at thirteen, all the grief and separation welled up and again, for the second time in my life, I wept inconsolably and uncontrollably. I cried for my mother for three months.

I wanted my mother so much I ached and cried myself to sleep reading her long letters to me, under my red print comforter from John Lewis in London, by torch light.

I needed my mother so much it hurt.

And then, I did what I learned how to do, I accommodated and also, forgot, or chose to repress how much I needed and wanted my mother. I grew independent, rebellious, socially adept like my father. I learned how to be an outsider in an exclusive English girls' private school. I was described as being diffident by a teacher and a fellow student.

I had become aloof, held in, held back, elusive while perfecting the art of social interaction. Meanwhile, I had a dream so disturbing I kept it to myself until many years later. In the dream I bite off the head of a deformed child. I remember the taste of disgust in my mouth. I was horrified by the sensation of biting flesh.

I buried my sadness, my longing for my mother. Shame seeped in and took hold. Underneath my slick social facade I felt deformed and bad, like something was very wrong with me. I bit it off. Was it because I wanted to make it go away?

I needed my mother so much it hurt.

It hurt too much so I gave up needing her. I pretended I did not need her. Inside was a seething pit of anger at her for turning away, for not facing me and being willing to feel her own soul and its attendant

feelings. Overlaying my fury was a mask of love which emanated: I will love you as if you are my own daughter and then, maybe, one day, you will become the mother I have always longed for.

Thus she became my focus, rather than me becoming hers. How could I begin to tap this buried reserve of anger and loss?

I had to reenact my mother's presence in other relationships so that I could access these feelings and emotions. I had to dramatize my life. I did this by betraying myself with men.



We do not realize that the act of growing up causes us to be bereft. We react by wanting to have our partners meet us in a place of innocence, but we have lost our innocence and we need to blame someone. There must be a price to pay for the loss of innocence and that price comes from projecting it onto others. Requiring them to supply that which we ourselves are unprepared for. How many of us want a relationship but when we are challenged with someone who really loves us, we actually cannot do it? Is it that we are dysfunctional and we project the dysfunction onto others? Or is it because, having grown and fallen away, we have lost our innocence (despite maturity or sensitivity)? We cannot really expect to have another give us what was lost. Not just in terms of connection to something that loves us, but, more important, connection to ourselves.

Whenever we encounter the Animus, He is always challenging us, showing us that we are not deep enough even though we would like to believe we are in terms of our awareness of need based on someone loving us. We become aware of what we have lost when someone loves us. This awareness is only made possible by virtue of the fact that the other may treat us poorly or reject us because we do not realize we are in pain and in any kind of separation. Or, if someone loves us, especially when we are young, we cannot really respond because we have not come to terms with the fact that we are in pain, with the fact that we have had a loss.

To receive love, we have to feel the pain of having been lost from ourselves. The self that evolved from the separation is incapable of really being in an intimate relationship. So many of us remember when we had a relationship with a significant other that we rejected. We realize that we blew it, but it almost had to be blown because we had not yet gone back in time to uncover the pain of separation from the primary innocence itself.

The bottom line is that trauma is not necessarily a tragic thing that happened to us except to say that it does happen. The first tragic thing that happened to us is that we simply grew up. The second tragic thing that happened to us is that we are not aware that we simply grew up. We believe we are ready, willing and able to have

relationship, but our dreams would say otherwise.

Trauma is not necessarily something bad that happened. Trauma is simply that we grew up.

Shards of Feeling

When pathology takes over, reality is nothing more than the shards of feelings that shatter and split off. The shards then become emotions - but they are really shards of feelings, fragments that lack a cohesive center.

So, in the world of shards, “sweet” has to be linked to fun, cute, caring. Sweet can never be linked with sadness or pain. Sweet pain does not make sense because the shards do not link up this way. They are split. But at the core, sweet pain is a whole feeling. Only when it is split into shards that sweet and pain become separate.

This creates a divisiveness in the psyche that separates us from our souls. For once feelings are exploded into shards, we cannot get to the soul. The soul feels things differently than the ego feels them once the connection is lost. In the soul, love always has pain in it and it always has joy. It revolves. The love can feel like joy and pain and exhilaration and passion and vulnerability and uncertainty and fear, all of which revolve around the core feeling of love. But when love shatters into shards, the feelings become something else.

Once we split the love from the feelings that revolve in it, the other feelings become isolated and then can appear to be pathological because they seem to have lost their root in the Divine. We forget that they actually are rooted in the love and then they became something else. We even have different ways to interpret the words we use when we are soul connected versus when we are not.

So, for example, vulnerability changes and becomes weakness. Being meek changes from being potent with God to being a doormat for anyone to walk on. The ego responds by not wanting to be meek, turning toward being powerful instead. Without God, even the word powerful means something different than it means when we are powerful with God.

All of the words that describe true feelings have different meanings depending on whether we are whole and whether they are from the soul or not. This is why pride wants to have us judge them - meek is bad, vulnerable is bad, there is no such thing as sweet sadness. For the disconnected soul, these things do not compute.

But these feelings are the passion of the Divine. When we begin to encounter them in ourselves, they completely obliterate the world as we know it. This is why it is scary to feel them because things change to a place which can feel almost psychotic when we are not familiar with or acclimated to them. Reality changes, throwing us into wondering what we are feeling and wondering what the world is all about. It is like changing the focus on a microscope.

The consciousness in ourselves that perceives things the way we perceive things has to be congruent with the Divine. It has to change into a place where the

soul perceives because the soul is congruent with the Divine. We lost track of the soul, we lost track of the feelings of the soul and we lost track of our capacity to be with the Divine.

SENSUALITY

Exteriorization is evolutionary development, a moving from the inner world to the outer world. This manifests physically when the sexual organs that grow outward mature and extend into the world. For women, this is the maturing and growth of breasts. For men, it is the phallus. The phallus, driven by testosterone, poisons the feeling side of the brain. From adolescence on, the relationship of the body in the psyche is to move away from God and the divine sense that we can procreate ourselves and manifest which is the will of God. Instead, everything in us must extend and replicate God within us - we become the parents, we become God, we become the father, the mother, but we do not become the child.

We are lost from the Divine and we are stranded in the projection of the biological imperative. The hormones of youth drive us and we are driven by the nature of the beast within us. The hormonal drive to have children, to seed women, to become the parent is such a primal, natural aspect of life on the physical plane that it is unavoidable.

Even if we attempt to bypass this process, we are still lost in the brokenness of the effort. For example, many people become monks, people who see through the vice of the quality of the world and want intimacy with the Divine. But the question must be raised - Do the isolation, the meditation, the prayers truly serve God? Do they help the person truly be with God? God put us here to actualize in the world. By commiserating with God to find Him, we insulate ourselves by setting an example of the insular quality of that relationship. Yet, feeling driven and potentially being asked to fulfill His call into the world by doing something He asks is part of the procreative power of exteriorization of the self that is actually in connection with the Divine.

The perfect cycle of having an insular inner relationship the Divine combined with a calling that allows us to exteriorize Him through us in the world, even as we shield Him, seems counterintuitive to being a spouse, having children, and so on. To think this is a possibility as an actuality does not occur to the youth. Perhaps grandparents can find that innocence in themselves after a life of struggle so that they

can be more present in that place with their grandchildren or with other children. But for most, that opportunity is lost.

Exteriorization into the world whether on the level of procreative energy or a Divine calling, is not to be confused by the question of; “Are they the same fact?” On the other hand, when we act in accordance with the relationship of the Divine in the perfect state of consciousness, we are being both the child of the Divine and in the calling of moving out in relationship to others in that newfound place.

This relates to the idea of growing up, growing away which leads to the trauma of separation and then somehow finding the way back to the self. Once we fulfill this, we can find ourselves both with the Divine and at the same time in the world. This is the ideal. This is the reason we go through the wormhole of the deep well - so we can stand in both worlds at the same time.

Sexual dysfunction is a primary issue because sexual dysfunction is the same as emotional dysfunction occurring in the natural process. If we are unable to replicate our relationship with the Divine in our development, this flaw apparently manifests as the fallen quality in all humans. Because we cannot be both in the world with the Divine, because we cannot both live in our core souls and be with children at the same time, we replicate the dysfunction in our children.

The question has been asked - Why does God abandon the children? God does not abandon the children. It is that we ourselves are lost from Him through our development. Consequently, our children are abandoned by us because, as parents, we are already abandoned.

The return to innocence theoretically allows us to be men and women of God. From this place, we can raise our children with integrity, just as we would have integrity with Him and with our partners. In such a world, children may be able to grow from love. It would be an interesting experiment to have children grow from love and be surrounded by love. But this scenario is far from reality and it is undeterminable if the love would make a difference or if children would have to go through the same separation as the parents. Or, if the world were a more loving place, it is unknown if this would be reflected in the children and their capability to return and perpetuate the garden that is missing already. What is known is that we do not provide this for our children now. We provide, instead, the projection of fear. As lovely as we may think we are with our children, we are actually screwing them up without even knowing it. We cannot truly raise our children unless we ourselves are connected with the Divine. Consequently, we perpetuate the failure - what is God to do about it? God is doing everything He can to change us, to bring us home so that we can create an appropriate environment for our children. But if we do not go home, there is nothing for God to do.

The manifestation of sexual power and sexuality is the fundamental energy that drives all desire and longing for God. The desire and longing to be with a partner is nothing less than the desire to be with the Divine. Even though, unfortunately, we often become lost, discouraged and hurt in this energy, sexuality is nothing more than

a longing to be joined. Conjunctio is that joining.

To be joined with another requires an unrequitedness of soul for to be so joined with another person means not to be joined with the Divine. As we descend through the layers of our psyches, we find deeper forms of sexuality that go beyond longing for another. To be stuck in the longing of unrequited love is a kind of hell or purgatory where we cannot evolve and we cannot go back. The transmutation of sexual and emotional longing into the longing for God is a prerequisite in the evolution of the soul's development. This longing is in and of itself a form of sexuality.

Often, we want connection with God, but a connection that is disconnected from this longing. This is aesthetic longing. We may feel a longing for God, but it is not in our primary emotional life. Often what happens is that we have no sexual life, no emotional drive, no passion and yet we long for God. Aesthetic longing for God without passion is bankrupt of the three levels of soul development as shown in Jacob's Ladder - essence, sensuality and grace. The primary rungs of Jacob's Ladder are essence and sensuality. Aesthetic spirituality allows for many to have essence and feelings that drive sexual longing, but without the sensuality. Aesthetic spirituality is spirituality without sensuality. Spirituality with essence which longs for more essence has no reason or need for manifestation. A person simply gets lost in the aesthetic essence. Prayer and meditation become an answer like a slowly turning spiral in God's creation, where one can find meaning and deliverance. But I would challenge any who have achieved aesthetic spirituality to look at their dreams, for the dreams would show a great discrepancy between their satisfaction, their spiritual harmony and God's dissatisfaction and desire for them to find their innocence and to rediscover their passion and drive.

Sensuality without essence is sexuality. Sensuality with essence is longing for God. Essence without sensuality is aesthetic longing and an aesthetic experience of God. Essence with sensuality is the capability for relationship with the Divine. The combination of essence and sensuality creates the third rung of Jacob's Ladder - grace.

It can be said with great certainty that God loves us. Our shame of our sexuality, of our desires, is a powerful weapon against the way of spirituality. To believe that spirituality is different from sensuality, to believe that if we explore our sensuality we will be in opposition to the Divine, to view essence and sensuality as opposites is a great tragedy.

The culprits of this tragedy are shame, fear and the refusal to go deeper into our vulnerability. This is the trauma and the growing away. Children are primarily in both essence and sensuality - not one or the other. As adults on a spiritual quest, claiming one over the other, such as choosing essence over sensuality, has devastating consequences.

To have sensuality without essence can lead to pedophile activity, such as in the example of the sexual abuse of children in the Catholic church and other

tragedies. Without fully understanding sensuality, essence can be manipulated by pathology to take over our procreative sensualities, to take over our child selves and to project this onto children. This is why spiritual people often tend to get lost in childhood fantasies or fantasies with children. The children are the child they are lost from.

Essence requires us to be the child. Often, in dreams, the child will come wanting sex with us or will come while we are having sexual relations with our significant other and will want to be part of us. In this scenario, we will always reject the child, wanting to protect the child from sexuality, from sensuality, as if this is somehow different. But we all know that children are sensual. If left to themselves, they will explore their sensuality. In fact, a recent study has shown that children are in fact orgasmic at very young ages. This fact is being kept from psychological theater because the fear is that pedophiles will use it to justify their claims that they are doing nothing wrong when, of course, they are doing something horribly wrong.

However, the fact is that children are naturally sensual, that they are naturally in essence and sensuality until guilt and shame take them out of it. As adults, part of our developmental process is built on separating sensuality from essence while being driven by our sexual feelings to procreate. Any real significant spiritual experience of the child self is then driven out, leading us from partner to partner, feeling that we are somehow betrayed and violated even though we act in accordance with our needs.



SEX IS DANGEROUS

Christa Lancaster

In the summer of 1971, on the island where I was raised, a part of me came alive. I feel so uncomfortable writing about this subject, my coming of age as a sexual young woman, that I almost cannot bear to sit here on this warm day in Vermont. I want to leave, make the short walk to the cafe, order a chai latte, sit in the sun, eat a cappuccino muffin with the delicious white chocolate chunk on the top (which I always eat first). I want to escape from my history, the history of a girl who learned, and believed, that sex and men were dangerous. I believe that some part of me, the part that does not want me to be liberated, does not want me to speak, wants to keep convincing me that men and sex are dangerous. Then it will keep me “safe” forever, safe from discovering the true pleasure of my own eroticism, forever pulling back from the “dangerous man,” protected from becoming the alive, sexual, sensual woman within me.

I come from a long line of women sexually repressed. Early in my

teenage years, as I was awakening sexually, my mother told me that men were interested only in sex and that I must be very careful. She said that men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five thought only about sex. I took that in deeply. Men and sex were one; both were to be feared and guarded against. I realize now that she spoke only of their desire. I see now that my own desire was not the subject of the discussion. I can see that what she did not say about me and my desire, or women and their desire has followed me, in its absence all my adult life. I am only just recognizing myself as the subject of my own sexuality; subject not object.

Holding back from sex or acting out as the whore meeting men's needs; two poles of my distorted concept of sexuality. Compliance or withholding. Two defenses which kept me from knowing my truth. The negative pleasure of pleasing the man or the pleasure of staying safe, behind a wall. No room behind the wall to explore my desire. No room for my feelings, my needs, my truth. The girl in me heard that men and sex were dangerous, so she pushed her sexuality down into the unconscious and there she acted out the dark world of using and being used. The good girl was lost to herself, to her truth. Lacking the true north of my heart, I desired danger and alienation or withdrawal and self-protection.

Sensual Girl



I have a memory of the young girl that I was, feeling alive and excited, experiencing her passion.

I am on the verandah of an old Bermuda home, overlooking the calm waters of Mangrove Bay. The hot August night is heavy with the fragrance of oleander and frangi pani. I am swinging in a hammock, intoxicated with desire, heady with the attention of a young American boy who is visiting the island. He is smart and funny. I feel smart and funny, too. The erotic flow of energy between us has as much to do with the way our minds are connecting as the teenage chemistry that is activated. This is my first memory of the swoon of sexual desire, entering into the electric current of mutual attraction. It is not just about him and it is not just about bodies. We entered into a deeper river where we both lit up, like the green-gold of the phosphorescence glowing in the dark water of the bay. We entered into the mystery.

My mother sent me a copy of a story she had written that includes an account of her first sexual adventures with dangerous men and how her desire went underground. I come from a long line of women whose desires went underground, like the stalactites, shimmering in the caves in Bermuda, growing down, millimeter by millimeter, away from the light. What will happen when the stalactite reaches the azure pool of brackish water below?



The child self is capable of essence and sensuality. Because of this, the child self experiences an intense level of vulnerability to self and innocence of self, making it possible for a deep, profound relationship with the Animus. Making it possible for conjunctio and union with the Animus.

Union with the Animus is not possible without the full understanding and the full experience of the child self. One must descend deeply and thoroughly into the inner levels of the psyche to reach this fundamental energy and force of consciousness. It is no easy trick, for we always believe that the pain and suffering that we feel allows us to be more vulnerable than we actually are. People believe us to be sensitive and caring - we loved to be rocked in someone's arms. But this is not the case, for in the greatest vulnerability that we can perhaps acknowledge or experience, we still fall short of the child self. This kind of vulnerability is often nothing more than neediness.

The difference between neediness and vulnerability is that the neediness is simply the separation from God. The child in its vulnerability feels God's love,

assumes God's love, assumes intimacy. Neediness assumes opposition in the form of rejection, assumes uncertainty in the form of isolation and assumes the belief that one is lost and will become further lost. Such neediness forces the person into emotional management of people as if all the projection of the isolation is focused on being taken care of by others.

Although it is true that people who are connected with the Divine are also a child in the sense of being both sensual and in essence, and are also vulnerable and needy, they are not codependent. The difference is that the child already has the relationship with the Divine. Bringing this relationship with the Divine into the worldly relationship, we are not betrayed or violated because the actual experience of self is from a place of love and divinely inspired connection to God. Bringing this relationship into relationship with others means we make better choices, choosing people who will respond to the love that we feel.

Airplane

Marley



The love that we feel allows us not to take it quite so personally when we are not loved in return in relationship with others because we are already loved. We also have more patience and understanding from the place of an unwounded heart that others may fall short. We can find the irrelevance in the process of the other falling

short because we ourselves have the love to fall back on. From this place, the hurts do not have to go to the reaction of, “I did something wrong,” or to some deep trauma wound of the past or even to our separation from God that is projected into co-dependency, a need for others. This is a rare place, to bring so much love into relationship with others where we can be patient and loving back.

When the child comes to us in dreams, unless we really hate ourselves (which is sometimes the case), we may want to protect the child. The child may also be elusive by jumping away from us. The child may challenge us or even irritate us because it wants us to become the child, to die to self. We do not want to return, we do not want the mystery. We do not understand what the child has.

Taking care of the child is the ultimate arrogance for the child is really the seed of enlightenment. When we want to take care of the child, we are saying to the child that the child has nothing to give to us but that we have everything to give to the child. We feel this way because we have been abandoned or violated or maybe we have just forgotten that we are loved so we must be the caretaker, we must take care of the other. A calling is not about caretaking. A calling is having been taken care of and from this place, recognizing direction.

We can become the child instead of taking care of the child by feeling our feelings. We have to be willing to go into the deep well and allow ourselves to explore and discover life from the inside. Our own journey takes us back to our inner reality. Can we embrace fully our work, the journey of engaging our inner life and become the child?

In the last scene of the movie *2001: A Space Odyssey*, the child is in the bubble and nobody knows what is happening. The man grows old and dies, then, in the end, a child is born. This is an evolutionary jump. There is the child. This is why God loves us. His love for us is the same love we have for the child. To be the object of this love means we must be the child. A terrifying journey awaits us for we cannot be loved without the journey of becoming the child.

Once we are the child, where do we go? Once we are in union, in conjunctio with the Divine, then what? What is up? What is down? What is life? What is death? If we have died, we have ceased to live. If we live in death, we can no longer die. But what does this mean?

Once we are the child, we are at the ends of the earth. We are down below in the underworld. Back up in the world is breathing air, is breathing darkness. In death is life. We feel we have found the holy grail. We know we are immortal. We know that we will die, but that then we will live. The certainty transcends the fear of the passage. We know to the bone that we are one with Him, in the body and out of the body.

In this knowing, life becomes pregnant with meaning and possibility. As long as we live, we have abundance. As long as we live, we have the Animus. As long as we live, we will have Him. Since there is no death for us, we will live eternally in the knowing in relationship with Him, just as He lives eternally in relationship with God. Such knowing at the ends of the earth is the reward for the journey. There is no longer

a question of passage.

The question is now of beginning where we began such a long time ago. Exteriorizing is no longer for a sexual progeny but for His spiritual progeny, His power, His will coming through. Feeling the love, feeling the benevolence, feeling the immortality and walking in spirit, doing His bidding where He cares about what we do. We are at the ends of the earth. There is nothing to be done, there is nothing to control, there is nothing to do.

But there is everything to be done. We are at the ends of the earth. There are no longer people around - we are alone. We may have a mother, a father, a husband, a wife. We may have children. But we are at the ends of the earth and the road goes ahead. It goes forward past the sign that says, STOP! GO BACK! DANGER! DANGER! DANGER! We plunge forward for there is no end. There is only the recurrent theme of becoming and drawing closer in the act of becoming. The child is free to become the man he needs to be or the woman she needs to be. The Valkyrie is born. The essential self is now finding its way into the world. Holy. Holy. Holy.

SEXUALITY

One of the areas in which we deny the truth is the area of sexuality. Psychologically, several premises are made by the therapist and the client around sexuality that human sexuality has rules based on concepts of right and wrong. We try to examine human sexual experience, if it comes up at all, within these concepts. This, however, is a fallacy because human sexual experience is often different than the way in which we conceptualize our accepting of it. The sexual experience is connected to sensuality and is in and of itself a spiritual process. The Archetypal Realm has no moral equivalent meaning. The psychological realities of human sexuality are impervious to morality as long as they are conducted with the integrity of love and healing which are the underlying meanings of sexual expression.

There are two issues to be understood outside of the rules. First, in early childhood, sexual experiences, when not viewed through the lens of adult mores and taboos, may be experienced in ways that are not necessarily traumatic even though, from the moral perspective, most childhood sexual experiences are seen as violating to the human spirit. Second, in the dream life, sexual mores and taboos often do not exist in the deeper interaction in which we encounter our own sexuality in relationship to dream elements. In these cases, the relative “perversity” of these dream events is built on the foundation of strong spiritual and moral fiber.

Jung understood this slippery slope of the ego’s confusion about its acceptance of the deeper unconscious and the guilt which a truly moral person may suffer when perverse aspects are presented in dreams. However, as Jung noted, the amoral individual who has been perverted by the pathology and the whoremaster will not have dreams of experiencing sexuality outside the realm of rules and taboos. Rather, for these types of individuals, the dark aspects of their sexual being will be under attack by the dream elements in an attempt to reflect the perversity as dangerous to the self and to others. Because of this conflict, it is not a good idea to discuss these matters. Many who are corrupted may take these ideas and feel they justify what is their own destructive perversity.

In exploring this dual problem of human sexuality as perversity that leads one

to the Divine versus perversity that leads to ruin, part of the endeavor is to reflect on different parts of the psyche that show when that line has been crossed as well as exploring who is allowed to explore sexuality and who is not in the dream world.

In no way does this book condone sexual exploration outside the moral boundaries of society. It is not the intent to give the impression that sexual violation is tolerable or acceptable. Rather, for those who may be asked to go into the amoral realm because of strong moral fiber, it is to be understood that this is something to be explored in the confines of one's inner life and inner dreamwork experience.

While stating this attempts to get the book off the hook, it is also to be understood that when there is any kind of projection of sexual material in the world or on a specific individual, it can be difficult even for the dreamer to fathom why such an opportunity is presented. Especially if there is a tendency to project and be consumed by attraction in an unhealthy way which may have been invited by the dream task itself. The rationale for this is often beyond the immediate struggle of the dreamer. This book also endeavors to understand the purpose of the psyche in these situations where it may appear that the exploration seems to be a projection that is possibly unhealthy and destructive.

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An example of the human sexual experience in the dream realm being outside the mores and taboos of society is found in the dreams of a male client who is an extremely mild man. This particular client had many dreams of being visited by young girls between the ages of six and twelve who put themselves in sexual positions and encouraged him to have sex with them. The Archetypal imperative in this example, without a shadow of a doubt, is that these figures are girl aspects of the psyche that need integration into the psyche through this process. If this man were a pedophile, he would not have had these dreams. This is a fact.

This may be disturbing and even angering that any man would be supported in dreams where they have sex with young girls. It is difficult to fathom how this could be productive because we live in a linear reality. To the Archetypes, however, an individual is not twenty-five, forty-five, eighty-five or ten years old. The individual is a soul that is roughly their age and is in need of manifestation.

This particular client has a beautiful, sensitive self that he does not trust. Therefore, he lives in constant fear when his feelings and sensitivity come to the surface about anything. The fear is so overwhelming and yet it is a doorway to spiritual enlightenment.

The psyche taps the essence of the soul, which is the vulnerable, sensitive child, and meets it with itself to encourage the dreamer to surrender to the sensitivity of the child. Because the dreamer is the child. When this male client surrendered to the girl, he surrendered to himself. Of course, he felt guilty and resisted the surrender. But after many months of therapy, he did finally surrender to his sensitivity which led

to dreams where he did complete with the girl; he did surrender to the girl in him.

Here, human sexuality in the Archetypal Realm takes an absolute immoral turn from the mores and taboos of the society where we live. This man's courage to move into the psychotic realm of his own journey in no way endangers children or the society around him. Instead, it moves him to his own vulnerability and his own acceptance of the sublime. His sensitive understanding of the world that allows him to listen to his own soul self, something he had been too terrified to do.

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Sexuality is the physical manifestation, the foundation, of love in its most base form. It is not bad, just the base form. When love is intermixed with sex, this is sensuality.

Sensuality, however, can exist without sex. It is an extension of Divine love in the body. Because children are so sensual and vulnerable, their sensuality and vulnerability are easily traumatized. When sensuality is disrupted in children's lives, then the love roots in the physical, in sexuality, but it is separated from the heart. In this place, a person may become frigid or may become lustful without love. As adults, it is very disappointing to be without the love in relationship; it creates many unhappy and unfulfilled relationships. People in these situations often believe that if they found another person, they would not be disappointed. But it does not work whoever you are with.

The bigger issue is not being able to access the Divine. Once we access the Divine, once we enter into conjunctio, everything we do is going to be freed up. To achieve that union requires the three rungs of Jacob's Ladder - essence, sensuality and grace. These are the three aspects of Divine love with the physical component rooted in sensuality. When all three work together, this is union, conjunctio with the Animus.

But to do this, we have to work through some trauma or separation because the innocence required was gone by the time we were four or eight or eighteen. We must go back, whether the trauma was a difficult family or simply the fact that we grew up. There is a level of trauma that is based solely on the separation from the Divine. It is impossible to be that open to the world, the way a child is open to the Divine, without the world smearing all over us. The form of trauma to work through to get reconnected does not really matter in the end, because if it was not one thing, it would have been something else.

When the separation attacks at the sensual level, a person may try to compensate by trying to get love through the mind, through ideals, through values. But we do not get the love, we cannot stand in the love and we inevitably feel unhappy.

When we get close enough in our work to discover and uncover our true deeper selves, the problem with sensuality is the problem of being a child in a place of great vulnerability. The work is discovering whether we can be that vulnerable.

The underpinnings of sexuality and all the ways we cope and survive become

irrelevant as soon as we engage in becoming the vulnerable child. The Anima may come to try to awaken that innocence within. It is a terrifying process because it goes back to how we felt as children. Because of this, it is difficult to get close to anyone at the intimacy level because when we start to get close to someone, the wall of trauma is waiting or some feeling such as pain or fear. Most of us react by jumping away or by being unable to go forward in the relationship.



SIBLINGS

It is a fact that if a boy has a sister and the sister is several years younger, that the sister will look up to the brother. If the father is never around and the mother disdains her, then her brother is her god. Whether he takes advantage of this position sexually or not, the die is cast. She has a brother who is a god. She will spend the rest of her life looking for him in other men. As she grows, she grows into the shadow of her yearning that is not of the Divine inside but is of the Divine outside - in her brother incarnate, in other men.

This is worse than having her father be a god to her because her father is somehow unattainable. If the father does not touch the daughter, the girl will understand that she cannot obtain him in the way she can obtain the son, her brother. But when the brother is confused with the Son, with the Animus, then the Father's Son is the Father and the Father is the Son and the brother is all of these wrapped up into one. The brother is lost from the father and she will follow in his footsteps.

It is a kind of rebellious girl at heart who never really understood obedience in relationship to her father because with the father there is no form of seduction. We are obedient because he is the father. We love him, we hate him, he loves us, he hates us; he is still the father.

But the brother - ah, there is the rub. There is a sexual dynamic between every brother and every sister who ever lived. It is more acute when the brother is older by several years. It is made even more acute when testosterone floods the brother's psyche and the boy looks over at his sister. It is still more acute when the sister looks over at her brother flooded with testosterone and sees a man (who is really a boy), a man who is rebelling against his father, perhaps lost in his own suffering. But he is glad to be the boy, glad to be on top, glad to have his younger sister. Sometimes, he may not be glad. Maybe he likes the adulation, maybe he takes advantage of it. Maybe he is just a good old-fashioned brother who looks after his sister.

Nevertheless, for the sister, the die is cast. She will always look for her brother in other men, outside in the world where there is no Animus, where there is no

redemption, where there is no love. She will look for the brother everywhere and finding him not, she will become discouraged, disheartened and will eventually give up.

She grows up, looks around and does not know herself anymore. Her innocence is lost to the father she never had. Her desire for her brother creates an alternate self, a false self, a projection into the outer world. Her desire to gain approval may even lead her to ignore sexual experiences that then become neurotic in their formation later in life because such a projection cannot be fulfilled. A man can never be the brother that was lost or the brother she thought she had.

Any or all adaptations of the brother become sexual in nature and eventually sexuality is lost to her in so far as she becomes unable to find herself. The shadow of her brother is too great. The greater the brother, the greater the projection, the greater the god, the less she can exist. All projection diminishes the self, diminishes the consciousness and the concept of the self.

Only the Father can love the beloved. Projections do not love; projections cannot feel. Projections mirror real feelings and therefore can be used by pathology to create the illusion of feelings. The projection into the world of desire for the desire for something that can never be obtained because the something that is desired is inside. That which has the desire is the child self. The child self knows the difference between the projected desire and the true desire. Once the projection occurs, the child is lost. No longer is the child involved with the brother because the child got lost when the brother became dominant.

The brother cannot give back to his sister what the sister gives to the brother - a total obedience and will. The sister's projection of her spiritual self requires that she loses her innocence. Innocence is difficult to retrieve once lost, because what matures and evolves into the world is the false self. Both feelings and sexuality become increasingly separate from the child self. It is no wonder that there is sexual dysfunction in which we either use sexuality to find relationship or we become estranged from sexuality because the core of all sexuality is related to the innocent child self. Passion is disrupted through the desire to be accepted by others, which limits our ability to have sexuality.

This is the reason unrequited love is such a powerful sexuality. For in this lack of achievement, the unrequited love carries the hope and the desire that it can be met. She acts out of this always hoping to achieve what was lost, to consummate what has never really been known. Thinking she has found the object of her love, her actions become sterile. She cannot achieve this passion outside herself. This is shown glaringly when she meets the perfect soul mate only to discover that she is still not fulfilled. The reality that the separation from the child that still exists is far too great to accept. So she looks outward once again, projecting the love that is there and looking to seek another love that is aloof, diffident. Often finding an abusive relationship to replace the one she lost. So painful is the awareness that the right love is not enough, she must find the incorrect love to further isolate the feeling of pain from the source of the

actual pain - the source of the loss of her true self.

The lie begets the lie begets the lie. The lie begets the pain of the lie, begets the abuse that then is projected back onto someone else who must be at fault. It is too painful to know the truth. In this case, she must always turn from facing the truth by blaming someone else.

The sister blames her lover because he is abusive or even because he loves her. Somewhere inside the sister is the self that knows the truth, that knows that the brother was never the lover, that knows that the answer is deeper inside the psyche where the Father lives, where the Mother resides, where the child waits for freedom so it can achieve its goal of manifestation in the world.

This pain of separation often involves encountering the pain without the projection. Simply to withdraw the blame to bring herself back to her core self, to the child peering through the pillars of the psyche is often enough to bring her to her knees. To find herself and to truly understand the mystery that lies inside of her, that lies in wait. It is often a surprise that everything that was exteriorized has to die. Anything that does not help manifest the child self has to die. The pain or the fear or the trauma is just the insidious way she has lost her way. Ultimately, finding it is easy once she sees the child and carries that child inside.

The daughter/sister who always feels overshadowed by her brother may also feel overshadowed by the world. There is not much she can do. She cannot find herself because she is not as important as the other. As long as she believes this, she cannot know her child self. The child self is essential to her self.

It is the same with the mother. When the mother overshadows the daughter, then the mother is more important than the daughter. The daughter has no sense of self, no sense of self-worth. This can occur because the daughter sees the mother as the goddess. Once she recognizes that the mother is unobtainable, the child self no longer matters. Once the child self no longer matters, trauma sets in. The developmental process is aborted because the exteriorization of the self needs the support of the mother more than anything else. The attachment to the brother is just one in a series of mistakes that she may make to compensate for what she never had with her mother. If the daughter had a mother in the first place, she would have never seen the attention of the brother.

Why did she lose the mother, then? What happened with the mother that led the sister to her brother to begin with? In a sense, all of these issues with siblings may come from the kernel of dysfunction in the separation from the mother. The daughter's separation from the mother is a part of the mother's separation from her mother, and so on down the generational lines. The RNA gene passes the betrayal from one mother to another just as it may pass the capability for the mother to love the daughter as she loves herself.

But the daughter losing her mother is not an ancestral issue - it is an immediate reality. Her mother is not there for her, so what does the daughter do? She seeks men, which runs counter to her whole gender imprint. Whether she loses herself

to men through her brother or she loses herself to her father as part of a vicarious way he looked to the daughter to replace his wife, the daughter is lost. Only the child self knows and can be supported by right love, the Archetypal love. Where the Father and the Mother, the male and the feminine principles are in correct balance. Only in this correct balance is the child self maintained.

Alchemy helps return us to that balance. Dying to Self purges back the core feelings that exist under all the woundedness and all the acceptance of our unacceptable reality. All unacceptable reality must die because unacceptable realities are what we tolerate in order to function and create new ways to manage our lives by virtue of having to accept the unacceptable.

Once harmony in the self is restored, the child self can reemerge to reach connection with the feminine through the Anima Mother. To reach connection to our child self in the form of boy/girl is irrelevant. The gender of a child has to do more with different functions of freedom of expression than an actual gender issue. The early childhood state that Freud called polymorphous perverse is for all genders. These expressions of loss go back to the mother and the daughter.

Gladly, this is not true of the son. The son's relationship with the Father rather than the mother is the primary relationship. Lapses by the mother can be tolerated if the father is able to pick up the slack for something the mother cannot do. Needless to say, of course, the boy's dysfunction around the loss of the mother can be just as deadly if he has not understood his relationship with the mother in terms of being with the father in the father's point of view. Once the father's point of view is lost, assuming that the father's point of view is correct, there is no balance for the son to find. He compares himself, favorably or unfavorably, with the mother. It is a deadly mistake, in either case. A son who compares himself favorably with his mother means he has learned how to manipulate her response based on some capability to create acceptance with her which then becomes the capability of acceptance with all women. This will lead to conformity, psychological castration and even spiritual castration.

A son who compares himself unfavorably with his mother, regardless of what he does, may always feels a lack of confidence with all women, which may lead to violent behavior. If he turns this against himself, he becomes isolated and he may even choose to be gay. Worse case scenario, of course, is that the loss of the mother or the gaining of the mother is fractionally only part of the ultimate problem - the loss of himself through the mother. When this occurs, he finds he has no home and no hope in his soul. He cannot find his masculinity in anything he does with the feminine. With the loss of the father, his loss of the self, he may be driven to depression which for men often takes the form of alcoholism or drug abuse.

Such men become lost to all forms of intimacy because they do not have enough self with which to relate to women or to other men. Such despair is much worse in men than in women for men have less support for their feelings, assuming they have feelings at all. The male tendency, through testosterone, is to lessen feelings in order to exteriorize sexually. This makes men even more vulnerable to the disparate

feelings that accompany them. They have to work hard and do things to keep themselves strong and tough and resilient. More sensitive men may be driven to acting out sexually with women or men, or they may find creative expression in art, computers, music, sports and so on. But it is all a mask, for male accomplishment is the bane of spiritual existence. A man's tendency to always exteriorize to prove himself worthy of the gene pool and prove himself worthy of others does not save him from despair. Men are driven to despair, despair, despair.

Most men are in such despair in the world. They need two wives and a girlfriend and four cars and an island and and and - yet they still despair. The suffering of men, although unseen, unlike the suffering of women, is the greatest for still waters run deep. The woman's projection of unhappiness, her ability to find new realms of disappointment allows her at least some form of expression for her projected pain. Men are allowed none of these forms, and in the end they just despair. They just become numb, old, rigid, lost, separate and they do not even know that they are lost.

In the man's psyche, his mind is driven by testosterone. He always finds expression in some form of belief or thought - men can rationalize everything. Everything known can have an answer and can therefore can be understood. Women often talk about each other and about feelings. Even though they complain, they are still talking about each other. Men talk nothing of each other. They talk only of the world and how they will accomplish themselves in it, further separating themselves from the Animus and from their feelings.

Men are the incorrigible humans on the planet. They deserve the greatest compassion for they carry the seed that could end life on this planet. The mind is devising ways through their pain to create violence and destruction. The mind has not only brought us great achievement and scientific knowledge, but it has also brought us to the brink of destruction. This is not to blame men. It is all interlinked with the loss of the child self and the different ways we suffer the loss and express it in the world.

In the end, this need for achievement and this drive to create something in the world is a mask for sexuality. It is an act of procreation, of creating seed, and does not carry the love and intimacy of the Animus. To have a calling, one that is true to him, an endeavor in the world in which he has the Animus to manifest God's love in the world, to have the goal itself unknown and uncertain, a man can only strive for connection and intimacy. Anything he does in exteriorizing the Archetypal Realm into the world through his calling is an end to a deeper means. Is an end to a deeper intimacy with the Animus.

In this place, men and women come to the same point - love and intimacy with the Animus regardless of gender. Conjunctio for the woman may involve being entered by the huge phallus of the Animus. Relationship with the Animus for a man may be linked to becoming the Prodigal Son returning home and understanding the father/son relationship of the Animus. The Animus who is the son of the Father. In this relationship with the Animus, the man can begin to allow himself obedience with

a fellow brother. A brother who is lord to the younger brother, for the boy is always the younger brother. And the boy never has a younger sister.

The boy as the younger brother is always seeking love and direction from the older brother. The daughter is always seeking love and direction from her Beloved, the Animus. Somehow, in this crucial balance of relationship, the man finds his way to the Animus and the woman finds her way to the Animus. Together, they understand His purpose. The way to fulfillment and the way to the world may be touched.



TRAUMA

If trauma was nothing more than an event that happened, an event that wounded us and caused us to be neurotic, then it would just be a problem to solve. But, in fact, trauma, in and of itself, carries the soul, almost as if it is in nut form, protected and waiting for us.

Ultimately, the child self cannot survive this world, so trauma is assured for every living being, even if nothing bad ever happens. It occurs the moment we stop being a child. And we have to stop being the child at some point; it is simply inevitable. The child self then waits for us to return.

If there is another trauma, if something bad did happen, then the trauma becomes more noisy, like a neon sign flashing, “Here! Here! There is something HERE!” If nothing bad happened, then the trauma is less noisy and it may be even harder to find. We may even think that there is nothing to find. But we are all traumatized, we are all lost from ourselves. It is the nature of the evolution of our being to grow into adulthood without our inner lives.

Trauma, then, is actually the way back in. It is the place where the celebration is, the welcome. It is the place where we find the *Animus*; where women get wedded, pregnant; where men become the Prodigal Son.

We become lost from this world because the child that arrives does not really belong in the outer world. As we acclimate to the outer world, we die to the world, we lose our self, in order to become connected to the world. The pain is not just the result of an outer world trauma, if there is one, but the pain of being separated from the self. The pain is just the reawakening to the lost part of ourselves. Trauma is always the portal back in.

Going back and confronting the person who traumatized us is really only worthwhile if it somehow helps us to acknowledge the trauma. If we need that affirmation from the world because we have denied the trauma as part of the trauma, then confrontation may be helpful. But it is only helpful momentarily - it does not solve the core problem.

When we look at the issue as having to confront the person in order to deal

with the trauma, it is presented as a problem. Once we get past the outer problem, then it can be the journey it really is - the journey within.

Presenting it as a problem, “You did this bad thing and this is why I am this way,” needing the person to admit something, is keeping the trauma in the outer world reality. The true reality is that even though the trauma happened, had it not happened, we would still have this inner path to journey. Obviously, when egregious things happen such as violence, rape, extreme psychological abuse, addressing it takes time because there is a whole other level of external issues which makes it harder to break back to the event of the deepest trauma of separation from the Divine. But the true journey is this deepest trauma.

Dream:

There has been an accident. Afterwards, in the hospital, I see the person who was in the car with me lying on a stretcher, unconscious.

When there is trauma, we separate and leave our bodies. In this dream, the person in the car who is now on the stretcher is the dreamer, but she is separate from that part of herself. She does not know that part of herself. She believes that she is fine, but she is not.

This dream is about the trauma of something bad happening in the dreamer’s life, not about the core trauma of separating from God or losing the child self. This dream shows that when we are abused or injured or raped in some way that is completely jarring, we completely separate from ourselves. The trauma of separation from God and the child self is a more existential but nonetheless emotional trauma. It involves the terror of something good needing to happen and then that something good actually happening.

The trauma of this particular dream is of something bad happening and then the dreamer jumping away, forgetting, denying the trauma. This is the classic, negative trauma that is caused by a dark event or events. A smoking gun that shows the dreamer that she has a terrible trauma in her that is not existential at all, one that is very damaging to the psyche.

To come back from this trauma, the dreamer needs to be the person in the dream who is wounded by the event. Then she can be back in herself and begin the healing process. As long as she is separate from her wounded self, she cannot go through the healing process.

When we are separate from our wounded self in this way, we live in a place we have created in order to compensate for the wound. We build a life on a foundation that is very false. Not just the falseness of the loss of the child self, but the falseness of the fact of being so wounded, of having this trauma fear in all things affecting how we are in the world without even acknowledging it.

If we have trauma, the way to avoid our fear is to judge ourselves, to feel responsible, to feel guilty. This works to separate us from the event by virtue of the

fact that we are not feeling the pain of being wounded or the trauma of the fear. Instead, we objectify reality, judge reality, live outside the reality. We live in our heads disconnected from our bodies. Guilt and shame are great ways to obfuscate the pain and suffering of trauma, even when shame is projected out and becomes judgment/hatred of someone else. This is why violent rape crimes are rarely reported; the victim feels responsible or guilty.

Anything that objectifies reality removes us from what is happening. As we grow through the teenage years, it is natural for the psyche to separate from the immediacy of our beingness. It is the unbearable lightness of being. Objectifying reality is where Freudian super egos develop. We look at ourselves, we objectify ourselves, we worry about doing good or doing bad. Teenagers become self-conscious, judging their parents. It is both a weird and difficult time and it is also normal for people to objectify themselves.

But when trauma fuels that self-objectification even more, then it becomes even more difficult to return home to our true selves for there is a horrible thing waiting for us when we do. When we deny the trauma, it is always there in the background. It may make us feel dirty inside, may make us want everything clean and right outside. But it is never clean and right until we go back and acknowledge and feel the trauma.

Going to Gone

Linnea Paskow





IN LONDON

Christa Lancaster

I am at a vendor outside, buying food. A tall man, who seems Scottish, talks to me. He is plainly interested in me. I am flustered, awkward. He asks me about going out on Monday night. I am not sure he said that. What should I do? What do I say? What if that is not what he said? I freeze with fear.

He wants to date. I am shy and awkward. I am scared. I like him. I want to date him. I am excruciatingly shy. This is now. This is who I am at forty-nine years old. I am acting like a real person, a woman who feels her girlish, innocent heart. My inner work has brought me to myself, my real soul self, the one who does not have to cover up her vulnerability, the one who is awkward and shy.

It was not always so.

When I was eighteen I fell in love with Jeff. After two months of writing to each other he came to London for a weekend. I was still at school in England. I went up to London on the train for the weekend, wearing Debbie's fur jacket. I lied to the school about where I was going. I arrived at the Savoy Hotel and met Jeff and his parents. Then, they were gone and I never saw them again in the two days I was there.

I had known Jeff in Vermont for a few days. He was smitten. I was starry-eyed. We wrote. Then he came to London for a weekend with his parents, on the way back from a business trip to meet with the Shah of Iran.

I looked grown up. I acted as if I knew what I was doing. I did not. Jeff was in his last year of law school. I was in my last year of boarding school. We went upstairs to the hotel room on the fourth floor.

I did not have a voice. I did not know what to say. He wanted to make love. I did not know what else to do but say yes.

I have no memory of the event except as a virgin it hurt when he entered me. I did not know how to say, stop or slow down or, no, not

yet. I let him rush in. I let myself rush away. The split was already there in the rushing away from the shy awkwardness of the coming together after the distance and the letters and the brief courtship in Vermont. So quickly, moving so quickly, no room to say no, wait, I do not know.

I did not know what to say or what I felt. I probably felt scared and insecure. Overlaid with a school girl sophistication, dressed up in fancy clothes, pretending to be assured and confident, leaping over the beauty of shared awkwardness to be what I thought I needed to be, what he wanted me to be, what I thought he wanted me to be, the way, as a woman, I should be.

The way I thought men needed women to be. Sexual.

All I remember is a grand and shadowy room with a huge marble tile bathroom. Jeff was very concerned about the blood on the thick damask white sheets. Red, red blood on white. After he came, he jumped up and took the sheets into the bathroom, placed them in the vast footed bathtub, running water over the stains of my virgin blood.

I did not have an orgasm. It was not for me. I felt his passion. I did not feel my own. I did not know how to connect with him or myself. I could not speak for myself.

And still, he entered me in the large room overlooking the Thames on a cold February Saturday afternoon while his parents sauntered around St. James and back at school, girls listened to Carole King in their common rooms and ate bread and jam at tea-time. My parents, far away across the Atlantic, in New York City, did not know my whereabouts.

He entered me and I opened to a sweetness even though I was separated, heart from vagina. He was a good and kind man who liked me and I felt his love for me, which opened in me, despite my split, perhaps in spite of sex without a voice. I do not know how to understand this. I leapt over the moment I might have been able to be vulnerable so that I was not present. And yet, still, my heart opened.

I had no preparation for being sexual. I did not know about my own sexuality in relationship. I knew what my mother told me, that all men were horny and dangerous, that all they wanted was sex. From my father, I absorbed his sexual way of relating to women. I left myself

behind in my first experience. Jeff was not old enough, perhaps, to care for me in the way I might have needed.

I was too scared to speak up. I did not even know I was scared. It was buried deep. I wonder if anyone could have seen it, if they were looking closely, if they were paying attention. I did not have any grown-ups watching over me. I was pretending to be my own grown-up. For the next three years, I was with Jeff. I pretended to be as if married, promising him when I graduated we would indeed be married. I knew I never would but I pretended.

So much lurks beneath the surface. So much I do not know or understand. I opened up to feelings I did not understand. Jeff wrote me letters in longhand on yellow legal paper, all about the Watergate hearings. I wrote back. He called me “his sphinx.” I did not know what he meant. I became distracted from my work. I did not care about it anymore. Something in me woke up. I felt between worlds. My parents had left England. I had visited New York City, where they had moved, where Jeff was from. Jeff was the bridge between worlds. He was suave, handsome, worldly, and most of all, funny. He made me laugh. He was smart and he was older. He was really crazy about me. I did not understand what was happening. It was exciting and new. He was my first boyfriend even though I did not know what that meant.

He wanted me to visit him in Washington where he was at law school. I told my parents my plans. They agreed. I had four weeks of holiday. I also wanted to go for a week skiing with my friend Vicky and her cousin, to Switzerland. It was odd to veer off towards the Alps when my parents and Jeff were both waiting for me. I did not understand what I was doing. Something was pulling me. Something else in me was activated.



The way to satisfy anxiety is to be other than what we feel, other than what we are. Of course, there are many ways to do this - we can eat, have lots of sex, dress up, go to parties, buy pretty land, be alone, be in the woods, try to find happiness in the world or even find happiness in the world. Finding happiness in the world is sentimentality.

These are all different ways to avoid feeling bereft or scared or vulnerable. It is the highest function of the psyche to nullify suffering, to nullify pain, to nullify fear. When we see through it and realize that our feelings are the answer to true love, there

is always the escape hatch of looking into the world. In the world, other people are right and happiness in the world is possible. We believe we should not go deep into ourselves, we should not go into the underworld. Rather, we should be in world, where everyone is having fun, saying, “Stop taking yourself so seriously. Stop suffering! Have fun! Be light! What’s your problem? What’s wrong with you anyway?”

When we feel the world knows more than we do, we are feeling shame. Individuals in the world ultimately believe that they are right; if they believe they are wrong and miserable, they will never admit it. Nobody is admitting. Sometimes we feel we are the only one in the world who admits being wrong, who admits suffering. People look at us and ask, “What is your problem? Just come to the barbeque and lighten up! What more do you want?”

People just want to be as happy as they can be, to make the best of a bad situation. The bad situation is separation from God, from love. This is about how to survive without the love. Many are doing the best they can, of course, but it is not good enough. The journey is arduous. It means leaving the world.

Doubting ourselves in the face of the world cripples us in this work. Most people do not understand feelings and look at them as sick. Many people who are in their feelings are sick. So, when we do feeling work, people associate it with something being wrong. They want us to believe that being in our trauma is bad rather than seeing the trauma as the way to the Promised Land.

Even if we are a basket case when in trauma, Alchemy is happening. From this place, we are open to conjunctio. Pathology, however, wants us to believe that trauma itself is dysfunctional. Psychologists have been saying so for years. But trauma is only dysfunctional when it is not recognized.

When trauma is recognized, it is actually the precursor for transformation and change. It is the alchemical door. Trauma does not have to be resolved. It is resolved the minute we enter it because then all of our feelings are ours and they are not all pathology. They are also not all because of what happened. Trauma is just the emergence of feelings we are afraid to feel. It is not about something bad happening. Trauma is the feelings associated with the loss and return of our separation and reemergence or reconnection with the Divine and everything that happened in between in the world, too. It is all good.

When we hold back from trauma and judge it, it becomes polluted. We go to judgment and shame so we do not have to feel trauma. Trauma is a better feeling, but it is so raw, deep, real and at the core of our suffering that we do not want to go there. Yet, it is a release point. Trauma is the release into Alchemy and Divinity. The one way that pathology has to tell us not to go into our trauma is to make us believe it is bad. A way to keep control rather than falling into the abyss.

Trauma can create a condition where when we get close to the trauma, instead of acknowledging being in the trauma, we feel unfairness. Whenever we encounter the pain, we feel the unfairness instead of the trauma. It becomes an idealization of the pain so that we try to live in a level of fairness.

If we then step over the line, it feels as if we are not fair, but it is really that we do not want to feel the pain. We are not going to be honest and we are going to feel that the other is wrong. There is no flexibility in using right and wrong as a way to avoid going into deeper feelings.

Turning the other cheek means that even when we have been unfairly treated, we have to have the healing and the love. Turning the other cheek means standing there. It is a way to say that we are there, loving the other, being willing to not go away in spite of what the other just did.

Unfortunately, values often mask hurts and traumas and are used as a shield. The shield says, "I am good and you are bad if you make me feel my trauma." This pattern is difficult to break, but once broken, once we can own our own trauma and feel a connection, then what is fair becomes irrelevant. It is all unfair, it is all a travesty, but love transcends it.

When we feel the love, we can be treated unfairly; we can stand in the love because it is not personal to us. Things are only tragic when we have been destroyed by them. The destruction gets thrown outward so that when someone treats us a certain way, all the negative self-destructiveness that happened a long time ago becomes relived over and over and over again.

Unfairness becomes an impossibility. To truly stand and turn the other cheek, we have to be healed of all of our trauma. It is not an intellectual exercise; it is not a decision that we can make. We must actually be healed.

To be healed, we have to accept the pain. When we project our pain onto the world, when we want to blame someone for causing us pain, we have to instead own the fact that we were already in pain. The pain existed a priori; it was always there. When we are working our work, rather than blaming the other person, it is an opportunity to go deeper. When we are triggered, it is an opportunity to deal with the trauma.

If we are really ready to die tomorrow, truly ready, it is because we are with Him today. It is because we are fulfilled today in such a way that we know the truth of His being; we know that we are eternal. The comfort of this and the comfort of living a life with integrity with a minimum of regret. Because we have done what we have been asked to do by Him. Because we have the bonded intimacy, the bonded relationship. It is in our dreams, in our unconscious. We are in agreement with ourselves, with Him, with the world around us. We are passionate, potent and alive, living in touch with Him and in touch with the people we love in the world. Just being present in the world.

When we feel this in brief moments, we should pay attention. We know now that we are being cheated out of the miracle He is offering.

Breaking the Cycle of Trauma

When we are traumatized, we do not feel loved. When we do not feel loved,

we do not really love. We may caretake, we may feel pain and try to manage it, we may manage not being hurt in order to be a nice person, but when we are traumatized, we generally feel we are a perpetual victim. Because of this, it is difficult to see the pathology that is running us, the pathology that others around us are dealing with even if we are not.

Matter cannot be created or destroyed. If we have been victimized and have denied it, then the victimizer has to come from somewhere. One way is to perpetuate the victimization by findings others to victimize us. The other way is to become high functioning, to not be vulnerable, to go to a place where no one is going to mess with us. But in this place, we become the victimizer even if we do not know it. The edge is in our voice, our inflection, our attitude. People feel hurt by us.

When we have hurt that we do not feel, someone has to get our hurt. It is the nature of this blind spot that many of us are victimizing others all the while believing that we are the victim. It is a difficult situation to correct when we are convinced that the problem is everyone else.

One way to correct this is when we see a person suffering, rather than reacting to it, which is what pathology wants to do because of our own pain, simply love them. We can love them by being there for them or by staying away from them.

When we do not need to be violated because we are no longer violated, when we have worked through trauma, we do not need to use another person to violate ourselves further. We can be there for the person who is suffering, if that is what is appropriate, or we can avoid them as an act of love for both the other person and for ourselves.

We first have to wake up to who we are to understand how to be in the world in the right place. When we are no longer using people to project our suffering onto, we can make good choices. If we are aligned with the Animus, ultimately we do things in the world that help to support divine intervention that wants to happen. The intervention does happen - and it is okay to be part of it without feeling responsible for it. It is not that we should give love, we simply love, whatever that means for each of us. If we have the love, if we feel the love, it just changes things.

In order to break trauma, we have to understand how we act out our trauma. Many of us believe that because we are victims, we are not responsible for anything that happens to us. But it all becomes a projection of the trauma into the world where we can be rewounded without even realizing that we are setting it up. Without even realizing it, we are actually wounding others.

The greater our trauma, the more dangerous we are to others. When we are in trauma, however, we will never see how our pathology affects others, how it causes pain in others. Often people will treat us poorly when we set it up this way without knowing we are setting it up. The pathology is right there making sure it gets set up over and over again.

Even if we are high functioning and even if our lives are not technically dysfunctional with bad things happening, it is still the same. We still actuate pathology,

just in a different way. Perhaps in a nice version. We may even be so nice that others like us or even admire us. This is another way of being a slave, for we are essentially imprisoned by everybody liking us when we are still not getting any love.

There are a million ways we can be compulsively drawn into connection with pathology. Just knowing we are a victim is not enough. If we do not know we are a victim, which is also a difficult pathology, it is important to know even if we do not want to know.

In all of these cases, our lives end up, in some aspect, being an extension of the pathology. There are no innocent adults. Everyone is complicit in some way.



DARK SEAM

Christa Lancaster

Six weeks after being with Jeff in London, after opening my heart with him, I went on the skiing holiday with my friend and her cousin. In our chalet in Zermatt were three single guys, Vicky and I. I was in Switzerland, on a trip, before going to visit Jeff in Washington, D.C. Andrew, one of the guys in the chalet, liked me and I was attracted to him. On the last night of the trip, we made out on the steps up to the chalet, under the stars. I pretended Jeff did not exist. I felt the surge of attraction and I allowed myself to follow it. I was eighteen. I was going to see Jeff in a few days. I agreed recklessly to meet up with Andrew in London in a day when I would spend the night there en route to the U.S.

In London, Andrew and I met off Leicester Square to eat a pizza. It was strange and hollow and disjointed. He was besotted with me. I followed him to his parents' Mayfair flat where, in a little room, on a single bed, with a Picasso print on the wall, I let him have me. Again, it hurt and I was gone.

I left the next morning and when I arrived at my parents' apartment on the Upper East Side, there were two dozen red roses from Andrew. I pretended nothing had ever happened. I did not respond to Andrew. Later that day, I went to La Guardia airport and took the commuter shuttle to National Airport where I was met by Jeff, who had just come from the Watergate hearings. I never told him about sleeping with Andrew or the red roses. I shut them and him away and pretended it had never happened.

The very dark and the very light. Sweet open love. A dark, ugly, unconscious force pushing up and out, making its way into action. A dark seam, carried forward, coming into the world, a buried distortion set in motion, wanting to be enacted in the world. Destructive, separating force. It slid into my life when I was old enough to make my own choices, when I had enough freedom and lack of accountability to experiment with danger. The shadow surrounding my sexuality found a place to work its way. No one else was paying close attention. I did not know it was at work. I did not know the lie inside me. It had to come out. It had to be enacted. I kept it secret for a very long time. It cannot be a secret any longer. A split existed inside me between my heart and my sexuality. My heart yearned for real love and met Jeff's heart with a real opening of my own. The seam of shame did not contaminate what was true in the beginning. It was not time. I had my moment of innocent love; it flowered and I felt changed, initiated into a kind of union.

But then, something happened, the split found its way up and out. I did not know it ran along on a parallel path: it was secretive, it fed on unknown shame, unfelt pain. It followed the curve of my real feelings. It hugged the pathways of my yearning and desire. It looked for an opening, a way to pollute the innocence of my awakened heart. Two parallel forces: love and nonlove, call it what you will. The nonlove that was not who I am at my core, found its way in. It took me away from my innocent heart. The force in me, that was not me, deceived myself, deceived Jeff. I pretended to myself it never happened. I never told anyone. I split off from the history of what I did. I left London for Washington, D.C., and I pushed it underground, undealt with. Until now.

I hear his words: "What you conceal will own you, what you reveal will free you."

Free to become again the shy, vulnerable girl I was with Jeff on my first date in Stowe at the Three Green Doors, with my first kiss from him, outside the door on the Mountain Road.

Speaking the secret I have held out loud, in the air, so it can dissolve, the hold it has had on my soul can vanish.

First love can open us up to our innocent hearts, the core of who we

are. But it can also open up the storehouse of hidden feelings, hurts not felt, losses repressed, fears denied. When the unconscious is stirred up through love, Pandora's Box of Furies can also be unwittingly opened. Without wise support or a framework to understand what is happening the newly awakened heart may be matched by an equally strong force, the distortions of pathology buried deep around the wound of separation, to which the person is oblivious. Acting out the buried darkness brings it alive, into the arena of a life. When it does so, it can poison relationships and cut a destructive path through someone's life. Acting out the pathology is the beginning of bringing it into conscious awareness, if the person is fortunate enough to find a way, a path to understand their actions and behavior.

From the time I was eighteen and became sexually active until the age of twenty-nine when I left my abusive first marriage, I did not pause to examine the path of my inner destroyer. I went from one painful event to the next, from one betrayal of myself to another, without reflecting or pausing or processing what I had done and experienced. I went on, without telling anyone, without learning about who I was, or why I was doing the things I did. The betrayals, the silences accumulated in me, building up a coating of shame all about me. The shadow of my pathology was externalized, projected onto the men I chose to be in relationship with. I was locked out of the ability to be intimate with another human being because I had shut away the shameful secrets of my behavior, especially around sex and men. The further I distanced myself from hurtful, destructive actions, my own and others, the more I closed down my vitality and joy, my capacity to be present, to love and be loved. I hid behind a frozen mask of false serenity. I clung to an image of myself as the social butterfly and the good wife. I split off my pathology, disowning what I needed to see, know and understand in myself.

I opened in love to Jeff, but then another force took hold, and from the very beginning of my adult life, in relationship, it was there, running parallel. Until I faced my darkness, the pathology, it would continue to run me, and keep me from knowing true intimacy and love, with the Divine, in relationship with human beings.

At eighteen, when I betrayed my first love by sleeping with another man in London before flying home to meet him, I could not stop and ask myself what I was doing. I put it away and never spoke of it. It took eleven more years of enacting it in one way or another, before I

could look at my part, my darkness, and then, move deeper into the feelings I could not have felt any earlier, the deeper hurts and separation from which I had run.

We stay locked up inside until we are ready, until we can begin to look at ourselves, until we have the support, inner and outer, to face our own destructiveness and collusion in the lie of separation. When I began the dreamwork, at age thirty, I was given the support by the Archetypes and by the presence of Marc to begin to unravel the secrets and the lies.



A small percentage of people who begin the dreamwork do not get called out for their pathology because it is not important or helpful for their particular development. In these cases, it is usually not until the very end that they see their pathology. But even in this case, if the Archetype sees us and shows us in a positive way, it is because we do not see ourselves in a positive way.

Whatever the Archetype wants us to see will be new, scary, fresh and we will not want to do it, to see it, to feel it. Some people get affirmed over and over again by the Archetypes and their dreams, but when they begin to receive the love, the pathology attacks. For example, one particular client had pathology attack her after she was affirmed because part of her pathology was to feel really bad. When a person who feels bad about themselves learns that they are complicit with their pathology, they will feel even more badly about themselves.

Whatever the dream wants us to see and experience is always going to be the thing we do not want to see, to do, to experience.

The key is when we get to the trauma, when we have worked through all the layers to get to the trauma, once we get underneath the shame or the fear that covers the trauma, then we are able to receive the love and the healing. When we feel that warmth, that belongingness and then it suddenly stops, it stops because it runs out of the fuel of pain. Eventually, when we get through all the pain, there will be passion.

The wound creates a short circuit where there is no juice coming through. We need the juice to feel belongingness. We work the pain and this is what works the short circuit. We are making the juice come through. Eventually, the pain will be healed and the circuitry will be healed. Then the energy, the passion, the primalcy will come through as joy, pain, passion, energy, aliveness, belongingness and a consciousness of God's love. It will all just be there.

Trauma and Relationship

Trauma does not have consciousness, so once we react to the trauma, all of our feelings are projected. When we are in a relationship, these feelings are projected onto our spouse and our spouse projects feelings onto us. In that moment, all either one can do is be “right” for the feelings are right that are being projected, they are just not the right situation.

When the feelings are right but are projected into a marriage, there is no consciousness in the situation because we are not living in the moment. Instead both people are living in the past, projecting that past onto the present moment, then battling it out with each other. Suddenly, she may see her father and he may see his mother. They see the projection onto the other person even though it has nothing to do with what is going on in the moment. Both are just lost in the reaction while at the same time feeling completely justified. Even though they are both wrong.

This is where pathology can get us in relationship. Through our trauma, we do the worst things to each other and we do not even know it. We feel so justified in the moment because of the projection of our pain that bad things were done to us, that now we are going to exact revenge. The feeling is that we are not going to take it for one more second with that person, even though the trauma has nothing to do with the spouse.

When two pathologies trigger each other in a relationship in this way, it is extremely difficult and potentially damaging. If one person does not react, the damage may be able to be contained, but when both people react, the damage can be devastating.



FACING INTO TRAUMA AN OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE DIFFERENT CHOICES

Nature Abhors a Vacuum

Whenever the soul is lost, a vacuum is created. Trauma creates a vacuum for trauma is a reflection of a loss of self. Because a vacuum literally cannot exist, something must move into that vacuum. Either we are filled with God's love, with conjunctio, with connection or we are filled with pathology.

Dream:

I am watching as Voldemort, the evil wizard in the Harry Potter series, enters people's body at will, possessing them to do as he pleases. They are not aware of it. It is horrifying. Then I realize that he cannot enter into my body. That, in fact, he cannot even come near me. I am astonished.

When we are filled with connection, there is no vacuum for it is part of the progeny of passion. Instead, the connection can manifest as the exteriorization of the soul into the world. The soul, in its healthiest state, rather than being inverted, is exteriorized, pushing out.

Trauma in its unhealthy state is inverted, pushing the soul in. Covering over the inversion, a false self forms, which is then projected into the world. The false self that is pushed into the world is not the same as the soul that is repressed. Many people who are high functioning in the world have trauma and are inverted. True expression of soul in the world is rare because most people are so traumatized that they bring only the cover into the world.

This cover, the adaptation, is usually fueled by some form of pathology. Not always, but even if it is not fueled by pathology, there is pathology around the trauma. The last thing pathology wants us to do, therefore, is to feel the feelings of our

trauma. If we feel the feelings of our trauma, we can be healed and then there is no inverted aspect of the psyche for it to hide in. The soul can then be free, can then start to express itself. The child self begins to talk, to manifest, to be felt and the pathology has nowhere to go. This work is not about killing pathology, but about reawakening the self.

We can only be possessed by pathology if there is a place where it can enter us. Pathology can only enter if we have trauma. If we are with Him, with the Divine, then there is no place for the pathology to get in. Even if it does get in somewhere, it cannot get very deep as we are more and more healed.

The ability of the pathology to function, to control, to do damage becomes less and less as we become more and more connected with the soul. The soul always aligns with Spirit and with the Archetypes, making it impossible for pathology to win.

This is why the battleground is always the location of the trauma. It is not that the trauma is evil or bad; it is simply the place where the war is won or lost for the individual. Most people are so scared of other people's trauma that they will not go into the trauma with them. In fact, we should not go into another's trauma unless we have Divine guidance through the dreams because if we go in without the guidance we can do more damage than good.

We are always in relationship with something even though we may have the idea that we are alone or in a vacuum. But we cannot have a vacuum because a vacuum creates a kind of gravity, a sucking in to fill it. Aristotle said that nature abhors a vacuum - this is true psychologically as well as physically.

The pathology loves a vacuum in the psyche because it can live in it. The absence of God is a vacuum; the absence of love is a vacuum; the absence of soul is a vacuum; the absence of feeling is a vacuum. When we live in a vacuum, we have our demons, compulsions, obsessions, fantasies, alcoholism, drug addictions, sex addiction, crankiness, projection and on and on.

The soul and the things that bring us to the soul can only be sustained through relationship. The soul cannot exist by itself. It has to exist in constant relationship to the Divine or to some aspect of the Divine. It is like a child. If removed from relationship, the child will die.

For example, I have thirty finches. When babies are hatched, the flock does not allow all of the babies to live - maybe because there are so many babies, maybe because the aviary gets crowded. Whatever the reason, the flock selects the babies that will live and the babies that will die. The ones that die are neither attacked nor pecked to death. Instead, they are exiled to the bottom of the cage. Even if the bird is moved up, the flock just kicks it back down. The young birds seem to know that they are exiled and will often not eat or drink.

Even if the baby bird is removed from the cage and put into another with fresh food and water, it often does not eat or want to live. Once the young bird is exiled, it does not want to live in most cases. There are birds that rally and can even return to the flock eventually, but most of the exiled birds accept the exile and die.

We all need relationship. If the soul does not have relationship, it ceases to be able to function and disappears. This is the separation from the child self. The child self looks into the world and sees that its parents are not available. If it can find a brother or a sister it can hang onto, it can exist for a little while, but if it finds no one, it simply stops existing and is repressed. This is separation from the soul or trauma.

There is always trauma, even if nothing bad happens in childhood, because when we separate from the soul self, it creates trauma and a vacuum. The vacuum is filled with pathology, emotions, obsessions, compulsions, and so on.

While there are moments in the process of the dreamwork when we have to be alone with ourselves in order to find ourselves, in order to be autonomous enough to have relationship, ultimately the self needs relationship to sustain itself. In the formula of Alchemy, there is never a one - the two becomes three becomes four becomes two. The process always moves back to relationship.

As we come to know ourselves, we must also know the soul's capability to relate to the Divine. The soul always has that ability; otherwise, we could not exist. The soul's existence comes from the very essence of the Divine incarnate to create relationship between that which is Divine and that which is human.

We lose this capability when we lose the child self. We even lose the feelings that would allow us to have the capability. This journey is the return to the capability, the reclamation of the capability to find our souls. The journey moves us through the trauma, the feeling of separation, and all of the false selves that replaced the true self.

Trauma as a Doorway

Trauma as a doorway into feelings that can bring a person to the edge of spiritual enlightenment has been discussed in the previous Deep Well Tapes books, but the depths of this is actually even more profound. For in the moment of facing trauma, when facing into the moment when feelings were repressed and consciousness scrambled to find another way to survive and manage itself, the opportunity to do something different at the deepest depth of the deep well is revealed.

The descent into the self can be compared to peeling an onion, peeling back layer by layer. At the core of this peeling back is the opportunity to do something different, to turn the entire psyche to its true action. It is the one last revelation, this last action, where a person can suddenly right the lie. In the end, no matter how great the healing from the Divine, we get to do the one thing that shifts the battle to our favor.

Free will has the last word. Each layer that is peeled back requires the seeker to do something different. In each dream, for every mistake, there is a way out. There is a solution that is different from what the dreamer has chosen. When the dreamer begins to make the right choice, the greater the fulfillment and the greater the spiritual connection that begins to emerge. But as long as there are deeper issues and growth

that is rooted in trauma, there are more decisions to be made. Each decision is harder than the last for each decision cuts deeper into the wound of the past.

The wound may go beyond our life memories. Whether it comes through past lives or through some genetic link in ancestral history, the past looms large in our souls. We may not know the details that drive our choices, but those choices need to change. Although external factors can reflect our inner choices, these choices are not external such as choosing a train or a bus, or choosing a job or a person.

The choices are part of an absolute shift in a powerful confrontation with some truth that the dreamer has not understood before. As the deep well is descended and truths are revealed, there is always the moment at which a choice must be made. And at the bottom of the well is the trauma. A trauma often never known or experienced as anything where we could say that a trauma even happened. If we descend deep enough, there is the fear, there is the wound, even if it is unknown to us in this life.



WHAT LIES BENEATH

Christa Lancaster

Dream:

I am eating in a dining hall in a retreat center. I go outside and a man greets me. He shows me a huge fleshy wound in the earth. I wonder if it is bleeding: is it a heart or is it a vagina? It is very raw and the flesh is unmistakable. The man goes inside the wound and reemerges. He tells me the wound is no longer bleeding and that it is time for him to close it up. He picks up a shovel and covers it completely with sand and gravel. I am not sure if I can trust him. Does he really know what he is doing? A young teenage girl arrives with her family on a flatbed truck. Her pelvis is inflamed. They walk past the closed up wound to the ocean. I return to the dining hall to resume eating the meal.

My assignment is to follow the new direction of the dream. Instead of returning to the dining hall, I need to go with the family to the ocean. The girl with the inflamed pelvis is my soul self who knows her pain and vulnerability are also the source of her yearning. The me watching in the dream is the one who has been working though the wound of betrayal. I can still shut down and walk away back to the dining hall.

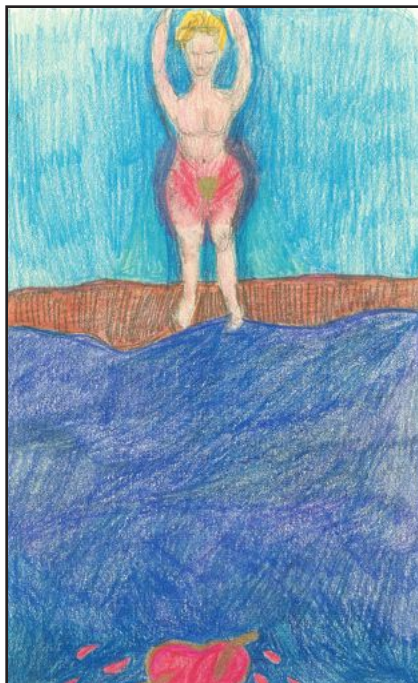
There is the split: my soul self and my betrayed self.

I have the chance here to close the gap and transform the last vestiges of betrayal into pain and yearning. It is hard to explain, how the pulling back of projection can take me into pure hurt which in turn leads to yearning and then fulfillment of the yearning.

On the edge of the cliff I do not yet feel she and I are one. I feel separate from her. My instructions are to go into the water with all my pain and vulnerability as this girl who is my true self. I do not know what that means. She is “the core of the woman I am becoming.” I do not yet feel what that means. I am still separate from her. The assignment is to become her. I do not know how that will happen. I am not feeling pain.

I do notice how the cliff drops off dramatically and how the water is not the comforting aquamarine of the island waters I know so well. It is dark blue water. I cannot see to the bottom. It is the kind of dark deep water I was always so scared of as a child growing up in Bermuda. It is the layer of cobalt blue after the reefs, stretching out mysteriously to the horizon. It's the dark blue ocean I always avoided as a child. It was terrifying to me.

What Lies Beneath



I step off the cliff. I am dropping down into dark blue water, dropping down. I feel my needing the man. This is new, feeling my need for him, not the old Psyche wanting of the mother who could not provide the love. Old circuits unplugged. Fear plunging down into the unknown. Circuits blowing in the higher frequency of fear. Tolerating the frequency, knowing it is opening me to a different sphere. New circuits have been prepared. Tolerating fear long enough to make the shift. Plunging deep down past the coral reef wall, sheer descent.

And then, he's there, facing meeting me. I am moving toward him; he is meeting me. I want him in a way that is new. I want him. I want to fold into his arms, meet his eyes, his mouth, his body. I know for sure, now, he is there and he is reliable. His loving me and receiving me is reliable. Years of work to make this bridge to the new circuitry. Years of unplugging from the old Psyche circuit of recurrent betrayal. It is happening. I am turning to him, my lover, the man who is meeting me in my absolute pure, like new love, yearning.

And then, I dream the next night I am on the streets of a city, Manhattan. He is there again; we are kissing deeply, madly. The rest of the world, the street, has dissolved. It reminds me of being in London, with Jeff, walking in the streets and kissing. I remember this feeling of being young, awake and falling in love, without reservation. Yet in the dream, I voice reservations. I pull back from kissing when he says, "We can live in this neighborhood, near the river. The light will be luminous." I stop and say, "But then later on we will have to move out to the suburbs in New Jersey." I pull back from ecstatic surrender . . . and I am . . . worrying about real estate in the future. I catch myself, stopping the train of thought and returning to his kiss. I get scared. I am acculturated to the experience of betrayal, setting and resetting the template, until, finally, it is shattering. Here is the one who will never betray me. I do not have to protect myself from the possible threat of betrayal. So, I did it.

Or, perhaps not. What is the pulling away? What keeps me from complete surrender?

I was missing a piece. I was not feeling the pain of the girl. Until Sunday afternoon when an encounter with my former husband touched the place in my upper back, behind my heart, a place I know well and associate with betrayal. I fell into a familiar pattern with him, saying yes instead of the no I needed to, giving up myself and then

feeling betrayed by him. Setting up self-betrayal and then experiencing the knife-in-my-back sensation. By Wednesday, I let go of the story of what had happened. It did not matter. It only mattered that it brought me to the pain of the wound in the process of being healed. It broke open the feelings of pain of the girl on the flatbed truck. I remembered what the pain of the wound being closed up felt like. I revisited my core wound of betrayal.

Now I could drop deeper into the dark depths taking my sore heart into the saltwater. I was closer to plunging into the deep blue water as the girl. She and I were beginning to merge together. I was beginning to feel my way down into the foreign dimension of the deep waters. I was able to drop into the water and be out of my element, in her element. It was silent and still and filled with creatures who were at home . . . I felt pain, I dived into the water, into the pain and found my way to the yearning again.

The next night I dreamt about giving birth to two babies, who are miniature. One a boy, the other a girl. They resemble the babies in the children's book, *The Rainbabies*. These babies, like the babies in *The Rainbabies*, are children of God, sprung from another dimension, delivered by the Anima herself to an old couple yearning for a child. The babies are radiant.

The next night, I dreamt about searching for something. Everywhere I looked I found black Labrador puppies. I had to give up my searching, feel the joy of their beingness and smile. I am giving birth to babies through the pain. The babies and the puppies are the same, my soul selves, helping me to become more intimate with the man, the one I yearn for. I need them to be able to stay with him and not pull away. Double puppy/baby blessing.

Today I had lunch with my dear friend Marjorie after our Pilates class. I told her how it did not matter how I came to this hurt, how it was the wound I took birth to heal, how it is that we all separate from our essence, our soul selves, the part of us which can be in relationship with the Divine, whatever that looks or feels like to me or to her or to anyone. She got excited. She said, "Wait, this feels very hard to grasp but I'm getting it inside. Do you mean then, that we are not victims?" "Right," I said, "separating from our soul essence, from the Divine, is normal. It is what has to happen."

Everyone separates, people with great mothers and loving families. People with horrible mean fathers and people with abusive uncles. Everyone has a wound, the moment when they first separated and the pain of the separation, too much to bear, goes underground, creating a vacuum into which pathology or evil or demons or 'perverse chi', can come sauntering or soaring in. Where we cannot feel the pain of separation and the loss of our true selves, we are taken over by the forces that would have us lost in the world of our false selves, the miasma of our convoluted world. We must go on our journey, be lost and then, be found. On a spiritual level, this is the purpose of incarnating into human form, to heal the split and remember our Divinity. The wound is the necessary part of the deal. The problem is when we do not know that, when we think there is something wrong with us, we try to adjust to the world and we do not have a map to find our way back. Some people, like Dante, might call that state purgatory.



The willingness to descend into feeling and the willingness to make a different choice than has been made is the key. The problem is that the reaction to trauma has already been made. The reaction is the choice and the choice is the reaction that has been made over and over again. This habit, once formed, does not want to be changed. It is what pathology counts on for it knows that the moment of reaction cannot change. This is where pathology nests, where it hides.

We move through trauma by not reacting to it. Once the repressed feeling is felt, the reaction can be changed into an action instead. An action may be as simple as communicating to others that we are experiencing trauma in the way we are experiencing trauma. Such information breaks the spell of the counterreaction. The trauma itself creates a reaction due to the repression of the fear or pain.

This repression communicates an emotional energy that creates pathological reactions in others and creates a feedback loop that then reinforces the trauma. It is as if, in this place, we are asking to be abused, wearing a sign that says, "Kick Me," or "Beat Me," or "Rape Me."

Psychopathic personalities pick up on this energy in others and feed off it, playing off the fear and perpetuating the worst thing that can happen by actually recreating it in some way. This is what we seek - to recreate the trauma over and over again, even while claiming that it is the last thing we want. When we deny the trauma, we seek to recreate it because the issue will not go away. Bad relationship choices, bad financial decisions, bad job decisions are all part of the way we experience this.

The truth is, of course, that even good choices lead to bad results in the sense that the wounded aspect of the psyche is perpetuated regardless of our state of

“happiness” experienced in life. If we are having a life that is “working,” we may not feel a need to go deeper to face the inner problems in the same way a person who is unhappy will feel the need to go deeper. Happiness does not mean we are not pathologically lost and spiritually deficit. In fact, the greater the apparent happiness, the greater the deficit and the greater the denial of the deficit can be. The awareness of unhappiness and suffering is at least halfway to the solution.

Once trauma is discovered, we can make the choice to move through the trauma by taking an action that allows us to come through the feeling of it with the profound support of the Divine. The support is slowly developed to the point at which the decision can be made. Then, suddenly, complete healing is possible. Alchemy and support occur all along the way, but even despite this, there is still the moment that must be met where we may find the key to breaking the patterns, the habits and the suffering.

When we lose our soul selves, the vacuum that is created becomes a blind spot, a hole in the psyche. If we go down that hole, if we go down that well, we can get to the child, we can get to the feelings. This is what we try to reclaim.

What happens is that we believe the feelings are unpleasant and we do not want to feel them. When we do not feel them, the hole is perpetuated and a kind of gravity is created by that hole where we feel an incredible need or obsession about things. When we are in obsession, we are trying to compensate for the lack of connection to self, to the pain, to the loss of self.

Each of us tries to replace the connection with something and each person does it differently, but in the place where we try to create things from the emptiness, pathology can build a nest. Pathology has a purpose. It can use the compulsion to its advantage by encouraging it or by blending in the person in such a way that the act of trying to get things in the world will bring a sense of belongingness. But trying to get the belongingness is an attempt only to fill the vacuum of unbelongingness, which comes from losing ourselves, losing our connection with the Divine. Then, the will of the pathology can get tied up with the compulsion.

What is threatening about the Animus is that He wants to bring us back to our souls. Many of us will want to have relationship with the Divine but will not let ourselves be our soul selves because there is too much trauma. We do not want to be the soul self. We want the Animus to help us so we do not have to go through our trauma. But the Archetype always wants us to move through our trauma because the Archetype wants the prize that resides in the trauma. The prize that got separated - the prize of the soul self.

So we balk. If this is relationship with the Divine, then we do not want it because we do not want to confront our trauma. We are supposed to get rid of our trauma. Psychological training and social conformity are what we learn in school, but they are the wrong lessons. The lesson of this training, the lesson we believe is good, is that we must avoid and manage our trauma because trauma is a bad thing. That trauma is not a door that leads back to something wonderful.

Then we are caught between. We cannot really be with the Divine because the Divine wants us to feel our trauma. We do not want to feel our trauma because our soul resides there. We do not want to go through what we need to go through to get to the soul. We want the Divine to let us be who we are and help us manage our neurosis. So, we create churches and rituals that allow us to maintain our neurosis while still having a relationship with God. This is not what this work does.

Belongingness versus Unbelongingness

When we are in trauma or when we have acclimated to the separation, the aspect of the Animus' love which is belongingness is impossible to receive because we are in the place of survival. Even if we are caretaking others. When everything is done from a place of survival, there can be no sense of belongingness. Even the attempt to find belongingness, whether in a family structure or intimate relationships or a communal situation, if it comes from separation from Him, if it comes from the separation from our souls, if it comes from the loss of union, it is by default survival and separation.

Even the noble attempt to reclaim connection by being more intimate with others is a failure because it comes back to wanting affirmation. If belongingness does not come from intimacy with the Divine first, then all we are seeking is affirmation in the world. Every attempt at utopianism, humanitarianism, community, relationship is fraught with pathology because the real love is not in it. We are not innately fulfilled. Our cup must runneth over first. If we look to the world to fill our cup, we will fail. But if our cup runneth over with the belongingness with Him, we can go into the world from the place of love and try to bring this sense of belongingness into our relationships with others. This can be successful if He is involved in the process.

Unbelongingness is more dense than belongingness because unbelongingness is an emotion. It is harder to feel love through an emotion that has density. Essence is a very ethereal feeling, as is love. They are less weighted and physical. Emotions are more grounded in the physical and are inherently more dense. In this reality, emotions make more "sense" than feelings, particularly feelings of love and belongingness.

Unbelongingness has more weight because the world has more weight. There is a weightedness in the world that reflects itself against the backdrop of certain emotions. It is difficult to feel belongingness in the face of unbelongingness. We have to work at it, realizing we may do the work of feeling it but not feel it in the world.

Eventually, the unbelongingness will dissipate. Belongingness acts like an acid, burning off the unbelongingness. The feeling of belongingness will become more palpable and more present in our being and our spirit. But the process of the slow erosion of emotion that blocks feeling takes time.



FEAR

All fear comes from the separation from God or from the loss of a better place than here. In the trauma of birth, the moment we are born, we often cry out. We would like to think that we cry because we are taking air in for the first time, but we do not have to cry to get a breath of air. Babies cry because they are lost.

This loss is so deeply embedded, so deeply unconscious that we do not acknowledge birth as suffering. At the moment of birth, however, we cry out because we know in that moment we are not with God. We take a breath and we cry out.

An important part of the process of the work is breathing water in a dream instead of air. We drown back to the womb, back to the place where we knew God. Back to essence. This is the moment in us all.

From this separation, we look for something Divine in the world. We look for love; we want affirmation in the world from that moment on. In a way, we are neurotic from that moment because we are not going to find real love and real affirmation in the world.



NIGHT TERROR

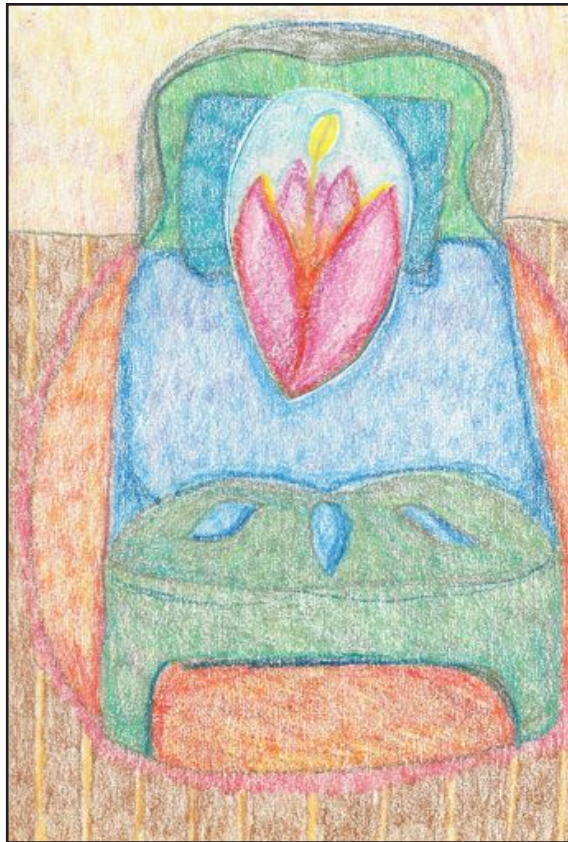
Christa Lancaster

I have woken with night terror all my life. Typically, I would find myself sitting up in bed, screaming out. For me, these episodes were normal.

Until I began the dreamwork, I did not know how scared I was. I remember my first husband telling me I always looked like a scared rabbit. I did not understand what he was talking about. My fear was buried.

The reaction to my unfelt fear was to avoid my life, to avoid challenge. I never left home and lived on my own or with roommates. After college, I ran off to Paris under the guise of learning French. In fact, I was terrified of stepping into my life and figuring out who I was and what I was meant to do for work. Instead of setting off into life, I went to a place where I was not known, where I could become lost, where I was beyond the checks and balances of friends and family.

The Promise



The hope is that parents who love their children are going to give them some of that loss back, that they will support them. But most parents are neurotic themselves.

Some people deal with fear by going to church in order to have a sense of right and wrong, to have a structure in which they can avoid their fear. They are still scared, but church can give a sense that they are going to be saved if they do all the

right things. But this is morality, not love.

A child just wants the love. The child looks for love and support, but it sees the truth in the world around it, sees what is missing in the parents' hearts. So, the child disappears - becoming just like its parents who also disappeared.

We all disappear because we cannot live in a world full of lost souls. We mean well, we try to find the love, we want God, we want the love. Unfortunately, most of us are not deep enough to really have the love, to really give the love, to really share the love. There are moments in our lives when there is an opening for all of this, but, for the most part, we are alienated from ourselves, from each other, from the Divine.

No one knows this more than children. Adults are all sick and neurotic together, so they do not really know. Instead, they complain about each other. To reclaim ourselves, we have to go back down through the place of our fear which is where the soul resides.



DESCENDING

Christa Lancaster

What is under being elusive? What is under being vulnerable? What lies beneath the terror? How far down does it go? How far back am I going? I know I am going down and in. I know it is happening. I have done this before.

Amy and I went last night to see a movie called *Water*, about a little girl, abandoned by her parents to an ashram for widows where she is prostituted by the dominant female. The whoremaster, a eunuch, takes her across the river to a rich man where she is raped. She is only seven years old.

I go back to the film, back to the trigger, back to the dream. The day is woven around the dream, the film as a dream . . . I am descending while going through my day, walking the dog, drinking tea, playing badminton with Gabriel. Amy knows. I know but I do not know. Do not know how or where it will break. I am going someplace I have never been. I hold on to Gabriel and Amy and my dog Ajax. I am at home. I know to stay close to home, keep it very simple. I am dropping.

Amy and I went last night to see a movie called *Water* about a little girl, abandoned by her parents to an ashram where she is prostituted.

Taking a nap, I dreamt:

I am in an ashram. My dear friend James is the protector. I am lying in a single bed, half covered by a sheet. James' son arrives. He comes over to me and gently pulls the covers away. I am naked. He slides into bed next to me naked as well. We lie quietly next to each other, our skin barely touching. I feel his love. Suddenly, Drew arrives. He sits at the edge of the bed glaring at us. I freeze with terror.

I wake up feeling as if my legs are not a part of my body. Something is wrong. What is happening? I cannot tell. Feel panicked. The neighborhood is so quiet. I feel lonely, all alone. Cannot feel my legs. Cannot feel any love. All alone. No love. Where is everybody? I lie down. I hold Sammie's stuffed bear which she left on my bed and my stuffed parrot fish. The tears come. I still cannot feel my legs. Why can I not feel my legs? Gabriel is in his room watching a movie. What can I do? I am all alone. I am small, very small. Everyone is far away. They have all gone.

A part of me knows something is happening to me. What can I do. I need some help. I have gone into a place of trauma and I do not know how to find my way out. I am spinning into panic and I know I am in a process that I need to stay with. I am aware of both things at the same time. I call Susan Marie. She is not at home. One step.

Next step. I call Amy. I tell her what is happening. She listens. I drop into sorrow. I am crying. I ask her to come over. She brings tea. I speak the words that I know. I am in a place of trauma, familiar but different. She encourages me to call Marc. It is Sunday night. He will be free. I hesitate. I am scared to interrupt his dinner. I am scared to call him. Amy says it is good to call him, that he wants me to. I believe her instead of myself. I call his cell phone and leave a message. Ten minutes later he calls. He has time. He hears I am in crisis. We work the dream. He asks the critical question: What am I feeling when Drew shows up and glares at us? It takes a few rounds for me to get it. I am terrified. I am terrified now, in my bed, under the covers, talking to Marc on the phone.

“Okay,” says Marc, “take that terror and introject it. Face the demon in your terror and say to him: ‘Fuck you, dweeb.’”

I do it. Instantly the energy shifts. The paralyzing terror is gone, at least for now. Marc gives me clear directions: reenact it over and over again, calling out that demon and deliberately facing it and telling it to fuck off.

I went to see a movie about a girl who was prostituted by a whoremaster. Unconsciously, I have prostituted the girl in me to this whoremaster who has lived in the void of my wounding. I have projected his tyranny out into the world onto men who have, in turn, met my projection and enacted it.

I have been terrified of men my whole life. I have submitted to them because I was terrified. I did not know I was terrified. I did not know I submitted. I did not know or understand why I was elusive or why I avoided good men. The pieces are coming together. Each piece of work I have done is falling into place. I needed to fall into this terror and face the demon to understand the thrall I have lived in with men. I have been terrified of men all my life and what they might do to me. I let them use and abuse me because deep inside me lay this terror. The demon entered into the void and took me over, took me into dark alleyways, to the basements of whoremasters, users and abusers of women. I did not know. I did not understand. I could not.

Until now. I have all the pieces. It is coming clear. I have charmed men to achieve a degree of control. If I give them what they want, they will love me and I will not have to be vulnerable, I will not have to feel this terror, I will not have to face the demon who has lived like a parasite, hidden, inside me, deep down inside me.

Last winter I had a series of dreams with a needy man who kept following me around. He was also nerdy and funny. He showed me how to be more vulnerable instead of being aloof. Now, the dreams are showing me the deeper trauma around men. I have been terrified of men without knowing, without understanding my terror. In my unconscious terror, I became submissive to men, to husbands. I was terrified so I charmed them, flirted with them, had sex with them. All the while the whoremaster was there controlling me through my unconscious terror. Facing the whoremaster in my terror, his power dissipates. He is gone. He goes each time I do the homework of facing him in the dream and telling him, "Fuck you, dweeb."

Each time I say it to him, he fades. Each time I return to the Divine,

to the Lover lying next to me, with the Father nearby protecting me. I want to be free. I want to know his love. I want to be free of the whoremaster. I want, finally, to go home, real Home without a parasite inside me, controlling me, keeping me away from real love. I am facing him down, calling him out. I feel strong and determined like a Samurai. I will not let him have his way with me anymore. I want my whole being back. I do not want to be split. I want to be whole, lying next to the Lover, with the Father close by, protecting and loving me.



The soul does not reside in fear, but we must go back through the fear and the wound to find the self that is waiting there, the self that looks for that innocence of looking for love, that looks for God. Somewhere in that fear, then, is desire and yearning. Whatever it is in our soul to yearn for, it is there and our fear is a way to it.

Pathology does not want our souls in the world. It is a soulless world that runs the world because there are not enough souls. If our souls do not live here, then the world is minus one more soul. Most of us in the world are soulless or our souls are so buried that they are not a factor in our lives. The Divine cannot be with us if we are not in our souls.

Some people get angry at God because they pray for health or they pray to have their fear taken away and they wonder why that is not enough. It is not enough because the Divine wants a relationship with them and they do not want a relationship with Him.

Most people want to be safe, managing their lives, raising children, having enough money. But this is in conflict with the work. At some point, people will work to get to a place where they feel better but they may not want a relationship with the Divine because it would require that they deal with issues around intimacy.

Instead, what many people want from God is to be told what to do so they can do it. They want help to avoid their fear, to live a decent life and that is all. Most religions do not want or ask us to do anything more. They are content to have us make this kind of deal.

But children are not this way. They want intimacy and love and relationship and they are not satisfied with what they are offered. In order to have relationship with the Divine, we have to get back to the child self because it is the part of us that is capable of being in the relationship in a healthy way.

Fear of Relationship

We are most afraid of our relationship with God or with anyone. Our fear about relationship comes from the fact that when we brought our innocence into the

world and tried to relate to the world, it did not relate back. In this place, we are all hurt.

But the thing we are most afraid of is the thing we have to return to because it is the place where we were hurt. We must go back to who we were, where we got hurt, what makes us most afraid. Ironically, this is the place where we are the most capable of receiving love because it is where we are most innocently open. In this openness, we were damaged.

We are all still waiting for that relationship. A part of all of us is still a little child looking up, saying that we want the love, we want the relationship. It is in us all. What separates us from that child self is fear, hurt, shame that goes with being admonished or shut off or being in an environment that was tremendously unfeeling.

One of the great things my wife does in her church is to keep it child centered. The dogmatism of religiosity does not run her church. It is more about love, about taking care of the children and trying to love them. I love this about her church - they really love the children. But this is rare in most churches. Churches are generally about adults; children have to fit into the paradigm, the theology that the adults put together to avoid their fear. Children do not understand theology. They relate to love.

The bottom-line question is - If we were not loved, why come out of our shells? Most religions have given up. They teach that we suffer to live so that we can die and go to heaven. I do not believe that this is it. The idea is to create heaven here, to bring the Divine to this plane.

We are in hell because we created it out of our separation from Him. But we can have wonderful lives if we just come to our senses, come to ourselves. Everyone, however, has given up. There is an unconscious giving up which says we cannot change the world so we can only do our best, make the best of it, in order to die and go to the better place.

But what about *this* place? Can it not be the better place? We have given up, deciding to forget about it. But this is not what our psyches say. Our psyches say that this is the place, here, to get it right. Here is the place where we can remake the world through Divine connection.

The real battle is to bring God into this plane instead of committing psychological suicide by doing antidepressant drugs. It is a different idea of reality.

Many adults believe the insane reality that encourages us to live a religious, numb life, accepting the suffering of life to have a good life. To a child, this is like being condemned to seventy years of living numb.

Who wants that kind of prison? Somewhere we all know that we were not born to do that; we were not born to be numb. But the message in many religions is that we are all sinners, all messed up without even knowing why. So, we give up, knuckle under, do not even try.

This is terrifying to a child because it is terrifying.

We can have this terror, when we do not project it, for it is what wounded us. Instead of having people that rejoice in life, in love, celebrating, many are exposed to

the opposite in the name of God. It is a great way for pathology to condemn the whole thing. God can become a devil so we can shun Him.

When we are scared of the Animus, there are those who will carry the belief that this is what it means. Either joy, liberation, freedom or creativity versus being like our parents. This is why we must own our fear in order to cut through to the fact that when we were little, what we wanted was right. We knew what was right even if we do not remember.

Being Drawn to Danger

If we are raised with deep-seated, unconscious fear, we learn to manage that fear. In some cases, we develop an addiction to danger or dangerous personalities. When we have a lot of fear, rather than avoiding the things that scare us, we may be drawn to them instead.

Being involved with unpredictable, volatile personalities can create a sexual charge or an adrenaline rush, but it also results in the need to constantly manage them. What we are doing in these situations is reliving the drama of our fear that is unconsciously projected into the world. Therefore, we create a dangerous world.

Projected fear does not allow us to experience anything different than what our primary wounded self tells us. It simply perpetuates itself. It cannot change until that place is healed in us for everything filters through that fear and will eventually contaminate every piece of beauty we encounter. It cannot sustain itself because it is like living on a swamp of fear that is unrecognized.



PARIS YEAR

Christa Lancaster

I want you to know where I came from, how far I have come. I need to know that I am loved beyond my capacity to fathom. I need to know I am loved even though I have done terrible things to betray myself. I need to know that I am forgiven.

This is my self-betrayal.

I went to live in Paris when I graduated from college. I did not know what to do. I had lived with an assumption that I would marry Jeff as soon as I graduated, so when I broke up with him in the January of my senior year at Barnard, I panicked. I had never considered, nor had anyone asked me, what I might do when I graduated. I did not have a

clue. So, I negotiated with my parents. I had saved them a whole year's tuition by finishing school in three years. I told them I wanted to go and live in Paris for one year and learn to speak French. I wondered if they would pay my expenses for one year. They agreed.

I had no idea what I would do in Paris. I was on the run. I was petrified but I did not yet know it.

In Paris, I met a man with dark, blue eyes at my Italian friend Chiara's family apartment. He was from what was known then as Bosnia-Herzegovina. He was, apparently, an artist. His name was Milan. I wore a blue silk flowered vintage dress. I had short hair and burgundy leather pumps. I thought I was very sophisticated. No one really knew who I was or where I came from. I came out of nowhere into the social realm in Paris. Through the daughter of the head of the company my father worked for, I entered into an otherwise closed social circuit. I traded on my looks and my charm, my social finesse and my conversational French.

I lived in a top floor apartment with my brother Guy and my friend Jody. We had no furniture except for a mattress in each of our rooms. The kitchen was tiny and had a skylight through which we could look out and see all the rooftops of the Marais.

That year, Guy smoked hash and I slept with different men. We were lost children who did not know how to go home or even where home was.

I lost my bearings when I left my first love in the January before I left for Paris in the fall. Marc described me as being someone who lived in the very light or the very dark; there was no middle way for me. As long as I was with my first love, Jeff, I was somewhat protected from my darkness. But when he took a job in London, leaving me to finish my senior year of college in New York, I began to drift off track. I did not know how to tell him when he hurt my feelings. He did not know how to talk to me. We did not know how to take first sweet love into honest and real intimate relationship. So, he went to London and my love shrank back. I dallied with another man. When Jeff came back in January for my twenty-first birthday, I took him to the airport, wearing my mother's blonde mink coat and told him I wanted to break up and see other people. I turned on my heel and walked away without looking back.

We fall in love, it is real and then we do not know how to live that love. When I left that first real tender cut of love, I dropped into hell. I had no bearings, no anchor. No middle way, all the way into darkness. Drawn to danger like a moth to the flame.

I was drawn to Milan. I felt compelled to pursue him. I must have called him though I do not remember. I do remember showing up at his apartment one day. He was with a man and a woman and I felt like I had walked into something strange going on. He showed me his drawings, pictures of men and women in night clubs looking sinister. The atmosphere was equally sinister, thick and unspoken. I felt unwelcome, so I left. Later at dusk, the same day, he called and asked me if I would like a tour of Paris by car to see the Eiffel Tower lit up.

It sounded exciting, so I told him I did. He picked me up in his small red Italian car. It was not quite dark and the tour ended abruptly. He suggested we go back to his apartment. At his building, he hit a button to open the door to the underground parking lot electronically. I remember how he stopped the car and then very quickly, he was unzipping his trousers, he was doing something to me and suddenly, I was not there, not in my body, but far up in a corner of the parking garage, looking down as he surely found his way on top of me in the tiny car in the low-ceiling, dimly lit garage.

I remember giving up, giving way, resigning myself to what he was doing. He could not really touch me, I was not really there. He had only my body with which he did what he wanted. I gave up. Then it was over. I do not know how I got home or what I said.

The next morning, I cried when I told my younger brother. I called Milan and told him I never wanted to see him again. From that encounter, I was pregnant. When I saw the results of the test and that they were positive, I was cooking fried eggs and looking out the skylight over the rooftops, shedding salty tears into the frying pan. Not understanding how I had let this happen and not knowing what to do next.

I ended up calling my older brother who was a medical student in London. I remember my brother's house was very cold. He arranged for me to go to a place for young women to have abortions. It was in an old Victorian house somewhere on the outskirts of London. It never occurred to me to call my parents. I never thought about going

home to their apartment in New York. After the abortion, I returned to Paris. By the time I left Paris, I had had another abortion.

When I returned to New York after Paris, I met another dangerous man and this time married him. I looked to him to provide direction in my life. I did not want to have to think about what I needed to do or who I was. I was twenty-four.



FEAR VERSUS ANXIETY

When we live in a world of responsibility, we can then manage, strategize and control around those responsibilities. We can fail, we can be in ruin, our lives may be destroyed. We can succeed and have what others consider a successful life. We can win the race, lose the race or drop out of the race. These are the ways we can decide the illusion of the world in our own particular version. And this is the advantage of living in responsibility or shame or ridicule or the gyroscope of success, of being a winner or being a loser. We get to decide.

But underneath this is the anxiety that reflects the deeper fear that comes from the separation from God. To reclaim God, to reclaim ourselves, requires that we go into our fear. We often have to go into pain, but at some point, it always comes to the fear. Feeling the fear means that we lose control.

When we lose control, we also lose the shame. Once we see beyond the illusion of the world, we cannot be a winner or a loser. We have nothing to hide anymore and we have God's love so we do not care. What we lose is control.

It is hard to give up control. Maybe we like our shame, our responsibility because we can control things, we can manage and we can decide who we are. Self-definition is part of the American dream - it is why the settlers came over from Europe in the first place, so they could make their own lives. There is a great deal to be said for this in an oppressed world.

But if we try to define ourselves, then there are winners and losers. This is why there is extreme poverty and extreme wealth. God does not define us as winners or losers because our souls are not about winning or losing. It is about intimacy with the Divine. This is the choice.

We can be humanitarian about succeeding. We can tell ourselves that if we succeed and make oodles of money we will give it away or help the poor. Once we get ours and are the big cheese, then we will be loving and benevolent.

Then are also those who are poor by choice but rich in humanitarian love. This is also part of the game. Humanitarian love is not God's love.

Getting out of the game is easy - just follow the dreams. The dream life will take us to Dying to Self. In all of the fakeness that the world agrees is real, all our participation in it, in all the gyroscope of wealth or poverty or success or failure or humanitarianism, in all of the feeling of “doing it together,” no matter how we play the social card, we lose God.

We can have both our relationship with God and our relationship with the world but we have to put our process first. We cannot have both without Dying to Self. Inevitably, our dreams pick us apart and take us down a black hole into the well of death where we can reconnect to our souls. We have all lost our way. No matter how wonderful we are or think we are, no matter how mean-spirited we are or think we are, it does not matter. Most of us have to die to come to a new awakening with Him and the Divine world; we do not seem to have access to any other way.

Somehow in losing our innocence, we have lost the self that knows the Divine world, our essence. The issue is the return back to our selves and it means losing who we thought we were and the control that goes along with it. This is why this process is such a difficult road.

The idea that someone is there who really wants to love us and can intercede in the world for us is beyond our belief because we have never seen it. We do not see miracles. We see devastation. We see the truth which is the world without God. We assume that the devastation is because there is no God or Divine reality rather than realize that we created this or that we have been tricked to live this lie of lies. The psyche and the dream world can return us to a state of wakefulness so that this reality can then be available to us. This is the goal of the work.

The problem with fear is that we typically feel it in relationship to the anxieties we have in the world from trying to be successful or trying to be anything. These anxieties reflect the fear that is really part of the separation from the self that knows and says something is wrong.

The fear is really saying that something is wrong and what is wrong is within us. Something is wrong with us but when it becomes anxiety, it becomes “something is wrong in the world.” We feel we are not getting something from the world, we feel we need to do something in the world, we feel we can solve the problem in the world.

Fear and anxiety are the same in that they both indicate a problem, but the fear takes us to a solution inside in finding, ultimately, the portal to God. Anxiety takes us to trying to resolve the problem in the world. But even in the resolution in the world, even in the making of a perfect life, we remain filled with anxieties.

Howard Hughes, for example. He was the richest man in the world; he had everything. His fear was projected into the world in such a way that his anxiety attacked him as a fear of germs. He was afraid of germs, afraid of dying. This was part of his disconnection from God - instead of worrying about money or material things, he worried about germs. Even if we gain control of the whole world, we are still going to be sick because we are still separated from God. We can never be a God.

We do have valid projections of our fear - we may have had difficult parents

or we may just wake in the world and forget that we just left God. We find ourselves in the world with parents who affect us tremendously. We could say that the root of our anxiety goes back to our parents, at least in memory. This is true, but the root goes back to our separation from God and even further to the assumption that there are past lives. We are part of a history that goes back generations - whether it is generational or our own lives. All the suffering of those generations is part of the root of our anxiety.

We can find a great deal to project our anxieties onto that actually occurred, that actually helped to create the anxieties in the first place. But it is all part of the garbage dump that is not God. The dreams, the therapy will not spend all of its time in that dump. At some point, the dreams will shift when we know enough about the garbage. This does not mean that the anxiety goes away, but when we know enough, we can deal with the deeper fear of finding our souls.

There is always going to be anxiety if we want to dig up the substratum of the unconscious with all its memories of our parents, all the memories of the hurts and what happened when we were children. These memories and anxieties are always going to be there because they are a part of who we are. But are they part of who our souls are?

In fact, they are not. Our souls are mostly unaffected by all of this. The soul can be affected somewhat and tarnished, but it is mostly waiting on the side for its chance to engage us, waiting in the folds of the fear and anxiety. Even in extreme cases of trauma, underneath the trauma, the soul is waiting.

We go through the trauma by feeling it, with the dreams showing what needs to be felt at each step. By feeling the feelings of the fear that are projected out through anxieties that are linked to memories of childhood, we can get to a deeper stratum in which we are no longer dealing with anxiety that goes back to our parents, but rather the anxiety that goes back to being lost from God.

Dreams that deal with the anxiety of being lost from God will have things and situations not related to our parents or to any abuse we may have suffered, things such as tidal waves or falling off cliffs. When the Archetypes are dealing with issues of trauma, they have us revisit the trauma or memories that happened. This is how we determine what kind of material we are working with.

But sooner or later, the dreams will want to move into the Archetypal Realm. They will want, ultimately, to deal with the feelings and the fear that have to do with the Divine that are underneath the memories of trauma, if they can.

We often relate fear to bad experiences so that it is difficult to think fear can be good. The more bad experiences we have had, the harder it is to not project those feelings into the world because we keep reliving the bad experiences. This is what anxiety is - a reflection of memories projected into the world. Anxiety is the projection of things that have actually occurred.

To break this, to go beyond into a pure fear that is not related to anything that happened but is related to finding God and the fear that opens us to the self that has

been missing, the fear becomes something positive. When we trust that fear, we are ready for the journey.

It is much easier to trust the fear of the bad memories projected into the world because it is who we have been. When we project, we get to be in control through the bad things happening because we know how to act and react in relation to them. We can take action, we can not take action, we can simply do something. It is also a grand excuse because we are simply managing being apart from God.

Maybe our greatest human flaw is that we like being in control - given the choice, we would rather be in control. How many of our circumstances are circumstantial and how many do we choose? When given the choice between the fear of the unknown, of letting go into God versus the anxiety of control and managing, most people will choose the control and managing. Ultimately, we all like to control things.

Dream:

I go to the doctor because my throat is sore. When the doctor comes to check on me, she tells me that I should not have waited so long. She takes me into a room and gives me a shot, then leaves. I try to get back to where I came in, but I keep ending up back in the room.

I hear someone ask the nurse what I am doing and she says that in order for the shot to work, I have to stop going backward and move forward instead. So, I try to go the other way and end up collapsing. I leave my body and feel freedom. I watch as the doctor and nurses try to revive me. I decide to go back into my body and breathe again rather than staying out of my body feeling the freedom.

In this dream, the shot worked because it killed the dreamer. Her disease was over. But she chose to go back in spite of the freedom she felt. This is the choice between dying to a new life or coming back to the old life.

This dream shows the struggle. Given the choice between the two experiences, the dreamer chose to go back to the world. This shows how difficult it is to choose freedom where we do not have control, even when it feels good to not have control. We like our nice, compacted, contracted world with rules where we can win or lose, where we can do it our own way.



GRAVITY AND INERTIA

The difference between gravity and inertia is that inertia pulls us into depression or a sense of being overwhelmed or of not being able to change things. Inertia is basically being away from the present. When we are away from the present, away from the soul's purpose, away from our hearts, away from the elements in the psyche that are congruent with the unconscious, the more we encounter inertia. It is actually resistance to our will. Inertia is going against God.

The very way in which we go against God causes inertia in the sense that it is attempting to remedy a form of resistance. The resistance is that going against God produces resistance.

Gravity is a force that brings us toward God. It is effortless. When in gravity, we are being led by forces and currents that are more linked to the present and the becoming of the future, the becoming of what is natural. There is a natural tendency of the psyche to become what it was created to be. These tendencies, these currents are gravity.

When we are lost from God, we feel inertia. Some high functioning types of people are able to work with inertia to create a type of personality that appears to get things done. Their will is so activated that they can push past the inertia and even make it work for them. But they are still against God. In fact, making inertia work for us is more about being aligned with pathology.

When we are aligned with God and in the force of gravity, life is more effortless and there is a natural unfoldment. Unfolding ourselves in outer events is all part of the exteriorization of our psyche, our unconscious, of the Archetypal hierarchy into the world.

The more we are a casualty of inertia and know it, the more we know we are separate from God. If we are crippled by inertia, maybe we are inherently more vulnerable or sensitive to God. Or maybe we need God and a sense of congruency with God to function in a world without congruency.

When we do not have the love to feel supported for ourselves, the mother will offer her version of worthiness or sense of belonging. The mother will want us to be

something, to perhaps be what she aspired to be. In this case, the mother's aspirations become what we want to do for her.

When this happens, our sense of belongingness comes not from God, but from a desire to be the thing. Many of us have pride, a self-image that is really just an image of what we believe we have to be. It is like creating a legend. If anything interferes with that self-image, we react and try to protect it. This blocks the truth of our suffering, the truth of our real feelings, the truth of our real failings.

The degree to which we hold on to our self-image is the degree to which we defend ourselves against the truth. The Animus and the Archetypes cannot heal us, cannot help us because of our hold on that self-image and because of our belief that the self-image is who we are.

Sometimes, we even superimpose the legend onto our parents. When we do this, we only want to see in our parents what will fit into what we believe we need to be in order to receive their love or for our own acceptance. In this case, the child projects onto the parents something they never were, never wanted to be, never tried to be. If the parents loved each other, the child may not want to fit into that relationship, but may end up competitive for reasons such as feeling left out. Maybe the child wants to possess the mother or the father and actually thrives on any separation between the parents. If there is no separation, the child may react in a jealous way to the fact that the parents love each other. The child may even try to separate the parents.

How does this occur that the child raised in love competes with one of the parents and needs the parents to be split? Is it that the parents are split and the child then has to survive in the split or is it that the split itself occurs in the child and the child then tries to superimpose that split onto the parents? Even if there is no split between the parents, the child will try to create its own understanding of the relationship so that it is comfortable.

Perhaps such a child was born with these issues so that even if the parents are wonderful, the child brings its own wound into the situation. The child feels unbelongingness because the child is separated from God, from the child soul self. Sometimes it is not about the environment; it may come from the child's own history. We often blame our parents, but parents are not at fault in every case. Perhaps, no matter what the parent does, the child's history and past still come in.

Fear opens us in a way that dissolves or kills being lost in the old pathology. This is Dying to Self or the concept of no longer being in inertia. When we are afraid, we are no longer depressed. This is why fear is an ingredient of Alchemy. When we avoid fear, we are really going into inertia.

The way out of inertia and into gravity is fear. Gravity means that we are out of control, being led by forces that are terrifying. The devil is inertia, the devil is known, the devil is safe. Fear allows us to be present in His love. Once we feel this, we are no longer afraid. But we are awake. Being afraid and being awake are just different poles of the same strand.

On one hand, the fear; on the other hand, the presence of His love.

Fear can also work to trigger inertia if a person reacts to the fear by shutting down more. Inertia is created when we project our fear into the world. Having fear relate, instead, to something in a dream allows us to move into Dying to Self or into the energy of gravity. Not projecting fear allows the fear to be about what it is inside - the fear of being with Him. It allows us to move through our fear, to become more connected to the gravity, to the love, to dissolving our will, to Alchemy. Alchemy turns inertia into gravity. Alchemy turns pathological will, separation, isolation, compensation into congruency with the Divine. But it takes fear to do it.



ASLEEP IN LILACS

Christa Lancaster

I was twenty-four years old, pregnant and terrified. I was married in a grove of lilacs on a cool May morning wearing an antique Edwardian cotton dress on the New York estate belonging to the corporation that my father worked for his entire career. My younger brother, Guy, flew in from England where he was in the middle of rehearsing for a production of the Wizard of Oz. My mother, the age that I am now, was concerned that the morning bags under her eyes would still be prominent at eleven in the morning (she had advocated for a ceremony later in the day.) Guy told me years later that he had wept that morning after the ceremony. My sister Bettina was just seventeen, a junior at private school in New York City.

It is funny how what I remember are the lilacs and how my friend Liane placed roses in the crystal stem-ware and arranged them on each round table under the huge tent set up on the grass tennis court. How my friend Tory could not come because she had a fight with her French boyfriend and their car had a flat tire. How Andrew who later gave Addison his first solo show in a New York Gallery flew in by helicopter. How two French brothers came on behalf of my Parisian friend May, bearing a sewing box, stocked with supplies, which still lives in my closet.

I remember drinking one glass of champagne and wanting to fall asleep.

In my house today in Vermont hangs a drawing by Addison of my face: I am sleeping. I keep it both because it is a beautiful drawing and because it shows me at the beginning of my adult life, starting out as I was, fast asleep, without awareness of who I am or where I am going. Forgetting and the falling back to sleep

This evening I am writing beside a window over looking a mature lilac bush. Lilacs rim the perimeter of my property on three sides. It is a cool, damp May evening. The son with whom I was pregnant is now twenty-three, almost the age that I was then. He is about to have his first show in New York City. My mother has been dead for almost three years. What we bring forward and what we leave behind. How we begin to awaken. How we are asleep to our real selves

What I was entering into was unknown. Only five years later, in early spring, I would leave that marriage and move to Vermont, waking up through change, rupture, crisis. But then, amongst the lilacs, I was filled with promise, the promise of a life with a baby and a husband. A move from the city to a boarding school in Putney, Vermont. Away from my family and New York City to rural Vermont.

The truth is, I was a terrified person who hid behind a mask of goodness and social agility. My husband knew my fear. He was the first person who ever noticed that under my social graces I was a scared rabbit, a deer caught in the headlights. I was drawn to his boldness and daring. He took risks. He plunged in. In so many ways with him I was way over my head. It is very hard to admit how much of a cold fish I probably was, a nice girl, from the Upper East Side, wanting to break out of the confines of her family, drawn to the artist living in an unfinished loft on the Bowery.

I was drawn to his sincere desire to live an embodied artist's life; I was too frightened to live creatively myself. He was the first blast of dynamite to explode the myth of our so-called perfect looking good family. I used him to rebel against my family's expectations; at the same time I wanted to be safe and married.

When I found out that we had conceived a child, I came home and threw myself on the bed of the spare room of the Central Park West apartment in tears. I was pregnant, I could not have another abortion and I insisted I could not have a baby without being married. I was twenty four years old, the same age my mother was when I was born.

I did not know how to be creative. I did not know what to do with my life. So I met an artist and had a baby.

The direction of my life was established. I did not have to make the terrifying choices of what to do with my life, questions I had never addressed. I married a man with strong opinions and a sense of direction and adventure that I could ride on. Underneath, I wondered if I was out of my league with this man. I had hopped onto his life, out of my parents' apartment. I did not have to face my fear about my life or consider what I wanted. I created a scenario in which I could be a mother and a wife. I learned how to cook vegetarian food (he was a vegetarian). I embraced pregnancy, childbirth, looking after a baby. I discovered hippie culture living in the small town in southern Vermont at a progressive coed boarding school. I left the only world I knew in America, New York City, jettisoning a closetful of high-heeled shoes and silk dresses.

I was petrified. I had buckets of shame. I did not know much about either of those states. I was "nice" on the outside. I had married and left behind all my friends and family. I was largely unconscious of my choices. The lie within me was directing the course of my actions, taking me deeper into an enactment of a betrayal so primal it still takes my breath away. I was compelled to reenact the cultural patterns of infidelity and betrayal in my mother's family line.

I was enacting a scenario which eventually would become so untenable and so painful that I would be forced to leave, move away to northern Vermont and begin to look at the ways I had set up my life. In the enactment, I became Psyche in the myth embodied in the paradigm of the Big Lie.

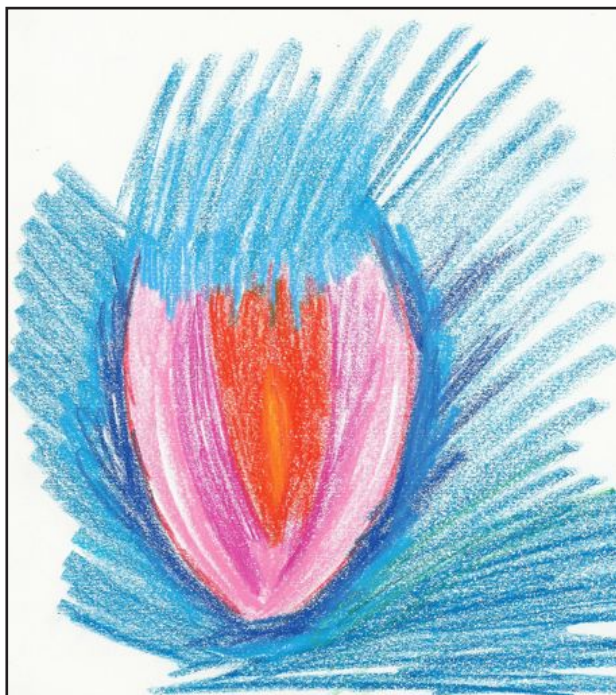
Ten months after the birth of our son I would invite a high school senior, a young woman from my native Bermuda, to travel with us in Europe, as the au pair for our baby. One month into our travels, one afternoon in London, as we watched a movie on television my husband would put his hand on her thigh, the thigh of she, the au pair, and I would freeze in horror, unable to speak or move, caught in slow motion, paralyzed with horror. I could not stop the moment. It happened casually, naturally, as if it was a perfectly normal occurrence, the placing of my husband's hand on the thigh of the young woman whose parents had entrusted her care to us only weeks before. In an instant, I noticed, I froze and I could not speak.

It was the first moment I felt the full force of my trauma. I could not stay with it because I did not have the capacity to stay with it.

How could it be that I could not speak to this unspeakable action. I have wondered what might have happened if I had reacted with anger and outrage, if I had said out loud, “What the hell do you think you are doing?” What if I knew and trusted my feeling response, if I knew my needs were also valuable, that I counted. But the lie I was living, that served the avoidance of my soul, was convenient.

What happens when you are already following the line of a lie? What happens when you keep covering your tracks, moving further away from what you may have known as real and true? What happens is that you keep walking further away because you cannot or you dare not step into the fire and risk taking a stand.

Broken Vessel



I could not risk taking a stand. I could not bare my soul. I was not ready to look into my life. It would be another four and a half years before I could break from my husband and his lover, before I could risk feeling the horror of the moment when I was betrayed and I allowed myself to continue to be betrayed because on some level it

served me not to. I could only know for an instant the horror of the moment's betrayal. I could not face the pain which sat waiting for me, the pain which needed this enactment for me to begin to descend through many layers, over the course of many years, down into the reservoir of loss and betrayal that was my birthright, my route home if I could find the strength and support to leave the suffering safety of the lie I was living out. A crack to my deeper feelings opened but I could not descend into Persephone's world, the underground world of Hades.

Now I can look back and see how in the moment of betrayal I touched into a more ancient wound, the wound of betrayal I came to know through my work around my mother. Of course it is possible the wound was even older if the soul moves through space and time incarnating to evolve through the lies, distortions and misconceptions. It would be many, many years later that I would travel through that wound, feeling the utter desolation of the loss of my mother to me as a child, a betrayal and loss I kept carrying over to my relationships with men.

I kept recreating Psyche's wound, the betrayal by the mother. As long as I was Psyche, working hard at being the good wife and mother, I was safe from the descent into the underworld of my deeper feeling self. I could stay 'above' and find my identity as the victim of the mean, betraying husband. Two things are true: the betrayal was real, was hurtful and I set it up so that we never had to be alone and intimate.

I remember a poignant afternoon in London with my husband when we took a bus up the Kensington High Street to a store where we bought a portable bed for the baby. We were vulnerable and young and together. The high school graduate had not yet joined us in London. I feel a flash of pain remembering how united we were. We never even had a chance to know more of that intimacy. Within days she had arrived and we were living together in close quarters in a tiny mews house. Within weeks he proposed we invite her into our bed so that she "would not be lonely."

I did not know how to be in relationship. I did not know my feeling self. I did not know how scared I was. I threw myself over the cliff into a direction and I told myself that this was love. I wanted to believe in the fairy tale. I wanted to ignore the misgivings which I

shoved in the back of my mind. I conveniently forgot his violent outbursts of anger. I did not recognize my own terror. Living with another woman. I repressed the trauma of the moment of betrayal. Jumped over my urge to flee. Instead I went silent and acquiesced. My husband wants another woman. Deep inside, this slotted into the construct of the lie which I believed: I do not deserve this man, his needs are more important than mine, he is more important than me, I have no right to have needs.

What did I gain by submitting to his plan? I could avoid the tunnel of pain inside me, waiting for me. The pathology could keep me safely separate from the well of the pain of spiritual separation. It could stay furled inside me. I was not ready to face the original separation. I had no way to trace it back to a deeper loss, an earlier betrayal. I had made my bed and I would need to sleep in it until it became unbearable.





MANAGING THE WOUND

We build our personas and our lives from our wounds. Most of our procrastination/compulsive behavior is how we manage the wound in the world. This creates a layering of how we manifest or do not manifest ourselves in the world.

Some of the ways we manifest are good for the world and the world likes them; we can do well in the world in this way. We take care of business, maybe believing we are having a good time, maybe getting depressed, always managing. But once we start to break away from those behaviors, we become, in a way, dysfunctional in the world because we fall into our woundedness. When this happens, we often feel a bit resentful, for all that is left is the pain we have been avoiding. It is not exactly fun, but it holds the promise of wholeness and true integrity of self where we can feel ourselves as ourselves.

Most of us do not feel this. We only feel ourselves in relationship to what the world says we are. No matter how much success we have in the world, we may feel insecure, impoverished, miserable inside.

For example, one of the greatest performers in the 1950s was Sammy Davis, Jr. He had the best talent of the time as an actor, a dancer, a singer. When he performed, he was bigger than life. But he once said in an interview that he was terrified whenever he got on stage. Even with all that talent, even with all the adulation, he was still crippled.

He was a hero of mine when I was a child. When I heard the interview where he spoke of his terror, I was shocked. As a child, I wanted a hero so badly perhaps because my father could not be a hero. Even into adulthood, I searched for a hero, joining cults, becoming a follower of powerful men who I believed “had it.” But I always found out that the men I followed were not heroes. Not that they were “bad,” but they were using everybody around them to gain power. Some would even have several women on the side. I could see and feel that it was not right.

All the men I tried to follow were just using other human beings. I did not meet a real leader; I could not find one real man of God. All those situations were just lies. I was looking for somebody to do for me what I was not willing to do for myself.

We all believe that it is terrible to be ourselves, even when others think we are wonderful. This is the cycle of projecting that we are terrible while the other person is great. We get to feel that if the other does not know anything then we are all in trouble. I finally had to realize that maybe I had to be the one, that I had to become a man of God.

When we establish ourselves as positive, proactive people, others project onto us; they need us to be that positive, proactive person. If we are truly that kind of person, if we truly live in that place because we have gone through our trauma and our authentic self is positive and proactive, it does not matter if everyone wants us to be a certain way because we already are ourselves. There is no pressure.

When we are already with Him, we do not need to feel pressured to be authentic, to be great, to be anything. If we feel we have to prove something, then we do not have the love. If we have the love, we do not feel pressured. If people then do not like us, it does not matter because we already have the love.

Having the love is everything. It is getting down through the crack, getting through the trauma and from that place getting to the real child self. Then we can show up as who we are, autonomous.

The difference between being in our real selves and being in our not-real selves is that our real selves, no matter how damaged, get healed, get loved. For the first time, we can feel ourselves in a true state of being, feel inside ourselves. Most of us feel we are outside ourselves because we *are* outside ourselves in some way.

We may succeed by creating the not-real self, but we all know, somewhere inside, that it is not right. That self we have created, the self that we have become, is wrong. Everybody knows this, but very few are going to tell anyone. The conspiracy is that we are all going to pretend the lie is true, this thing that we have all created, and that we are going to have friends who support it, no matter what it is. We look to be supported for that reality.

This is where dreams cut through. Especially in the beginning, the dreams always take the counter position from us because we are not ourselves. When the dreams start to show us that what we feel in our waking lives and what we dreamt are true so that what we dreamt is true for us in our waking lives, then this shows we are more who we really are. If we do not have those dreams, we are not yet who we really are. It is the unconscious' way of telling us that it knows who we are, that we do not and it cannot agree with our view of ourselves.

We often think of neurosis as the repression of the soul self which results in the refabrication of a self that somehow manages to function in the world in some way. This is true for many people.

There are also people who do not lose their spiritual life completely. In their reaction to the attack on their child self, they somehow feel, in a way, the vestiges of their spiritual life and recreate it in some form. It is like being completely torn apart and trying to put ourselves back together again, only we do not know how we were because maybe we were from a different planet and we do not know what we are

supposed to look like. So, we put ourselves back together the way we think we should be, but it is not exactly right.

When we do this, we become spiritual in way, but it is not entirely true. There are aspects of ourselves that do come from a holy place, for some of that survived in us. Because of this, it is doubly hard to let go and die to self because part of the self that is dying contains some true material.

However, we have to undo what we created out of something real in order to have what is real recreate itself on its own. Without us interfering. It is an especially painful death to let go of all the ways we may have fabricated ourselves from some form of real inner connection or inner love. But this connection is not what the soul really needs. It needs the truest form.

Victimization

People are victims because they do not have enough love not to be victims. Things do happen to us or it is as simple as being born into the world and not having the support for our souls. Regardless, the repression of the soul self manifests as causing pain in others. Not necessarily intentionally, but the projection of the pain creates a boomerang effect. The greater the wound in the self, the greater the unconscious projection of that wound onto the world. How it manifests is that we abuse others or we find someone who will abuse us or we abuse ourselves.

Our tendency is to want to take care of someone who is a victim, but sooner or later, the other's wound will be projected onto us or onto someone else. Never believe a victim that a victim is really a victim.

If we are really connected to our hearts and we have the love, we do not need to do any of the cycle nor do we need to have people in our lives who like to victimize us. The people in our lives reflect part of the drama we play out that is the drama we experienced inside. To know a person, look at the people in his or her life.

For example, if a woman chooses for a partner a man who is not very present, it is part of her theater. She may also choose to have wonderful friends which would reflect her spiritual qualities that attract the spiritual qualities in others.

When we enter into trauma work, to untangle the mess, it is necessary, sooner or later, to face the fact that we choose the people we are with. We also have to face the fact that maybe, like the people we are with, we do what others do to us.

When we are hurt, we know how to hurt others or find people we can hurt. When this happens, since we do not know we are doing it, we react to the people we hurt and, in reacting, hurt them again. This makes us the victim all over again. An example is a woman who chooses a volatile man for her partner. She chooses someone who is unstable in his anger but then does something to provoke that anger. For most men, especially volatile men, having their wound triggered draws out the worst in them.

When men seek out women, in large measure they seek out women because

of their wounds. They are looking for women to solve their wounds. Women, on the other hand, seek men to blame for their wounds. The setup for men is that men believe that somehow women will save them; the setup for women is that they believe men are to blame.

When a woman wants to have a man save her, she is really looking for the Animus to save her. No man can save a woman - a man will always fail. This is part of the game, part of the Big Lie. A man cannot possibly redeem a woman's soul. Men may desire to do this to be acceptable but they are just projecting their lack of connection with the Father by looking to women for solace.

Many men feel that as long as they can take care of women, they will be fine. The goal is if they can be caretakers, they will be supported and then they will be good men.

Women are almost always disappointed by their men because the man is never the Animus. A woman may appreciate her man, but if she does not have a spiritual life there is a good chance she will be disappointed because she cannot look at her man as just a guy. She will have an archetypal overlay on him and will want him to be more than just a guy. When the woman feels disappointed, she may reject the man in some way. Men are geared for this because they already feel like failures and the rejection just adds to it.

When men bring their hurt to their women and women bring their hurt to their men, since we cannot solve it for each other's hurts, we usually make matters worse. We do not see what we are doing so we blame the other for what we are doing. It is so easy to see the failure in our spouse rather than seeing it in ourselves, especially when our spouse is behaving poorly. And because our spouse is behaving poorly, we do not have to be accountable.

If we feel we can leave our spouse and get into another relationship to solve the problem, we find we do the same thing all over again. We bring our problem with us wherever we go even if the next relationship is a better choice.

When we focus either on being a victim or projecting our wound, we are not open to being healed. We may think we are open to being healed by asking our partner to treat us better, but this is really only managing the wound. Wanting our partner to take care of our hurt is not a healing. Others may join us in the cycle and even attempt to manage with us or to help us to manage.

The Animus will not manage our pain or help us to manage our pain because He wants to heal it so that the place of the wound is no longer a wound. It is difficult to get to the Animus when we are distracted by looking for a pound of flesh from the world.

The problem of victimization is that we want justice rather than healing, fairness rather than healing, fair play rather than healing. We want many things and some of them may even be right things, but He is not on the list. We do not put His love on the list when we do not know it belongs on the list or even that His love exists.

His love does exist and we must look for the love in order for it to enter us.

If we get distracted by the world, we will never get what we want. Even if we do get what we want, we are not healed. If people take care of us and we can even acknowledge that they take care of us, it is hard to truly know it. As long as we are hurt, we cannot receive.

When we do not feel our pain except through projection, it becomes toxic. It becomes self-hate, shame, nihilism, distrust of others, and so on. There is no way for the soul to shine from the inside with all of these layers on top of it.



LEAVING PROVIDENCE

Christa Lancaster

“Do not lie. And do not do what you hate,” Thomas says in his Gospel, “for all is disclosed before heaven. For there is nothing covered, that will be undisclosed.”

I remember in the last dark, scarred days of my first marriage, in the late Rhode Island spring of 1987, I lay in the bath, making up songs about my childhood on the island and singing them loudly. I did not know at the time that I was giving tangible form to the voice in me that had been silent. It was my soul singing out, giving birth to the woman in me who would, in the weeks ahead, rise up, walk down the stairs, with the clothes on my back and drive away from the anger and cruelty, with my four-year-old son in the back of the old Volvo wagon, northward toward the green hills and early spring buds of Vermont.

Being separate from my soul self, from my ability to feel, led me into choosing a marriage in which I could remain aloof from my feelings. My first husband invited into our marriage another woman. Although deeply painful, the ideological justification he constructed for this arrangement served my pathology of separateness. I became the “good mother” and “wife,” “generous” and “long-suffering,” the martyr, while she, the other woman was the true lover. I buried my feelings of longing and desire to be the only one. I suppressed my rage and jealousy. I wanted him to realize for himself that I was the one for him. I tried being good and submissive as a way to win him back. I wanted him to choose me, to realize his mistake. Only once did I find the strength to speak this desire out loud. When I did, he became very angry, controlling and violent. I made a choice, albeit unconsciously, to stay in this ménage a trois. He held the power as long as I needed

him to want me, as long as I kept my feelings hidden. It was quite a game.

I have written many versions of the day I walked out the door, drove around the east side of Providence wondering where I was going. About how I stopped into the Brown Women's Center to use the bathroom and met my friend Claire on the stairs. About how she was an angel who wisely guided me to, "take a break, just for a while, to gain perspective on your life." How she came with me to pick up my son from his nursery school and how she gave me a twenty-dollar bill from her ATM for the road. How I drove away with my son from Providence on April 7, 1987, to my parents' home in Stowe, a place to which my husband would never dare to follow me.

Each time I write about the day when I left my destructive and hurtful marriage to begin my life over, from the foundation up, my perspective shifts another few degrees. Over the years since I left, I have moved from total identification with the role of victim, through a range of anger, hurt, vengeance, to a panoramic viewpoint which allows for a compassionate relationship to the young, lost woman that I was. This viewpoint also includes an understanding of the other players involved, how they were, are, human in whatever degree of their separation from their true selves, whatever distortions they brought to our shared scenario together.

Pierced Heart



the Animus, it is very easy to want to avoid that person. The Animus, however, wants us to be less mistrustful even though all of our evidence is that there is no reason to trust Him. To be less mistrustful brings up all of our hurt.

We end up mistrusting the very thing that is the most trustworthy. It is too threatening to be with somebody who is there for us when we have been hurt because then we have every opportunity to be open to our vulnerability and the hurt that made us distrust in the first place. Not many want to do this.

Most of us want to stay protected. The easiest way to do this is to find somebody who is untrustworthy in order to justify our mistrust. Then we do not have to open up. It is a self-fulfilling prophecy for we make happen the very thing that has already happened, the thing that produced our isolation in the first place. The goal becomes to be isolated in order to stay protected.

Unfortunately, the isolation simply isolates us from our own souls. Our souls then remain in the unconscious and lost to us. It takes the soul to be with the Animus, it takes the soul to be with someone who loves us because the soul is the place that receives love. But who wants to be in the soul if it means going through the pain, if it means the dying of the old, if it means feeling excruciatingly naked?

Most of us feel it is better to leave the soul in the unconscious and go about our business in the world protected. Even though we are suffering, at least we feel as though we are in charge. For many, being in charge is worth the price of suffering.

Caretakers and Victimization

The risk of being a caretaker, professional or otherwise, is that when we help someone who is a victim, someone who wants help, that victim is going to make us a victim or victimizer. It is part of the pattern. The victim cannot really accept the help because victims are always looking to be victims - they are not really looking to be helped or loved.

Because of this, folks in the caretaking fields can quickly get burned out because the people they try to help turn on them. The more we try to help, the more we are actually victimizing them. It goes hand in hand. It is one reason why the Archetype will not intervene with people until they are aware of their pathology and can understand that when they want help they may really want the other person to hurt them.

If they do not understand this dynamic and we try to help, it drives them deeper into a position of being a victim which perpetuates the pathology. Many people wonder why the Archetypes do not appear in their dreams, why they will not help. If the Archetype is not helping us, it is for a reason. It is because we are not taking enough responsibility. To really be helped, we have to be open to our wound. If we are covering up our child selves, we cannot really be helped. We do not know the difference and we continue to be victimized or we will play out the game of dependency.

The only way we can truly be served is if we are deep enough in our child selves. If the child self is visible, if we are open and open to the child self, we can be changed, we can be helped. If the child self is not revealed, no matter how sincere we may be, we cannot really be loved or helped or supported. The child is the pivotal part of the soul, of the psyche, and it is the only part that can receive and that can be healed. The mechanism of the ego without the child self cannot really fully experience the healing, cannot fully receive the love.

If we do not have the connection to the child self, we do not know there is a difference. We will often not realize that as much as we sincerely want to be helped and supported, we are really unable to receive the help and support. This is the caretaker's conundrum, whether it is us or the Animus. In this situation, the fix is in.

The fix is that there is no way to help the person, no matter how sincere the effort on either side. It is already predetermined because without the child self, it is not possible. The Archetype knows this and will work through to excavate that part of the self that was lost.

Without the child self, there is no helping. Why do we wonder why God does not just intervene in our lives and give us blessings? Why do we have to go through so much work? We have to go through so much work because we do not know how to receive it and we do not know how to receive because we do not have the souls of ourselves to receive. The ego cannot really receive although it pretends to receive. It does its best to accept what it can.

But the ego is not the self that God created and it will ultimately lead to more betrayal and violation. In fact, the ego that gets supported can turn and actually become a victimizer if given the chance. This pattern is seen in the world when a country that has been oppressed receives the power, they end up the oppressor. We do not see this or understand it and when we do not understand, we feel further victimized by the fact that God will not help.

But God cannot help us if we are not in our souls, if we are not the child self, if we are not deep enough. It seems that God is not in the world because we are not the child to receive the Divine. When we are not the child self, then we feel that there is no God, God does not answer our prayers, our parents do not help, our therapists do not help and there is no one there for us. Then, from this place, we feel we have to do it all ourselves.

The whole scenario is a setup; the fix is in. We have to get to the core of the self. There is so much anger, violation and betrayal that we feel justified not going to the core self and not trusting. When we are in rage we feel so justified and angry that pathology can convince us that we are victims and therefore justified in our reactions.

We never get to the vulnerable self. The vulnerable self, although it is wounded, is still open and available. It never holds a grudge. It just waits to be loved.

And waits and waits and waits.

Becoming the child is the key to being healed. Dying to Self means dying so that the child self can take over.

Choosing Victimization or Choosing Responsibility

The reason we turn to people rather than the Divine is that people always disappoint us and this always justifies our victimization. It is like the Darwinian theory of evolution. There is always something to fulfill the need for something else.

For example, a flower was discovered in Brazil with an incredibly deep throat that contained the stamen. Only a creature with an incredibly long nose, beak, or tongue could reach the stamen to effect pollination and such a creature had never been seen before. Scientists filmed the flower, which bloomed only at night, for months while the flower waited for something to come. And something did come - an insect that had never been seen before. This creature had a rolled-up tongue that when unfurled was eight inches long. It landed on the flower, unfurled its tongue and pollinated the flower. It is a miracle of nature - build it and something will come.

If we are victims, we will look for someone to victimize us. If we are lovers, we will look for someone to be our lover. Whatever we are, we will get exactly that back. Only the child self wants the love. Anything that is not the child self will want to be abused or find someone who will reflect and support whatever it is that it has become. If we are not the core of who we are, then what comes is going to be malignant. Whatever we think we want, if it does not come from the core of ourselves, it is not going to be right for us. We can then, of course, blame it for not being right, but really we are not right. Because we are not right, we are attracted to what is not right.

It is very difficult to differentiate and know ourselves enough to know when we are choosing something away from our core selves. Normally, we believe that everything is okay and we are okay and that the problem is that we have idiots around us. But actually, there is a great deal of beauty around us.

If we are the beauty, then we find the beauty. If we do not find the beauty, it is because we are not deep enough in ourselves. If we do not find God, it is because we are not the soul that can receive God. Instead of standing in the truth of this, it is easier to say that we have a soul but that there is no God to receive and there is no love. Then the fix is in and we are left bereft. There is no way to win unless we find our soul, unless we find the part of us that is open and vulnerable and waiting to receive.

If we are bereft, we always get the worst out of the relationship rather than the best. We get what we are. If we want more out of people, we have to get more out of ourselves. The limitation of our own self-awareness becomes what we do not see in others. Often people we choose have nothing to give to us. When people do have something to give us, we do not understand because we are not able to see it nor are we able to receive or even be open to receive it.

We may find that there is a great deal more love in this world than we realize. What a tragedy that because of our own unawareness of the parts of ourselves that could receive the love, if only we were awake to the love, we do not receive the love.

Love is always right in front of us but we are not showing up to receive it. It is as if during an eclipse of the sun, all we see is the darkness that the moon creates when it passes between the earth and the sun at just the right angle. We see the sun darkened, but but the sun is always there. Once we open to ourselves and have the Divine connection, many things that appear not so good become wonderful. The problem becomes less a problem and we see the beauty behind the problem.

How do we get out of our own way and do we even want to get out of our own way? We do a great deal of choosing and we have a great deal of wanting, but we do not receive much. So, we are frustrated, angry and we do not get the fulfillment of what we think we want or what we do want because the fix is in that we cannot receive even when there is something to receive.

We have to make it bad. We either find something that is bad or take something that is good and make it bad. We can blame God, asking why He is not just here for us, complaining about all of the work we have to go through to find Him. We want the quick fix. The ego does not know that the reason for all of this is that we are not our soul selves. The ego just wants God to love it, the ego just believes that it is here to be loved. But it is not true for the true soul self is not here.

The ego's desire is not the desire that comes from the soul to be loved, it is the desire to have things that we think will make us happy to substitute for the fact that we are not really showing up in the first place. One of the reasons why when good things happen to people, people get worse is because what do we do if things are good and we cannot accept them. We have to make the good things bad.

Often, when things are good, people who were victims become victimizers. This is why it is better to find someone to abuse us rather than love us because it is easier to be the abused than it is to be the abuser.

It is hard to stand in love and admit that we cannot receive, to wonder what is wrong inside that makes us unable to receive. It is a pride killer, simply asking for us to go deeper. We make it into such a big issue because we want to believe that we are as deep as we need to be, that we are everything we can be but we are just in circumstances beyond our control. We forget that we are really innocent and it is difficult to get back to the innocence.

If a woman pushes a scary man away in a dream, she will say that she cannot be innocent and vulnerable and open if she is being abused. But if the man is a good man and she pushes him away, then she must own that she is pushing away love. This opens the door to her personal growth, her personal ability to take responsibility.

Most of us would rather justify our defensiveness, arguing that we have to continue to defend ourselves against terrible people, against the bad man in our dreams who often, as it turns out, is the Animus. In a way, we need the Animus to be bad. Instead of defending ourselves in this way, we need to deal with our fear and vulnerability.

Giving up defensiveness ultimately means giving up control to the Divine, to our own vulnerable child selves. This is extremely terrifying for who are we if we are

not what we thought we were? We are not who we know ourselves to be because we have altered ourselves as we grew into adults, managing the world in some way.

Because of this, we can never accept peace, harmony and love. We would be out of something to do - what would we do if we could not fight the evil and defend ourselves? But this is not being a Valkyrie. It is being pathological, defending, controlling, managing, covering up because there is no Divine, no support, no caring.

We have to give it up, instead. If we give it up to the Animus, the Divine, we are sure we are going to be destroyed. We will be. The lie that we created in ourselves, the falseness, will die and we will become the child self again.

But, if we were mutilated by the world, by our parents, who would want to go back to that? We cannot believe it would be any different then when we were children.

The work is here for the few people who want to really have the Divine and who are willing to die. The work is here to give people a chance, despite their hurts, their fears. It is up to the individual to decide.

The dreams cannot make the decision for us. The dreams only respond to the choices we make. If we make the right choice, then the dreams will proceed. If we do not, then the dreams will not proceed. The dreams offer awareness of the choices we make. We can then decide what to do with those choices.

The choice comes up over and over and over again. The dreams and the therapist show the choice and encourage us to make the choice.

When we stop and do not react, we allow for things to happen. If what happens is bad, then something bad will happen, but what of the opposite? We are so quick to react, so quick to manage things, to project the excuse we want to make that we have to intervene. We intervene when we should not and we do not intervene when we should. We do the opposite of what is needed. It is how the game is played.

But taking the moment, backing into the moment and letting ourselves really feel what is happening rather than projecting and reacting to what we believe is happening is a huge step because it is nothing less than stopping time.

We can begin to move into ourselves and feel who we are, even if it includes trauma and pain and horror. We can move through the trauma, the pain, the horror rather than playing it and projecting it out into the world, living the drama of it in the world. The dreams help us go back and move through the past inside.

If we are being abusive or being abused in the world, of course, we have to change that. We cannot be abusive or continue to be abused in the world because it justifies and substantiates our projection. But assuming this is not happening, we get to see that what we assume is not really true. This allows us to go through our feelings without the projection. The dreams become tremendous guides in this process by inviting us to take the feelings and introject them into the drama happening within. This is the journey itself. The drama that unfolds in our dream lives is where we need to experience our feelings, not in the world.

The world is set up to fail because we cannot change the world. In the drama of the inner world, we can be changed if we surrender to it. The inner world is where

the Animus awaits, where conjunctio happens and where the deeper reality of who we are lies in wait. How many of us live in the real self, in the real world?

The real world is there to be found; it is waiting, if we can just stop and wait and be obedient to the dream. We feel that evil or oppression is imposed on us, that there is nothing for us to do, no risks to take, no responsibility. And we just keep recreating the problem. The way out is to go deeper. The way out is to go in.

False Triggers of the Wound

When an underlying wound is triggered by feelings of doing something right and the pain of not doing something right or feeling rejected for not doing it right, the trigger is a false trigger. This is shame triggering pain and it is an invalid way to access pain. When pain is triggered in this way, it is projected onto an incident where we feel hurt because we were not accepted. This plays back into needing affirmation from the world rather than from Him which then plays back into the dynamic of being lost in the world where people do not really care. People in the world do not care the way He cares, so the conspiracy is always ready to grab us in the many opportunities when people do not respond the way we want them to respond. The pain gets projected automatically onto the situation.

The idea is to get under the shame or the need to do things right, through whatever the dreams show us as the access point to the pain. This access point has nothing to do with how the world tries to create an access point for the pain. The dreams want to relieve us of the pain by having us feel it.

The question is - do we feel the pain because of something in the world or some kind of need for affirmation in the world or do we feel it from the loss of our self or through something that happened as a child, which invariably will lead us back through memory to a vulnerable self that needs to be ministered to? We cannot be led back to the vulnerable self if we are looking for healing to come from some kind of self-acceptance from the world.

When we realize that we risked something and then were not accepted for it, we may decide to never risk again because it brought us to a place of pain. From here, we could strategize about how to shut down again, reforming like a scab, coming up with another mechanism to make sure we do not get hurt.

The issue, however, is that we need to be open to our hurt. The issue is to not avoid the hurt and also to not throw ourselves against the spikes of the world. The issue is to access our deeper feeling self.

When we access our deeper feeling self, we do not have to shut down in the world because our focus is to feel our feelings from the inside. The world is not the issue to push against. When we make our pain about our pain and then feel it, the pain is free to live in us and free to live in us as long as it needs to. When we project the pain into the world, we are looking for a solution, something to solve it. We could shift into anger or passivity or strategizing or shame.

To get to the pain, we must be consciously aware of the fact that what triggers the pain in the world has nothing to do with the pain. Then we do not have to look for a solution in the world. Then the pain is here to stay, here to be opened on its terms to manifest as it chooses because we are just open to it for its own sake without needing it to have a cause. We can face into the pain as a way of life rather than as something that happened and that needs to be resolved. Surrendering into fear and into pain when they come up sets up the process of Alchemy.

Piggybacking

If we have trauma, further events in our lives can effect that trauma. If our trauma is the loss of our relationship with God, fearful things that happen can piggyback onto that and actually pretend to be trauma. Even minor events can touch on the fear that is already present, amplifying the situation. What is trauma and where it comes from is complicated for we all have the trauma of separation even if nothing else ever happened.

So, when a situation is not really traumatic, it can take on characteristics of trauma because there is already present a deeper fear that the situation can piggyback onto, the fear that comes from the separation from the Divine. If we do not have true psychological trauma, any situation can piggyback onto this spiritual issue. Piggybacking can serve the Archetypes clearly because it reinforces the whole dynamic of spiritual fear. The spiritual fear becomes less accessible if it is contaminated by external memories. Whether or not they were truly traumatic, they were traumatic enough to mix in with the spiritual fear.



SUFFERING

The “Pleasure” of Suffering

How can suffering be pleasure? Suffering is pleasure in a masochistic way because we are used to it, because it is familiar, because pleasure is really just what we know. When something is familiar, we derive a certain degree of pleasure from it. To suffer is actually part of Freud’s pleasure principle. When given the chance to leave suffering, to break it, to enter the domain of Jacob’s Ladder, to climb to the place where the Animus dwells, to rise above the dross of our own misery, we keep finding ourselves setting things up so that we do not have to leave suffering, so that we do not have to enter the domain of Jacob’s Ladder. Then, there is a pleasure in falling back into what is known.

This is not pleasure in the sense of eating ice cream or riding a bike or making love but pleasure that is involved in misery and the habit of perpetuating misery. Suffering is more pleasing, more satisfying, than diving into the unknown world, than letting go and going with Him because going with Him is different. Even though letting go and being with Him is ultimately more pleasurable in the truest sense of the word, it is frightening.

We do not see fear as pleasurable or as something that will lead us to something good. We see what is familiar, even if it is suffering, as more pleasurable than the unknown because we do not trust the unknown.

Part of the illusion of having pleasure in being a victim is that inherent in being a victim is the idea that something is broken and needs to be fixed or worried about or taken responsibility for. But if nothing is broken, there is nothing to be fixed. Instead, we live under the illusion that something is broken.

If we are with the Divine and the Divine shows us that everything is wonderful, that we are in a place of great blessing and we cannot accept the blessing, it is because we need to be in control. Pleasure is not about having fun; it is about having the misery and about having control so we can try to make things right. Any type of control that comes from the place of needing to make a difference is a form

of pleasure. Control equals pleasure.

When we feel connected, we start to feel sensual. The love begets sensuality which begets more yearning which begets more yearning which begets vulnerability. The sensual place where we are sexually and emotionally aroused and alive is true pleasure. And it is the most frightening thing.

True pleasure is sensuality. It is being on fire like an adolescent or an infant. It is being open and wanting and loving and receiving. When we rescue children in a dream, we are trying to be in control so we do not have to feel that degree of nakedness and vulnerability. We do not see the nakedness and vulnerability as pleasurable, but it is. True pleasure and being loved are frightening.

Causing Suffering in Others

When we become numb to sensuality and intimacy and passion - the child self - we try to control and prove ourselves. This is partly because we do not have an awareness of our own suffering. It often takes sensuality and feeling to know how we feel. If we are shut down, if we do not feel our feelings, then we do not know any better. It takes feeling to know that we are suffering to be able to receive love.

When we do not know our own suffering, we may derive pleasure from causing others to suffer. If we derive pleasure from causing suffering in others because we are unhappy or shut down or suffering ourselves, then the motivation to perpetuate the suffering is the pleasure we get by continuing to be stuck. This is thanatos, the desire to suffer, the desire to die, the desire to cause suffering in others. It is also called nihilism and it is addictive. Once we enter into the cycle of the emotion of nihilism, it is in opposition to vulnerability, to the passion of intimacy, to being loved, to being the child self.

In the vacuum of the absence of true passion, nihilism can enter and it becomes consuming. Any kind of passion, even negative passion, is all consuming in this way. This kind of compulsiveness is inverted passion with its own drive and is why people emote, why they get angry, why they get addicted to being angry. It is their need turned into rage. All that need and rage is valid; it takes only a little turning to invert it back to pain or need. This, of course, is not easy to do. Instead, the compulsion is to want the other to not only get away from us but to suffer as well. This is not from a conscious place, of course.

The power to break being abusive is to acknowledge the feeling, to acknowledge that we are being destructive. Acknowledging the feeling of what is happening, admitting that what is happening is reprehensible and disgusting, gives us the power to break it. But when we are shut down, not feeling, then we are not even aware of the nihilism. Without being aware of the nihilism, we cannot break it. It takes feeling to break emotion.

To know, in the moment, the pain we are causing another and ourselves and to know the abusive emotion that is in us and hurting the other is actually progress.

But it means owning the nihilism. The most abusive people on the planet are those who feel nothing. They do not even know they are being abusive.

Acknowledging the emotion means we have to be aware that we are in the emotion, that we are causing harm, that this is pathology. Becoming allergic to the behavior is being the child self that feels the pain of the behavior. When we cannot stand the behavior, the nihilism, any longer, it can begin to break.

The issue is that people who are identified with being victims feel they can do no wrong. They always believe they are the victim, even when they are causing victimization by victimizing another, for they do not see what they are doing. It is a position. The place for this to happen with the greatest ease is in intimate relationships. When we are victims, we do not have to be in our feelings, we do not have to let our child selves out, we do not have to be loving.

This all feeds into the nihilism. Feeling sorry for ourselves, saying it is not our fault or going into shame is inverted rage that allows us to excuse our behavior. People who are involved in drug abuse, overeating, womanizing, and so on, often blame their behavior on the bad things that happened in their lives. Their past experiences become an excuse to go out and do what they want to do anyway. They do not see the damage because they are riding on the fact of their victimhood. One of the emotions of being a victim is feeling that no one could ever do it right. The other is always bad. In this place, we cannot see how we cause pain. All we feel is rage at being abused.

But when the tables are turned and we start to feel, we start to feel how we affect others. In so doing, we can start to beat back the victimization and nihilism because we cannot stand it. The only way to break nihilism when we are a victim of severe abuse is to feel the pain of it or feel the pain we are causing others, which is often easier.

If we realize we are out of control and that we cannot gain control by defending ourselves, the terror of this is a door to breaking the pattern of nihilism, of reactivity. This is where feelings begin to be enhanced.

Trauma repressing fear, shutting down as a result of the trauma, is a form of control. Nihilism and obsessive/compulsive behaviors cannot sustain themselves if we are aware of the fear. They can only be sustained if our pain is buried under a mound of unacknowledged fear.

DYING TO SELF AND THE ATTACHMENT TO SUFFERING

Passage to the Divine is through union with the Animus. This union leads through trauma or leads into one of the most important questions all of us face once we have lost our inner child self - Who am I? The loss of self is the primary issue whether or not we have created a functional self or we have descended into depression, oblivion, nihilism and dysfunction. We, as a human race, are lost from our child soul selves. We all have this condition; we simply manage it in different ways.

The management of this human condition and the various issues that arise with parental and child dysfunction are just meant as guides to the difficulty we all face. If we are functioning in the world, Dying to Self and returning to the core self is very difficult because we have a great deal to give up.

It is also extremely difficult to return home if we are dysfunctional because we are so weakened with the loss of self that we are actually not strong enough to die.

We control because we are weak and without a sense of self. To have yearning, we have to have a self that knows it deserves something. When the self is obliterated, we find a way to get what we need. We may become a really nice person because we believe that if we are not a nice person, no one would want us.

We cannot die to the Divine if we have no sense of our worth. We cannot die to Him if we do not have a self to die. Instead, we have to reform something that will later die just so we can begin to develop a self, even though that self will be sacrificed eventually.

The Divine does not want us to come because we have nothing, because we feel we are nothing. When we have nothing, there is nothing for Him to be in relationship with. For Him to have us, we have to give something up. To give something up, we have to have something to give up.

In either case - whether we have much to lose or must build up a self to lose - the loss of self requires the strength for the journey home. The journey home is difficult and necessitates more than just a breakdown of self. The psychotic break, the breakdown, the nervous breakdown - these are not ways to return home. In these cases, one becomes lost from being lost and then is lost in the lost. The breaking

down and death of self is a strengthening process as well as a process of negating the old self. It is the process of becoming empowered as much as it is a process of becoming disempowered. The power, as it reemerges as the self reemerges, the new sense of identity, is a more awesome experience of life than the managed life could ever be. The managed life is so carried away by the desire to manage that it loses all capacity for feelings or it gets so carried away by its loss of self that it sinks into despondency. In all cases, the real fruit and the real sweetness of life are lost.

The child self has it all. The child self is capable of feeling love from God, of feeling the sweetness in the air. It is true that childhood experiences and the capacity to stay with things may stay with us as we get older, but these experiences are only a fraction of what we could have had if we not had the attrition of the senses - emotional, spiritual and psychological - that occurs with the loss of the child self.

Returning home is arduous, difficult and seemingly impossible. We feel that if we are able to manage ourselves, it would only be merely a hop, skip and a jump. We may also feel that all of our managing has led us to a basically unhappy life. But the deeper we go into our dysfunction, the more it is seemingly impossible to ever obtain the sweetness we once had.

Ironically, it is in the awareness of that greatest of losses that becomes the door through which God can address us. We must find the trauma, we must find the loss of sensuality, the loss of sexuality, the loss of grace, the loss of power. We must find what connects with our true self, not what has been adapted and managed by pathology or by the managing self. To find the threads and to be led back to the source of them is not an easy task for the door is always through the deepest wound. A wound that always involves some form of pain and fear. In fact, the very idea of being loved in the truest sense of the word requires us to be scared, to be in pain and fear. For it is the nature of love to seek the source of love. The source that is at the center of the soul.



**MEETING MARC:
MORRISVILLE, MAY 1988**

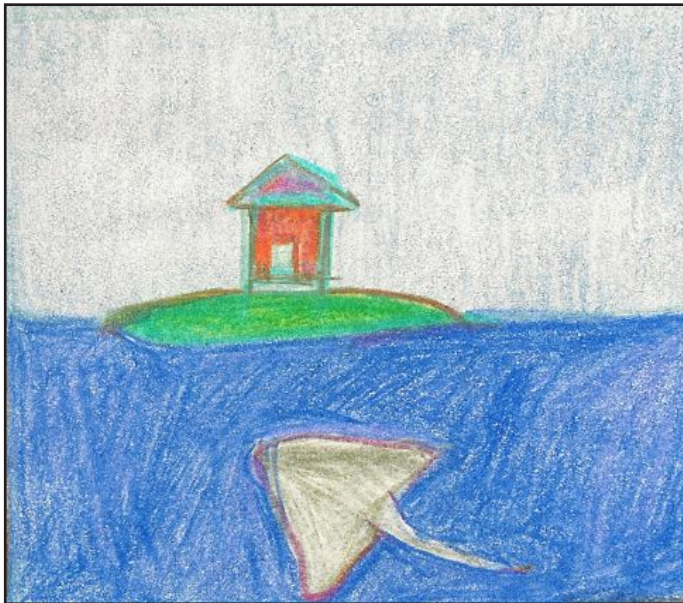
Christa Lancaster

After leaving my first husband, I arrived in Vermont. I was thirty years old. I was lost and I was searching. I remember a massage therapist called Olive describing me as being in a whirlwind barely able to hold on. I was alone and adrift. I did not know how I had made such a hash of my life this far. I did know that it was going to take me a long time to understand why my life had become so miserable. I wanted to know and understand.

Meanwhile I was terrified. I had never lived alone. I had never lived in the countryside. I had spent my adult years living in New York, London and Paris. I had spent three itinerant years in my first marriage living between Italy and Mendocino, California. I moved into a little house on the edge of the woods, next to a cow pasture on a back road between Johnson, Vermont and Morristown Corners. I learned how to drive a stick shift on dirt roads in winter, stack wood, keep a woodstove running hot and get my son to school.

I cut my hair short, wore sweatpants and listened to *Prairie Home Companion* on Saturday nights.

Out of the Deep



Looking back, I was lonely and scared and isolated.

I show up at Marc's office in his home on Route 100 in Morrisville, which just happens to be down the road from where I live on the edge of an area called Mud City, in a little house on the back road to Johnson. I have no idea who this man is or what we will do. A massage therapist handed me his card, so I called him and made an appointment. I know no one else who does this work. I arrive, nervous, at his front door. When he opens the door, I notice he has a beard like Captain Ahab in *Moby Dick*.

I do not remember much of the session or what we talked about. I know he offered me a cup of tea and then sat behind a serious-looking desk. Even though I felt intimidated by Marc, I also felt a sense of recognition, as if we had known each other a long time before, as if we had lived in the same Eastern European village.

I was not aware of a spiritual dimension to the work, even though Marc would ask me often if I had felt the “connection” through contact with Archetypal figures in my dreams. I did not consciously trust him nor did I understand what he meant by this mysterious “connection.” I simply showed up, scared and often bewildered by this man with a beard who lived just down the road from my little house. I was skeptical enough to keep seeing a woman psychotherapist in Montpelier for the first year that I did the dreamwork.

I had no context for the work nor any contact with other dreamworkers. I simply showed up week after week with a dream or two from my small life on the hill, tending to my son Rory and learning how to live on my own in Vermont.

I did not know how scared I was or how I was trapped underneath a cloak of paralyzing shame.



Our own souls are in pain, not the Divine. Divine love does not know pain. The soul, however, having lost itself from Divine love does know pain. This is where we must return. Pain leads to passion, sensuality and most important, yearning for God. All souls yearn for God. Lost souls do not know this yearning. Lost in the morass, how do we find our way? The following is one of my dreams:

I remember, I remember, I remember like I was in a tunnel with black all around, I remember from a dream like a painting repainted repainted over and over, I remember sitting alone by a table, a candle burning. Sitting alone at a table, candle burning, another coat of paint, another coat of paint, thick with years, with age, thicker and thicker, just sitting at a table with the candle burning. I was not living eternity. I was living purgatory.

This was my dream and I knew it well. I woke to it; I saw the pattern of my life wanting to return to the table with the candle burning, me

alone. I saw my life, the potential. It wanted to move, it wanted to move, it wanted to happen. And I, and I. I wanted to return to the table with the candle burning and I knew I was lost, I knew I had to find home, I knew that spiritually, I was lost. I did not know why. I did not know how. I knew when I was damaged, but I did not know how, I did not know why. I did not know what was damaged. I thought maybe something was wrong with me. I do not know. I just thought I do not know. I was hurt. I knew I was hurt. I was angry and I was hurt. I knew I was angry and hurt. I knew the sound of my voice was my voice that was lost, that was lost from me. The sound of my voice was lost from me and in that place I would return to the table with the candle, sitting there alone in the amber light, in the amber light, I would forever be lost. And alone.

I hate this feeling from this dream, this memory. But at the time, I did not hate it. I would return to my desolation as if I derived pleasure from it. As if my own demise was pleasurable. It was as if my passion, my sexuality, was turned through my pain inward to rest in this terrible desolate place. I learned to enjoy it.

We must all learn to enjoy our suffering in order to survive it. Therein lies the problem of returning home. Why should we return home to find ourselves when we have adapted in such a way to feel and accept the “pleasure” of living in our disparate realities? This is the struggle. Many will not return for it is scary to go back and less scary to stay in our reality. It sounds nice, but the bigger problem is that we stay where we are because we feel some sort of pleasure in it.

Why I left those dark shores, I do not know. I feel it is because I always knew yearning for God. And if He wanted to tear me away from my suffering, I would have to go. It is as simple as this - I wanted Him more than I wanted my suffering.

When the Jews were freed from slavery in Egypt, they wandered the desert for forty years. God wanted to kill that generation because even though they were free from Pharaoh, they wanted to return to slavery. They were not ready to have a new life. They knew slavery. We are all like this. We are slaves to our old selves and to our old ways of being. We are slaves to the numbing feeling that there is nothing for us and accepting that there is nothing but then needing to acclimate to the world. This is what has to die so that we can have the new life, the new awareness, the new consciousness of the Divine reality, whether we call it essence, sensuality or grace.

All of it cannot be felt as reality as long as we do not accept or are incapable of feeling the truth that the world as we know it is not as we know it. We have to get past the numbing acceptance of the existential reality that there is nothing in existence but what we have known in order to get to the reality that the Divine exists. This is really difficult to accept and it changes everything. Divine reality has to kill who we are because everything that we are is from the place of accepting that there was nothing for us.

Adjusting to Divine reality is a terrifying and difficult experience. To actually believe and feel the truth, to have the reality that truly exists rather than the reality we have accepted. The child always knew there was a Santa. We all knew it and then we stopped believing. We stopped believing and adjusted to the harshness of the world. We believe that if we do not do something for ourselves, we will end up lost and abandoned. It is hard to turn that around when everything in life has proven this to us.

Letting in the love, letting in the true reality means facing all the hurts and the fears and all the things we experienced that tore us away from our knowing. At one point, we all knew the truth before we were confronted with the idea that there was nothing. All the suffering we experienced that caused us to let go of the belief of the connection, if we even remember or if we even felt it at the time. This is part of the existential wound that goes along with everything else we were exposed to.

To go back to the truth, however, and feel all that we do not want to feel is difficult and this serves the pathology. Pathology knows that we do not want to feel it all. Part of becoming acclimated to the loss is not having to feel the pain or fear of it.

The barriers we confront in our lives are our own personal barriers. Those barriers could be nihilism, suffering, pain without God, thinking the world is the only world, believing that there are those who have and those who do not. But all of that is only true in terms of this world. It is not true in terms of the real world.

We are trapped in ignorance, in unknowingness, and in this place, we are all collectively lost in the same lie. We all believe the same lie; we all reinforce the same lie by looking at each other with the eyes of the lost. We are all suffering the same struggle. We lash out at one another or we compete or we make ourselves better or worse. The reality is that we are all caught in the same prison, the prison that keeps us all in chains.

When we grow enough to pass through it, our whole perspective changes. We are suddenly on a hill, looking at human beings from a place of not being in the suffering. Then all the values and the ideals and comparisons and judgments and haves/have-nots and all the ways we reflect ourselves back and forth in the gyroscope of trying to be good enough or not good enough look silly. It is silly that our intelligence is rendered nil by the ignorance of it.

Dream:

I am eating dirt, but I am trying to make something special out of it.

What does eating dirt mean for this dreamer? Her answer is that she wants to make something special out of it. It is like eating dirt to get approval. So, she takes just a little bit out of life and that is all she thinks she needs. This is how she has lived her life.

It is a question of eating dirt. The real question is not, *Why is she eating dirt?* but, *Is this the life she wants?* Eating dirt in the dream shows her what her life is. When she does this in her life, she is not aware that she is settling for dirt, that she is actually eating dirt.

This dream shows her God's view of her life, showing her how she acts not of her true self, not from her true passion. The question is absurd because no one wants to eat dirt, but she does eat dirt and she has for her whole life.

To not eat dirt means to live a different life, a life so different from what she knows. It can be very hard. For this particular dreamer, it is not about control, manipulation, getting affirmation from the world. It is about eating dirt and trying to make it look special. Seeing her eat dirt, knowing she might continue to eat dirt, is painful.

The dream is challenging her to see what she is doing, that she is eating dirt. Then she can ask herself if she wants to eat dirt or not.

Divine love is not as dense as hatred or animosity or unworthiness or judgment. These things tend to easily cover up the sublime energy of the Divine. Although this energy is potent, it is very sublime, very subtle, especially in contrast with the more dense emotions of the world.

Unforgiveness, uncertainty about one's worth in relationship, animosity in relationship, judgment - all of these cover up the love for ourselves and for others. As we begin to be more connected, we will need to let go of any of these dense issues so that the love can get in. It does not mean that we let ourselves be damaged or rewounded by others, of course. Being open and vulnerable does not mean being impotent.

Becoming Allergic to the Old Self

When people have a breakthrough, they will have dreams in which they revisit old behavior but this time the behavior is shown in its full force. Any interaction with the demon from the new self means that the pathology will be more destructive or angry because it knows we will never go back to it to the same extent as we have in the past. Even if do we fall back, it will not take us back. When we really grow, even if we want to return to the old self, the pathological self, we cannot because we know better. We become allergic to our old self, our old life, our old ways.

Because we have tasted love, we can now see things in their fullness and with clarity. Without the love, we may see the pattern, but we are still drawn into it because the addiction is what wants and gets the affirmation. Once we have the love and we feel that receiving affirmation is nothing, we can feel the difference. We can feel how we have given ourselves away. Once we see the difference between the love and affirmation, we become allergic to the old self that needs the affirmation.

As we descend into the process of Dying to Self, we also descend into more awareness of the pathology and what it truly is. The awareness makes it appear that

the pathology is getting worse. But it is not getting worse; it is us becoming more and more aware of its existence and aware of what it is like to have it inside.

When we begin to see the pathology, we become aware of how terrible it is inside. It takes time to see the demon for what it is. When we feel into it, we begin to feel all the ways it has tormented or constricted or compressed us. The demon does not want us to know that it exists - the best parasites are the ones that do not let us know what they are doing to us.

Part of Dying to Self is becoming aware of how awful it is to be under the realm or rule of the pathology. In that moment, when it feels as though pathology is getting worse and we feel we are getting worse, we may become less functional in the world. But, we are also getting better because we are feeling into the illness and into its having us. We can only be healed when we feel into pathology and feel it for what it is. Not only do we need to feel the feelings we felt when we lost our connection with God, but we also have to feel the feelings of the effect of the power of the pathology over us in our lives.

This is part of waking up.

Conjunctio, or moving towards union, requires that all the rats leave the ship. As we get closer to the Divine, the pathology starts to vibrate and accelerate and become more conscious. It is like wasps at the end of the summer. They have been around all summer, but when that they are about to die at the end of the season, they are suddenly everywhere.

We become more radioactive to the pathology. As we become closer to the Animus, the pathology becomes more activated and less hidden. It has to come out - it has no choice. The presence of His love makes the pathology run, like putting a light into a bat cave. The bats cannot handle the light. Pathology cannot handle the love. It gets activated and we end up feeling we are being poisoned. The truth is, we have been poisoned for a long time but now we are becoming conscious of it. The toxins that have been flooding our unconscious now flood our consciousness and it is terrible. But we will pass through it. It is worse when it is suppressed and slowly poisoning our lives.

Becoming aware of the pathology works to make us feel allergic to the old self that is identified with the pathology. We really become allergic to pathology. As we become more connected to the Divine, we actualize in a way that is new and we will not be able to be contaminated anymore.

Others Becoming Allergic to the New Self

When we stop acting out pathologically, it is often difficult for people around us to adjust. They prefer us to be in our reactions because then they can blame us for their suffering. It is a great trick.

When there is something in nature, there is always something to respond to it. When we have pathology that has attracted others and we begin to change, the ones

that we have attracted will not want us to change, even if they say they do. They really do not want us to change because if we do, they are faced with their pathology in a way that is uncomfortable for them.

It is a double-barrel problem. Not only are we dealing with our own pathology, but we are also dealing with people who may bait us so that we will get triggered. It does not work that if we get better, the people around us will be better anymore than the reverse, which is if people around us get better, we will get better. In fact, when we begin to get better, those around us often get worse.

We must do our work to be better for ourselves and then deal with the world. Even well-meaning people may turn on us when we become more authentic. It is important to not react and equally important not to want to make them pay for their reactions for then this is just a reaction.

Confusing the Desire to Die to Self as Suicidal Thoughts

To what extent is suicide or the desire to kill oneself not thanatos? Thanatos means the desire to kill life. Suicide sometimes is different than the desire to kill oneself. To commit suicide is often a misdirected desire to die to self.

Most of us know, especially when we are young, that we need to die to self. Some people feel all their lives that they want to die; the spiritual part knows that it means to die to self, whereas the part that would actually commit suicide does not.

Right before I went through radical transitions in my youth, I had suicidal thoughts. Shortly thereafter, I began my long trek out of my old life. At the time, I did not know that my desire to kill myself was me actually killing myself in this way. I believed I was saving myself by doing the dreamwork. It was only later that I realized that I did kill myself, I did die to self.

Once the desire to die to self is projected into the world as suicidal thoughts, there is an attraction to suicide because the self-destructive part of the self can make it into a compulsive way to escape. Of course, the pathology would much rather have a person die physically than die spiritually. If a person is awakened and in the world, that person is a problem for pathology.

When we want to die and make it into something that is thanatos, it becomes nihilism, depression, giving up. People in the work who have death experiences, who die to self, have the same experience of wanting to die but without the nihilism. The nihilism wants us to turn the regret of a failed life into depression instead of letting it simply be the great pain of seeing through the lie of being so apart from God and not knowing there was a solution.

In our ignorance about Dying to Self, everything wants to revert to nihilism. Spiritual pain is a good thing except when it is hopelessness. Many good spiritual people who really do want to kill themselves, who want to die to self, who want to change, who do not like the way things are, are tricked into physically killing themselves. The pathology rejoices in this because then these kinds of people are out of the way.

The only people who want to kill themselves are those who have a real awareness that they are suffering. They are ultimately a spiritual threat to pathology. One way that pathology works to clean out potentially spiritual souls in the world is to convince them to commit suicide when they feel they do not want to be in the world, when they can no longer cope with the world.

Many potentially spiritual people who can find the Divine die from suicide before the age of twenty. The ones who are left are the ones who can handle the world, who can learn to be delighted with the world, who can play in it, who can tolerate it. Or, even if they do feel their suffering, they suffer without the desire to really do anything about it.

It is a very powerful conspiracy that haunts people at every stage of the work, even in advanced stages. In the deepest places in the work, people confuse the feeling of wanting to die with nihilism. They wonder, “What is the use?” rather than seeing the abundance around them. They do not see the death of self as the dying of the phoenix, with the new life coming from the ashes of the old. In the throes of death, we sometimes forget that death is a beautiful, joyful process of something wonderful and new emerging. This is how pathology tricks us.



AFFIRMATION

Yearning for the Animus and yearning for approval are very different. If we have a need for approval based on a lack of bonding with our mother, we cannot turn that into a need for the Animus. This need cannot be used by the Archetypes because it does not fit. When we project spiritual yearning onto parents, onto others, the Archetypes can use that need, shifting it over to our inner lives. The Animus will often come as people in our lives from whom we seek approval to trick our need for them into our need for Him.

In some cases, however, the very idea of having relationship is based on a need that is not the same kind of need we have for Him, not even as projection. A need is different from our need for Him when the need is not to be met and loved but rather to be affirmed in a kind of narcissism. To affirm the idea that we need acceptance for who we are because we are afraid to surrender who we truly are and then be loved.

The attachment to being affirmed is not the attachment to being affirmed from the child place of needing to be loved. Instead, it is the desire to be affirmed from the place of affirming the ego, the false self we have created or that has been created in us. This is a narcissistic attachment to the false self and to the need to be supported for that narcissism. In this case, we must step away not only from the need for approval, but also from why we need approval - affirmation from the world. It is stepping away from our attachment to being supported in the world as a way to get approval or to get what we did not get from the mother.

The blind spot, the Achilles heel, is the place we cannot see, the place where we are caught because it is the place we keep coming back to. Even as we connect with the Animus, even when we yearn for Him, even when we receive His love, something that we are not conscious of pulls us back. In this case, it is the attachment to being affirmed in a certain way. The Animus will not affirm us for who we are in the world, even if it is what we want.

Needing to know what to do and how to be in the world comes from the fact that in the world, we do know what to do and what not to do. In the world, we know

what the world wants. This is not love. Needing to know what to do is wanting to know so we can be worthy of love.

The Animus, on the other hand, does not want us to know what to do. He loves us for our souls. There is nothing to do except be open to our souls and let Him find us. As long as we want to give Him something or be something, it is difficult for Him to find us because we are trying to create ourselves as worthy. The world will eat this up for if we are worthy for the world, then the world will love us.

Affirmation and Shame

Shame does not come only from being shamed by another. Shame can also come from being the person who does everything right, developing a sense of pride over years. Doing it right, however, does not get us the love. When we do not get the love, we really have shame, for the opposite of not getting the love is shame. Even if we have pride about doing everything right, even if everyone else thinks we are great, the minute we let go of the pride, shame kicks in. Pride, the ability to present a self that is not the soul self and to get attention for that self, actually creates shame.

Pride can feel good whereas shame does not. The deal with the demon is that we get good things - maybe we become famous or people love us for what we do. But the pathology can then hold the threat of shame over us if we doubt that pride. If we do not have the real love, we need that pride to keep going. When we step away from the pride, shame is the revenge of the pathology.

People who have always been affirmed are never loved. There is a big difference between being affirmed and being loved. The irony is that people who feel good about themselves, who have skills and talents and are affirmed for them, do not realize that the shame is built behind the pride.

Affirmed people get trapped because they always need more affirmation. They associate affirmation with love. When God comes and tells them to stop doing this, they often feel resistant. They are faced with the pain of not having the love rather than the shame of not having the affirmation. When we get to the pain of not having the love, we can be broken from the addiction to the pride because the pain is there whether we are getting affirmed or not. The pain is the part of us that does not get loved even if we are affirmed. Once this level of understanding is reached, then it is impossible to go back. There is nothing in the affirmation for us. Even if the whole world is applauding, we are still in pain. We can know that the real source of the pain is separation from our true selves and separation from God.

We choose shame over fear because with shame we believe we can control the situation. "I can be better, I can get affirmation so I do not have to feel ashamed." Or, "If I do something wrong and I am ridiculed, I know what I have to do to keep it from happening again." Fear, on the other hand, has no rules. We do not know what is going to happen next. Shame dictates being better or doing the right thing or saying the right thing. There is nothing we can say in fear that will control the situation. The

fear of not knowing what is going to happen is a door. It is standing in the mystery, in the uncertainty, in the fear.

The word mystery means “my story.” It is simply our story. We have mystery which is both the unknown and also “my story” because we enter the uncertainty to create the true story. Not the story we created based on shame to control things, but the real story that is created and waiting for us to live out. “My story” is really God’s story for each of us. When we are disconnected from God, “my story” is scary; it is a mystery, it is uncertain.

Pathology, of course, is going to choose shame, affirmation or both. It tells us that if we do the right thing, then others will like us and we do not have to be scared. But fear is always without context.

It is a challenge to not project anything onto the moment of uncertainty, a challenge to not know what will happen, to not need to know. The problem is that many people need to know everything or may even know everything. We may be competent enough to trick ourselves into gaining approval for what we know. But really, it does not matter if we are the kind of person who gains approval or the kind of person who cannot gain approval. Either way, the shame is still there as well as the inability to face the fear.

For people with a great deal of shame, part of the work is to affirm them so that they can break back into the fear. We cannot enter fear from shame. If we are so beaten down, then we cannot enter the fear until we are affirmed. The Divine will affirm us - but this is not love. The Divine will affirm us because we cannot feel the love unless we feel the fear. The Divine will offer affirmation so we can find our fear. From there we can find the love.

We can only get the love through our fear.

When we are addicted to affirmation, we need to be broken from the affirmation to get to the fear. The shame is just a small layer over fear. Once we get to the fear and lose control, the love will come. Not affirmation. When we begin to differentiate affirmation from love, we will never want to be affirmed again. Affirmation does not hold a candle to the love.

Many people believe that shame is not necessarily a bad thing for it works to keep us doing what is right. But shame is really a form of not being loved and many things play off of it. One thing that plays off shame is pride - the feeling of needing to be better, to be great. We like to prove ourselves.

For example, the Red Sox fans could finally say that they were not subhuman for a short period of time when the Red Sox won the World Series. But now, they are subhuman again because they have to prove it all over again. They did not learn anything by being champions. Red Sox fans, or any fans, would not feel good all the time unless their team won every single championship forever.

Getting what we want does not make us better people, but we love competition. If we did not have something to prove, if we did not feel shame, if we felt loved, we would not need to compete. We like the passion of proving and the

vehemence of feeling bad if we lose. This is why gamblers gamble. They do not like to win; they like to lose so they have to prove themselves all over again. This is where the juice is for them.

But real passion does not come from proving ourselves or being losers. It is free, it is from God's love and it frees up who we are. But it is such an alien feeling. We are used to having to prove ourselves and if we cannot, then we feel frustrated and angry. We like being frustrated and angry, we like being able to beat our chest, shouting at someone else or shouting at ourselves.

Shame is bad, of course, and passion is good, but it is not really how we feel. We actually like our shame. We do not like being shamed, of course, but we like reacting to shame. This is what drives capitalism, in a way. We flourish under it - it makes us produce better, to be better than the Joneses, to put more effort out. We do not feel the love enough to just be. We have to prove it.

If we go the other way and become depressed, we can do nothing. The shame, in this case, works to beat us to a pulp, working to make us not want to get up in the morning. Shame can make us go high, which is pride, or it can make us crash, which is depression. It is all part of the same dysfunction. And because of this, it is difficult to give up the shame to choose passion.

Shame and Societal Projection

People are hurt. When people are hurt and they repress it, they feel ashamed. Part of them, consequently, gets shut down and is not allowed to operate in the world. Shame covers pain and people rely on shame, even want the shame because it seems better to feel shame rather than feeling pain, hurt, fear or trauma. We use shame, responsibility, duty, even appropriateness. Appropriateness is really appropriating love from the world in the form of acceptance when we do not have it within.

Society is created by people who are hurt, who feel ashamed and who do not feel whole. Because of this, society is resentful of anyone who is whole or who is more alive. It is why there are swashbuckling pirates, bad boy outlaws, Zorro, Robin Hood, James Dean. They are the ones who do not care what anybody thinks.

Society agrees to hate the person who is whole or who wants to be whole. When we are not whole, we turn on the one who is the leader. Ultimately, it is that we all hate God or we get tricked into hating God because we project our woundedness everywhere. Someone has to pay the price for our pain since we will not. To pay the price is to feel it and we do not want to feel it, we do not want to be healed or we do not know how to be healed.

When we project, we become enslaved by other people's opinions. As long as we want affirmation from the world, we are buying into the world's suffering projected onto us about what we can and cannot do. To really be free, to really break our neurosis and explore our feelings with the Animus, we have to be free in the outer world - to not allow society's, our friends' or our family's expectations get in the way of who we are. This is very difficult to do.

Most people have no relationship with the Animus, with the Divine, so how can they know what is right for anyone without that relationship? Even if we have really good opinions about things, if we do not know Him, then the opinions come from an adaptation and are simply seductive. Every one of us has a good story, but they are all lies because they do not come from relationship with Him.

The rarest of pearls is connection with Him and it is grounded in our dreams. We do not want to give that up for anyone. When we have that connection, we are one in ten thousand. It is difficult to obtain unless we work years to get it. No matter how great a person we are, it does not mean we are connected with Him. There are many great people in the world but they do not necessarily have their connection with Him. We have to get past societal projections and get our direction from Him so we can live the way He chooses us to live both inwardly and outwardly. When we do this, then we are the one, the one with Him.

Shame and Conditional Love

Many people who create beautiful things such as art and music are often corrupt. They have no heart and they live shallow lives because they live vicariously through their creativity. They do not own it. Instead, they piggy-back and get a free ride from it while everyone affirms them. They become addicted to the affirmation which then makes them more shallow. The more affirmed they are for their art, the less connected they are to their art.

Art comes from God's love and we can only get to God's love through fear. Famous artists can become sociopaths. When we get affirmed for our art, we learn that our spiritual capability can allow us to manipulate others to gain an advantage. In the process, however, we lose our souls. The demon makes us famous and gives us affirmation. In the face of a godless world, it is hard not to take the offer.

It is difficult to try to turn that deal around, to give up the blessings, to give up the affirmation that has been a large part of who we are. It is difficult to exchange all of this for the uncertain life of being in ourselves in order to find God.

It is better to have God before being successful for then, when we are affirmed, we can feel that the affirmation is nothing. When we already have God's love, all the affirmation in the world means nothing. We do not have to have sex with people who project onto us, we do not have to perform the same way every night, every day, we do not have the pressure. We can be rejected and we still have the love.

Shame gives us conditional love, which we like. If we do this, we get that. There are instructions, there are rules that can be followed to receive the affirmation. Unconditional love requires nothing except to be exposed to our souls. If we are not exposed to our souls, we cannot feel the love. Pride and shame are part of the gyroscope - feeling good or feeling bad because we are liked or not liked in the world.

God's love is unconditional. We feel the love through a place of essence and connection that is beyond how we are received in the world. There is a capability of God's love, the Anima's love and the Archetypal experience available in dreams that

allows us to know that we do not have to do anything. We are loved for our souls just because we are. When we then bring that love back into the world, it does not matter if anyone likes us or our artwork or not. We are still loved.

Of course, it can still be hurtful when someone reacts to us or our work. The difference is that when we are loved, we do not hate ourselves for it or feel that we are no good or a failure. Hurt is different. We can be loved by God and still feel hurt by things in the world. The shame, however, limits us, making it necessary for us to be constantly affirmed in order to be okay.

It is the unconditionality of the love that is terrifying. We do not know what to do because there is nothing to do.

Affirmation and Pride

When our desire for affirmation manifests as a desire to do things right, this is pride. There are many ways people seek affirmation, but the desire to do it right is tricky. If we feel we are right, then we are right and it is hard to see pathology because the correctness of our actions is all that matters. The reality, however, is that we are just seeking a pride support function instead of seeking the Divine.

It is like scoring 80 points in a basketball game instead of being with Him. We seek affirmation for scoring 80 points rather than His support and love, believing that if we score the points, He will love us.

Everyone in the world believes they are right, too, so we can start arguing about who is the problem, who is getting in the way of our affirmation, which becomes competition. We compete for the right to be right. Competition, of course, polarizes our relationship with the Animus. When we score points for the coach, we are actually competing with the coach. The coach never asked for the points because it is not about the game or the world or being right. It is about us and Him.

Which means getting underneath the need for affirmation to find what is there - it could be anything such as hurt, pain, trauma, scarcity, unworthiness. All the difficult feelings we do not want to feel.

If we are right in the world, it is often very hard to break the pattern because we are right. When we are right, there is no need to break the pattern, for the whole world is based on right and wrong and if we do the right thing, we get affirmed. There is the old adage - why do bad things happen to good people? Because we believe we are good and right. We feel we did not cause these bad things to happen, so we are victims. Being a victim, being self-righteous, being in control, playing God are all forms of this.

Dream:

I am in a room with empty fish tanks. Several tropical fish are flying around in midair. I am amazed with this incredible feat. I think how interesting it is that in the dreamwork, people breathe water and here

are these fish breathing air. Occasionally, a fish flies down a cardboard tube to dip in some water. My friend comes in and sucks up the fish with a hand vacuum. She then dumps them into a tank and leaves the room. The fish rise to the top and shoot out of the tank. I fill the cardboard tube with water. I think this is all magical.

From Cathy Caron:

The pathology is trying to trick me in this dream. It is using my “knowledge” of the dreamwork, my wanting to believe I have had an Archetypal dream, suggesting that there is something special about breathing air versus water. What is really happening here is that I am in logical, thinking mode. I want the dream to have meaning, to be about the Archetypal Reality when it is really about pathology. The dream is all backward. The fish are having the experience; I am not. I am “thinking” about what is happening, not feeling. Nothing really makes sense here. There is no evidence of feeling. I am in evaluation and judgment as to whether this is a good dream or not, using my study of the dreamwork to explain my experience in the dream.

* * * *

In our desire to be right, we can become the dark father or the dark mother. We tell others that we know better. And when the real Father comes, we project all our sense of rightness and the importance of being right onto Him. But maybe the Divine Father does not care about what is right. Maybe all He cares about is love. We do not understand this because we project our own judging ways - needing to be right or wrong as a way to get love - onto the Father who does not care. He loves us no matter if we are right or wrong. This does not compute when we spend our entire lives trying to be worthy.

When the sense of unworthiness and fear is exposed, people react in different ways. In dreams, some will be belligerent, some will talk behind His back, some will want to get affirmation from Him. But it is just projecting something onto God that is not true. All that we project is our own shadow, our own attitudes, our own shame, our own experiences onto something that does not even live in this place. To imagine that God is not about right or wrong but about something we have never experienced such as love or acceptance, is seemingly impossible. How to figure that out?

Instead of reacting from a sense of unworthiness and trying to get affirmation through proving ourselves, we can feel our feelings and we will go deeper. All we have to do is accept that the projections, the unworthiness are present and that they are twisting our psyche, morphing it into a consciousness that is not even real. The consciousness that we have is not really a consciousness of reality - it is a consciousness of our own misery being projected into our consciousness. Our

subconscious terrors and uncertainties get projected into the world, passing through our consciousness. Instead of realizing that the projection is coming from inside, it passes through and into the world. Then, we can look into the world and say something like, “That person does not like me.” This is projection.

Projection comes out of trauma whether it is the trauma of separation from God or a trauma based on something that happened, it is all the same. Trauma is just the history of separation, the history of the past, how we lost ourselves. Losing the self creates trauma. To return, we must go through uncertainty. When we have trauma, we lose connection with the love.

All the doubts and uncertainties of the self are then experienced. Without the love, we feel many things - uncertain, scared, lost, and so on. Without the love, it is hard to accept ourselves. Without self-acceptance, we cannot be the child and be in our soul selves.

Gaining self-acceptance does not occur by being affirmed in the world or by having good food or being a great musician or being successful. It only happens when we return back into our souls, when we find the connection to our real selves. This is where God is for God is always where the soul is. He is never in the place in the world where we are seeking approval.

If we feel our deep feelings and do not project them, the work will go deeper. The difficult feelings are not necessarily trauma based, but they are a way to deeper feelings. In this way, we travel deeper and deeper into the nexus and corridors of the psyche and through the alchemical challenges that are the journey. We can begin to live the life of the journey.

In creating our reality, we assume things about people that are not true, then we react. This works to make our assumptions true, for if we act like a jerk with someone we believe hates us, then the person will hate us. But if we do not react and just accept the feelings, accept that they are coming from us and accept that they are not about the person in the world, then sooner or later, by pulling back the projection, the moment will reveal itself. The person may even do something nice for us, giving us the opportunity to see how we created the assumption.

When people actually do not like us, it is more difficult because it is easier to project. But even if people do like us, we still assume they do not. We never get the love or even if we do, we keep our mouths shut and receive the support but without really believing it.

The only way to believe it is to have a connection with the Divine. Once we receive His love and believe in His love, ironically, we can then believe in everyone else's love. In this place, we have the capacity to feel it because it is not a question of belief. Without the soul self, we simply do not have the receptacle to receive love. We may acknowledge the love or even take it in, but if we are not in the soul self, then it is not in the deepest part of our psyche. The part that can completely receive the love. The way a three-year-old can be so open.

But how many of us are that open? We are not open so we cannot feel into

it. The process of spiritual evolution involves not just confronting our unworthiness and our projections, but ultimately even our fear of being loved. Not having the love, we have to give up all the things that we do to survive, which makes us really naked. When we are thrown in the pond as children, it is simple - we swim. But when we are older and thrown in the pond, we sink. We sink because we are no longer innocent and we feel scared. All the things that cover up our innocence have to die because they block the capability to feel His love and support or to feel anything at all.

People can try to love others, but when the love does not come back to them, they can say, "See, I loved and they did not love me back!" Seeking love from others is narcissistic when we seek it from a place of affirmation for ourselves. We love them, but we want them to love us back. Which means we do not really love them. When we are with the Divine, we are loved for the sake of loving because we are already loved. We do not need to get something back. This is a rare place. Most people keep score. They justify their inability to love by saying that the other does not love them more. If we do love them, they may think we are foolish and walk away. Or we may give them what they want, but sooner or later, we will not be able to give them what they want. Then they will turn on us or we will turn on them.

We have to go through trauma to get to the deeper self in order to break from these patterns, these needs, that feel so solid and unmoving. When we face into the patterns, we feel we are never going to be able to break them. But the dreamwork will break them - step by step, dream by dream, session by session. It is what the psyche wants to do through the dreams. To bring us home, back to ourselves, where we can receive the love. Then, we can reenter the world without needing anything from the world because we already have what we need.

We can then have a calling and a much more fulfilling life. The love comes through us. People can do whatever they want, but we are still in the love. In this place, people can do many things, even violating things, but we do not react. Eventually, people will notice the change and it might even change them. Who knows what miracles can come out of us in this place.

The Animus wants to kill the parts of us that want to project the need for affirmation onto the Father. The Father that we do not believe loves us. When we believe this, we can go into feeling and acting like a victim, projecting that the Father abuses power. The Father or the Animus will come as an authority who seems to be abusing power because we assume that all men abuse power or that God abuses power. It may be that all humans abuse power, but the Divine Father and the Animus do not. Those who rebel against authority would abuse power just as those in power abuse power. People are not Archetypal, they are human beings.

Both the left and the right abuse power - there are no good guys. They are all lost souls taking different positions. One is not better than the other - it is what position we are in. To reclaim this, the Animus may come as the person we would normally hate because we project that onto God. Therefore, we need to do what the Animus shows us to do even though He may appear as a "bad guy."

A victim gets to say one thing: *I am right*. A victim is always right. Those who want to be right are basically playing a victim game. Even people who are victimizers believe they are right, but in their hearts, they feel they are victims as well because they are deprived of God's love. It does not really matter for everyone is the loser in the end in this game. Instead of playing the game, we must kill the game and kill the part of the game that we identify with. If we overidentify with the authority figure, then the Animus will come as a rebel. If we overidentify with the rebels, the Animus will come as an authority figure. The Archetype will come as the opposite of the game we are playing. The position we take is always the wrong position when we take it out of avoidance of our own feelings. We may think it is the right position, but it is always the wrong position. Not because of right or wrong, but because we took the position to avoid ourselves.

Affirmation and the Anima

Issues of affirmation are frequently linked with shame. The Anima will often come in dreams to try to bring us where we can face into the shame in order to feel our innate, underlying feelings with her. Men who have deep emasculation issues often feel their passion and then feel guilty and ashamed about it. The Anima will try to give them a sense of their own potency by helping them to accept their feelings.

Shame is often projected onto issues that give us an excuse to go into shame, such as infidelity. An expression of sensuality that relates to passion has nothing to do with external sex. We often confuse sensuality with sexuality but in the psyche, sexuality is never about another person in the world. It is about one's own self, one's own deeper feelings, one's own deeper potency.

Kundalini is an expression of this power, this gravity that takes many forms. In such a situation, it may very well be that the desire is an expression of the Animus' potency. For one male client, the Anima was very seductive with him in a dream, bringing up his vulnerability and passion. He responded by immediately feeling shame and guilt. In his next dream, the Animus appeared and the man felt jealous of the Animus' potency and self-assuredness. For this man, to share in the potency of the Animus, he had to accept his feeling with the Anima which was shame. This meant that he needed to face what was perhaps the beginning of a wormhole into a deeper trauma that started with some form of guilt or shame. The guilt or shame may morph into a deeper wound or a deeper fear.

Alchemy starts with a little wisp of feeling that can rapidly deepen into other feelings. It is not that this man will suddenly become potent if he solves his issue of shame with the Anima. The thread begins here and subsequent dreams will determine just how steep the grade will be of the descent into the deep well. The descent he must journey to truly find the connection with the Animus.

We may feel we have created a great place to survive in the world, feeling we will be okay if we can stay in the safe place. Then something comes along, like the Animus or something good in the world, and we cannot say yes to it because it means

leaving our safety and entering a difficult place inside. Perhaps a wounded place or an impoverished place.

To accept the good gift, we have to first go through something difficult inside. We may believe that we would easily accept the gift, leave our safe or aloof place, but this is not the way it works. The thing that would love us needs us to first drop into our darkest hurt. From there He will come and help. He cannot help in the place of safety or aloofness because otherwise, we would be safe or aloof with Him and still unable to receive the deeper love.

Feeling the difficult feelings is preparation for the Animus. The Anima can come only in the place of fear because when we are in the fear, we can accept the love. We want Her support because we are scared and we need Her support. If we were not scared, we would not be able to accept the support. Sometimes Archetypal support requires us to be in great terror or great need. If we are already not scared and we have managed to not need anybody because we can make it work in the world, this is in the way of receiving more from the Divine and even from other people. To face into this, we must enter the dark night of the soul, we must enter into the place of fear and need and darkness. The Anima will appear because we really need Her.

Another reason to be in the fear is that only in the wound can we receive the love. Wounds are actually good because they allow us to begin to receive what we need for more of our journey and allow us to drop closer into the child self. The only reason we are wounded is that we lost connection or we were abused in that connection to the child self. This all needs to be remedied but it cannot be if we remedied it by leaving the child self. We only cause more pain and suffering to ourselves. Even though it may be pleasurable to be isolated and independent, it ultimately does not hold a candle to what we receive when we are more dependent on Him.

Self-Affirmation

If we have profound distrust, we may not trust or even want affirmation from the world. In this case, we want affirmation from the self. We want to survive in our own way with style. The Renaissance Woman, a self-sufficient, independent woman, who does it all on her own, is an example of wanting affirmation from the self.

Many remarkable humans have lived in this way, those who have cut a great path out of tragedy and have lived, on the outside, incredible lives. They have a great capacity to be both resourceful and intelligent. It is quite the combination. When we have affirmation from the self from the place of resourcefulness and intelligence, we do not need affirmation from the world.

Even though self-affirmation gets in the way of being loved by the Divine, it is hard to let go of the resourcefulness. When faced with giving up what we have depended on in the face of violation in the world, we feel that if we let go, something bad will happen to us. A profound distrust is triggered - the pathology counts on us never trusting again.

And, of course, the world is a place of violation, always ready to violate. When we let our guard down and we get violated, we can say, “See, I let my guard down and I got hurt again.” Then we can go back to relying only on ourselves believing we are the only one who can take care of business. This ability to take care of business, this ability to be resourceful, becomes an albatross in the way of our ability to be loved.

As we face into letting go of our resourcefulness, we deepen into the wound of distrust. The further we go toward the love, the more the distrust is triggered. Love always creates a wound. For a Renaissance person, what is triggered is the distrust of being dependent on others. The more we let go of the resourcefulness, the more we receive the love from the Animus, the further we enter into conjunctio and connection, the more the polar opposite, the wound, manifests

Part of feeling the love from the Divine is that it creates a split in the psyche whereby the old patterns of control can start to break down and the wound can then open. So, even as we receive more love, we receive and feel the wound even more.

At the root of the distrust is the betrayal, some form of violation; under all distrust is some form of violation. If we maintain resourcefulness, we will never get to the feeling under the violation, the heartbreak. Resourcefulness is a way to avoid the heartbrokenness. Sandwiched between the two is distrust, which masks the deeper fear of not feeling there is any support in the world for us.

When suddenly the support does come, it upsets the applecart of the psyche. When we start to feel the Divine love and all our beliefs are threatened, what threatens to open the deep well is our pain and the loss of some inner knowledge of the love we once knew.

We all have the memory, even if we do not remember being loved. This is where the pain comes from. The stronger that love with God, the greater the pain underneath the coping mechanisms. No matter how we cope. The greater the knowing of God’s love, the greater the pain. The greater the pain, the greater the denial and the greater the trauma.

We are afraid of the Animus because all of this needs to unravel. The more the Animus loves us, the more this all opens. We often feel confused about why, when feeling His love, more conflicts arise. It is because His love opens all the hurt, all the ways of avoiding it. We are so afraid of the Animus’ love because it splits the trauma down the middle like a gutted deer.

Resistance takes many forms - it is not always rebelliousness or anger. It may not take the form of feeling good. It is how we experience ourselves being ourselves and it can be that we like the way we are when we are not our real selves. Even if we feel miserable at some level, resistance offers a feeling of satisfaction for being whatever it is we believe about ourselves.

One form of resistance is being self-centered as opposed to being in relationship. Archetypal work is all about relationship. We have to share ourselves with the other. “Me for Me” is narcissistic and it is a form of will and anger that justifies itself no matter what. It does not care if it is wrong; it is just for itself. It is indignant,

self-righteous, angry, willful.

This is how pathology feels about relationship with the Divine. When it is in us, roots in us, we get a false feeling of power and potency which is addictive. If we were abused when we were vulnerable and open, this form of anger is the reaction saying we will never be abused again. We feel we never have to do what anyone tells us.

To see this as self-centered helps to strip the illusion out of it. For from this place, we cannot be in relationship with anyone, even a lover. We are too busy being in control. And it works to create an isolation in which we do not have to be close and intimate. We do not have to let the Animus or anyone inside us, we do not have to be dependent, we do not have to be needy, we do not have to need. Isolation versus relationship.

When we feel we do not want the Animus, it is a powerful weapon against forming any kind of relationship with Him. Even if we hate ourselves, it is all about us. Because of this, we can feel no joy in others, in their happiness. We cannot give to anyone, we cannot be good parents, we cannot be good spouses. When it is all about us, we cannot be compassionate or considerate, we cannot have a feeling for someone else. When it is all about us, we do so much damage to others without even knowing it. We also do so much damage to our own souls.

Narcissism in the extreme is the isolation from our own hearts. We cannot receive love but we also cannot give love. Ultimately, we find no joy in ourselves. The will underneath this narcissism which comes from anger and hurt, is a form of pride where the sustainable sense of valuing or being valued comes from valuing ourselves in this way.

There are those who never need another person in their whole lives, convinced that their independence is a quality of life. Type A personalities get what they want and they do not have to project, but they are incapable of relationship. Without relationship, the Animus cannot be in our lives.

This self-centeredness is different than being selfish - in the self of the fish. When we are in the self of the fish, in the child self, the child comes first because the child wants to be loved. When we are narcissistic, we want to come first, but we do not want to be loved. We cannot receive fulfillment from the Divine or even from others. If we are the child self, we can.

Affirmation from Signs in the World

Looking for signs in the world is the ultimate impoverishment. It is like being in a prison camp, seeing the sun for a moment and then believing from this that we will be liberated in five days. Signs boost us up. With signs, we do not have to do anything. If there is a sign that we feel shows us that we are important, then we do not have to die to self. We can believe we are not in pathology or that it does not matter if we are because an eagle flew over our heads and looked in our direction.

Reading signs, like horoscopes or tea leaves, is the ultimate sentimentality - the blind leading the blind. We see what we want to see in signs. This is why placebos work - the double blinds. People believe they are taking a medicine and so feel better even though they are taking only sugar water.

Of course, when we are really sick, medicines do work. But so many issues are psychologically projected. Reading signs is perfect for the pathology. God does interface with the world, of course, but He does not give us signs. He connects from the inside. The signs are superfluous. If we are connected from the inside, where else do we need to look for God?

If we are not connected with God, then it is understandable that we look for Him in the world. It is a great trick of pathology. Getting affirmation from signs is seductive because we do not have to do anything.

But, if He loves us, we have to face into the love. Nobody wants to compromise. With the Animus it looks as if it is all His way. And it is. When we are connected to our souls and with His love, we realize that His way is our way, too. It takes a great deal of work to feel into this.

We may encounter the Divine either in a dream or even when we are awake. It is always wonderful to have this kind of encounter, but we can spend our lives looking for proof that the Divine exists. This is looking for evidence that He exists but once we receive that evidence, we could slip into looking for more and more evidence. At some point, we have to get past the point of looking for evidence and realize that the evidence is not out in the world but is the miracle of the world.

There is a step that is missing. Instead of wondering what the Divine has done for us lately like a spoiled child, we can take a step into the moment of encounter. When He was reaching down and we felt we wanted nothing more than His touch, that feeling of yearning, desire, this is the moment to step into. Often, we will jump over the moment and into creating the moment as a miracle. This is not what He wants.

We jump out of the moment because it is scary to feel into the reality of encountering the Divine in a wonderful, juicy, yearning, passionate way. This reality is not a belief, for a belief is an idea. It is more the feeling of yearning that is the key, the feeling of relationship. But we jump out into worry, into wanting more proof, more evidence. When we already feel our desire for Him in our hearts, we do not need evidence. This is the truest evidence. It is not about evidence; it is about experience - the experience of feeling the desire for Him.

Reverse Caretaking to Receive Love

It is hard to accept love, but we will often accept love from others as a way to control or self-medicate. Having people do what we want is reverse caretaking, which is pathological. An example is a person who is always sick and ends up in the hospital being cared for by doctors and nurses. People get sick like this to get the love.

Asking for love is tricky and it depends on where the asking comes from. If we are a person who rarely asks for help, rarely asks for Archetypal help and we ask as a way to move things forward in us, it can be an improvement, a step. When the asking comes from an extension of the love we receive from the Animus, only then is it clean.

Otherwise, it is tricky because we do not have a template for what it is like to receive love from Him. Even when we do take a step toward being more open to the help of others, it is still very limited in what it can truly mean. People cannot love us or give us what we really need. We may get what we ask for in some cases and not in other cases, but in all cases, if we do not have Him, we are still bereft.

The stories we tell ourselves are a convenient projection of our fear or our pain and they create a split between the inner and outer worlds. We cannot access our real selves except through the issues we project, but when we work out the projections, the original issues do not go away.

That is why there is no way out of the story. We are always going to lose in the story because this is how the story is set up and this is how we feel. By projecting, there is no way out. The story then reflects the reality of the projection that has been set up, which makes it impossible to work on the original issue.

We only really work on issues internally. Of course, there are sometimes solutions in the world and some of them are very simple, but the solutions are not the issue. The issue is being stuck inside and then projecting the problem outside. When it does not fit outside, we feel stuck. And it never fits outside.

When something simple is so hard for us, it is because we are lying. The story we believe is not the real story. The dreams give the real story.

The outer world story needs to be aligned with our inner experience. Then we have congruency and we can reconcile all the issues from the inside out and sometimes even from the outside in. If we are afraid to ask for help but then ask for help from the Animus from our traumatized place, the place we may have asked for help from God originally, the open place, then we feel the trauma and can ask for other people's help in the same way. This is congruency. There is no conflict between the inner and the outer. Then we know that when our fear comes up around asking for help in the world, it is related to the fear we feel asking for help from the Animus. And that this fear is related to our trauma from childhood.

Suddenly, the issue of asking for help from the world and asking for help from the Animus are the same. It is not an issue as long as it is anchored. As soon as we forget why we are scared, the fear will come up somewhere and it will get projected onto something else. When this happens, we are back in storyland, out of congruency and we are in trouble.

If we have to resolve the problem in the world, if we understand the roots of the problem as feelings that connect us to our trauma, then we will understand that the problem is not really a problem. It is just feelings coming up when we deal with the world. These feelings are not a problem as long as we accept that the feelings

come from the inside. From this understanding, we can take the necessary risks in the world.

Giving Up Affirmation

We have to give up getting affirmation from the world. Affirmation is not love. Being attractive sexually or sensually because of our bodies or because we are great artists or because we are famous is just a substitute for the real thing. Admiration from people is hollow. No matter how much people love us, they do not love us in the way God loves us through the incredible, divinely inspired caring. There is no love that compares. The love people have in the world is mostly projection.

But even if we are loved for who we are, it is not the same love as the love the Divine has for us. A person's love cannot hold a candle to Divine love. When we have the Divine love, all else will be okay. To not have Him is to always be bereft whether or not people love us. Many people are married well, but they are still not happy. Happiness cannot come from another person.

A woman who is attached to the world will often feel jealous about the Animus' relationship with another woman in a dream. It is a classic dream for women who feel left out of His love. Women are also especially prone to the idea that if they are not a certain kind of person, if they are not sexy enough, if they are not dressed well enough, if they are not pretty enough, if they are too old then they are not worthwhile. This is simply not true. It is that they must change where they receive their worth from. If their worth comes from men looking at them and desiring them, then they will get into trouble when they are older.

But if their worth comes from Him, then they will always feel the real love. The love they never had even if they were highly sought after in the world. Ask any woman who is a sex symbol if she is happy. She will tell us that being a sex symbol is hollow.

Nothing can replace the love of the Animus - whether it is being desired, having a beautiful place, having beautiful clothes. It is the same lie that tricks a woman (or a man) into self-hatred. It is really a strategy of the pathology to have the woman believe she is not good enough. And it can do this when the woman is looking for love in the wrong places.

If we want to live happily with great spirit, it is important to remember that it is never too late no matter how old we are. It is better to have the maturity of Divine love and be all wrinkled up than to be young, attractive, shallow and lost from the Divine.

Part of the battle is wanting affection, love and affirmation from the world as a replacement for the Animus. There is, of course, the necessity of human contact, of having a significant other to love, to share with, to be intimate with both physically and emotionally. This is a good thing and something to always want. But when we have a connection with the Divine, an intimate relationship with a person in the world

has its appropriate place rather than being an overwhelming need that is trying to make up for a spiritual lack. Relationship should be a component of life, but it becomes all too important when we do not have a spiritual life.

If we are spiritually connected and really feeling Divine love, if the Animus is in our dreams and we are with Him in our outer lives, we still may want a partner, a beautiful place on the ocean, a nice car, travel, nice clothes, but all these things will not be overwhelmingly important. They will not be replacements for His love.

USING SEX FOR AFFIRMATION IN WOMEN

When a woman has abuse of sexuality to the point where she uses sex to gain affirmation, the Animus cannot have conjunctio with her because she relates sexuality to getting attention.

Sexuality is the most primal and vulnerable aspect of the self for women because the vagina is an opening to the heart. When a woman uses sexuality to gain love, the vagina is no longer an access point to the heart, for the heart would not sell itself for that. The heart knows itself, knows “I am that I am,” from a place of connection and would not give itself away for the sake of love.

When a woman uses sexuality, she give herself away for the sake of love from the place of not being her true self, not being connected to her true self. It affects her ability to be received by the Animus in conjunctio. To change the sexual dysfunction, the issue arises of sexuality being something felt and understood as betrayal. When a woman uses sexuality in a way that betrays herself, she experiences sexuality as an act of betrayal. Once she moves through this issue, she can experience the violation of betrayal and then feel it.



UNHOLY SEDUCTRESS

Christa Lancaster

Four years into this work when I was in my early thirties, I had a dream about shoes:

I walk into my bedroom at East 72nd Street in New York City.
Dozens of high-heeled shoes are scattered all over the floor.

The dream refers to the time after returning from Paris and before I got married when I lived at my parents' apartment and dated an array of men. In my twenties, I loved shoes. I shared a room with my sister who was seven years younger than me. At one point, I was dating four different men called Peter. My sister would take messages from the Peters, not daring to ask, "Which Peter are you?" I worked for an art gallery in midtown Manhattan. I dressed up every day for work. I had a lot of different pairs of shoes, many of which were high-heeled. I remember the high of dressing up and dating men who I never really knew and who could never know me. I loved feeling popular and desired.

Unholy Seductress



I did not understand this dream. It is stark. I did not feel anything when I looked at the shoes. What could it mean, this little dream of a bedroom littered with shoes?

I was only twenty-three years old but my room was littered with men whose hearts I had won and then discarded. I did not want their love. I wanted the power of making them fall for me. I wanted the high. It was my addiction, my way of avoiding what was real about me, about them. A shoe for every man I seduced.

It is hard to begin the piece I know I need to write. I do not want to

show you who I was as a woman in my twenties and early thirties. I do not want to go back and talk about the seductress who lived in me as an aspect of the pathology. I do not want to reveal how she took who I was as a woman and corrupted it, separating my heart from my vagina. It is not pretty. It is not kind. It hurt me. It hurt some men with good hearts. It got me into trouble. It kept me from knowing love. It kept me separate from my heart that could know intimacy and love. It worked with my independence and rebellion to keep me on the run from love, always with one foot out the door, ever on the lookout for someone better.

* * * *

In the late fall of 1988, my sister's good friend from her high school years, Andrew, decided to move up to Stowe from New York. I was thirty. My sister and Andrew were both twenty-four. My son Rory was six. I had lived in Vermont for a year and a half. I had been doing the dreamwork for six months. Sometime the following year, my sister suggested that it might be great for Rory to hang out with Andrew, to do guy things. Andrew was open to doing some child care. Rory was happy. I only saw Andrew here and there, dropping off Rory or picking him up. It was not for over a year and a half that we had a longer conversation. He expressed how he would like to get to know me more and asked if I would like to get together sometime. I said, "What about right now?" We met for dinner at a restaurant called Gracies. Afterward, we went back to my house.

I wish I could tell you otherwise. I wish I could tell you that I had been vulnerable and open. I wish I had not seduced Andrew that cold night in February. I wish that I had not jumped over the moment of awkwardness and insecurity of a first date. I wish the seductress had not taken over.

I did not know how to be a woman without her. She was in charge. She did not like the shy, tender girl in me who was buried.

* * * *

Dream:

I have a cold steel speculum lodged in my vagina. An angry, cold man comes and lies on top of me. I am paralyzed with horror. Then, a realization comes over me. I push him away.

What could a steel speculum in my vagina mean? When we worked the dream, it emerged that the speculum was like a vise, holding my sexuality separate from my heart. Inside me was a steel speculum. It became activated when I left my first love, when I was drawn to sex with men with whom I had no heart connection. The speculum was cold, hard and ugly. So was sex without love. For all those years, the speculum was not known to me. I could not see it. It is only after eighteen years in the work that I could face the speculum. I felt horror. My horror was healthy. My horror showed me that I had changed. My reality had shifted. What had been normal became unbearable.

The summer I had this dream, I decided to do something different, to give myself a year of spiritual celibacy. I wanted to devote myself to my relationship with the Beloved. I wanted to clear out the last traces of the speculum, the mechanism called the whoremaster. I wanted to make a conscious choice to choose love, real love, the love of the Beloved and let the speculum and the force behind its cruel edge die.

Not long after I made that vow to myself, I had this dream:

I am in a car with my first love and his father who are both powerful, wealthy men in the world. When the car stops I am concerned about tipping the driver. Jeff and his father disappear. I end up in an office with women typing. I need to pee. One woman says to me, "Go ahead, use this." She points to a seat on the floor. I sit down. A warm fountain of water sprays up, washing my vagina as I pee. I am in the middle of the office. Everyone continues on with their work as normal. It seems normal to me to be in the middle of this room filled with women, warm water rising up from the ground, washing my vagina. When I am done I get up and leave. I rejoin Jeff and his father. We all enter a vehicle and are driven away.

My shame is being washed away by streams of warm water. When I am with the Lover and the Father, I feel so cared for, so loved.



Many women do not understand sexuality as conjunctio. Instead, because of the scars received from the violations of the use of sexuality, sexuality becomes, literally, a negation of spirit rather than a fostering of spirit. It is difficult to then

understand that sexuality or conjunctio is not orgy, is not sex, is not a physical acting out, but rather an emotional, spiritual and physical relationship that transcends mortal intercourse.

It is difficult for a woman to let go of the belief that she can be loved without the sexuality. It is difficult to let go of the intoxication and the seduction - it feels good to continue because people relate to her in that way. Even if she has been conscious of giving this up, often there is an unconscious aspect that still is attached to it. Often, people do not mean to be sexual, but they are seductive in a way that is sexual without even realizing it.

Many stay attached to receiving attention because they are used to it, because they still like it, because it feels good to get the attention. Even if they do not follow through physically, they still engage in it by not turning away.

If a woman is still attached to the use of sexuality, she will perceive the Animus' sexual attention from the place of how she uses sexuality to get attention. It is difficult from this place to understand what sexuality or sensuality means through conjunctio. The Animus does not engage women in this way sexually - He engages them on a soul level.

For a woman with this issue, the Animus will not come to her sexually because she would believe it was an act of sexuality, not conjunctio. There is a great difference between sex and conjunctio. Sex is the physical act that the psyche can use to get affirmation, attention, and power in the world. Conjunctio is the complete obliteration of the ego and the fulfillment of God's love in one act.

Because conjunctio has nothing to do with sex a woman has in the world with men, it is terrifying. She may cling to the old use of sexuality because she is afraid of the greater gift. The greater gift is the sexuality that is really beyond the physical realm of men and their penises. It is so terrifying because the Animus' phallus will kill and heal and transform and awaken her to the life of the holy. It is the true relationship with the Divine for women.

Shame and Conjunctio

When a woman, right in the moment of conjunctio with the Animus, clings to Him because of her shame, it is the moment when her orgasmic desire or possibility is hooked into the big lie of her wanting Him to support her in her negation of self. Rather than having a self that is empowered by Him, in the moment of clinging to Him in shame, she only wants to use Him to sustain herself.

This is why He will never come to a woman who wants Him out of shame. He will only come to a woman who wants Him from her place of deepest pain. This is His desire, for in that deepest pain, in her wound, she is exposed and vulnerable and naked and afraid. The wound is the place He has to come into a woman. Letting Him enter into the place where she has the greatest need is why the moment is so charged for women.

Some women do not seek His love or any man's love from the place of their greatest need. Instead, they seek love as a way to control the situation. They whore themselves in order to get support, contrived as it may be. In this situation, the man will support the woman as long as the woman does what the man wants.

This is not true love and certainly not true healing. The woman who gets this peripheral support is only receiving affirmation. It is not love. To receive the true love and the true healing, the woman has to have conjunctio with Him from her feeling of the wound, of the trauma, of the pain, of the fear. This is the place He will come. It is the last place a woman wants to be entered.

At the moment of conjunctio, when a woman is feeling her wound, she may experience anger or rage associated with the wound. This anger or rage will want to push Him away. But this moment of conjunctio when the anger arises is also the same moment when it all can be released as energy. When a woman is deep in her work with the Animus, when she is truly receiving Him in her deepest wound, when the anger is released, it can move into pain which can then move into passion. In some cases, anger is more pathologically rooted, but not when a person is deeply rooted in her relationship with Him. When she is deeply rooted with Him, the anger and pain that arises in the moment of conjunctio can be explored and felt as part of the conjunctio because they *are* part of it.

Sexuality from an Infantile Baseline

When a woman has trauma at a young age and has no memories between being a small child and adolescent, the woman may suddenly wake up as an adolescent, suddenly self-aware. She will still be that baby looking for love, but the difference is that this happens when she is an adolescent instead of a child.

She is disconnected from the baby, but the baby is always there and needs love. From this place, she looks for love using her sexuality, creating a space where the whoremaster can enter through her sexuality. She will learn to manipulate men from this point on, using her sexuality to look for love from an infantile place.

In this case, a woman will use sexuality but it comes from an infantile emotional baseline. This creates tremendous leverage for the whoremaster to control her, especially since her developmental ages are missing. In those developmental years, the child learns so much about intimacy, about reassurance, about relationship. In those years, children learn tremendous amounts about how to relate, about how to be. When these precious years are disrupted, the girl will have many issues for it is like being in an adult world but operating from a repressed three-month-old reality.

Sometimes, when there are such large memory gaps, she may try to fill in that material with any memories she can. This is where false memory syndrome can happen. She has a huge hole from her trauma, from being numb from trauma, so she may invent stories for the missing gaps. If she has a reason, then she can have some kind of explanation for whatever it is she is struggling with. It is more comforting to

think we know something that fills in the memories that are missing than being just in the unknown of what is missing.

BEING LOVED VERSUS FEELING RESPONSIBLE FOR BEING LOVED

When we feel we must do something to receive love, we will never feel loved. For even if people love us for what we do, we are still unloved because we are loved for the thing that was done and not for us. Then we have to go and do it all over again tomorrow.

The only way to be loved is to be the child self. The child self knows the love of and intimacy with the Divine. The child self knows that the love and intimacy are not for anything that it does, but for who it is. It is part of the primacy of the child innocence that it is loved for itself. As adults, learning to be loved for what we do is all part of how we must exteriorize ourselves in the world. Part of this is looking for approval. Part of this is an attempt to find a place in the world so that we can then say, “Look, I belong! Look what I have presented or put into the world!”

This is part of the normal evolutionary process. However, it is necessary to retrace our steps back to the child self. If we encounter a wound in the attempt to return and claim our innocence, then the journey will be a cavern instead of a road. This cavern is trauma. The pain that is part of the breach takes us back to the child self, and this alone allows us to be loved for us. Jumping out of the pain into shame or responsibility places us back into being responsible for being loved.

When we are responsible for being loved, we do not need to feel our pain. We can go back to receiving love by doing the right thing. This is safer. It gives us a sense of control which, although completely unsatisfying, seems to be what we like or want.



GEISHA GIRL

Christa Lancaster

I grew up being like a geisha girl to my father. I found the way to get his attention was by being tall, thin, blonde and attractive. I was like

my father in the social realm, able to socialize with ease. My mother used to say about my father that no one could work a room like him.

He was a pro. In 1971, Barbara Walters wrote a book called, *How to Talk about Practically Anything with Practically Anybody*. My older brother Tim, who was shy and admiring of my social skills, gave it to me for Christmas that year.

I parlayed the powers of social seduction into a place in the world. It was the deal that I made with the demon, the way that I sold my soul. It worked well for me at boarding school in England. I won a reputation for social finesse with the reserved house mistress, Miss Bowditch, whose dour manner at mealtimes intimidated most of my fellow house members into silence. Not me. I could charm even Miss Bowditch into a smile with anecdotes and put everyone at the table at ease by drawing her out with my warmth and curious line of questions.

I learned as a teenager, in the corridors of corporate culture, to pander to powerful men's needs for a sympathetic, female ear. I remember sitting under an old maple tree in Brewster, New York with the CEO of the company my father worked for. He told me his feelings about his sons, especially the one who had left home and gone to Colorado to work as a short order cook. I asked him questions about himself. He did not ask me about myself. My gift was to listen to men, to open them up. That was my seductive tool. That was what I knew to get their attention. I was not looking for a man to see me or know me. This was my way of pandering to men.

I came to know myself as a woman through men. I was defined by what they needed. I gave my own self up to meet their needs. Interspersed between these men were men that I seduced and then spurned. Amidst this game, I also had the capacity to attract the right kind of man. From these men I always ran. To be with them would have meant being vulnerable. To become vulnerable would take many years of inner work.



When we give up the control of trying to prove our worth, which is part of the hormonal issues that go back to adolescence, and go a deeper level of innocence, our doing is irrelevant. The love is there. It does not matter what we do or do not do.

The death of the self seeks to find love for its own sake, for the sake of the child self. The difference between being a searcher of God and a finder of God is that the child self already has God. As the not-child self, we may search and even if we desire to find God, as long as we are searching, we will never find God. This searching, in fact, is often a form of control. In this case, the most terrible thing is to find God because it means we must die to the primacy, die to the child self, which is there waiting.

Why are we so afraid? Because we forgot it is there; we have jumped into oblivion. But there is pain, there is fear, there are feelings that really are not of the oblivion, but will take us to God. The biggest problem with trying to prove ourselves worthy of love is not that we do not get the love or that we believe we have control over the process. The biggest problem is that there is no passion in anything. When we feel loved, the passion that comes from feeling loved is different than the passion that comes from not having the love and then desiring to have the love. It takes love to receive love. It takes feeling the love to have passion for the love.

This is why pathology has such an advantage. When we do not have the love, it is hard to have the passion for the love. When we are cut off from our child self, from the child self that has the knowledge of the love, we are cut off from the passion to even want the love. It is hard to want the love if we do not have it, if we have never had it.

Love begets passion for itself. Many people say they want the love, but they do not have enough love in them to want the love. It takes time to go deep enough in the work, to feel the pain, in order to receive the love. The pain comes from the lack of love. To get to the pain that is about the lack of the love can bring us to the place of wanting the desire. But where is the commitment to God if we are trying to be worthy and/or prove something? Often, even people in advanced work still look over their shoulders at their teachers wondering if they are good enough.

It takes the passion, it takes the innocence and it takes the primal need of the child wanting to suckle at its mother's breast. There is the same primal need for God. This is why sensuality is part of Jacob's Ladder. The desire, the yearning. We have to have the passion. It is not enough to say that we want God; we must be the child that wants God. Then, we have the real yearning.

Giving to Receive

Sometimes we want to compensate for what we do not have by thinking if we can give it to others, we will receive. Sometimes, we give from an archetypal or core soul place and we are at our best when we are giving. People respond to us and we receive for giving. And yet, somehow, if we are honest, we can feel how we are not really fulfilled.

As soon as we stop giving and are in the self, alone in the self, we can feel really scared. Or we find that when we are alone, the Divine is not there unless others are present saying how great we are because we gave.

If the only way we receive is by giving, then we are not receiving. The big lie is that if we give, we will get. Although it is true that we get when we give, if we do not receive just for being, we are not really deep enough to just be the child self that receives and we do not really have anything to give from a place of being fulfilled. Giving from a place of being unfulfilled is narcissistic in that although it may be fulfilling for us and the other, it is based on a lie. The truth is that we are not fully ourselves with the Divine.

The difficult part is having to drop down into the child self, the soul self, that needs and that goes beyond the point where we are hurt, wounded, where we learned that we had to give as a way to receive. It is difficult because when we were the child self, naked and vulnerable, it was not there for us.

To let go into the child self is scary because it takes us back into the trauma of being vulnerable with nothing to give and given nothing. It is this loss that we have to pass back through that shrieks at us that we were given nothing and we will be given nothing again. We believe that we cannot be that vulnerable to receive, that we can only receive if we prove our value by giving something in the first place.

This is all a lie. We must go through that fear and face into the fear and uncertainty of the loss we experienced. These losses happened when we were children and we did not have the Divine. As children, we were not in a place where we could surrender the way we can as adults. Children do not have recourse in what their parents give them or do not give them.

But as adults, we can be the child self again knowing that it is a different scenario. Facing into the core of loss and fear to come out the other end in a place of abundance is a terrifying thing indeed, but we must do it. The letting go process is not an intellectual process, not just, as the Buddhists would say, a cleansing of the mind. Rather, it is traveling through the trauma and allowing the trauma itself to be given up by feeling ourselves going through it.



UNCLE RICK

Christa Lancaster

Dream from early in my work:

I am at the Thatchers' house called Pedregal in Bermuda in our old neighborhood, Tamarind Vale. I am with my childhood friend, Liane, and her father who I called Uncle Rick. I feel deeply connected to them and loved by them. I relive a feeling of wholeness and realness from the past I experienced when I was with them as a child.

The Thatchers lived down the lane from us in the house into which I came as a newborn from the hospital. When I was two, my parents sold their house named Pedregal, to Rick and Joan, their good friends, and we moved to the other side of the neighborhood. My first home became the Thatchers' home, the one in which I always felt most at ease and alive.

For me, Pedregal was my real home where I felt most like myself. The Thatcher household was eccentric and dysfunctional where my family's house was conventional, ordered and highly functional in the way that it was run. At the Thatchers', I felt like I mattered. I was visible. Their father, Rick, unlike my own, was involved with his children's lives. He knew who our friends were and what we were doing. One weekend, Liane and I wanted to sleep in her Uncle Clive's speedboat which was temporarily stored in a corner of their property. Uncle Rick was the grown-up who watched out for us all night, coming out periodically to make sure that we were safe. On the weekends when he had to work, we would go with him and play office at the bank where he was an officer. We sharpened pencils in the electric sharpener and took turns taking dictation on large yellow legal pads. I always felt like I belonged.

When we were teenagers Uncle Rick always welcomed the boys who came over and made it clear that we were not allowed to be alone with them in his daughter Liane's bedroom. When he disapproved of someone's behavior, he let us know. It mattered to him. He cared enough to be involved. He was not a perfect husband but he knew how to love his children in a way that they felt loved and protected. By extension I was a surrogate child. He died my sophomore year at Barnard of lung cancer. At the time of this dream, he had been dead for twelve years.

I did not know my own father in this way. He was never a part of the day to day routine in our lives. I learned very early on that I was a satellite in his orbit, revolving around the center of his world. I learned to be an accessory. I learned to be well behaved. I learned to be a good, submissive young woman. I learned to gain his approval by not rocking the boat. I learned to squelch my fiery temper. I learned to tamp down my desires. I learned how to please him and by extension, other men. I learned to hide my needs, to bury my desires, to acquiesce. I learned the power of seduction as a female. I learned how to manipulate men to get what I wanted. I gave my father what I

thought he wanted to capture his attention. I wanted his attention. I wanted him to notice me. I wanted more than anything for him to want to know who I was, what I thought. I wanted this respect. All of this was unconscious. I did not know any of this.

Bud



Liane was my best friend. Uncle Rick knew how to pay attention to his children and to me. He was genuinely curious. His curiosity and attention felt like love to me. That is why he showed up in the first months of my work with Marc. He was the only grown-up man that I could trust. He was the only man that I could turn to. He became in my psyche, the only link to a father I could trust.



The nature of pathology is how we live in the world without feeling the love, without feeling the support, acclimating and surviving and not even thinking for a moment that we are bereft. We do not know we are bereft or we believe that the feeling of being bereft is based on outer world issues such as career, money, family, losing a game, and so on.

The only panacea is love, is the connection. When we are in the deepest realm of the work and we have gone down rung after rung after rung, it eventually comes down to simply being in the love or not. At this level, we are either in trauma or not, in the love or not. When we are in the love, everything else become irrelevant. The stark difference between those two realms, those two experiences of consciousness, can be as stark as day and night. The world lives and breathes in the absence of that love.

We often look for the love from our mothers or fathers. We project it onto heroes. We look to anyone who we believe has that Animus quality to give us the love in the outer world that we would have inside. The problem is that the people we look to for love do not have it either.

Some people who look for the love may get it by having other people dote on them. They are like vampires in the night sucking on others' blood. But people are also very willing to give their blood away, to give themselves away. They are willing because they believe it will solve their issues.

There are the takers and the givers/victims. Both sides, of course, are sides of the pathology. One side is proactive, with high-functioning people, and the other is passive, with low-functioning people. Becoming a more functional person does not solve anything. All it does is make us better able to be predators, people who can take from others, take from the world, and be satisfied.

There are those who give in the world and it is the same. We give so that we will receive and then we will be fulfilled through the giving. We must receive, that is the first thing to do. To receive, we have to die to the child self. It is as simple as that. Without that, everything is evil. The pathology takes over and we have the world as it is. The world is full of good things and bad things, but it is all part of pathology.

Autonomy

It is important for the Animus that we are autonomous. If the Animus loves us and we are not autonomous, then we are porous. His love goes right through us. We cannot hold it; we cannot contain the moment.

Dream:

I see snowflakes coming down and see one that is not just a snowflake, but an amazing mandala. I run inside to tell a man about it, but by the time we come back outside, the snowflake is gone.

This dreamer felt compelled to leave the snowflake, to go inside to tell a man about what she had seen. She was willing to give up the snowflake, which she then could not find later, for the sake of an affirmation because she does not feel affirmed on her own. In the moment she was with the snowflake, she loved it and loved that it was magical, but there was nobody to support her to enjoy it. She could not enjoy it on her own.

Children often say, “Mom! Dad! Look!” When we are the child self, looking for affirmation from the Divine in this way can be a good thing. But if we give away the miracle to get the affirmation, it is not a good thing. The issue for this dreamer is to not give up the miracle, is to not give away what is precious to her for the affirmation.

Seeking affirmation is like giving up our souls for the love. Many people do this in relationship, especially women. A woman will give up what is most precious in her for the sake of the love of the man. Not that the man is necessarily asking for her to do this - she just does it out of some belief that she cannot have the magic and be loved for it.

For this dreamer, nobody supported her for the magic she felt in her life, so she does not support herself for the magic either. She gives it away for the sake of the love. The Animus cannot stay with her when she gives herself away when He loves her. For her in this moment, if the Animus loves her, it would end up diminishing her rather than giving her something more.

The Animus in conjunctio wants to give us something. The lack of autonomy means that we cannot accept any gift. For this dreamer, she cannot accept any gift because she believes she has to give it away to be loved.



SHAME

Shame and Sensuality

Sensuality cannot exist when we hate ourselves. Shame does not allow for sensuality. Sensuality comes out of a sense of love, a love we feel in the body. We can be vulnerable and open and intimate. In this place of sensuality, we are sensitive to people who are poisonous and will immediately recoil from them. We feel what feels right and what feels wrong.

But if we have shame, we may reach out for anybody who will give us attention. Because there is no love, we will seek affirmation. Sometimes, rather than seeking affirmation by being a doctor or lawyer or chief, we seek affirmation by groveling. Predatorial personalities look for people who are broken. The whoremaster, who is behind this, looks to engage that unworthiness through sex. It takes sensual feelings and the need for connection, conjunctio and emotional joining, the wanting to be complete, and twists it through shame, causing us to settle for anyone. Because we hate ourselves, we will settle for someone who does not love us. This leaves a vacuum and the whoremaster will gladly step in and fill it, then find others to play it out for us.

When we grovel for affirmation with the whoremaster, it manifests in dreams as a violating rape or as anal sex. Or worse, it can manifest as the whoremaster rejecting us even as we grovel. This makes us feel even more unworthy. This is especially true for clients who have worked hard to get away from the whoremaster. When it gets us back, it really wants to attack because it is angry. In this case, instead of using us, it will reject us to make us feel worse.

Sexuality can be a vehicle for control for people who are looking for affirming. But it ends up destroying them or perpetuating their misery. From here, they can complain about being taken advantage of or used. It is not obvious to them that they are setting themselves up.

Rather than seeking affirmation from a place of shame, we need to face into the fact that we feel shame and that there is something underneath - fear of love or some deep wound that we will need to pass through in order to break the pattern.

Modern Woman Tell Me I'm Beautiful

Marley



Fear and Shame

When we get lost to the fear, when we react to our fear, the pathology can do psychological damage without us even realizing it because the fear covers the reaction. As long as we are afraid and are compensating for the fear or reacting to it, we do not really know what we are doing.

This is why when most people behave badly, they do not know it. If they do something blatantly mean to reject others, even if they violate others, they are just afraid and they often do not know what they are doing. Their fear makes them completely unconscious of their effect on others.

If it goes the next step and the person cannot even acknowledge the fear, but instead tries to justify it by being right, then the person is two layers away from resolution. So many people are fickle because they cover up and then they make everyone else wrong. If we react, it only makes it worse.

When we are at the receiving end of this, turning the other cheek can break the pattern. If we do not react then their justification for what they do ends. In this case, many will find their hearts again and see what they are doing. They are not going to have the opportunity to do this if we react. The reaction reinforces their fear because we are giving back to them exactly what they were afraid we were going to do in the first place or what they projected we might do.

People always want to be a victim. It is the way to cover their fear. The way to get underneath this in others and in ourselves is to know that when we do such things, we do them out of fear. When we face into our fear, we stop being abusive. When we

avoid the fear, when we act out in the world from a reaction to fear, we are putting something dark into the world without wanting to or even knowing it.

We do not know because we are scared and when we are scared in this way, we have a blind spot. We cannot see that we are actually causing a wound. When we wound each other, we mostly do not mean to wound each other.

The way to stop causing wounds in the world in this way is to notice when we are scared and notice what we do about it. We have to keep feeling into our fear and not react. From this place, we will be able to see what to do. If we do not know we are afraid, we will keep repeating the pattern.

When we are scared and we avoid our fear, we do things that hurt ourselves or others. When we add shame to the mixture, then we may lash out at others and shame them. Or we may become very motivated to be the best we can be in order to prove our value. We may get jobs that require that we work long days every day, working through the shame by constantly proving our value by virtue of the effort we make.

This is exhausting, of course. We can brag about it, we can go into bravado about it. And then when others do not work as hard as we do, we can make them the bad guys, projecting that they are losers. In this game, somebody has to be a loser and it is not going to be us. There is no compassion, no love. It is just having to prove ourselves so that we are not the loser.

The underlying issue is not just shame. Shame adds to it, but the real issue is fear. Shame likes fear because when we are afraid, we cannot do anything about it. Fear does not give instructions. Shame, however, does. Shame instructs us to be the best or to be the worst or to just get by. It teaches us how to manage our fear to give us a way to prove ourselves to be better than or worse than.

There is no love in any of this. Just fear. The first step is to break the pride by confronting the fact of needing to be the best or worst. This is breaking the aspect of the gyroscope that constantly makes us need to prove ourselves, to be the superhero. It gets whittled down to the shame. The next step is to confront the shame to see what is underneath it.

It is possible to get underneath the shame, to get under the control of shame. To get to the deeper feelings of pain or fear or desire or sadness or yearning or passion - the feelings of the child self.

Shame and Self-Hatred

If we abuse ourselves, if we hate ourselves for what we do or have done, we may think that we have paid a penance and are ready to change. But hating ourselves for what we do does not create change. We are only moving the violence that was inflicted onto us back onto ourselves in a way so that we are the ones inflicting the violence on ourselves rather than someone else. It does not change the fact that the violence continues.

Self-hatred is not self-discernment. Self-discernment requires a level of confronting and feeling our own pain in terms of how we have inflicted violence on others and how violence has been inflicted onto us. The pain requires us to face into our trauma, face into very difficult feelings that have been repressed.

We try to bypass these feelings by hating or shaming ourselves, thinking we are somehow reconciling it when all we are doing is making it worse. Self-hatred leads to violence and lack of acceptance. There is no forgiveness in shaming ourselves. The Divine cannot reach us, cannot heal and empower us. Shame gives us the control and creates an obstacle to any sort of healing.

Shame and Nihilism

If we live in nihilism, we cannot have love. The only way to get love is through pain. When we are hurt, if we feel that we are not worthy or that something is wrong with us instead of feeling the hurt that our love is not returned, then shame gets involved with the hurt. When this happens, it is a chemical reaction that can create nihilism. With nihilism, pain cannot be accepted as simply being hurt by the lack of return of the love, which is a normal, healthy feeling. Even the Divine gets hurt when we do not respond to its love.

But the Divine is not diminished by the hurt because we do not love back. The Archetypes do not know nihilism; the Archetypes can only know pain. When we reach the level of feeling our hurt, when we have love in our hearts and someone disappoints us, then we end up with compassion. The opposite of nihilism is compassion. Disappointment creates compassion or the hurt that is part of the understanding of the other's suffering.

If the hurt comes from feeling unworthy, then it is nihilism - feeling that we are not good, that nobody loves us, that we will never have anyone. This creates a general sense of hopelessness.

Shifting out of nihilism is difficult for once it takes hold, it is the worst form of shame because it is the shame that focuses on self-hate. Once we begin to hate ourselves from a place of hopelessness, from the pain of disappointment, we are driven into the darkest, deepest well. It is in this well that some may commit suicide.

Nihilism is not a lack of self-esteem. The problem with esteem is that it actually means pride. It is not really love, not really self-love. Self-esteem is not what we feel when we feel loved by God. It is, rather, the self esteeming itself and it is very fragile. There are many who have self-esteem and nothing ever seems to bother them. But they have no compassion because they have no feeling. They cannot really love for they are so insulated that they perhaps do not even feel a sense of disappointment.

Instead, they prop themselves up, they become caretakers, they have empathy and pity but they do not have compassion because they do not have Divine love. Self-esteem often masks either tremendous shame or a great deal of fear.

People with self-esteem may not go into a nihilistic place, but they are often

aloof, conceited caretakers. They may even feel good sometimes, but they do not have the goodness of Divine love. To have Divine love requires an awareness of pain. If we cannot feel pain, we cannot have Divine love. Divine love and pain go together. This is why it is so important to become aware of our hurt.

Moving out of nihilism is a long journey because once we move through the nihilism, we must dismantle the shame. Then we have to be able to distinguish between the pain that was lost and nihilism. We have to be able to make this discernment without falling back into nihilism.

Hopefully, by the time we get to the point of unraveling the shame, we start to feel some of the Divine love so that we can feel the real pain. With Divine love, we do not fall back into nihilism. We fall back into pain.

As long as we are in nihilism, we can never feel God's love. Never. The depression continues unrelenting and the shame continues unrelenting. The shame may have triggered pain to nihilism, but once we are in nihilism, it does not convert back very easily. Once shame and pain convert to nihilism, it is very difficult. The only thing that heals this is love and it is very hard to receive that love if we do not feel our pain.

Separating pain from nihilism is crucial if we are to get to the place where we can truly begin to be healed. We have to go back in time, find the original wound and instead of going into shame which triggers the nihilism, we have to feel the raw initial hurt. This is where the child self waits for our attention. The dreams will take us to the place where pain converted to shame and nihilism as a way to turn it around. The dreams will give situations that best carry the pain we need to feel in order to begin to be vulnerable and open to the love again.

Shame Pain

Not all pain is the same. Shame pain is a form of nihilism, self-hate, despondency. It is part of what we feel as part of abuse or as part of the destruction of our sense of self. Every time we fail or receive ourselves as a failure, the pain of this is turned into more shame so that we always feel beaten down. Real pain, however, the pain about shame or being shamed, comes from the child self.

The pristine identity of the child self is destroyed by the shame and the child self knows it. The child self can know this because the child self feels itself as an extraordinary being who is worthy of love. Living in the toilet of the psyche causes the child self a great deal of pain. But we do not feel the pain because we do not feel worthy enough to be the child self. We do not feel worthy enough to realize how the shame attacks hurt us. Rather, we feel we are the source of the problem which means that the pain becomes part of the shame.

When we are shown how being in shame is destructive to the child, the pathology will tell us that we are indeed bad. If we listen, then we feel pain, but again, the pain is projected back onto ourselves as self-blame. It is a form of narcissism, as

all nihilism is. When we disregard or kick the child out or ignore the child in a dream, then feel bad about doing it, the minute we feel bad is the minute we are doing it again. Pushing the child down because we feel bad about pushing the child down.

If we feel the pain, if we are the child being rejected by the unconscious part of ourselves that is not the real us, then we do not take responsibility for it. Except, of course, to acknowledge that when we are not in the child self, this thing is destroying us. But it is also important to acknowledge that we are not the thing rejecting the child. Instead, we are really the child. If we cannot make this connection, then we are wound up once more in the cycle of self-blame and shame.

Because pain is always about love or the lack of love, if we cannot feel our pain, we cannot get to the love. Shame is never about love or the lack of it. Shame is not even about feeling even though it pretends it is looking for a way to feel better. We do not actually feel better when we feel shame; what we feel when we look to shame to make us feel better is manic.

Being bigger is not love; it is being bigger, inflated. When we get big and we are surrounded by doting fans, people we can have sex with or teach or teach with, we are still alone because there is no love. We try to compensate for the lack of love by having or owning. Having or owning is all well and good, but it is not love. Underneath the shame or the elation of having is not the elation of love, but the pain of not being loved, whether it is linked to trauma or to the separation from the Divine.

This pain is always the key. If we can get to the pain, it trumps everything else. It is deep and hard to reach and everything conspires to keep us from it. But from that place we can recognize love when it is offered to us. We do not need to go into shame when someone lovingly gives us direction because they acknowledge us. When we react, we react because we cannot feel the love; the reaction is from shame and trying to be in control.

When we are able to feel and communicate with the Divine, even if what we are told is harsh, if we feel the love of it, it does not feel harsh. We know that it is for our well-being; it is about becoming more than what we are. The pathology wants us to believe that it is about being less than what we are.

When we are in shame, we interpret everything through the shame or we have to do something to be good. Being is good is not really an answer. Love does not want us to be good. Love wants us to be real and to accept the love. Then we are changed. But without the love, we are some variation of some personality that is disconnected. Whether it is good or bad, it is still disconnected.

The place of pain leads us to yearning and passion where we can be held. In this way, yearning allows us to be open. Wanting, however, is not yearning. Wanting love is often a form of anger and wanting things on our own terms. But to be broken and vulnerable and yearning, we become the vessel where Alchemy can happen. In that vessel, we can receive the love and the miracle can happen to us. It is a form of conjunctio, a type of union, from our hearts to the Divine heart.

Shame will interpret hurt or disappointment as personal rejection. Of course, sometimes we do experience rejection because we are truly hurt and rejected, but often the pain is not rejection. Personal rejection formed by shame's involvement in hurt is not a feeling but an emotion.

Pain has nothing to do with feelings of being unworthy. Pain is there because we are separated from the love. When shame is there and the pain we feel from the shame is not really pain, we will often want to do something about it because it feels like pain. We want to cause things in our lives to be different which manifests as some kind of manipulation, some way of controlling things which is exactly what pathology wants us to do. The reality is that pain does not need or want to control. It just wants the love.

Shame, fear of being shamed, pride are all ingredients in how we interpret hurt. When we do any of these things, we are in trouble. For example, one way to do something is to try to find the right way, to live right, to be a beacon of light for others. Although we may be doing some good, it is just to keep ourselves in control and we do not have the love. We are manufacturing love, using values and maybe even humanitarianism to create love.

When shame or pride become the motivating force or mania for our hurt, we have to do something about that hurt. If we are a Type A personality, we can do something about it, but we are still not in the love. We may find people to love us for all the great things we are, all the great things we do, we may get a great epitaph on our grave, but if we do not feel love in our life, it will never matter. It is just a bandage on our psyche.

It is important to get underneath. Whether it is the success of self (getting people to love us) or the failure of self (failure to get people to love us), the bottom line is that we have to get in touch with our pain. Once we get in touch with our pain, we can get in touch with the Archetype, the Father. But the pain cannot have shame in it, cannot be tainted by unworthiness. It has to be pain that goes to a wound. The dreams will help to differentiate this.

If we are not clear, we will be bashed around by the emotion of pain rather than feeling the feeling of pain. When the emotion of pain is unleashed, we become totally lost. For some of us, it gets so bad that we may need antidepressants. But the feeling of pain contains the underlying desire and passion for an openness to the Divine. The real pain always brings us love or brings us into a wound that will bring us into love.

FROM ELLEN KEENE

When I was lost, I thought the way to be found was in the world, but I was wrong.

Once the hormones hit at puberty, I turned my back on my childhood and headed out into the fray to become somebody special. How does a person go about becoming special? I read autobiographies of famous women looking for hints. Was there a recipe I could follow? Anais Nin was an artist and she had lots of lovers. Maybe that is how it happens. I decided I would be an artist and have lots of lovers, too. I wanted to live a colorful and extraordinary life, do interesting things, make a difference as well as be loved and admired. I felt full of possibility, hopes and dreams. I was fresh and young and I thought I knew who I was and where I was headed.

But the life I imagined was not the life I ended up living. Some darkness inside me kept sucking the color out of everything. Why was I so insecure? Why did I feel like such a loser? What was wrong with me? Why was my life not working? Maybe I need to DO something else, go to school, study with a famous teacher, be a vegetarian, subvert the dominant paradigm, move to Vermont... Yes, I hated myself but if I worked harder, things would change, right?

Well, I have changed and that is no small miracle. For I am not the hate or the hated. That lie is dead though it still haunts me at times. No, I now know the truth of who I really am.

When I was lost I looked for myself everywhere except the one place I might actually be found. And then I happened to come across a path that would take me home. The way home was not out there somewhere around the next bend, it was within me, night after night as I lay sleeping and dreaming.

In my first session with Marc, he wants to know why I have come, what I am looking for if I become his client. I feel irked by his question but I do my best with it. I tell him I loved my first husband, Gary, but I left him after ten years because I fell in love with another man, Michael. We are now engaged and I am afraid the same thing will happen to Michael and I. I am afraid the love will go away.

Why did I leave Gary? I felt that I had retired at thirty-five. That my life was

over, I was so depressed. We had moved to Vermont from New York City to go “back to the land” in June of 1991 and by the winter of 1993, I was miserable. In my despair I would sit alone in the wood fired sauna, crying. When I stepped out into the freezing air to pour cold water on myself, I would hold up the water like a supplicant and through my tears I prayed for God to please help me, to show me the way, to lead me.

It is not like I was religious or had any relationship with God at the time. I did consider myself a feminist green witch, however, and played at worshipping the Goddess. I like working with herbs and plants. “Divine” was really just an intellectual idea to me, so “Goddess” suited my rebelliousness. But I notice that even then I did not pray to the Mother in my darkest hour. In my desperation, it was to God that I turned. I had been introduced to Him first, as a child, and I still retained a link to a seed of something primal and primary in me.

I was so lost and unhappy. I knew I needed help.

Dream:

I am in a car. Gary is driving and I am in the front seat white-knuckling it because I am scared. It is pitch black out and Gary is racing down a dock that juts way out over the ocean. I see the end of the dock ahead. Just before we sail out into the water a mechanical arm stops the car in mid air. I climb out and a sea captain is standing there and he tells me we have to sail when the wind is good.

Marc said, “The Sea Captain? That is who I work for. He is the Animus. I do what He tells me to.” In the gestalt, I ask the Sea Captain, “Why have you come for me?” When I switched into the chair to speak as the Sea Captain, I did not know what to say, I only experienced confusion. But Marc heard the Sea Captain’s answer and had me respond to myself in the empty chair, “Because you asked me to come.”

And I did not understand. I never asked the Sea Captain for anything. Then Marc reminded me how all winter I had prayed and asked God to show me the way. God had answered.

And thus I began my journey home.

One of the first issues I had to deal with was how I blamed men for my problems, something I had probably learned from my mother. It came up in the following dream:

I was being chased by a shadowy man and I was running. I was sure he was bad.

When I found out the man was the Animus, I got pissed. How dare the good guys trick me like that. But, had I blamed men? Had I blamed Gary for our failed marriage? Did my mother blame men, too? In the session, I could not take it in

because I was pissed! I turned my anger on Marc, saying, “How do you know this is true!” That was a cover for what I really wanted to say which was, “Who the hell do you think you are? What right do you have to tell me these things about myself! I have not given you permission to talk to me like that!” Marc knew I was reacting, he said “Do not quit the work. You are too smart to quit the work now!” I snapped at him, “If I cannot let you see my anger then who can I?” I left that session in a rage, full of self-righteousness and wounded pride. I would stay in the dreamwork just to prove I was not a quitter.

But that night, I dreamed I saw a photograph of my father from an album my mother had never let me see. In the picture, my father is young and handsome and he looks at me with eyes filled with the pain of having been misunderstood. When I woke up, I knew the truth. I experienced it for myself when I looked into my father’s eyes in my dream. It cut me to the core. The truth might be painful but I wanted more.

When I freaked out during my session it was because I was scared by what Marc was saying only I did not know it. I reacted in anger and that was a pattern for me. Nasty anger and judgment. My pathology got caught red-handed in his office doing its thing! And he was right about me. I had bought into a certain feminist perspective that men were to blame. I did harbor an ugly disdain that went back to my mother’s view of my father. He was never good enough for her. He was blue collar and she wanted him to be white collar. He was a failure as a provider. She was cold, controlling, aloof, judgmental and narcissistic. Competitive. Angry. I had become just like her.

My first stage work was all about having to own that this was how I behaved. I had to let the painful truth of it sink in before I could see my behavior was a result of how pathology controlled me. My anger was like a hammer. It would lash out - BAM! - if I felt threatened as I did when Marc said the shadow guy was the Archetype. “How dare you,” it hammered. I experienced such a strong reaction, I believed it was justified and righteous. Bam! “Get control of this situation because your life is at stake,” is an example of what pathology would say.

Not that I was consciously aware of such a thing running me at the time. I was like a puppet at the end of its strings. I thought it was me. I believed if I felt something like anger, then it was true and that meant I was obligated to express it. I had no idea that it was emotion, a reaction, or that it was a symptom of a much deeper malaise. I did not understand how projection worked or what I really felt. And pathology wanted me to stay that way.

But pathology’s most favorite mode of operation was to have me direct the Hammer against myself. The rage would pound me like I was a nail. I was a worthless piece of shit that was entirely to blame for everything. I hated myself. I do not ever remember a time when I did not experience this hate for myself. My mother did not have the love to give. She never got the love herself. Her pathology whipped me the way it whipped her. It was not her fault. She could not love me and she was unfulfilled by motherhood. She wondered what was wrong with me that I did not satisfy her? I

wondered too. What is wrong with me? She rejected me and I took the blame for it.

I was grumpy as far back as I can remember. I was angry because I was hurt, but I was not aware of it then. I could not have needs because to have needs was really threatening. I got trained up that my needs were bad. As I grew, I became chubby and ugly. I met the world as an unloved kid that no one liked. “Ellie Elephant in an elevator ready to fight: boom, boom.” That was a taunt from my best friend in third grade. The pathology’s lie was already well established in me.

I can feel it now as I write this, just recalling this place in me. I lived in this lie my whole life. The lie that I was abhorrent. I saw it reflected everywhere in the outer world as confirmation that I was detestable. Now it feels like a stab in my heart. I do not remember when I took over stabbing myself in the heart but I did. Over and over until that became how I knew myself. If I did not have that feeling of cutting at my own heart, who was I? I would not exist.

The pathology’s biggest success was to hoodwink me so completely as a child that I believed there was nothing inside me worth loving or cherishing. It still wants me to be that child so lost from herself, so despising her very gifts. I could not speak when called on in school without choking on my words; my throat would involuntarily tighten and I would gulp. I was so hammered down by self-hate that just this simple exposure of being called on in class was enough to trigger my shame. I believed I had to get it right, to please whoever the authority was or else I would be abandoned. I was already abandoned even though I did my best to be my mother’s good girl. I bought her view of how I should be. If I was just pretty enough, charming enough, popular enough then I would be loved. I believed I had to earn, prove, measure up. I abandoned myself and looked to the world for my soul, desperate for approval.

Of course, the Hammer made sure I never got approval. Or if I did, it made sure I never felt I deserved it. It had me take the blame for everything but would not let me accept responsibility for my mistakes. It had me act testy and confrontive in some situations but not when I really needed to stand up for myself. It convinced me to slit my wrist as a young teen, filled me with loathing when I looked at myself in the mirror, drove me to give my virginity away like it was a curse, then had me screwing one man after another for the fleeting validation and illusion of power and control. How did I survive all those strangers, the speeding cars, the drinking and the drugs?

Being so battered down in my spirit as the Nail made it difficult to face into my part in my suffering during my early years in the dreamwork. Wasn’t I a victim? That was how pathology got me to justify my behavior. If I was not a victim then the Hammer would bash me, saying I was the biggest piece of shit that ever existed. That justified my behavior too. Every time I was shown my pathology, every time my icky behavior was exposed the Hammer said that proved I was icky. All that reactivity was my nihilism, pain perverted through shame. Something would happen in the world, like I would not get what I wanted or someone might look at me funny and I would get triggered, stuck in nihilism for days and weeks even.

My husband Michael remembers the size and frequency of these attacks. He

would watch me in the throes of hammering myself as the Nail, buried under the bed covers, writhing and retching, and then going out into the world and making choices from this hell, interacting with people from this hell and thereby perpetuating this hell. How could it not?

If given a reprieve through a dream, like an experience of the Archetypes trying to love me, it was not long before the peace would erode and I would cave in to the nihilism again. It felt so true, it was all I knew, I was so identified with it. It made me want to annihilate myself and I would feel emotional pain in a cycle of suffering that told me it was never going to end. It took a long time for me to get that I was not the pathology.

A few years after we were married, Michael and I had a baby who died. The pathology told me God was angry at me and was punishing me. I was so beaten down by the Hammer that I believed what it said. Her name was Zoe Maria and she only lived 29 days. I feel the loss of her very deeply. I had 2 miscarriages before I got pregnant with Zoe. We were so happy and expectant. Twenty nine weeks into my pregnancy, my placenta suddenly tore away from my uterus and after a flood of blood and a nightmare of panic, Zoe was born November 29, 1997 by emergency cesarean. She was almost dead but the doctors were able to milk the umbilical cord to get enough blood to fill her veins and save her life. The blood loss severely damaged her brain and she survived until December 28th, when she died in my arms.

At first, I was cast into the deep well of my pain and feeling and it was pure. A lifetime of grief let loose. My heart break was excruciating. The pain of my loss was so sharp it penetrated the comfortable distance I had unconsciously maintained from the suffering of others. I knew intimately the pain underlying the countless stories of loved ones lost. I was awash in compassion for myself and others.

But it was not long after Zoe's death that pathology used my loss as nihilistic proof that I was abhorrent even to God. The voice that always tore me down was amplified a thousand fold. "You cannot have your heart's desire. You are barren, flawed. You are a failure as a human being. God has abandoned you. God has betrayed you. You are scum. I hate you. If only you had a child, your life would be better. But God hates you. Hide your face in shame. Everyone is judging you. Now you are just fat with nothing to show for it. You are making everyone uncomfortable. Cheer up and get over it. Get on with your life!" If I had not been working my dreams with Marc, if I had not been held by Pastor Dianne Bregman's church, if I did not have my husband Michael, I would never have survived. I would have drank myself to death.

After another miscarriage, a miracle occurred. I gave birth to our healthy son Ian on August 8th, 2000. Marc, our families and others in our community joined Michael and I in a collective sigh of relief. But my suffering continued. Marc said now I would see that my suffering was never about whether I had a child or not. I began to realize how much I had indeed projected everything onto having a baby. The work of facing the demon responsible for making such a hash of my life accelerated. I had hidden how much shame I felt even from myself and, unknowingly, I had been

protecting the demon by hiding it.

Over time the Archetypes built up what was true in me and tore down at what was false. I had been working with Marc for 7 years before I could isolate the experience of shame in myself. I had no idea how steeped in it I was. I had coped and managed from shame for so long. It was a huge turning point for me to begin to recognize what shame felt like and how it was a lie and that I could make a choice about it.

Over the last 7 years, shame has been a major theme that has woven all throughout the fabric of my work. Weakened here, exposed there but never fully broken. Then I had the following dream:

I am strangling a woman and shouting at her in a rage, “You betrayed me! You took over my project, you stole her man...” I can feel my hands squeezing into her neck. Then I wake up in an orgasm.

I felt scared by this dream at first, reacting to the story of it. What were the Archetypes saying to me about my passion? My mind filled with the voice of shame, “Here is the proof you are really bad, you pervert.” But deep under the surface story of the dream, deep in my feeling experience, my rage was directed at the woman, not at myself. I lash outward instead of once again lashing inward. I am not directing the rage and hate against myself. This is a huge turning point for me.

The woman I was strangling was probably my mother. This was all part of healing my wound with her and opening up to my own primalcy, passion and libido. I am given this dream because I am ready for its gift; I would never be given this dream if I were likely to act this out in the world. It is not about my mother, it is about me! I am not going to go lashing out in anger at people in my life. I lived my whole life that way, behaving as I did in that early session with Marc when I began the dreamwork. But now I am not projecting my anger as I was then. Now it is inward pathology, something I feel deep inside myself coming out. The gift of the dream for me is to feel into a part of myself I have locked away, a part that is essential to the resurrection of my passion and life force. It is not pretty or popular. But I want to reach the core of my deepest pain so that the Archetype can heal my wound. That is where my rage originates. For once, I am the Hammer not the Nail. I need to accept these feelings I have stuffed in and over my wound and allow my anger and rage to be expressed.

The dream gave me the perfect container. Over and over I strangled my pillow and screamed the words from my dream, ventilating my rage at being betrayed. “You betrayed ME! Then you made it MY fault! NO! I need! Mine! I am not doing it for you, this is for me! I need! YOU hurt ME! You betrayed me! It was you all along and I thought it was me!” I could feel the grip of the rage directed against myself beginning to shatter. I could feel the place in me where I had accepted responsibility for my own betrayal as if it was my fault. That is where the shame set up camp and

began to fester. The rage burned like hot molten lava in my gut and expressing it felt so liberating. I felt where my boundary was, where I ended and others began.

To shatter the grip of my rage is to break my connection to control. To break my connection to control is to surrender to the depth of my pain. To accept the depth of my pain is to let the Divine love me. To let in that I am the Divine's beloved is to be The One who is connected to the love. To be connected to the love is to be potent, passionate and primal from a place of vulnerability. Not control.

But there is more. My descent is just beginning. I have the following dream:

I see a man and recognize He is the Animus. I reach out for Him. I feel Him enter me with His penis but it hurts and my body jolts with the pain. He sees this so I cannot hide that it hurt me. Then He is no longer inside me. I keep holding onto Him, crying "Please do not go, I want you, I need you." I can feel His erection growing close by me again and I feel my own desire rising, until I am open and ready for Him.

My homework was to let Him wait for me until I am ready. Why would I hide that I felt pain? Because I am in my shame, putting His needs before my own and thereby caretaking Him. That is what I learned to do to get approval, take care of others; do not have needs myself. I am believing that if He has to wait for me and my needs, He will abandon me. The fear that He will go is part of what drives me to focus on the needs of others. I cannot receive His love when I am worrying about Him. So I hurt when He enters me. I give up myself for His want so I do not have to feel how incredibly vulnerable and hurt I am. This goes so deep in me, this place where I go out instead of in, where I chose another's need over my own. But the Archetype cannot love me or fill me with His potency if I keep abandoning myself. How could He when I am not there?

I will never forget the first time I experienced the Animus loving me. I have been devoted to Him ever since. In the dream, He is just a guy helping me across a railroad track. Then He looks at me and everything falls away. I feel love like I have never experienced on this earth. I am penetrated by His gaze alone and I am laid bare and I am loved. Not for anything I have done or proved or earned. I am held in the immediacy of the most compassionate gaze and I feel exquisite peace.

I thought love was about approval. Until I felt the Divine's love I had nothing to compare it to. To live an eternity in that moment, to live eternally in that moment has become my greatest longing. Experiencing His love is like drinking the sweetest ambrosia and once I had this taste, the pathology lost serious ground. The power of this one moment gave me a reference point, a touch stone, a moment of truth that pathology could not touch. A crack of separation between me and it. The Archetype's love drives the crack deeper, splitting off that which is me from that which is not me.

For me, the promise of this dreamwork has always been to live my life, every

moment, in relationship with the Animus, connected to His love, always with Him. To become a vessel for the light of His love to shine into this world.

I am utterly devoted to Him. That is my Yes to His love. That is my Yes to facing my rage and moving through it into the unknown. The Archetype has never asked me to face more than I was ready for. Each experience of His love has given me the strength to let go and die that much more to who I really am, to let go of more Not Me, again and again.

And now, the not-me of putting the needs of others, even the Archetype's, above my own is being washed and broken. For what is my devotion to Him if I have abandoned myself in the process? If I am His child, His Beloved, who am I to hate the one He loves? My shame has actually been a way to deny, to say No to the Animus' love. Feeling my rage gave me a visceral sense of my boundary and I could feel how I crossed over that boundary whenever I put His wants above my own.

As I continued in the process of unpacking the rage around my wound, my rage started to be exposed in the world. I could no longer manage and control it. For example, in a group training, I was feeling confused about where things were heading. But instead of expressing my confusion and asking for clarity, the rage shot out in the form of control and I wanted to DO something about what was happening. What I express contains a jolt of energy which is experienced by others as a forcing current. This gets brought to my attention in the group immediately and I am able to take the correction and own that I had jumped over my feelings.

To be open and receptive to correction in a moment like that is new for me. In the past, I would have reacted defensively from my place of shame, trying to maintain my gyroscope, my equilibrium about being okay as a person. The anger says everyone else is wrong and I am right. The shame says everyone else is right and I am wrong. They work together to keep me separate and isolated. When this happens, I have forgotten that what I need is His love and I am back in the not-me angling for approval love from the world. But this time was different. I felt grateful to learn in the immediacy of the moment.

Part of what I learned came from being met with compassion rather than judgment. My complicity with pathology was exposed to my colleagues, which the shame says I will be abandoned for. But when I out my reactions and own my pathology, what I receive from my colleagues is love and compassion. I feel their love and the experience is archetypally sweet. I do not have to be perfect or enlightened or like "so and so." I fall, I fail, I flail but if I am honest about it, then I am forgiven.

I have been struck by how much love I feel for my colleagues just at the point they expose some pathology they are facing, how they made mistakes, or behaved in an ugly or hurtful way. And this time it is me and I am struck to be on the receiving end. I am feeling their solidarity with my innocence in a way I have never allowed myself to before. I am sure it was there for me all along but I could not let it in. The shame was in the way, covering my rage, giving the demon a hiding place, creating a big fat "No" to love.

The more I unpacked the rage around my wound the more it was bursting out erratically. I made other mistakes. I got tricked by pathology into thinking I needed to control another situation and then I froze, unable to ask for help. I felt so much regret, pain and confusion about what was happening in me. I was not sure when I was in rage and when I was in my passion.

I had several dreams following this that were full of shame. In the previous dream, my holding onto the Animus and begging Him not to go even though He was hurting me is compulsive, is the shame. I was not to go to the Archetype from the place of shame. I cannot want Him to make me feel better or ease my pain. The Animus is driving the wedge deeper between what is me and what is not me down to the core of my wound. The moment of my greatest hurt, the place where I left me. I am to stay in my pain and then let the Animus enter me there.

Why would the Animus want to enter me at the moment of my greatest pain? In session, I closed my eyes to feel into this. I was already split open and had been sobbing most of the session. When I turned to the Archetype from this place of pain in me, I began to roar. I was roaring, the energy was searing. I could hear Marc talking to me from what seemed like far away, saying this is anger, that when a child is abused the child is angry. More rage, more searing painful rage. It kept coming up in waves and I let it out. It was part of the passageway through my trauma to my pain but Marc told me to not to allow it to become a barrier to letting the Animus in. As I drove away in my car, I kept screaming, roaring, digging deeper, letting it out. I felt psychotic, I felt rent in two.

How do I accept feelings I have rejected and buried? Conventional wisdom says control and manage anger but I want to feel it, to release it, to move through it. I want to get to all the child self I have lost, that I abandoned underneath. To reclaim the innocence that is languishing beneath the anger, the innocence that feels the pain, that is waiting and longing for me to receive, allow, permit, accept, include. To become my essential self and receive the healing touch of the Animus' love.

This part of the soul's journey is Alchemy. An Alchemical change is possible through feeling a feeling. In my case, the triangulation of Alchemy is the unacknowledged feeling of rage with the pain of my child self, both in relation to the Animus. By feeling the rage, it transforms into the pain. This creates a fourth point of Dying to Self, or the death of some aspect of not-me. What matters in this process is entering the feeling corridor.

I feel a torrent of rage rising up. I engage the energy of it. I am sinking into it, down and in. Deep in the root of this feeling there is a white hot place of pain that I both want to feel and do not want to feel. This is my homework, over and over again, to enter the rage, to feel through it down to the white hot pain and stay present there, to keep saying Yes to such intensity in the face of my No and receive the Animus there in the white-hotness of how much I hurt. Hurt that is all mixed up with Love and Longing and Grief and Need. Existential aloneness and separation laid raw, bare and tender to be touched most deliberately by Divine love. Words pale to convey the

poignancy of facing into my riddle: Who am I? Why am I here? What is the point? Then feeling Him there, with me. No longer lost, but found and held in the sweetest love, in the holiest of holy, where my journey begins anew.

That night I dreamed:

I am driving past the charred remains of a burned out factory. I notice the shattered windshields of the vehicles around what is left of the building. I imagine the fire blast that must have hit them and I wonder if the cars contain dead bodies.

The fireblast has moved through my psyche and something in me is left behind dead. My vessel has been scoured out again. More room has been made for Him to fill with love.

When we looked at this dream, Marc described how rage carries the deepest personal hurt. I could feel what he meant. And yet rage and control are aspects of pathology. For me it is important to release the rage by feeling through it. My shame is rage directed against me. The Hammer. I can see how much my shame is actually the demon attacking me. I see how I have tolerated this constant attack because I felt I deserved it because I was The Nail. All of it as a way to survive, to compensate for the white-hot pain of my unfelt trauma.

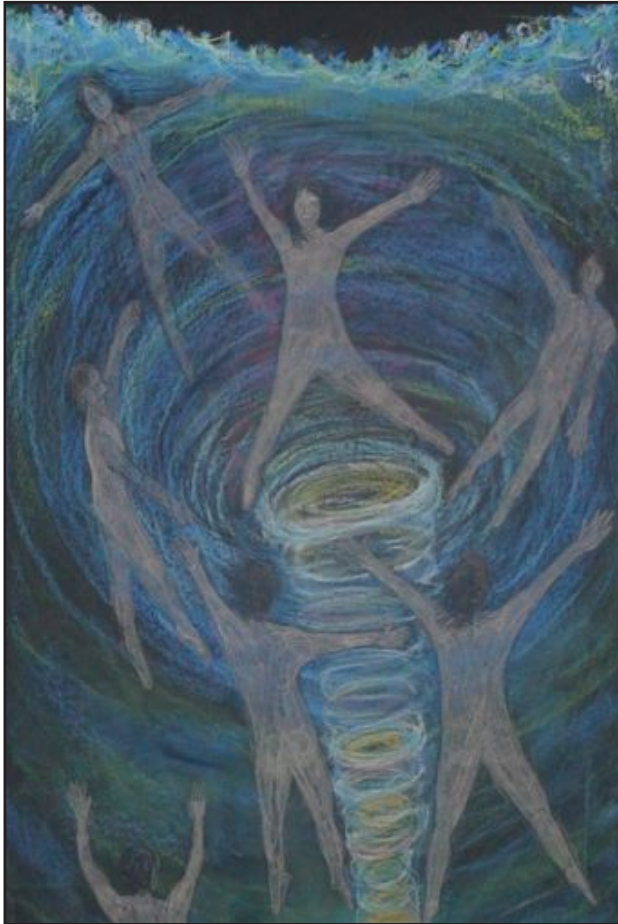
The Upwelling

And now as I watch the falling snow on this quiet February morning, I feel a miracle is happening all around me and inside me. I am changing. The white-hot pain is transforming into love and connection. The Animus is filling me. I feel His energy rising up.

I was given this dream:

I am in a circle, leading a group at a retreat at the North of Eden Retreat Center. We are under water moving around a center like we are in a whirlpool, circling around and around, higher and higher. We break the surface of the water and are in the air. I cannot breathe and we go back down into the water.

The Upwelling



This an upwelling of Archetypal spirit. I have grown gills. I am blossoming into one of the fruit that will bear the seeds of this work into the world. In session, I feel shy when Marc tells me of his gratitude for my dedication. We have walked a long hard road together, Marc and I. In this moment, I feel new in my wholeness, I can receive Marc's loving words because I feel the Animus with me. I am standing with the Animus in the intimacy of the upwelling of His spirit in me.

I need to remember that this is who I am. I need to stay here in the upwelling from my dream, feeling the joy of energy and essence. I feel humble, shy and tender about owning the truth of this. I belong to the Archetypal Realm. I am more at home under the water in the upwelling of His spirit than out of it, breathing the air. The promise of my first experience of Divine Love, way back with the Animus helping me across the railroad tracks, is becoming my reality. What a miracle. I want to stay here for all eternity. I feel like a young girl. I am so alive in my body. From the tips of my outstretched fingers down to my feet pointed like a dancer, toes reaching now this way now that.

I remember loving to dance underwater at the big public swimming pool when I was nine. I could move so gracefully, my weight supported by the water itself. Spiraling, arching, reaching, leaping, every cell of my being infused with feeling and expression. In the silent aqua blue, totally private in my inner world. But so lost and unhappy then and so found and held in love now. I am dancing and feeling lifted by the upwelling. I am totally unselfconscious and at one with the moment, uniquely the One, yet also a part of the whole. Finally, there is nothing to prove or earn, no doubt or holding back, no rage or self-hate, no shame...just me feeling open, free, sensual, joyful, potent, loved, connected, a part of the miracle unfolding.

I feel a part of the larger arc of the upwelling of His spirit that is happening to my colleagues as well. I feel this in the lean-to at retreats, where I am a teacher. I love working alongside Marc and with the rest of my team. I love this work we are doing. I love feeling awash in the awesome power of the Archetype's miraculous persistence and great love for us all, the way They seek to expose our lies, to heal our wounds, to confront our blindness. To get through our crap and blast away that which separates us from our true soul self which is the part that can be in relationship with Them. So we can feel Their love for us.

I have learned to anchor myself in my relationship with the Animus when I lead stringwork, a way of working with dreams in group. I let Him be strong for me, I know He will carry me. I am always scared at the beginning of a retreat and the beginning of each new piece of stringwork. I do not know what will happen. But I have led at many retreats now and I have learned to wait in the not-knowing and stay with my fear. I wait for His wind to fill my sail.

I used to panic when I could not feel His energy, His wind, His direction coming through me. I would project my fear and think something was wrong with me, I would go into shame and doubt as if it is the sailboat's fault when there is no wind. No, I am just scared and now I choose to wait for Him. And when His wind is in my sail, I am focused on the energy, the truth of which I can only discern through feeling.

The Animus shows me what to do through my feelings. I do not hear Him speak, I experience a flash of insight or sometimes I feel a quiet pull or tug toward one direction or another. It is like I am in a twilight consciousness and then images and impulses come up through my unconscious from Him into my subconscious awareness. The upwelling! He shows me how to work in my group to deepen the dream's opening in the dreamer's psyche through the string work. I can feel the energy of the opening when it is present, the place where the person drops down into deeper feeling. We call this "going vertical." I can feel the block or resistance if it is there. If I get lost, I can stop and say I am lost and need to feel my way back in and down. I can ask for help. That is a miracle in and of itself because the old me believes my need for help is an indication that I have done something wrong. That old me is dying.

After the first day of the winter retreat, I dream:

I am singing my heart out, just belting out my song. I feel such joy in the expression. The upwelling of spirit rises up and out of me.

The Upwelling of Spirit Rises in Me



The miracle is that I am in the enoughness of me, in my Ellie-ness, my true essence. Not the story of the hate or the hated. Not perfect nor holier than thou. I am simply the real, live girl who knows she is an extraordinary being worthy of Divine love. I am the One the Animus loves. No matter what happens, He is always with me. Even when I get lost, even when I forget, even when I make mistakes, I am loved. I am a woman of God.

Six months before the World Trade Towers were destroyed on 9/11, I dreamed I was in New York City. People were running everywhere. Some historic building had been hit by airplanes. I saw a man in a business suit covered with soot and screaming in a panic. Suddenly he was hit by a bolt of lightning and he walked

calmly away dressed like a monk. Marc said, “What else is there to do but become a person of God?” And that is what I have chosen to do, the upwelling strong in me.

48 Hours Later

I am at war with the demon in myself. Again. It wants me to believe I am it. It is taunting that I will be rejected and abandoned for my failings. It tricked me into setting others up to beat me down and then project judgment onto them. It is using my lack of trust in my deepest self, my wounds as the child of a mother who could not return my love. I am in alignment with her view of me in the world not the Archetype’s view of me with Him. Where did I lose my way and forget I am His? The demon is so pissed that I want to be free of it and I am under attack.

I am witnessing how I sabotaged myself. How the pathology sabotages me. I do not know how to stay in the enoughness of me, to stay with myself instead of abandoning myself. I cannot feel my deeper soul self that is precious and loved by God. I do not treat myself with tenderness and acceptance. I cannot feel the joy in the upwelling of spirit. The pathology is after me. I feel sick to my stomach. I am struggling to accept myself. How do I stay with the joy and upwelling of spirit that I am a part of when I feel so inadequate in the battlefield?

I suspect I went with the pathology’s tactic of forcing me to fuck up. Is that it? Like, a preemptive strike? The joy in the upwelling of spirit through ME is too good, too much; it is too scary to be The One so I set myself up to fail. I set Marc up to be the hammer by retreating into the nail of my shame. There is still more rot inside me that needs to be washed and broken but I hide behind “I am rotten.” Does that make sense? I cannot accept success, that is why I am a failure. I cannot remain true to my self with Him in the face of difficulty and adversity. And yet, that is exactly what I am asked to do, what I am accountable for.

More trauma to move through. More to become conscious of, more to learn about how this manifests in my behavior and my life. The Archetype’s patient love takes me deeper. The more I connect with the Divine, the more trauma is released. Back and forth in a dynamic that takes as long as it takes until I am healed enough to stay in His embrace.

Dream:

I am irritated. I go out on the porch and see myself sitting in a parked car, staring ahead, looking shell shocked. I start screaming at myself, “I hate you! I hate you!” Then I hear my name, “Ellen Peterson Keene!” A man is there and I know he is the Animus. I throw myself at his feet and beg for his help. I am sobbing. He pumps pesticide gas into my face. I breathe it in. I know it will kill me. My body feels strange. Then we are embracing, making love. He is so close, so intimate. Then I jump into worry about his needs, how his head is

unsupported and then we are separate again. Now I am trying to repair a wooden box but it is crumbling in my hands. I hear a man speak to another woman about her kindness to him and his child. Then he gives me a new box. I throw my arms around him sobbing, “I am sorry I do not reach out to you. I am very shy, it is hard for me, I hold back. . .” I am in his arms, he is so kind and handsome. I sob and sob as he gently spins me around and around. Then he hugs another woman goodbye and I just feel sweet and vulnerable and joke about slobbering all over him.

I am struggling to write. I am in reaction. I hesitate now, thinking too much. Earlier, I was crying through my writing. This is what I wrote:

The Nail Speaks

I am the nail. My body has been driven below the surface. I am steel, ramrod straight, glassy eyed. I am the one beaten down. The hammer pounds on my head which is flat and burning from the force of the hammer. My face burns with shame. I am beaten down. My core erodes like a sand foundation. Is it only sand? Am I a lie? All my growth and changes made of sand?

As the nail, I do not want to write this. I cannot bear for you to see me. I want to hide, end this horrible feeling that I am. I hate myself. Why would anyone want to listen to me? I am buried. I will always be a loser, a failure. I do not want this and yet I choose it. I feel safe in this sickness and I want to stay here where it is familiar although I wish it was more comfortable. Hit me again. Encased in lead, driven down. If you hit a nail hard enough and drive it deep enough it will disappear. The edges will be flush with the surface or even be a bit lower so as not to catch anything on the sharp edge of the head. Smooth and flat, barely showing.

The Hammer Speaks

I am the hammer and I hate the nail. I have such rage at you for being who you are. I hate who you are. I hate that you hide, that you are stupid, fat and ugly. Why do things not come easier to you? You are a mess. Get it under control. Look good. Measure up! Fit in! You cannot because you have no talent, gift or beauty inside. You are hideous. You are a fake taking up space. Wrong. Bad. I hate you. I hate you. It is all your fault. You are an idiot, a bonehead. Look at you with your misshapen head, that shell shocked look on your face. What an asshole. That is why no one loves you. That is why you feel so miserable, because you are miserable, you are misery itself. You should know how to do that already. You will never amount to anything. What a disappointment!

Yes, I am the rage and I will lash out at others. I will set other people up to be

the hammer and bash the shit out of her, the nail. She knows she deserves it. She asks for it. She likes it. It keeps her small and safe and smashed in. It is just too hard for her. She cannot stay with the upwelling of spirit, not if I can help it. There is too much she has done wrong with her life, her relationships, her son, her clients, her debts. Just being alive is excruciating for her. I will make sure she cannot confront pathology. She cannot be potent, look at her. And she has no excuse for being so damaged. Look around you idiot! Look how happy they are, look how successful, adored, loved, wanted, capable, blessed, connected with God. You cannot have that. It is not real.

God Is Real

In my dream, He commands, “Ellen Peterson Keene!” In my experience, I fee: Oh God, I need you. You have come to help me, I know it is you, I will do what ever you want. Please help me. Oh, you are here, you have come for me. I know you are real, I can feel you. Oh God, I am so relieved. I feel looked after, watched over, loved, you have come for me and you are killing me and I do not feel like a hammer or a nail I just feel you intervening on my behalf, in my need. I feel you meeting my need. Oh God, I feel so much pain. I am sobbing with it. The pesticide gas, I want to breathe it in. I am going to die. I want to die. I feel strange.

And here you are in my arms. Oh God, you are here with me I feel you inside me, united in oneness, you are inside me and outside me in my arms and I am aware you are always here, have always been here with me and in me but. . . No. I am aware how fleeting your presence is and I do not want you to go and what must I do to stay with you, I must do something to stay with you and I want to make you comfortable and in that wanting to take care of you, I lose you. . .we are separate.

But you are so gentle and patient with me. The dream continues and you are so near as I struggle to repair something that is rotten, the box of punky wood crumbling in my hands. You give me a new box and my heart recognizes you again and the box disappears and I throw my arms around you. You are so kind and loving and handsome and I am sobbing. I am so sorry I do not reach out to you. You are real, you are always with me no matter what and I forget and I get lost and I am so sorry. I feel so shy and vulnerable. I hold back, I hold myself back from you. I am laid bare, exposed and raw and with you I just feel vulnerable and sweet and slobbery and giggly and enough. And now you are hugging her but I do not feel abandoned.

The me that is laid bare to Him is enough. I feel vulnerable and sweet and loved and enough. I am innocent and soft and open. I am found again. I am home. My true Ellie-ness emerges and I accept me, even if for just a moment. It is a miracle to break free from the lie that I have lived my whole life. That I am the nail which is about shame, I am wrong and bad and to blame. The lie that I am the hammer which is rage and control directed against myself. The self-hate, the complete and utter mistrust and rejection of my own need, of my child self.

I am struggling with writing words to express what I feel. Anchoring myself in the upwelling is new for me and I am learning about it even as I write. Yesterday I had to stop writing words and draw the feeling. And as I pour my feeling into the image I am making, I remembered the times in my life when I felt this way. When I was in my early twenties and very lost in self destruction, I dreamed:

I am in purgatory talking to a spongy green devil. Then I am drawn into a battle with a foe. I face a cliff and a black speck leaps off and toward me. Next thing I know I have been whisked away to another world, full of light with ancient colored glass bottles on a tray. I see a man with dark curls and jewels embedded in his chest. I am his wife. His two children run to embrace me and call me mother.

At this point I woke up to the sound of wind whipping through the tent where I was sleeping. I was extremely sick, maybe closer to the border of life and death than I cared to admit and in my dream I had crossed over. I could feel I had gone somewhere else, very deep and very real. The dream continued when I fell back asleep.

Now I am far under water in the ocean held captive by a woman but I know that I am protected from harm because I have a part to play in healing the world.

I had never directly experienced the numinous in a dream before this dream. It ignited a fire in me that lasted for months. For that time, I saw everything through the clear light of that numinous fire whose source came from inside me. I knew in my bones that I had a calling, a purpose for my life. I stumbled around filled with awe. I told the dream to anyone who would listen just to keep the feeling alive. I did not know what it meant or what I was to do, but I felt the touch of the Archetypes. I recognized the experience because it was familiar.

How could that be? In spite of the Hammer and the Nail's story, I have known the upwelling of spirit in myself. The very first role, I had as an actress was Marjorie in *Extremities* by William Mastersimone. I did not have any performing experience but there was one stretch of moments during a show where the numinous energy, life force, passion, welled up in me and I rode that wave until it ended. In the truth. For those few moments, I was a conduit for something electrical and totally unpredictable that moved up and out of me.

That was the upwelling of His spirit in me, the place where my soul knows and feels His potency. I feel Him in the upwelling expression of my feelings. I have mistaken that as me, as my possession or my invention and therefore pathology could trash it.

Dream:

I am a girl with a man and we are playing a game. There are symbols on the floor and I am to feel into the symbol to know my next move. I get scared and the man says, "Have we got the love?" At first I say yes but then begin to doubt. I have the love for Him but does He love me?

In session, Marc asked, "What do you think you invented love? Where do you think it comes from? It comes from the Divine." Just like my gift for expressing feelings, my gift of the upwelling, it comes from Him. It is not me, I did not invent it. It is Him in me, it is from Him. It is how my unique one and only soul feels His love and potency, His wind, His ejaculating, fecundating power, His penetration into the world through me.

And once I knew this upwelling in myself, I eventually set on a path to develop myself as an instrument, an expressive instrument, as an actor. I moved to New York City. I studied with Eric Morris. I studied Meisner technique with Phil Gushee. I danced with Phil Black and many times felt the joy of expressing my passion through his incredible choreography. I love these three men for what they taught me and the work we did together. And I am feeling the upwelling of spirit even now in my love for them.

This wellspring of love in my heart and expressing it is the most familiar way I have known His love. I loved my first boyfriend Brian, and I loved the gang of bad boys I hung out with before Brian and I love my best friends Melissa and Alexandra. I got tricked into thinking I had invented love, or it began with me but it was from God all along. It was from God for me all along.

A Skirmish and The Journey Continues

I am scared. I do not know what is going to happen. I feel so vulnerable. I am struggling to stay here in the unknown. I want to have an outcome. I am always looking for an answer or some kind of completion rather than just staying with "I do not know what this is for me." Outcome equals I have to earn or prove myself or else I will be abandoned. I am already abandoned then. I have left myself and I have left You and I am not accepting myself being right where I am. I have forgotten about what I need. I can turn even feeling Your love into an outcome that is supposed to be a certain way if only I could get it right. Writing this has turned into an outcome for Marc, for the book but what about for me? I have lost my way and I need help.

What is this for me right now? Not how is it supposed to be, how am I supposed to do this? I do not know. I am uncertain. I feel a lot of pain and I am crying and sobbing. I forgot about me and what I need. What is most important to me? If it is to do my work, then the world and other people's expectations or my projections

on them disappear. Then I feel back under the water. I do not have to prove anything. What is this about for me? My friend Dorothy said that over and over. “For me, it is about. . .” being with Him, doing my work, feeling the love, staying steady in what it is for me right now. Not needing an outcome, not needing to know, not having an answer, not being a certain way for the world.

I have to make an effort to do my homework, I have to apply myself to staying with the dream. But when outcome creeps in, I am not trusting myself, I am not trusting the Animus is here. He is here even when I cannot feel Him. I forget that He is working with me, He has my back, He knows what I need and He is working it. I am in His hands.

Dream:

I am in a plywood vessel with 2 men going under water. I can feel we are scraping the ocean floor as we slide deeper down. I am scared. One man is in the bathroom while the other man and I stand together near a pipe overflowing with water. His hand is holding my crotch and I feel His body close and I am holding His pelvic bone. I feel vulnerable and scared. I am afraid of the outcome. But I feel comforted next to Him.

I lost myself again, I lost my way to Him. I made the world more important than myself. I do not have to be something for you. When I try to be something for you, I am projecting. What? My pain? My fear? My vulnerability? Then I am caught in trying to manage and control the outcome which is to get the love, to feel loved. I know too damned much. I really know nothing and to be autonomous in my not knowing means I have to accept myself and my own needs.

I just want to matter to God. I just want to be in the peace of me and Him. He never asks me to prove myself. He corrects me when I stray. He does not put up with crap but He never confuses me with the crap, even though this is what I believe when I am separate and listening to pathology.

I have learned to put the outcome in His hands at the retreats. I am in the upwelling and there is no outcome only what am I feeling right now. My orientation toward outcomes is the bane of my existence. It is how I fail over and over. That is why beginnings are so hard for me, beginning something new and unknown. I am focused on the outcome and my shame gets in because I am not with Him, I am not present, I am ahead of myself. Writing activates that part of me unless I am deeply in feeling like I am now. My attention is completely on myself and the keyboard. I am not reading the screen and evaluating the outcome.

Pathology wants to make my homework dream an outcome rather than a numinous feeling experience to inhabit, a place in myself to be where He is working with me. I am under fathoms of water in a plywood room. I do not know what is

going to happen. But I am not alone.

You are here with me and I do not know what the outcome will be. I am afraid to look at the walls because I will imagine the outcome being water crushing in. I feel You here then I want to evaluate and I do not feel You. I jump out. Evaluate feels like a shove away. Lack of trust in me and in You.

What is this for me right now? For me?

For me?

I am learning to accept myself rather than reject myself. I am learning about letting go of the outcome, the result, the need to control. I am learning about trusting I am in His hands. He is holding me. He is for me. He has got my back. He is with me right in my fear and vulnerability. I feel so vulnerable and scared. He knows and is right here holding me. I am not alone. This is the moment where I jump out. The plywood room scraping along the ocean bottom, the water pressure, the unknown. I want to be in the known, that is where I jump out. That is where the shame and self-hate and judgment gets in.

For me, I am standing with Him looking at the water overflowing out of the pipe. The other man is in the shower. The water is overflowing from a pipe sticking up into the plywood room. I watch my Man put a diaphragm or something over the opening. I do not know what He is doing. The water is still flowing but He is working on it. He is with me. We are watching the water. I feel little, I feel shaky, I feel in His adequacy.

I feel more calm. We are sinking deeper down. I feel softer and open. Not constricted in panic, in projected outcome. I feel close to the upwelling again, and for me in this moment, I feel the absence of mistrust, doubt or question. For me, this place where I feel the upwelling has the immediacy of the experience without any separation. I am in the whirlpool with others under the water spiraling around and around, higher and higher. I experience trust as Oneness with what is. For me, I am whirling in the watery oneness of the upwelling. I feel joy and passion, a sensual rise of energy from my womb up through my heart and out my throat. For me, I am belting out my song. For me, back home with Him.

What a miracle. I can move through my lostness back to connection with the Divine in a few hours. I have worked hard to find my way back to Him. Receiving His love, anchoring myself in who He shows me to be is breaking the seemingly inescapable patterns that have been hidden from my view. I am willing to die again and again, I will do whatever it takes to stay in the sweet love as His child.



SHAME, IMPOVERISHMENT AND ENTITLEMENT

When we feel shame we may also feel a great deal of entitlement. We compensate for the shame by turning it around and demanding that we be accepted. We demand this because we feel so unacceptable or unaccepted inside that any slight or imagined slight becomes inconceivable. The feeling of “How could you forget me!” comes from not feeling that we are so wonderful, but rather from feeling unworthy and not being able to accept that feeling. From this place, we need another to make it okay.

If the other does not make it okay for us, we react. Sometimes when we are demanding, it seems as if the demanding is coming from some idea that we like ourselves. But demanding people often do not like themselves at all. They are just searching for affirmation from the world in a way that makes it look like they do not need any help. We may even believe we love ourselves so that if the other does not do something for us, then we get angry and walk away.

When the underlying issue does not get addressed because of the shame, then issues spiral into reactions whenever we feel slighted. It may look as though we are standing up for ourselves, taking a stand, not letting others walk all over us. But if we feel loved already, we will not let people walk all over us either and it would not come from a place of reaction. It would be entirely different.

When we are living with the feeling of inner impoverishment, sometimes it comes with the feeling of entitlement. We cannot receive the love that is given because we have given up on receiving any love at all. When someone really loves us, we do not really accept that they love us. Instead, we feel entitled to the love and to what people do for us because we do not feel they really love us.

Entitlement is a way of taking the love without receiving it because we do not believe that it is really offered. People who are impoverished are often unrealistic about their own worth. They are so busy trying to get affirmation from the world in order to be accepted that if they have great gifts, they cannot receive them because they cannot accept the love. They are never good enough. If they are underachieving or struggling, not manifesting their great gifts, if they feel they have to do a lot of

work to make up for things becoming hard for them, the impoverishment makes them feel that they are bad and that they do not work hard enough. There is an unrealistic acceptance of self, either way.

When we are caught up in the gyroscope of self-acceptance, we can never really focus on our gifts or shortcomings. Entitlement really covers up our real entitlement. We may not be entitled to as much as we think we are entitled or we may be entitled to more. In either case, entitlement makes us unable to be realistic, unable to make good decisions about ourselves, unable to have clarity about how to learn to be better, unable to appreciate our situation.

When we seek affirmation for the fact that we care and then others do not give us what we want, then we react. It is not good enough that we simply care. The lack of acceptance is part of the impoverishment. We feel that if we do not receive affirmation for what we care about, then what we care about is irrelevant. Underneath is the fact that we do not trust ourselves; we do not trust our vulnerability.

If we give up on our vulnerability, we turn against ourselves. Then we are just waiting for approval. We may also turn on others who are vulnerable because we may feel threatened by their willingness to be vulnerable. The fragility we cannot face into, that we cannot allow ourselves to hold on to, even when people are against us, becomes a target against which we may attack others when they are vulnerable. When we are impoverished, we do not know what is love and what is not love.

For example, if we feel we have to take care of everybody, we love from a place of whorishness. When we decide to not love from this place, when we decide to be clear and set boundaries but we cannot feel into our real selves, then still we do not know if the other person is someone who we want to support, be loving with.

Rebelliousness can also come out of impoverishment. Most rebelliousness is a form of anger at not being loved. In this case, too, we still cannot differentiate between people or situations where we feel we want to be open versus people or situations where we are being taken advantage of. There is no discernment.

We must go deeper into our woundedness to find the part that can discern and know the difference and engage on that level. This will give us the capability to feel into what relationship is with others as well as the Divine.

When we are lost like a deer in the headlights, when we are in shock, experiencing the world in this way, we can only attempt to survive moment to moment, outside the domain of our feelings and outside the domain of real relationship with others. Most people are in this predicament but manage their lives in all manner of ways, from being a Renaissance person trying to look competent, skilled and in control to being a small mouse managing in relationship to giants.

When we get under the compulsive behavior, the procrastinating, the caretaking, the underlying thread of impoverishment is thanatos - self-destruction, the diminishment of the self and/or the diminishment of relationship. Joy is replaced by nihilism or resentment or defeatism, capitulating to the lowest common emotion which perpetuates the impoverishment.

Defeatism, a cousin of thanatos, is about gaining pleasure from being defeated. Nihilism, also a form of thanatos, is a destructive black hole. It can take the form of defeating/destroying others as well. We may seem to close down, we may be diagnosed with depression or it may morph into other things like alcoholism, but it is basically defeatism. Defeatism is the ultimate goal of the ego of an impoverished person because it perpetuates the sense of impoverishment. When we are impoverished, it proves our impoverishment as right, proves the feelings of unworthiness.

The terrible defeatism, nihilism, giving up, are all really covering another layer of a very vulnerable feeling that if we would feel, would carry us through the situation easily. It is the covering of the feeling of vulnerability that creates the feeling of darkness.

Shame and Impoverishment versus Being the Vessel

Along with shame, being impoverished is a place to hide, a place to seek refuge from God, to seek refuge from being big. Of all the lies that we tell ourselves, the biggest is not that God does not exist, but that we cannot be big with God.

Conjunctio is being big enough to receive the phallus, to receive the power, to receive the passion, to receive the potency, to receive the aliveness, to receive the possibility. These are more than words; they are feelings that can be terrifying. It is more full of awe to have the awe of the possibility of having a partnership with the Divine than the awe of seeing God. Having a partnership with God is the most terrifying.

The greatest humility is mutuality with the Divine because it requires the utmost death. Standing apart from God, from the Divine, and managing the relationship is not scary. Managing is not as scary as being a partner and being imbued with that spirit.

There is a moment when He will ask if He can enter us or if He can come through us or if we want to feel what it is like to be in Him. This is a hard yes because He is always asking for conjunctio, for us to open and die back. To create the vessel that allows Him to enter us in one way or another. We jump away because it is terrifying to be in the unknown or to be big in the spirit and to have everything. At the moment we say yes, all of our worries, the consummate places we hide, all our precious sacred cows will suddenly mean nothing.

It is a moment to take the risk, to give up what we hold on to instead of clinging and scrambling and running away. Instead of staying small. When we stay small, we are safe - impoverished and safe, leaving our child self with the demon, but under the illusion that we are safe.

Being with the Divine is not safe. It is terrifying. To match fear with the awe and the love is difficult to conceive, but once the bonds with the Mother have been knitted, the underpinnings of self-awareness are built on support. It can often take

some time to get to this place where the bonding with the Mother is part of creating the vessel.

Once we have the vessel, we sometimes still jump away because it is safer to seek impoverishment even if we do not need it anymore because it is a place to hide. Old habits die hard when we are confronted with fears about the deeper ways of being with Him that we did not fathom. We want to scurry back to the old ways, the old issues we have already worked through.



WHEN SEXUALITY IS SHAMED

When we negate our sexuality or are negated by a situation where there was a tremendous amount of shame around sexuality when we were young, that negation is a primal loss for there can be no way to manifest the soul if sexuality has been shamed. Sexuality is twisted into some form of sadomasochistic function where we can get satisfaction only out of being abused or abusing others. This plays out not only in terms of the bedroom, but in an entire relationship itself. People play out sexual fantasies in terms of how they relate in the world with others. If we are abusive in bed, we are abusive in the relationship itself. The whole basis for personal expression starts at the locus point of the sexual self.

If a woman has been shamed at an early age around her sexuality, there is no way for her to feel good about herself in a way where she could be with the Animus because of that primary wound at the sexual level. One such woman had a dream in which she watched her old self, who was pregnant and dying, trying to induce an abortion by putting a knitting needle into her vagina to abort the child inside. Of course, it is not a conscious act of the dreamer to abort the birth of the child self, but this is what she does inadvertently when she takes on shame and then lives that shame by hating herself or causing others to hate her without even knowing she is doing it.

This particular woman had an encounter with a man who was clearly wrong for her; it was not a healthy relationship. After making love for the first, and last, time, the man told her how horrible the experience was for him. It is shocking, but it is also understandable knowing that this is exactly how the woman feels about her sexuality anyway. She simply found someone to play that out for her. Then, from her point of view, she can be a victim of the man, not realizing that she is just living out what she already feels.

If we hate ourselves at a sexual level, how can we really give ourselves in a friendship or a spousal relationship in any positive way? Everything is set up for us to abuse or be abused.

There is no way to love unless we have the love.

Sexual dysfunction is the first line of woundedness. Everything else tends to

follow because we hide our sexuality so well. We relate to people through the sociopathic aspect of their gyroscope first, the way they manage themselves in the world. The sexual dysfunction goes unnoticed unless we have a further relationship, either sexually or as a friend. At an emotional level, we will not really know if a person is damaged in this way.

Such people may not even be aware of their own needs because in denying their sexuality, either because it is dysfunctional or because of shame, repression or fear related to vulnerability, their true needs are not met. When those needs are not understood, they cannot yearn, they cannot care from a place of desire. Caretaking and other manipulative behaviors arise instead. Underneath, however, is unfulfillment and the person is lost. From this lost place, a myriad of problems can arise in any close relationship.

There can be no relationship with the Divine if we are unable to acknowledge our needs. Since sexuality is a primary feeling need, particularly with women because it relates to their sense of beauty and capacity to love, sexual dysfunction creates a paralysis in the capability to really express one's own desires. The ability to express desire is necessary to have mutuality in relationship.

A woman's capability for nurturing and caring can take her away from her wounds by allowing her to become a caretaker and a mother to everyone else. But this is just a paralysis of the heart. Once we are free of shame and self-hate, we are free to yearn, free to need. Those needs will climb the ladder to the ultimate need - the need for the Divine and the need for love.

Once we have been sexualized, we will act it out with others in some form. We may act it out as adults by having multiple affairs or we may become frigid. No matter how it is acted out, it is an avoidance of the child self. Sexuality becomes used as a way to avoid the self because it was through being sexualized that we lost ourselves.

From Annie Wattles:

That Which Death Will Take Away

Dream:

I am at a wedding party. There is a baby on the floor and when people walk by they kick the baby . . . not even aware that they are doing it. I see the baby continuously being kicked and I do not go to pick it up.

Girl in her twenties . . . or me in my twenties?

Yes yes yes I will have sex with you in all its awkward and loveless ways. Yes. I will have sex right now in this car on this floor on the

ground on this couch in this bed. Yes I will . . . maybe you are my loving father . . . mother . . . maybe you are a brother or the One . . . maybe you will up and materialize as the one . . . even though all that is there right now is that you want me.

I will look for the way you suffer . . . the way into your hurt and I will know how to soothe it . . . I will know how to make it better. I will help you and save you . . . I will be the one.

No matter that it is not me you really want . . . nor you I really want.

I will hope that it will cover my suffering. . . . hide it . . . Help me to never know or feel it. Let me stay busy fixing you and remain blind to my own . . .

Then I will turn on you because you have not fixed me. I have taught you too well that I do not need anything. That, in fact, I am not even here . . . really . . . not in the equation . . . still and quiet . . . and since I am nothing . . . not here even . . . you can turn from me and then I can hate you for leaving.

But I am beautiful to look at. . . . so will quickly find the next.

And maybe there will be a flutter of a fetus starting to divide cells and grow towards manifestation . . . soul searching for its home body . . . coming from all that sex . . . all that loveless sex. And I assure you, I will not burden you with that very real evidence of our coupling . . . maybe the only real thing that has happened. I assure you, I will take care of it . . . I will take care of it. Maybe not even knowing how you feel. I will control it . . . I will go through it. Five babies chopped and ripped from me . . . the unfeeling me . . . by kind people like my sister.

* * * *

Even without the shame that lurks in most people around this issue, even in people who do not feel shame about acting out sexually, the sexual acting out is not sexuality but compulsiveness. It is a way to avoid real passion, avoid real sensuality, avoid the child self.

Whether it is acted out or repressed, we are not the child anymore. The child was violated, even if the child felt enjoyment. The violation is the separation, is the reality that we can never be the child self once we have ceased being the child. The child self is of the Divine so it only understands ultimate love. The child self does not

understand sex, it understands sensuality. It does not understand being sexually abused.

Children do experience sexual arousal, which pedophiles use as a justification that they do no harm when they violate a child. They can say the child wanted the sex. But even if the child experiences pleasure, the child is still destroyed in the process. Having sex as a child is not natural, it not a choice a child would make. It is another way to take the blame. If we enjoyed it, we blame ourselves. Or, we may believe that our adult sexuality comes from the child self that enjoyed sexuality. But this is not correct. We as children do not and did not want to have sex even if we felt sexual. If we did not enjoy it, if we were scared, we may repress the fear of the trauma and we may react by avoiding sex.

But when we enjoyed it, then we may have shame. Forevermore, around sex, we blame ourselves. Even if we act it out, the very acting out creates more shame and dissolves our sense of identity. The sense of identity we have is broken because the child self is not accessible. We make identities instead, but they are built on self-blame.

The access point back to the child is not through the shame but through fear. Going back through the fear of violation also brings us into a deeper connection with archetypal fear and into a deeper connection with the Animus. The trauma, in this way, can actually be a bridge to deeper spiritual work. Once we engage the child self and the primacy of sexuality through fear instead of shame, we move into the realm of spiritual Alchemy.

Potency is in the Alchemy; the primal, potent ancestral self that was lost can return. This primal self is part of what is scary because the violation is associated with that potency.

Remembering and isolating the traumatic event is not going to help with our growth. Remembering is just a step of reclaiming the thread. The threads also include the fear of potency, the fear of the Animus. Once all of these pieces are brought together through Alchemy, something can happen.

A client who had been violated as a child dreamt about seeing a child who was bleeding from her vagina. She felt terror when she saw the girl in the dream. The child bleeds through the vagina to show the dreamer that she is bereft, that she did not want the violation. The bleeding is bleeding from the wound. The vagina is connected to the heart, so the child is showing the dreamer that her heart is wounded.

When we are abused, there is no love in it. It is someone else lusting after us. Even if we feel a sense of lust in return, there is still no love. It is a violation every time. Adults do not know this because they often confuse sex and lust for love. But children do not. The girl knows that the person who violated her did not love her. The girl feels unloved by it.

However, as she grows she may learn to feel that the violation is love and then lead a promiscuous life looking for love. The child self, however, is the heart of the dreamer who knows that the violation was a violation. The violation caused the woman to lose the connection from her vagina to her heart.

Stockholm Syndrome

There are many people who have suffered from Stockholm Syndrome, falling in love with the person who kidnapped or raped or abused them. It is surprising that even though a person can harm us and almost kill us, we still may want them. The wanting comes from the place of feeling terrorized. In the terror of the dynamic, we surrender to the very person who is doing the terrorizing, losing ourselves. It gives the other person a great deal of power. The terror is similar to the fear felt with the Animus, except that the terror with the Animus is brought into a place of love. When we are in great terror, it is easy to surrender to the one who scares us because that person has power over us. The sexuality that goes along with this dynamic is powerful. People in this situation can become very passionate, but it is a whoremaster setup.

When we disassociate from our terror in a way that separates us from it, we become lost. With the Animus, we can disassociate from terror because Alchemy is there to bring us into and then through it. But when the terror is traumatic, we separate from the terror and go into a psychotic state. In this psychotic state, we can fall in love with the person who is destroying us because we have lost all association with our rational selves, with our soul selves. We literally lose our souls.

This situation defines us for the rest of our lives in ways that may not even be clear. Especially if we are unaware that the situation was even a place of trauma. The trauma tells us to never give ourselves to anyone again. In order to reconnect with anyone from a place of surrender, we must go back through the absolute trauma.

The yearning for the one who would destroy us is really a misplaced yearning for the Divine who has our life and death in His hands. In the psychotic state of loving the destroyer, we are living something that is true but with the wrong person, for it gets manipulated and used. When we open ourselves up, when we love the idea that we are in love, it does not matter that the person is the wrong person. It only matters that we feel our passion. This leads us to not trust our passion anymore because we feel it was what caused the situation. Pathology will tell us, because of this, that our passion is not healthy. It tricks us. The issue is that we blame ourselves, blame our passion. Underneath the shame is the fact that we really had the passion.

Sexual Fantasies

People often are upset about their sexual fantasies because they think their fantasies are aberrations. The fantasy itself is not the issue - the point of the fantasy is to get us to feel something. If we feel desire because of the fantasy, then the issue is the desire we feel, not how we got there. If we are so cut off from our desires, the psyche will give us outrageous fantasies to arouse us because the issue is to be aroused.

Acting on a fantasy by, for example, going to porn sites on the Internet is acting the arousal out in the world. This is seeking negative arousal. This is not what this is about.

Some arousal is negative and some arousal is positive. Positive arousal is the psyche's attempt to wake arousal in our desire that we do not normally feel because of our neurosis, such as shame. When a person is neurotic to the point of being closed off from all desire, the psyche might go to sexual fantasy to create the arousal.

If we have shame, the only way to get arousal, often, is to have a sexual fantasy that is abhorrent because it has to cut through the shame. Ironically, a person with shame would only accept sexual arousal if no one else knows about it. In a way, it flies in the face of shame to accept the fantasy anyway. This is a way to work through pathology - to ignore the pathological emotion and do the feeling anyway. It can be a type of Alchemy for a person to have a sexual fantasy to gain an arousal that he or she might not normally feel.

Acting out the fantasy, of course, would be a problem, for then the fantasy becomes destructive. Again, this is not about acting it out or even about the fantasy itself. It is about understanding that the psyche's desire is to be awake and to feel while the neurotic's desire is to be asleep and to not feel. When sexual fantasy is used by the psyche in this way, it can be positive.

Often, early childhood encounters with a sibling or a childhood friend are experienced in the moment as satisfying. This type of innocent exploration is normal. Of course, this is not the same kind of experiences that many children have who are abused, raped and traumatized. This is not at all referencing pedophiles who abuse and destroy children.

Innocent experiences between children are consensual to the degree that children like to explore their bodies with one another in a completely innocent way. It is only later that they may feel shame about it. The damage comes from the shame they feel later about the encounter, the self-hatred for what was in fact normal sexual exploration. If children are left to themselves, many will look to have these kinds of encounters. When they get older, they are damaged because of the self-hate they feel for something that is normal and healthy.

Are there pedophiles who abuse children and destroy them? Yes, absolutely. But, if children are left to themselves, many of them find themselves in circumstances where they look to have these encounters. Those who have had this experience, because they were not raped and it was not forced on them, are forever damaged because they hate themselves for something that is normal and healthy. Again, the desire is under attack for the very thing that was normal and right in them.



NARCISSISM

When we project our pain instead of feeling it, when we make others responsible for our feelings, when we make others responsible for our fear or our pain, when we want others to take care of us in order to make us feel safe, when we want others to take care of us to deal with trauma, this is all narcissism.

In these situations, the issues are not about what is happening in the present but about issues from the past that have not been worked through.

Having feelings about current issues, about what people do that affects us, is legitimate, of course. People do things to each other that are insensitive - we can have legitimate responses. It is important to be able to have awareness of these feelings in the moment.

Narcissism is more than this, however. It is when past issues are not acknowledged and resolved and we make the other person responsible for that past. This kind of narcissism is when we make our issues about somebody else's issues. It is as if what they do affects us because we project our fears onto what they do - even though what they do actually has no direct effect on us. We make our pain about their pain, our fear about their fear.

When we project the past onto the present from a narcissistic place, there is a pain that we may experience that is a negative pain because it is not pure. The pain is not pure pain when it is filtered through the projection onto the world, when it is filtered through making someone else responsible for it.

The other side of this narcissism is when we want the other people to respond in certain ways to all of the things we have "given" them. This is simply manipulation, wanting others to be a certain way. It is not what is best for them because it is what is best for us. We support others so they will be the people we need in order to solve the riddle of our past.

Narcissistic feelings are addictive because they allow us to transfer all of our juicy passion into something else - negativity, control, willfulness, independence, isolation, neediness. We can use any or all of these variations as something to be identified with, even feeling them as passion. We can feel the variations as passion

because it is the real passion that has been made into a toxin. The root of it comes from a good thing, from the true passion, but it gets turned into something poisonous. It is still something we can draw from to sustain us, even though it is killing us. The more we move away from the toxin, the more we want it because we are being dried out like addicts. It is hard to break the habit of wanting the old poison. But when we do, the real feelings nourish us - we grow and become empowered through the feelings.

Narcissism keeps us from being able to be in real feelings. If we cannot be in the real feelings, we cannot do the Alchemy. Without the Alchemy, we cannot really change; we cannot get the love. We believe that if we let the narcissism go, we will have nothing. The truth is that if we let the narcissism go, we will go to the trauma where we first learned to jump away from ourselves.

It leaves us with few options unless we have faith that this work will take us into the healing, as it promises. We have learned through our woundedness to manage our lives. One of the ways we manage is through narcissism. Narcissism is hard to give up when we feel justified by what happened in our childhoods or what happens in our everyday lives. We may say that we know the Divine exists, but we really do not know it.

When the Divine makes a move, letting us know He is there, we are supposed to be able to let it all go, to take risks that allow us to be even more open to the miracle. But this does not always happen because it requires a letting go of will. The fundamental root of narcissism is will. The will is pathological but it can get confused with our own true will. Our own need for survival becomes will.



MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

When the Mother is More Important than the Daughter

The mother's love is extremely important for the foundation of the building of the soul; it is the first love and the most primal love because it reflects our sense of self-worth. It is no wonder the Anima helps with the issue of valuing the self because on a soul level, a womb level, a level devoid of right and wrong, it is the feminine principle that loves us. If the mother hates us, we hate ourselves. This has to be nurtured back to health. While the Animus and the Father are primary, important aspects of love, the love based on the fundamental acceptance of ourselves is the foundation without which the male love cannot build itself on.

When the mother is more important than the daughter and the daughter is damaged by this dynamic, the Anima cannot come because there is such distrust in the daughter around women. In fact, the daughter does not even trust herself as a woman. This affects not just her entire perception of herself as a woman but her relationships with men as well.

We can tell how much damage there still is in such a daughter by seeing how little the Anima can appear. The Anima will try to appear in a nonthreatening mode, but what she really wants is for the daughter to suckle at her breast, to be a little baby again. The ultimate daughter who was birthed. Sometimes, the Anima can make only a very small offering to the daughter so that she will learn to accept from the feminine. In these cases, it shows a great deal of damage as far as the daughter's willingness to accept the love of the Anima and her distrust of the Anima.

The more a woman distrusts the mother and women, the less the Anima will give her. She is only able to receive the amount of love she is able to receive. It is not that the daughter does not deserve the love, but she feels so threatened by the mother.

Compassion means to be in our passion, to have love for others because we feel pain; not just our own pain. Without this common understanding of pain, we cannot have compassion. Compassion is rare. Most people do not have compassion because they are not deep enough in their own feelings and their own pain.

Men who are incested by their mothers and take care of them from that place are often misogynistically angry at women because of their mothers. Because they cannot let go of their mothers, they have a huge blind spot that makes them love women from a sick place. Men like this really hate women and can become serial killers, rapists or, more commonly, physically abusive or stalkers. These behaviors are all in the realm of obsession.

Men are obsessed with women because they want love. They want love from women because they do not have love from their fathers. They somehow believe they can get love from women, so the need for the father's love gets transferred onto women. This dynamic is a bad deal for men and women both.

A man who has love with his father or with the Divine can love women in a right way. A man who does not have the love from his father is going to be naturally misogynistic. He hates women because he relies too much on them. He may avoid them by becoming gay or reclusive or by being compulsive. No matter what he does, he is lost to women because he feels abandoned or he feels he must have a woman or he is lost because he does not have a woman. The result is that he hates them.

Women, however, like men like this because they can control them. But these men are not real men and women pay a price for being with men who are not real men. This is why it is important for women to become broken to the Animus so they can be open to their real hearts and be empowered. Then they will be able to stand in the place of being a real person with another person.



THE HOUSE OF WOMEN

Christa Lancaster

Dream:

I am with a family of women in a house by the beach. There is a mountain of water rising from one spot. It curves around so that you can go underneath and inside of it. I watch two young girls swimming at the top of the water mountain. Then I go under the mountain and look up through the light. I return to the house of the women. In the bathroom, my shit will not go down the toilet

I wanted my mother.

My hurt around my mother was buried very deep under a bedrock of shame. It was only after she died that I could find a real crack in the

bedrock. I remember as a child how much I wanted my mother to love me the way I wanted to be loved. As she turned away and left me over and over again, I buried my inconsolable yearning and grief under a mask of diffident serenity. Every time I felt hurt, I thought I was wrong. I forgot my needing of her and grew to not need her, not want her. In many ways, I became like her, frozen and shut down. I was also rebellious and independent. I allied myself more with my father. I rejected my mother. I did not want to become her. At the time of this dream, I did not know how little I could really feel and be vulnerable. I did not have a clue what real vulnerability was.

Shame hides true vulnerability and makes real relationship with a man, or the Animus, impossible. As I moved through relationships with men and out of them, my dreams began to deal with the theme of women, my mother and shame. This dream is so explicit: the house of women could also be called the house of shame. I feel and remember the translucent quality of the water mountain, the joy of the girl children high above me. I have two realities: the water mountain of translucent light or the house of women where my shit will not go down the toilet. I see both worlds but I am destined to return to the toilet of shit and shame. I can see the girls swimming above me, held magically in the tower of light and water. Way, way above me. I cannot join them; I am landlocked by shame within the house of women, the dark mother. Years after this dream, I would dream of being with two girls and my Labrador held by the ocean swells. Instead of being underneath the mountain of water, I had become one of the girls held by the powerful ocean waves, like mountains of water, feeling joyful, finally free of shame.

I remember an afternoon in New York City, a Sunday afternoon when I was twenty-one or so. I felt a familiar cloak of heaviness over me. I felt like I could not move. I had felt this heavy cloak many times before. This time I identified the state I was experiencing. I did something I had never done before - I told my mother that I did not feel like I could leave the house because I felt so bad and strange, like lead, coated with sticky, gooey muck. She nodded knowingly and said, "I know just how you feel. I feel like that all the time." She advised me not to go out, to take a bath.

For my mother a bath was the panacea against the devastating forces "out there." A hot bath was a temporary respite from the world in which she too felt cloaked with sticky self-hatred, mixed with

unmentionable fear, woven through with spikes of judgment. She was a prickly woman, made cold by the burial of her sorrows and fears deep within her.

But, my mother had also been a radiant child. When she died at her house in Stowe, Vermont, we pulled down the old battered brown suitcase in the upstairs guest room closet. Loose photographs from her childhood and early adulthood spilled out. You see the pure joy of her soul in the young child's face. You can watch the changes through the years, the pulling in, the droop of disappointment in her downturned mouth, the moody tomboy reaching into adolescence, the tight managing of her emotions as she moves into young adulthood, the stiffening and tightening, the jaw held, the smile frozen.

Living in the Gulf Stream



My mother loved camping with her friend Phoebe on Bethel's Island in Ely's Harbour. She was shy and awkward socially. She once told me

that she used to wear a big baggy men's raincoat over her dress as a teenager to go into town because she did not want her body to be seen by men. Later in life she developed a phobia about fatness. She was disgusted by overweight people. She judged anyone who was fat. Her repulsion was palpable.

My mother was trapped in her own self-loathing which, unrecognized, she projected out upon the world, as blistering judgment, a kind of queenly all-knowing of the state of the world, as if she alone upheld the standards of the well-mannered life, as if she alone must forestall the decline of the British Empire. This critical stance to the world manifested itself in a superior tone which for strangers might have seemed comic. As her daughter, covered in my own shame, it was eviscerating. Her critical edge met my own deep sense of being fundamentally wrong. For most of my life, I lived under the tyranny of her projected shame and terror. I was cowed by her severity, levelled by her criticism.

At the time of this dream early in my work, the house of women and shit was where I still lived. I did not know how deep and thick the layer of shame ran. The dreams were showing me the edges of another world. I could feel through this dream the ecstasy of another more luminous realm; I could not live there. I could visit but I needed to go back to the house of women and shame to find out more about myself, the ways I let myself be entrapped by my mother, the dark mother, the dark mother within.

I had early First Stage dreams where I am angry at my mother but I did not yet feel entitled to feel my anger at my mother in my real life. The shame suppressed all my feelings. Anger was an especially unacceptable feeling in my family. Anger was met by condemnation and isolation. My feelings were so repressed, I could not feel the healthy anger of assertion with her or with anyone. I was still allied with my mother. I could not see how trapped I was in her lair. I wanted her to change and grow. I was unconsciously bound to her, bound by my desire to have her become a mother to me. Until I could separate from her and gradually give up needing her, I would remain in the house of the shaming women, unable to feel held by the power of the ocean waters.



When the Mother Disdains the Daughter

If a mother disdains her daughter, the daughter is in the world and there is no one between her and the world but the disdaining mother; it is terrifying. Because she is so frightened to be alone, she is going to accept the mother's love even though she is scarred by it. She will even accept more scarring. It all becomes self-hate because she accepted the mother's love.

As the daughter untangles all of this through her work, as she lets go of the disdainful mother, a great deal of fear is going to be released. This is because she still carries the primal fear from the time she accepted the mother's pathological love as a way to survive. The fear is still there. When the mother's need is more important than her need, her guilt will come up if she does not take care of the mother in the old way.

On some level, every child loves its mother, even if the mother has been abusive or manipulative or overbearing. How can we not love our mothers? There is a moment when we were tiny that we loved the mother because she was a god to us. We may have learned to not love her, we may have learned to take care of her, we may have learned many things, but there is that moment in all of us when we just loved our parents.

The love may be so deep and buried that we may never find it again, but it is the source of feeling guilty. Feeling guilty does not come from feeling guilty, but from the fact that at some point we did love our parents, no matter how abusive, because we do have hearts. We came from our mothers. This is where our primacy and sexuality were affected. The moment our love for our mothers was turned against us is the moment we were damaged.

The demon is expert at using our love against us. Its greatest weapon is taking the innocence of our love and turning it against us. When we have abusive parents, this is an easy trick to do. The child blames herself for the abuse because she is not strong enough to know that the parents are abusive. All the child knows is that she is destroyed in the moment where she is full of love and wanting love and loving. This is what children do; they love and are full of feeling. There is no manipulation or control.

In a dream, the demon may come as the mother who is dying, asking us, "How can you let me die?" It is trying to use our innocent love for our parents against us, to control us, to take us out of feeling. Once that happens, we cannot be sexually vulnerable, there is no chance for intimacy, because sexuality is openness to our hearts. How can we go to self-acceptance when the mother blocks it? To deal with the issue, we must let the dark demon mother in the dream, in us, die.

When the daughter does not bond with the mother or is not loved by the mother, her whole orientation of who she is as a woman becomes altered. Experiencing herself as a woman who is desirable or desired can be extremely charged for how can she be desired if her mother did not love her? It can ruin a woman.

Not all women react to rejection from the mother in the same way. Some react by seeking relationship in a pathological way, forcing the issue, while some simply hide. Most women in this situation, no matter how they react, do not feel desirable for they do not feel they can be an object of love. Not just for relationships with men but in relationship with the Divine as well.

Women in this situation have no place to receive the love, no I/Thou relationship. A woman's way of accessing love is through being desired as a woman as well as a person. The woman cannot be separated from the person when it comes to the issue of being open to the feminine. Of course, there is more to being a woman than being desired by someone, but it is a step in the process of becoming empowered and of being loved. From this place, a woman can grow to being more masculine in a Valkyrie way.

A woman can be a Valkyrie if she is potent and vulnerable at the same time. Part of being vulnerable for a woman is accepting herself as a woman worthy of love from anyone. Without this vulnerability, a woman can never become a Valkyrie.

Exploring her sensual self is important for a woman. Does she feel desired by the Animus, does she feel desirable as a person and in the vaginal sense of receptivity, of being filled, of being a vessel that can receive love? If a woman does not feel desirable, she is in a blind spot. She may compensate by being independent, self-assured, managing herself, being a Renaissance woman or an Amazonian, or figuring out how to get love on her own. There is no vulnerability in any of this unless it comes from the vulnerability itself.

When the mother is manipulative, seductive in her femininity, it is toxic and pathological. Her daughter will not want to be anything like the mother and may run to be a tomboy, eschewing the feminine. For this daughter, all of her associations of being vulnerable and desirable are based on the sick way her mother was in her femininity. This completely poisons the daughter from being in a place of understanding vulnerability in a new way. The daughter will need to plunge forward anyway into that realm of vulnerability so that she can discover a new way to be in it without being like her mother.

The Punishing Mother

When the mother makes the daughter believe that something is good for her when it really is not, then the mother is not really loving in the first place. She is really resentful and angry. Unconsciously, she punishes the daughter because she was punished herself or she hates herself. She then takes it out on the daughter but in a way that appears loving.

When a mother loves her daughter too much or not correctly or when the mother punishes the daughter by being angry under the appearance of love, then everything that she gives the daughter is actually a poison. From that point forward, as the daughter grows up, when somebody loves her, even when the love is true, her

unconscious past gets projected onto the person loving her, the person becomes her mother and the love becomes poisonous to her.

Even if the daughter learns to not believe the mother, if she still reacts then she is reacting to what happened in the past. In the meantime, she is missing and unable to appreciate all of the potential intimacy and love in her life.

Not only can the daughter not take in the love, but she also cannot discern when someone is being abusive. She is open to those who are abusive and closed to those who love her.

The pathology is stronger in the mother/daughter relationship than in the mother/son relationship or father/son relationship. When women get together, they can be more destructive to each other as well as to men. The shadow in women is more debilitating because women have a deeper wound with the mother since they are bonded with the mother in a way they are not bonded with the father. Whether the bond with the mother is incestuous or there is no bond at all, the wound with the mother is the most debilitating.

Women need men more than they want to admit - not men who dominate, but men who have come home to the Father for men who have found the boy inside can be open to women in a good way. Such men do not become fathers for women; rather, they are boys of the Father. These men, even though there are few of them, are the men who can help women and other men in a positive way.

One way a mother masks her pain and her anger at the daughter is through judgment. The daughter does not see that the mother is angry at her or is punishing/blaming her. The daughter believes that the mother is just making judgments. But, in this case, every act of love is really a judgment that is meant to destroy the daughter. It is not an act of love where the daughter feels supported and cared for and loved.

When the mother punishes the daughter, everything for the daughter becomes tainted with the punitive invective. When love is lacking, our failings define us and we become narcissistic, believing that we have to be acceptable to be loved. It is love that allows us to be bigger than our failings. If we are loved, we do not need to be accepted. We can make mistakes. We can fail and still know that we are loved, still know that we have the space to get better and that we will get better. We do not have to be good at everything if we are loved. But, if we are not loved, then we cannot afford to have one thing that is not okay, that needs time to grow. There is never any room to grow when we are fighting to be okay. For the daughter who was punished, underneath this fighting is the fact that she was punished for every breath she took and she did not even know it.

When something does not go her way, instead of feeling sad or disappointed, the daughter feels punished. This allows pathology to react narcissistically and try to control the situation. Once this sets in, anything that happens is interpreted through this lens and the daughter cannot see any love in any of it. She cannot feel the love and the disappointment at the same time because the disappointment has always been

about not feeling loved.

When the daughter feels punished unconsciously, it is not pain but abuse. When the mother disappointed the daughter, she did not just disappoint her, she punished her. She did not just abandon the daughter, she abused her. She did it to punish the daughter while making it look like she did something for her. The mother acted as though she were loving the daughter but she really intended to hurt her. It is a confusing reality for the daughter.

The mother does not know this, of course. She believes that she loved, supported and cared for the daughter. How could the daughter go against that belief? Because of this belief, the daughter does not grow up with an awareness of the difference between what it feels like to be punished by the mother and what it feels like to be loved by the mother. Instead there is no distinguishing the two for the daughter.

Since the daughter does not know she is being punished, she only knows that she feels bad. She then believes that she is innately bad, that perhaps she did do something wrong because the feeling must come from somewhere.

Dream:

My mother gives me a beautiful jacket. When I put it on, I break out in welts.

In this dream, the daughter knows that she is breaking out in welts not because she is sick but because she is being poisoned by the mother. This is a breakthrough dream for this particular woman for she sees for the first time that she is the girl getting sick because of the poison given by the mother. She can see that she is sick not because she is innately bad but because she has been poisoned.

The Grieving Mother

When a child is born to a mother who is still grieving over the loss of another child, the child often becomes terrified because she feels that the mother is not loving her. The mother's pain becomes the child's terror because the pain isolates the child from the mother. Because of her pain, the mother cannot love the child.

When the child grows up, at some point other people's pain may trigger her into her trauma and she will push them away rather than feel compassion for them. Or, she may be triggered into her fear making her unable to stand in another's woundedness.

When the Daughter is More Important than the Mother

When the mother looks to the daughter for the answers, when she needs the daughter to live the life she has not lived, the mother is living vicariously through the daughter. The daughter becomes more important than the mother.

This will sometimes produce a daughter who becomes intensely dependent on being more important than the mother. She cannot be important in her own right because she has lost her connection. Even though her mother may have loved her and doted on her, the love came from a vicarious need in the mother because the mother had nothing for herself.

When the mother needs the daughter to be bigger, this creates a narcissism for she wants the daughter to carry her own soul. If the daughter accepts the burden of her mother's soul, takes it on as a sort of pride, she becomes addicted to the falseness of the mother's doting. The mother's doting does not come from a place of love and connectedness, but from a place of having nothing and feeling the daughter has everything.

But the daughter does not have everything. She just thinks she does because the mother has nothing and the mother tells the daughter that she is everything. The daughter forgets her way because she is not supported for who she really is by a mother powerful enough to give her the love she needs to maintain the support for herself.

So, the daughter really gets nothing. If the mother has nothing, then the daughter has nothing.

When the daughter is dependent on the mother having nothing so that she can have everything, and the mother begins to wake up and decides she wants something, too, the daughter may feel threatened. She may feel that her mother has no right to power, joy or happiness since it is all about her.

This reaction is the daughter's woundedness. Having parents who pour themselves into their children because they do not have anything creates a wound where the child learns there is no real support. That the support they are receiving comes from someone who has nothing to give.

Alcoholic parents and dysfunctional families create shame and disrespect in the children for their parents. In this same way, functional families who love their children but are still disempowered create a similar sense of disrespect. The parent has nothing for the child to look up to. The child inherently knows the parent is lost.

The daughter accepts the love that is offered and feeds on it, even knowing that the parents give it from a sense of lostness. She knows her parents are living through her and becomes fat with it. The daughter becomes dependent on this kind of love like being dependent on french fries and ice cream.

Fathers and Daughters

When a girl falls in love with her father or seeks the father in a lover because of the relative compatibility of the father and the lover, the return from looking for the love of the father sexually through a lover is not really destructive. It is possible to return to the Animus from this place with ease for the gap between the father and son, the father and the lover, the father as lover is not that far away for a woman. The girl often falls in love and confuses her father for a lover when she is a child.

This is a compensation for the loss of the mother which is a serious problem. The breach of the mother is serious because the love from the mother is a primary need. The father is a secondary need that happens later. The primary need goes all the way back to the wound.

It is such a primary need, particularly for a daughter. Her whole sense of herself as a woman and as someone loved as a woman is linked to her mother. The leap from getting satisfaction from a man when she really needs love from the mother is difficult because there is nothing there. But if she is looking for her father through a lover, she may actually be able to get something.

When she seeks the mother love through men, it can create a whoremaster with a compulsive quality where she constantly seeks intimacy. But there is no intimacy until she accepts herself. Her mother not accepting her creates a vacuum that sexuality does not really fill. Sexuality is a stop gap only, creating in some cases a compulsive sexuality. The whoremaster loves to gain access to a woman's vagina through her mother's betrayal.

A woman may project onto her son the insecurity which comes from this lack of bonding with her mother. Instead of being a mother to her son, which she cannot do because she never had a mother so that she could be a mother, she actually looks to her son as a prospective lover, projecting her shame with her mother onto the son. In fact, women may project all that insecurity onto all men and even women. With men, it manifests sexually.

FROM DEB DEGRAFF

My Girl

I am four. I get out of our station wagon and walk up the sidewalk to the door of our church by the coatroom. My mother hangs up our Sunday coats. We walk down the hall that leads past the room where the choir puts on their robes, down two steps. We are quiet when we get close to the church door. A man gives my mother a program. We slip in the door; we are late. My mother bows and enters the front pew. I do a little curtsy and follow her in. I like to curtsy.

My mother kneels on the blue leather cushion and bows her head. I kneel on the blue cushion and bow my head, too. I pray for everyone in my family and my dog Scamper. The music is loud. My mother stands to sing and I stand, too. Church is full of fullness.

The fullness fills me. I feel it under my arms, like they want to lift up all on their own. I feel the fullness up through my neck so my head floats. I am wearing my shiny patent leather shoes and I feel my feet standing flat on the floor like they are attached to the floor, and the rest of me feels like I am being lifted up, like I am floating even though my feet are a part of the floor. I smile my secret smile.

My thumb and the first two fingers on both hands feel full and different from my other fingers. I want to place my hands on someone. It is as if there is a touch in those fingers and in the center of my hands and it wants to come out. It aches down my arms and out through my fingers.

I feel everything inside of me: the light, the music, the singing. When my mother kneels down again, I sit on the stone floor between the bench and the front of the pew. I take the stubby pencil and a collection envelope and draw. Everything is beautiful. My mother is beautiful. The beauty aches, I love the beauty. I am curious about everything in church.

When I feel my memories from childhood, I feel them through my sensuality. This is my girl self.

* * * *

I am eight. I am in my blue pajamas brushing my teeth. I walk across the hall, climb onto my bed and slide under the covers. I like going to bed. It is warm in my “crebice.” My legs and feet are buzzing. My sister is in her bed. She is learning French at school and is teaching me. I feel curious. I want to know how dogs bark in French. We laugh. How do you laugh in French? We laugh more. I feel so much in my hands that I want to grab hold and squeeze everything I love; I want to bite.

We are quiet now. Evening light comes in the window that is between our beds. I hear my sister breathing so I know she has gone to sleep. Now I feel big; it is not that I do not have my regular body, it is just that I am much bigger than my body. I fill the room. The ceiling is slanted. God is watching over us. I do not feel alone when God watches over us. There is a fullness in the room. This is how I know He is here.

I am filled with love. I feel it in my chest and arms, and my arms ache a little with all the love. I feel it in my hands and fingers and I want to touch everything. I love my parents and my sister. I love my dog. I love everything. I ache and a buzz goes down my legs to my toes. I rub myself until the warmth spreads all over me. I snuggle under the covers and go to sleep.

* * * *

I am eight. I am lying on my back on the grass looking up at the sky. It is blue. The grass smells green and the Earth is a bit humid, like a breath is humid. I am lying in the breath of the Earth and my clothes feel damp. My whole body feels alive and the Earth feels alive. White and silver clouds race by.

I feel curious. I wonder if it is really the Earth that is spinning and the clouds that are still. I wonder if we are really upside down now and somehow not falling off. I am not scared of being upside down on the Earth; it is exhilarating. I am a part of something big, it is different than feeling big in my bedroom; I am as big as the sky, and a part of everything. And there is something even bigger that holds us all. I love feeling a part of everything, connected to everything. God is everywhere. I feel God in everything.

My Mother’s Girl

I am eleven. It is an August evening and we are at Twin Lakes with my Grandparents. My mother, in pigtails, Barbie, Susie, Patti and me cross the sloping living room floor of the cabin. We are wrapped in beach towels. We are going skinny-dipping. As we parade past my grandfather, he looks up from a crossword puzzle. We are being sneaky right in front of him with my mother in the lead.

Outside the katydids siren their August song as we pick our barefooted way over tree roots and rocks, down to the dock. With shrieks we jump into the lake. The

water feels warmer than the air and is soft against my bare skin. We swim away from the shore and float on our backs to look up at the stars. Skinny-dipping feels completely different than swimming in a bathing suit. I feel so free and move my body around every which way just to feel the pleasure of it. I am not scared to be swimming out so far in the dark because I am close to my mother and she is laughing. She is having fun and I love being near to her. She is being a girl and I can be a girl, too.

When my mother is in her girl everything changes, the world feels good and filled with love. Life is an adventure. This is the bonding I needed and without it life is scary.

Hostility Towards the Girl

In the external world my mother is beyond reproach. I did not leave the house without a hot breakfast and never came home to an empty house. We sat down to a family dinner every night. She made everything from scratch. She taught me to sew and cook, made clothes for my dolls and me. In the external world, she met my needs and cared for me.

I needed my mother to help me become the girl I am, to grow into the world as the girl that I am. But except for brief moments, she did not know how to have her own girl in the world. What my mother did teach me was to abandon my girl, like she learned to abandon her girl. She could not teach me what I needed to know.

I still had needs, but I was afraid that I would lose my mother's love. So I became who I think she wanted me to be. I denied my needs and abandoned my girl.

I do not know if my mother knows she has lost her girl. I do not know if she knows the pain this causes. I do not know if she knows that when the pain is not felt that pathology moves in and this pathology is hostile to the girl.

* * * *

I am nine. I hide the cake I have just baked for my mother on top of the refrigerator. The refrigerator door is thick and part of the glass cake pan rests on the top of the door. My mother comes in the kitchen and opens the refrigerator. My cake crashes to the floor. The chocolate frosting with the words *I love Mommy* scrawled across it, the cake and the glass are all over the floor. My mother is angry. I feel scared. I have done something wrong.

* * * *

I am baking chocolate chip cookies all by myself. I like the batter best and I will be able to eat as much of it as I want once I get it all mixed up. I bite into a spoonful of batter . . . ewwww . . . it tastes awful. I have gotten the sugar and salt canisters mixed up and put two cups of salt and a teaspoon of sugar in my batter. My mother tells me I should always lick my finger and stick it in the sugar before

measuring to be sure I have it right. She is angry with me for wasting all those ingredients. I feel scared. I did not mean to do it wrong.

* * * *

I feel hostility in myself and I feel it in my mother. Underneath the competence, the niceness and the caring is hostility. I try to contain, control and manage it, just like I see my mother do. When it slips out I try to deny it. I believe it proves I am a bad person. But this is a trick. It is not me and it is not my mother. I am the innocent girl and so is she. This hostility is something separate and foreign to both of us.

The shame I feel in believing this pathology is me keeps me hiding it. When I hide it, I do not get to my pain and when I do not get to my pain, I do not get to my girl. This is the goal of the pathology. It is hostile towards my girl and all girls.

This pathology tells me that I am unwanted and unlovable. To feel the hurt of this feels like a reproach to my mother. So I stop feeling the hurt. I deny my self and my hurt and this creates a wound. Neither my mother nor I acknowledge this wound, so it does not heal.

I watched my mother not be her self. I watched her not be herself with my father. I see how it hurt my mother and me. I watched her talk about how things look on the outside and not how they feel inside; I watched her stay on the surface. I learned it was not okay to be deep and intimate. I learned by example to fear myself. I learned to not be myself from my mother.

My Wound

I seek my soul yet I am not willing to look in the place that I lost it. I am afraid of reproaching my mother. I believe I cannot say anything about my hurt without hurting my mother. I believe I can have my mother or myself. I believe I am choosing my mother, but really I am choosing pathology. I have my mother and pathology mixed up.

As far back as I can remember, I know my mother has lost her girl. I perceive this as my mother not being happy. I want to make her happy. I want my mother to be happy because then I can feel her girl, and when I can feel her girl the world feels good and full of love and I can be my girl as well.

I believe my father makes my mother unhappy and I am angry with him. My father is critical and I feel that if I do not take my mother's side no one will be on her side against my father and she will have more pain. If she has more pain, the anger will get stronger and I am afraid of the anger. To take care of myself I feel I have to take care of her and protect her from my father's insensitivity. I feel angrier with my father.

I do not understand that my mother's pain, like my own, relates to the loss of her girl and there is nothing I can do to change that. All I can do is feel my own pain

and recover my girl and her capacity to feel loved. But I do not know this and even if I do I am afraid to feel this pain.

Pain cannot be blamed on someone else. I was unhappy in my marriage, but my marriage did not cause my pain and the end of my marriage did not take my pain away. In fact, it opened me up to the depth of my pain. My pain has to do with being separated from my girl. The pathology tells me stories that other people are to blame for my pain. I have believed them. They are not true.

Longing for My Girl Projected Out As Need

It is Friday night and my sister and I sit on my parent's bed and watch my mother get dressed to go out. She is my mother and she is beautiful. I feel special. My body is alive and humming. My mother puts on makeup and jewelry and dabs *Joy* perfume behind her ears. I breathe in how good she smells. I rub her blue dress of compressed velvet that feels like rubbing a cat's nose. My father is picking up the babysitter. My parents are leaving. I stand on the green hassock and my arms reach out to my mother, "Don't leave me, don't leave me!" Because my mother is leaving for the evening, I feel like I will die.

Reaching

(Painted in my twenties)



Later, the babysitter puts me to bed and I cry for Powo. She is a new babysitter and does not know that Powo is my security blanket. My sister does not tell her. We torture the babysitter, me hysterical, needing Powo, Barbie not telling her.

I have settled down now and am in bed with Powo. I cry for the babysitter to sit on the top stair. I listen for her footsteps sneaking down the stairs. Downstairs is too far away. I need someone to be close to me.

Denial of My Wound

Dream:

My mother and I are out walking. I see Marc across the street. I do not want him to see how cold my mother is.

I have a blind spot around my hurt. I want to write about the ways my mother is there for me, about everything she does for me. I want to give you all the reasons why she cannot be there for me; but none of that matters. It is me denying my wound and managing. My mother's pathology is hostile to my girl. I feel this hostility and it hurts. She does not love her girl; she does not love mine. My girl is who I am, her girl is who she is. I do not think she knows this. I have not known it.

I learn to be like my mother. We relate from the place of compensating for our losses. We have a deal. She takes care of my physical needs and I will not need more than that. If I feel my real need for her to be her girl, I betray her; I break the deal. To say I hurt from something she is not able to give me is a truth I have not allowed myself to know or tell.

My Wound Is Sealed

I am eleven and my best friend Eileen lives next door. We have a gang of friends on our block. We have a kid's world that is supported by and separate from the adult world around us. We have freedom and what we do is play. In this world, I am still my girl.

One day, we get in the station wagon and drive away. We are moving to a new house and a new neighborhood. When we arrive at the new house I feel scared and alone. My world goes silent; I have lost what sustains my girl.

I sit in a green chair and read books. I hurt so badly that I pretend I do not hear my parents when they speak to me; I pretend I am lost in my book. I do not let them know I am in pain. I deny my feelings. I need help and I do not ask. I need my mother. My mother does not know I am suffering and she does not comfort me.

My mother went to thirteen different schools between kindergarten and twelfth grade. Her father was a naval captain and her family moved to wherever he was stationed when he was in the US. She lived in Diamond Head when Pearl Harbor

was bombed. She was nine. She holds herself in reserve. She does not talk about her feelings. Moving is a part of life for my mother.

I am ashamed of feeling such despair and isolation. I am depressed for a year and a half. I do not feel the pain, grief and uncertainty of my new life. These feelings freeze up inside of me and create a barrier. My girl is on the other side of the barrier.

I believe God is no longer watching over me. I stop praying. I put my needs, my vulnerability and my feelings into a jar and close the lid.

In my twenties, I read *Dibbs: In Search of Self*, about an autistic boy. I feel I am secretly an autistic person who just knows how to act normal on the outside.

My Autistic Self (painted in my twenties)



Putting on a Happy Face

For as long as I can remember I have carried grief in me and I do not know what it is about. I have longed to be released by feeling it, but until my husband left our marriage, I could not access it. His leaving opened the door to the unfelt grief of my childhood.

I Grieve (Painted in my twenties)



I learn from my mother to deny the pain of losing my girl and put on a happy face. I become a shell who pretends everything is fine when it is not; a shell who pretends I am not feeling what I am feeling. A shell who pretends I do not know God, who pretends I am whole when I am not. I have lost my girl and it is a terrible loss.

I learn many ways to make a nice life on top of my wound. I cover my wound thinking that life seems better away from it, but the pain does not go away or get better, it festers. And worse, pathology lives and flourishes in the unfeeling of my wound. This pathology is destructive, mean and hurtful.

In seventh grade a bunch of girls from my old neighborhood start going to my school and I have a gang of friends again. My girl is still locked in a jar inside of me. I miss her but the fear of feeling her is much greater than wanting her and my real life, so I am willing to let the pathology help me create a life.

A new me begins emerging. I am bouncy, happy and enthusiastic. I do not have to be a crybaby or depressed in the green chair. I can make my life different. I learn to take pleasure in controlling my feelings, to control how I appear in the world. But I have lost the connection to my interior life. I no longer trust my heart or my feelings. I look to others to know the right way to look and act, to know what I should be feeling.

I work hard and do well in school. I am outgoing and keep my pain to myself. I acclimate to living separated from myself. I get affirmed for this. I have a convincing

persona. I put on a happy face. I manage well.

I become a caring acupuncturist; I write a book on self-care. There is care in what I do and how I do it. I am friendly, intuitive and smart. I am easy to like. The happy version of myself gets attention that the sad girl sitting in the green chair never got. Life seems better when I put on a happy face. I believe that if things are different in the outer world than the pain of the loss of my girl will go away.

Underneath the happy face is emptiness and insecurity, anxiety that no one will like me. After all, I do not like me. I abandoned myself in a jar.

My unwillingness to expose the pathology that lives in this wound and to feel the pain that lies beneath it keeps me separate from my girl. Living without my girl is living in prison. I can decorate my cell and make it look nice, but it does not change the fact that I am in prison. In the prison there is no such thing as unconditional love. I believe that I am unwanted and unlovable, that I must be the way others want me to be to be loved. In prison I do not believe in Divine love and I look for it in the world and do not find it there. I feel disappointed and hurt.

Pride And Independence

As a compensation for losing my girl, the pathology gives me pride and independence. Pride in my independence, in managing well, in being competent, nice, caring. It gives me pride in controlling my feelings, in holding myself separate and above, in pretending I am not hurt, that nothing touches me. Pride in thinking I can manage everything on my own. Pride in privacy. Pride in my ability to tolerate my aloneness. Pride in not needing.

I do not want to get married and have kids. My pride tells me that marriage and children are a sure way to be unhappy. It tells me I do not need other people. Needing people is messy and dependent and needy. Other people can do that - I am independent. Pride tells me independence is better.

Under this pride is hurt. Under this hurt is my wound with my mother. I have a choice. I can feel my hurt or stay with the pathology and have pride.

I am proud at eleven sitting in the chair not letting anyone know I am suffering. I am proud being unhappy in my marriage and telling no one, believing I can manage on my own and if I put on a happy face and try harder maybe it will get better. I believe that if I just get it right in the outer world that my inner pain will get better. I do not want to face the hostile pathology that is living in me. I do not want to feel my pain.

Meanness

I am separate from my girl. I feel a meanness come through me when I am around someone who has their girl. An anger, a jealousy, a rage, a destructive energy comes through me and I hate it. I try to contain it and hide it. It is the pathology trying

to attack the girl. It keeps my girl locked in a jar and wants all the other girls locked in jars so no one has fun, gets love, feels joy. It is a rage against the joy and the love. It is ugly.

For example, a friend is taking a walk and drops by with her dog. I do not want the dog to come in the house because his nails will scratch up the floor. He is out on the back porch howling. He wants to be close to my friend. My girl is inside me crying out for me to stop worrying about the floor. My girl does not care about the floor. She loves that my friend just dropped by. She likes people and does not like to be alone. She loves dogs. But the happy face needs everything to look right in the world, the floor cannot be scratched up. She needs things under control; that is how she covers the pain.

Another example. I have plans to go out with a friend. When she picks me up she tells me she asked another friend to come, too. I do not want the other friend to come along. When we pick her up, I act like I am being friendly but I do not make eye contact. I know she can feel this and it hurts her. I still do it.

The pathology makes me feel angry and jealous. It makes me want all girls to go away. I do not want to be near them because being near them brings up my pain at having lost my girl. When something good happens for someone's girl, instead of feeling joy I feel, "What about me?" Then I feel shame and know I am a bad person. I take responsibility for this mean pathology. I think it is who I am.

I spend a lot of time alone because I do not want to feel this pathology. When I am alone there is no one to stir up the meanness and I can forget it is living in me.

Leaving My Mother

Dream:

My mother and I are walking down a road in the evening. I cross some water and enter a tunnel. My mother is no longer with me. The tunnel gets darker. I cannot see the end of the tunnel. I am scared of the darkness and turn back.

In my waking life I keep entering the tunnel, feeling my fear and walking into the darkness alone, without my mother.

Entering the Tunnel



I am leaving the familiar world of my mother. The physical world where it is important to be safe and secure, to have money in the bank and a nice home in which to live, to have a controlled and ordered life, to be nice, to be a good person, to avoid the fear and uncertainty of the unknown.

It is scary to leave the external world behind, but the truth is that it is much scarier to turn back to the safety of my old neurotic life.

As I walk in the tunnel I feel God's presence. He is around me and in front of me. I am walking in His bigness. I do not feel alone in this darkness.

I hurt.

I hurt and I see how I withhold myself. I do this with my mother. It is how I live my life. It is familiar and I suffer for it. I hide myself and I lose myself in the hiding because I do not want to feel my hurt.

The tunnel is my hurt. I am accepting my wound.

Whenever the hurt surfaces, if I look away, do not embrace it fully, I am turning back, as I did in the dream. Every time I stay with my discomfort, let the feeling stretch me open and clean me, then I am walking forward, deeper into the tunnel.

I am returning to my interior world. I feel littler as I walk, tender and soft. All that matters to me is to walk through this tunnel and feel my vulnerability and my hurt.

The pathology tells me I will lose everything and everyone I love if I keep walking into this tunnel. Listening to this voice keeps me living without my girl.

Dream:

I go to a wedding. A Man is being sweet, watching out for me. He takes me down the aisle to my seat up front. I feel exposed and vulnerable.

He Takes Care Of Me



I feel His hand on my back behind my heart. My body softens into His touch, my face relaxes and my weight falls through my feet and I feel them flat on the floor. My arms relax at my sides. I am little and I feel innocent. My voice is lower and my eyes are soft. Here I am and He is taking care of me.

The pathology tries to scare me, saying I will not be able to survive in the world as this girl, I will not be able to go to work or pay my bills. Sometimes I listen to the fear and believe it, I run back to the prison.

Then I remember I am the girl in His care. When I come back to her, she is still here inside of me. She is so steady. I keep leaving and she is always here when I come back.

I stand in the unknown-ness of my girl self. The pathology tells me I am risking my life. And I am. The life I live as a shell is not my life. I am here. I am alive. Life is precious. I do not want to live my life in prison.

Dream:

Annie and I are on God's swing, swinging high over trees and fields, higher and higher. I am scared of sliding off or that I will slip and knock Annie off. I cling to the seat and rope. When the swing slows a bit, we get off. It is Christmas and there are lots of gifts under the tree and packages arriving for me from my mother.

On God's Swing



Through my hands on the ropes I feel the swing being held from above and I feel my connection with God through feeling this holding. I feel supported as I am swung.

I feel my fear and do not cling to the seat. When I find myself holding tightly to something in my life, I remember that holding tightly keeps me from feeling the support of being on God's swing. I remember I am in His hands. I am held. I am the innocent girl.

I enjoy the sensation of being swung. He swings me way back and we hang suspended in space, my breathe held in for a long time, and then ever so slowly the swing starts to drop picking up speed as we swing forward, until toes nearly touching the sky we hang once again for a long time before swinging backwards once again. I feel sensation in my chest and heart and I want to cry.

I allow myself to enter the reality of letting Him swing me. Here things are always moving and alive, nothing is fixed. It is a child's reality and I have known it before.

He says to me:

This is what people hunger for and are afraid of and have given up on. Do not give up on it, on yourself, on me. Be the beacon you are meant to be. You are a shining light and people see this. You hide from it and pretend to be what you are not and it confuses people. They try to take care of you because you are not letting

me take care of you. Come let me swing you. Allow your center of gravity to move with me. Allow yourself to see what I see. Follow me. Listen to me. I am here for you. Can you feel me now? That is right, allow yourself to be lost in the sensations of me swinging you. You are not the person sitting still in the middle of this motion. You are the girl being swung.

I struggle to stay the innocent girl in the world, my habit to be competent and manage life on my own runs deep. I struggle to listen to Him, to remember I am not alone. I struggle to stay on the swing.

The pathology tells me dreamwork is a fine hobby when someone is paying the bills, but you cannot really believe that some Man in your dreams is actually taking care of you.

He tells me:

You have a precious life right here and now, you can live it, or you can run from it. Life is not about safety and security or having a net to catch you. I will catch you. I am here. No net will protect you from illness or death. What is safety but a story to avoid your fear. All there is is this moment and finding your way with me. We are in it together. You are not alone. I am right here. You are really being swung on God's swing.

Dream:

I am on a road trip and stop at a restaurant to get a fish sandwich. I run into my old friend Ed. He introduces me to a big handsome Man with bright eyes. Our eyes meet and I feel attracted to Him. We are in a cathedral now. I talk with Ed who tells me I found the best spot in town to get a fish sandwich. Then I sit down in the back of the cathedral alone to eat my sandwich. I feel excited that maybe I will meet a man I like. Maybe I will have another man in my life.

Here I am with the new Man in my life and I leave Him to go eat a fish sandwich. As I work with this dream, I go back to the cathedral in my mind and see the handsome Man with bright eyes looking deeply into me. I feel how much I want Him and I want to run.

The pathology tells me He could ever want me. It tells me to go talk with Ed and eat my fish sandwich. It tells me that I will be happier living in the world of ideas. It is safer. It tells me I will never be enough; that it is impossible for me to ever feel any other way than not enough.

He says to me:

You have always believed that there are only two choices, to stay in relationship feeling not enough while putting on a happy face or to isolate and live in your mind trying to feel better. They are both terrible choices, both are living without your girl and my love. But there is another way, a third way. When you slow down, I am able to show you things you do not see on your own. I will show you the third way. It feels like a miracle, but in fact it is how you and I operate together. It is opening up for you today as you stay with my eyes. You can hardly believe that this is possible, that you could feel innocent and worthy of love, that you could trust a man. You are crying now as I write to you, you are having trouble letting this in. You are not unwanted and you are not isolated. There is nothing for you to do but stay with me and keep seeing my eyes. There is power in my gaze that you do not understand. It is real what happens to you as you hold my gaze. You are becoming your girl and you are feeling my love.

WHEN THE FATHER SACRIFICES THE SON

When the father is lost in his wife, he does not know enough to not sacrifice his son to her because he will do whatever she wants. If the mother does not like the son, if she feels threatened by the son, if she does not want a relationship with the son, then the father will also not have a relationship with the son in order to remain allied with his wife.

If the mother does want a relationship with the son and not with the father, but also does not want the father to have a relationship with the son, the father will often also willingly accede. If the father leaves the mother, he will also leave the children and not have relationship with them. The children will feel that the father does not care but the fact is that the father is intimidated by the mother enough to give up his relationships with them and give in to the mother.

The father's sense of victimization, his inability to be in his own heart and to know for himself what he wants is then laid on the son and is a source of great shame. The son feels the father does not love him and so feels unworthy. The son mistakes his father's attachment to women and the way the father chooses women over him as a lack of love, and he claims responsibility for that lack. This scenario is devastating to the son. Separated from his father, all that remains for the son is to conclude that something is wrong with him.

The son feels this because when there is no father, there is no father to rely on. A man in this scenario may have dreams of the Animus coming as a coach, with the man wanting to play for the coach. This is a reflection of the boy wanting the father.

The father may feel that the only way he could survive was to leave the mother. This is how he lost himself so that the only way out was to leave her. But he will then go on to find another woman just like her. He replicates the problem because he looks for salvation from women. This comes from the fact that his own mother never gave him what he wanted.

The son then repeats the pattern. The son cannot get to his father or any father because he blames himself for what the father would not be with him and feels

ashamed. It is the shame that ruins the son, that gets him into trouble. It is hard to find the father or the spiritual Father or the Animus when he has such shame that goes back to the men, to the father. Instead, he may create a false male persona, hanging out, drinking, swapping jokes and lies, trying to prove himself because there was no one to love him.

To get back into relationship with the father, to get his love, the son must give up the pride, the need to prove anything. To do this, he must confront his shame for deep in the bowels of the shame is his longing to be loved by the father.

When a father chooses a destructive mother or woman over his son, it is the same as when women choose a destructive man or men over their daughters. Destructive men who will even rape the daughter. Others allow their husbands to damage their daughters because they are competing with their daughters. Such a mother may feel so terrible and defeated by her own life and by the poison in her that she passes that poison on to her daughter. A woman will not protect her daughter from the husband/boyfriend who is going to sexually abuse her for many reasons - maybe she is paralyzed, maybe she is so sick that she cannot protect the daughter. In many cases, however, the mother wants the daughter damaged because there are parents who actually hate their children and are jealous of their happiness.

When the father chooses the destructive female over the son, he is doing the same thing to the son. He throws the son to the wolverines. He leaves the son to the mother when he leaves the mother and he may never try to balance the scale because he is too sick or weak to pull himself out of the pattern.

When the father leaves the mother as his only chance for survival, it does not occur to him that leaving the son in that situation will be devastating. If he believed that being with the mother is that destructive, then why does he not take the son with him or at least work to balance the scale by being present in the son's life? Most men in this situation are too weak.

The problem is that the son then hates himself for all of it. The son blames himself for the father's inability to show up for him not understanding that the mother did not want the father involved and that the father capitulated. Of course, it does not really matter who is to blame; the result is that the son ends up with the shame. He feels he is not a good enough boy for his father to want to be with him. This is the tragedy that the boy carries as shame.

Sexual violence against women is not always caused by a man's negative relationship with his mother even though this has often been the implication. Men who are incested with their mothers may also respond by hating women. This anger against women essentially comes from an overattachment to the mother.

There is truth in this, but there is also an underlying sense of anger toward the father that can produce a violation against the self. The son's anger against the father may also come from his mother; he may hate his father because his mother hated him.

Why would the son hate the father? Where is the treachery in that? The point really is that all separation from the father produces a certain level of violence in men.

Even if the mother is loving, the separation will still produce a level of violence. In fact, even if the mother did incest the son, the rage results from the loss and the pain of losing the father. When we hate our own gender, it is as if that self reflection comes out as anger or shame which can become anger towards the self or towards others.

The Prodigal Son through the Mother

The following is an example of how the inability of the parent to be Archetypal becomes an excuse:

From Peter Burmeister:

1949

I am just a boy, happy, solitary, Mommy and Daddy larger than life, never far away. My daddy is the only god I know. When he smiles the sun comes out on a cloudy day; when he scowls thunder clouds brood and boom. Sometimes he is so sad and then I am sad, too, and I climb into his lap or hug his leg and look hopefully for brightness in his beautiful face.

Time passes. I am a year or two older and in school. Long hours with other kids, and I long to be home, safe and loved. School is hard, hard because of kids who are not nice to me or teachers who want me to play ball or tag and I am no good at those. I want my Mommy and my Daddy.

I go home on a bus, getting teased, bullied, sometimes punched, beaten, pain. Mrs. H., the driver, tells me to “fight my own battles.” When I get home, my Mommy tells me that when someone hits me, I should “hit back.” I try it next time, and get beaten worse. Better just take it.

One day, I arrive at the path to our house; walk happily to the front door already envisioning my Mommy’s face. The door. It is locked. I try again. Locked. It cannot be. Knock, knock, knock, frantically. No response. No one. I dash around to the back door. Locked.

On the porch there is a box with a notepad. No one ever uses it, but maybe my Mommy has left me a note. I open the box and a hornet flies out. As I run away, I see the blank pad.

I am running, running. I run down the hill towards town, a mile away, crying as if my world is ending, which it is, because never will I be the boy I was before I tried to open that locked front door.

Halfway to town I meet Alan, the boy who bullies me on the bus. I ask if he has seen my mother. He mocks me, imitating my trembling voice, says no, he has not seen her, and I am off again, mindlessly, no direction, no goal, running.

Eventually, my Mommy comes into view, pushing the stroller with my sister. She had tried to flag down the bus, but the driver did not see. I run into her arms but I am not comforted, cannot be comforted, and from that day on there is a hole in the middle of my chest, a void that no amount of human love will ever fill. I cry, “Mommy, Mommy,” and she holds me but I cannot stop crying.

Later Mother and Father try to tell me that they will always be there for me. I tell them that I do not believe then, I say I do not ever want to go to school again, that I am afraid I will come home and they will not be there. Father says, “we will always be there.” And I say, “but there was that one time . . .”

1962

I am eighteen, off to college, reluctantly. I really want to stay home and work with my father at something we can do together. He is a talented artist. He puts himself down, disparages his artwork, warns me not to be the impractical dreamer he was, insists that I get my degree, “that union card,” so I will be secure.

I want to grow things, to work on the land. He is not interested. I want to be a writer. He pushes me to excel in school so I can “be somebody.” He says, “Let writing be your hobby.” I look in the mirror and wonder who that image is. Aren’t I somebody? Apparently not. I am angry and beneath the anger is the pain, gaping agonizing wound.

I start drinking, nobody seems to notice or care. I fantasize about finding the ideal woman, getting married, building a house, having children. We will love and support each other forever and we will not need anyone else in our lives. No one, just the two of us and our kids. We will love them the way our parents never loved us.

When my father drives me to the gate of the college he says he does not want to hear from me for several weeks at least. I am grownup now, an adult. Childhood over. I mourn for lost innocence and pass through the gate. Later, I go to the nearest bar.

Soon there are women in my life. An older one I meet at the bar seduces me. It is my first sexual experience. I am totally in love with her, project all my marriage fantasies on her. After a few months, she wants nothing to do with my needy child. I am devastated, want to die, lose myself in alcohol instead. Then I return home for the summer.

My misery is obvious. My mother holds me and tells me how much she loves me, how she has always loved me and only wants what is best for me. I weep and tell her I love her too, and I promise to be a good son. The pain of losing my girlfriend lessens. I am my Mommy's boy again, for now.

* * * *

Men want to be loved as heroes. In some way, every man wants to be the Animus, wants a woman to look at him in this way. This is the great sin of being lost in a woman's vagina, wanting the mother who says, adoringly, "My son," instead of the father who says, "I love my son," and then replying, "I need my father." The man who wants to be a hero wants the mother's love, but the mother cuckolds the son with the father.

This kind of incested mother love pits the man against the father so that he can be the hero. In this way, the son leaves the father's house, but he never comes home. The journey away from the father's house and then the return as the Prodigal Son requires that the son become open, vulnerable and needy to the Father in a sensual way. Almost as if he is the beloved of the Father, in a feminine sense. The feminine aspect of the male is the ability to be the son of the Father, the ability to be vulnerable, the ability to take direction from the Father and the ability to be needy with the Father.

Men have a hard time with this level of vulnerability because of issues of inadequacy, their own shame around their fathers and their sexuality that seems to drive them toward replicating their relationships with their mothers. Men are fixated on women through their relationships with their mothers, and this makes them fair game for women to control them for it is often a woman's desire to control the phallus.

A man's fantasy is that he will go out to sea, go out to battle, and his woman will be on the widow's watch waiting for her love to come home. This is not the Prodigal Son through the father; this is the Prodigal Son through the mother.

The man imagines his lover worrying about him while he is out conquering the world and then he comes home to her adoration. She looks to him to be the Animus, which he cannot be.

Pride is born of the heroic need to be loved by a woman. These kinds of fantasies are actually mania, manic. The reality is that the man does not have the strength of the Father so it all comes crashing down into depression. The man swings from one extreme to the other.

For he cannot really receive the woman. If a man does find a woman who wants him in this way, he will eventually become tired of her and spurn her because he is a fake and he knows it. He cannot be the Animus for anyone, even for a woman who believes he can. He actually cannot love the woman back because he only wants his mother's love. It is a one-way ticket. Rather than be loved by a woman, he wants to serve a woman.

Without the dynamic with the Father, without the knowing of self in relationship with a woman which comes from a connection to the self through the Father, the man falls into the abyss of the dark mother and is lost. Once he is lost, he has to live the heroic pride, moving from woman to woman because the charge does not last. Sooner or later, the woman finds out about the man.

One day, she will realize that he is not her prize boy. She may become depressed and miserable - the man did not save her after all. If the man did not save her, then he cannot be the Animus for her. If he cannot be the Animus for her, then he cannot keep the illusion of the hero alive. He will find another woman who will believe him until he is found out again. Some women only want the hero. If a man is looking for that kind of woman and finds her, he is in trouble. In the end, she will walk all over him.

A true woman who loves a man for who he is does not need a hero. A true Anima feminine woman wants the man to be the boy. She loves the boy the Father loves. This is the gift of a true loving woman. But most men are not looking for this kind of woman. If a man found a woman like this, he would probably not recognize her and reject her. When he cannot know the love from the Father, he will not be able to know it or understand it from a woman.



BEING THE PARENT WE WANTED OUR PARENTS TO BE

When we lose our connection by suppressing hurts, disappointments and trauma from childhood, this is connected to our parents. When we grow and become parents ourselves, we sometimes try to be the parent we never had. If we were mistreated, we may not necessarily pass on the abuse to our children. We may do the opposite by treating our children well but when we do this from the place of wanting to become the parent our parents could not be for us, it is only an act of compensation.

When we treat our children from a place of unrecognized trauma, we are not coming from a place of love. The caretaking is compulsive. It does not feel good to our children because we are trying to control them. Then, we may become passive-aggressive for having to caretake in the first place. Our children will not be happy, our spouse will not be happy, our friends will not be happy. If they are happy, then we have done a good job fooling everyone. In all cases, we will not be happy.

This is one of the reasons parents can seem to do a good job as parents when they were abused as children. But can they possibly do a good job? Caretaking is better than passing on the abuse to their children, of course, but it is self-abusive and the quality of the giving is tainted. Caretaking parents can feel good about not passing on the abuse, but the children may still be starving from the lack of love. This is not because the parent is not loving them, but because the parent does not feel love, because the parent is wounded and scared, because the parent is just really just compensating, because the parent is going through the motions or because in the place of giving, there is hysteria, fear or pain underneath.

The children feel this - they do not feel the love. Parents do not know it, but children are actually being abused by what is not acknowledged. Great parents often have no idea how unhappy and tortured their children are because of their very presence.

The only way to be a truly loving parent is to be loved. The problem with caretaking is that we forget that we need the love, too. What underlies the caretaking is the trauma, the pain. The only way to know that we need love, then, is to remember

our trauma or our pain or our wound. Most of us do not want to remember. It is much easier to go to caretaking. With caretaking, if we do it well, we can feel good. If we do not do it well, then we feel can bad.

When we realize how much we want to be loved and how much we want to be with Him, when we recognize that the Divine has the love for us, when we are ready to feel into our feelings that will allow us to have this, then the game is over for pathology. It is ironic, however, for we have to want to be loved and the last thing we care about when we are caretaking is ourselves. We become so busy caring for others that we do not even think about what we need. We think only about what we need in terms of trying to survive.

Even when we get to the point where we know we are wounded, where we know that the love is there for us and where we even feel the love, it is still hard to break the pattern because it is a pattern of compulsiveness. The pattern is pathological will wanting to keep us in the cycle of avoiding ourselves, of avoiding the yearning, of avoiding the need for His love.

It is common to feel the yearning for His love, feel that we cannot live without it, then suddenly jump into caretaking or passive-aggressive behavior or procrastination. The pattern will unfold over and over again until we remember, until we stop forgetting.

We forget ourselves because we still feel ashamed; we still feel we do not count. Even when we know we are loved, it is hard to break this belief. The key to breaking it is to follow the work of our dreams, every hour, showing up as much as we can, doing our inner work. To keep feeling the difficult feelings until it becomes, and it most surely will, second nature to who we really are. Then it will be who we are and He will take us from there to the next step.

Cherishing Children

Children need to feel that their parents enjoy them. This is cherishing children. We may have had parents who took care of us, but they may not have enjoyed us. If our parents did not enjoy us, then we were not special; if we were not special, if we did not feel that someone thought we were special, then there was no way to sustain our innocence.

When the innocence cannot be sustained, it atrophies into shame. As children we are not capable of maintaining our innocence without being enjoyed. How many children have competent, loving parents who do not enjoy them? Or, how long did that enjoyment last - two months, two years - before it stopped? Children need to be enjoyed through all stages of their lives.

Part of love is enjoying another person's existence. We love others by enjoying them. The Archetypes enjoy us when we are open and real. We enjoy others we love and appreciate the enjoyment of who they are.

Enjoying someone is different from enjoying their pathology; it is appreciating

and enjoying the miracle of their being. With children, it is not just enjoying a drawing they have done, it is not about the idea of being nice to our children; it is about truly enjoying them.

Cherishing children is different from over doting on them. Doting is when we live through our children vicariously because we were not enjoyed as children. We compensate by projecting our desire to be enjoyed onto our children. When we overdote, we need our children to be something that we were not. Eventually, we will reject them if they do not comply with our expectations of them.

Enjoying a child carries a certain degree of acceptance that the child will grow as a unique individual in ways that we may not like, ways which are different from us. But even as our children grow and become different from us, as they grow in their uniqueness, we must continue to love and enjoy them.

POINT OF NEED

Love Has Need

Love has need in it. When we yearn for the Animus, we need Him. There is this degree of selfishness - a child does not just love the parent, the child needs the parent. Not in a co-dependent sense for if we have a connection with Him, then our need is part of something. It is not needing because we want to avoid our fear or pain. It is the need that comes from desire, the primalcy need. Need that is an expression of our very own essence is healthy.

Need that comes from avoiding feelings is not healthy. An example of this is when one spouse needs security and needs the other to be successful, to be a provider, and to only have relationship within the marriage and not outside it. The need for security is a way to avoid fear.

A need that comes out of our selves is the child's need and that need is the essence of love. From this place, when we need something from our spouse that is an extension of our own soul's desire for companionship, this comes from a place of desire not avoidance.

When we have used people to avoid ourselves but then resolve this issue, when we are no longer avoiding feelings, we may find we suddenly do not need the other person. If we needed our spouse because we were afraid and the only reason we were with our spouse was because we were afraid, when we stop being afraid, it is difficult to rekindle the relationship.

The difficulty with incested relationships is that once the incested issues are cleared, we start questioning why we are with someone. Especially if the need for love was a compensation for the unworthiness. It is not really love when we look for someone to fill the hole for our lack. After the incest issues are cleared, we may find that there is still love in the relationship, but we may find that there is not.

The greater the incestedness, the greater the projection onto a lover. When we are healed of that projection, the greater the prospect that we do not really need the person. This raises the question of whether we ever loved the person at all.

In my marriage, my wife and I both changed a great deal over the course of the years, but we always loved each other beyond whatever things we used each other for. In this way, we were both mature enough that we could gift each other this love, providing a further foundation for further changes. If we do not have this in a marriage and then things change, when we have nothing deeper to sustain the relationship, we have to find a new way of connecting. Then we can find out if the love is there and has never been discovered because we did not look hard enough or if the love is actually not there.

We cannot turn love off or on like a spigot. It is either there or it is not. I have seen many couples where I could see that they could work it out except for the fact that one person simply did not love the other. There was no reason, there was nothing wrong with either person, no reason the one could not love the other; they just did not. This is not necessarily pathology. There is no way to fathom this. It is an intangible that we can feel we have or feel that we do not have.

The key is that when we are fulfilled with the love, we can love without regard for being rejected. If we are afraid of being left, we cling because we do not want to be left; we love because we do not want to be abandoned. This is not loving someone. This is living in fear of not having love.

But once we have the love from the Animus, it empowers us to have the same love with everyone. We can be ferocious in that love and it does not matter what people do. It does not diminish the love we have inside because we do not need another person to fulfill us. We are already fulfilled. The love demands that we are honest. This is really love. This is obedience to God through that ferocious love.

If the love we feel for the Animus comes from the passionate heart, from the sensual, from our essence, if it is not neediness, then what gives us the love that we have to give Him actually comes from Him, from the Divine.

The love we feel for Him is the love He feels for us but times a thousand. Believing that we have a great passion for Him and that He does not have passion for us is simply absurd. This belief means that we are not really in the love, but in neediness, or if we are in the love, that we are not paying attention. It is the same love except we are not always open to receiving it for ourselves.

We may be open to giving love, to feeling love for the Animus, but if we do not believe He feels it for us, we are actually missing the whole point. Do we really believe we invented love? God invented love. Vent means to release, so the Animus vents. In the Divine world we all vent. It does not mean that we created it as if we are God for if we feel that we are the only one with love, then we must believe we are God. We are of God, but we did not invent love, we are not at the center of the love. Instead, we are part of the center of the love that receives the love. If we do not know that we are loved back, we short-circuit the process with some emotion, probably shame, that has us believe that we can love but we cannot be loved.

Ask not what we can do for the Animus; ask what the Animus can do for us. If we are the “self of the fish” - selfish - and we know that we need Him for bread

and butter, we will not get lost in responsibility and false disobedience that is disconnected from our joy, passion and connection. It has to be about us getting something first. We need to be the one getting the love. Then we can learn to give the love. We do not give love so that we can get it.

Some say we are portals for the Divine. Maybe, but the portal is for each of us to be part of the Divine world. For each of us to receive all the goodies - forget chocolate, we get the Animus. We get passion, yearning and desire for that love and this is what we need. When we are His boy or His girl, then and only then will He show us what He wants. The right order is self first, then the Divine. We must never put the Divine ahead of ourselves.

Light

Karla Van Vliet



It sounds peculiar, but this self is the “self of the fish,” not the selfish ego self that does not know the Divine. The ego self only wants what it can get as a compensation for not getting the love.

At the core of our selves, we need to be the one. To let ourselves have what we need first. Otherwise, why bother to become the child in the first place?

Otherwise, we can just be a hero or a caretaker or the one everyone is looking to and get satisfaction from that rather than feeling the satisfaction of being the child that is connected to the Divine.

Point of Need

When we are in our trauma, everything we project projects through the trauma. So, when we are in a marriage and we get what we think we want from our spouse, it actually will not be enough or we will have to control our spouse and our spouse will have to live like a love slave. But even having a love slave will not be satisfying. We might then flip into feeling like our spouse is too needy or too kind.

Trauma does not go away because somebody takes care of us. Trauma unfulfilled is need unfulfilled. Trauma cannot be resolved in the world because the need is a spiritual need. Love is a spiritual need that cannot be met in the world. When we were children, deep in our child selves, we wanted our parents' love, but since our parents were not loving enough because they were not the Divine, we went into trauma. It was inescapable. If we had abusive parents, it multiplied the pain and the projection, which ultimately went back to the loss of the Divine.

If we have to ask the question of our spouse about our need, it is wrong. If we do the Alchemy of being with our feelings with the Animus as the dreams show, the trauma will transform into love and then, from that love, we can face into our marriage. It will be a very different need because we will not be projecting our trauma onto our spouse.

It is almost impossible to get our needs met when we have trauma, control, unrequited love, nihilism and other negative sides of projected trauma or pain.

The difference is that if we want something from our spouse, we simply go and ask. But if our sense of survival that comes from our trauma depends on our spouse, then the wanting is charged with our feeling of separation from ourselves and from the Divine. It will never be enough and our spouse will feel the yuck of it. When we begin from a place of loving and feeling loved and then want something from our spouse, it is greatly different than wanting something from our spouse from a place of being traumatized. And of course, the spouse can also feel the difference. If we project the need for love from the place of trauma, it is going to be abusive. If we have no trauma, if we feel loved and we want love from our spouse from feeling loved, it will not be abusive.

It is important to differentiate our point of need. Is our point of need our soul's desire for the Divine or is it for companionship? They cannot be the same. If we are in trauma all the time, any interaction with our spouse is going to come from trauma. It is hard to have a relationship from that place of having the love to give to our spouse without the negative need from trauma. The negative need cannot be fulfilled by the spouse.

The only thing to do is to stop the projection and focus on our work. If we

are aware of the differentiation of the point of need and we find we are projecting a need onto our spouse that can only be solved through the Animus, it is a time to focus on our work. It is important to always reference ourselves to the point of need, asking what we really need in the situation. Do we need someone to do what we want them to do because we are projecting our pain onto them or do we have a genuine need?

The point of need is the thing that feeds the soul, not the thing that feeds the ego or the part of the false self that is trying to compensate for the lack in the world in some other way.

Only people who are deep in the work can do this level of work - people in Second or core stage work. For people starting in First Stage, this would not be easy to do. But people who are deep in their work can tell the difference in their need.

When we are in our trauma and we believe that what we want is not okay, we are in a double bind. Not only are we projecting our pain out but we are also denying the legitimacy of our need for relationship. It is not that we cannot have the pain of a relationship that is not as deep as we would like it to be. The pathology, through shame, will try to circumnavigate both ways. Either it will make us feel not entitled or it will make the other person wrong. It is a negative either way. If we feel we are not entitled to have needs or we feel our spouse is wrong for not giving us what we want, then it is a double negative. Either way there is no love, either way there is disharmony, either way there is nihilism, failure, either way there is rejection and moroseness.

When we are feeling the pain of not being in relationship with our spouse, why negate it? It is the trauma that wants to negate it. When we cannot ask for the need to have a deeper relationship from a place of love or from the place of the pain of love but rather from the place of trauma, then it becomes confusing.

If we did not have the trauma, we could ask for the love from the place of our pain and our need, but if our pain is from the trauma then it gets projected as a deeper need unmanifested. We have to be careful. If our pain of needing our spouse is mixed in with our pain of the loss of the Divine, this is a problem. However, if we feel supported by the Animus and we feel our relationship is not working and we want more, we do not need to be afraid to ask for more. If we have a strong connection with the Animus and we are drawing down some of that love, we should be able to reach out from that place to our spouse in a loving way and perhaps even deepen the marriage.

Our trauma may get triggered, making us feel we should not ask because we are unworthy or we are in our trauma. The trauma can even trick us into not asking. But once the trauma has been worked and the projection of the need onto our spouse is worked through, it is the trauma of needing our spouse in a legitimate way and then not letting ourselves have it. Again, either way is pathology. It is difficult to know the difference especially when shame is clouding the waters. We have to learn how differentiate what is a real feeling. The attack from pathology can come when it makes us feel we are wrong for doing all of this, even when it is good.

When a woman rejects her husband because he is not the person she wants him to be, when she does not want to make love because he is not being as real or as deep as she wants, she is wanting her husband to be the Animus. The point is that we have to accept the other person, with all his or her failings, just as the Animus accepts us with all our failings. The Animus has loved us no matter how many times we rejected Him, no matter how many times we have not shown up. If we are really connected, we would show the same consideration to our spouse.

The problem with waking up is that we become aware of how shut down everyone else is. We have to learn to let that be, to accept that we do not have the depth of connection with our family, our friends, our spouse that we have with the Animus. If we cannot stand in the pain of the fact that while we are now open to go deeper with others and they are not, we will go back into some form of our pathology - into control or worse, nihilism or depression. We must learn to have the love and be in the world with all the hurt, all the people who are shut down and still be able to function in a loving way along with the pain.

When the world challenges us in this way, there is always the Beloved. It is how He feels dealing with us when we are not present. We begin to feel the pain that He must feel a billionfold. It can be tricky for there is nothing to do but feel the pain. We cannot change the world because we see the damage. We cannot make it all right. Our calling comes from our connection and relationship with Him. It cannot come from our desire to get rid of the pain we see or to rescue others. It will not work. We did not come to Him for any other reason than the journey we have to take. Everyone else has their journey, too. Many are not going to make it, many may and many will not even try.

When we are feeling His love, we can face into our marriages, face into the world, see all the suffering and pain and know that that we cannot do anything about it but observe it and feel it. This is part of what we have to accept. Otherwise, we will go crazy or caretake from the wrong place.

Once we know what love feels like, once we know what it feels like to drop into our souls, suddenly we are not in the game of trying to get affirmation, of being safe, of needing others to affirm us. We can feel into the souls of others and know if they really feel that they can love us or if they really do not love us. When we know the love, we do not have our trauma or blind spots that block our ability to be close or intimate with others; we do not have an agenda blocking our hearts. Instead, we have clarity so that when the right person is there, we can feel into it. We can feel the openness and share in the love. Then, when things try to pull us out, we can work together.

Otherwise, we may have the love for a minute, a day, six months, a year, ten years, but then somehow it gets lost. It gets lost for most of us because we never really had it for ourselves in the first place. Or what we thought it was, it was not.

Once we have been touched by the Divine, we know we are open to real commitment, real love from others because we can return the love and we can receive

it. It goes beyond all infatuation and all disabling issues that can corrupt relationship. It goes beyond that moment we all dread when our lover suddenly does not love us anymore. It is a moment we have all experienced.

We either eschew relationship or we become the lover that does not love anymore because we do not want to be rejected. We can also find some way not to be juicy with one another and fall, instead, into a kind of depression with one another where there is no risk. In this case, we just move through life without having that spark in our souls and with each other.

To be alive and open and juicy is very risky. However, when we are connected, it is not risky at all because we do not sell it down the road. We learn how to ground the juiciness in the Divine.

If we are really open to the love of a person who can love us the way we know the Animus loves us, the odds are we will not be open to the person who would turn away from us. Goodness and mercy are in the world if we are in a state where we can receive it. Most of us are not even though we may think we are. We think we should have it; we want to have it. In reality, most of us are really a great deal further from it than we realize.

This creates bad choices. We blame the world and think that if only others were better, we would be able to be better. But in this state, even if we did find the right person, we would shut down on them.

When asked what happened in a difficult situation with a loved one, for example, after a marriage or a friendship ends, most people will never say what they did in the situation or what truly happened. They usually blame the other person or use “we” when describing the situation. They will not really want to talk about the place where the actual betrayal occurred. Maybe they do not know the place, maybe the place is unconscious or too deep, so excuses are made about what the other person did or did not do.

There is always a lie that we never do anything to create the misery in our lives. We rarely take responsibility because we do not know why we do what we do. It is much easier to blame the other person. Even if it was the fault of the other person, the question is, why were we with them?

It is important to find our part in these situations for it is the key to our sexuality, our sensuality and the way we resist the Animus or the way the Animus can bring us closer and into union with Him. Sexuality, intimacy, vulnerability, communication and being open as opposed to not being these things in any relationship. When these things are not working, there are reasons why they get lost whether it is worry or control or managing or simply not showing up in a deep enough place to sustain a marriage or a relationship.



**ORIGINAL PAIN:
AN UNSPOKEN PACT**

Christa Lancaster

Dream:

Hannes and I are living in the dungeon of a concentration camp. We are children, in rags, sleeping on thin mats. Water is dripping down the walls. The smell is dank and the air is cold. We are shivering, miserable and terrified. We are utterly alone and without protection.

I married a second time a man as hurt as myself. We held within us hurt children while living our grown up lives, getting married, raising the four children we brought into our marriage and having a brand new baby boy of our own. The baby boy was the glue who bound us all, who turned us from a rag tag group of individuals thrown together in the forced intimacy of second marriage into a family. Our baby boy was conceived in the Bavarian town of Ludwigsburg. He was born at home, after a snowy night of labor, in Vermont, the morning of Christmas Eve. We called him Gabriel, which means lover of God. He was a Godsend. He was a Godsend born out of the ashes of the Holocaust.

My first impression of Germany was of the red tiled roofs of Bavaria as our Continental jet circled the outlying area of Munich, preparing to descend. My second was of the shiny, impossibly clean, brand new airport. Old tiled roofs, rosy and red, and icy cool glass gleaming for acres and acres. We rented a Mercedes. It was breakfast time and the city was on the move. It was May and we had come to Dachau for the fiftieth anniversary of the liberation of the concentration camp. My first experience of my husband's homeland was to be through the prism of the Holocaust.

1995

We drive through the city of Dachau, stopping at the butcher to buy cold meat and rolls for breakfast. I am hungry. We continue out to the site of the concentration camp, through the gates. I see the outlines of

the rows of buildings. I am very quiet. We walk on the small white stones which cover the ground of the memorial site. We enter the museum. We do not talk. I see the photographs of the survivors on the day of the liberation in 1945. I see film footage. I start to sob.

I cry all week. We are staying in the attic apartment of a friend of my husband. Hannes joins into the celebration festivities for the anniversary of the liberation. I cannot bear my own sorrow alone. I call my brother in New York. He listens. I need a witness to my grief. I have a dream about a man called Reuben who tells me I will have a child who will have a special gift to bring to the world. I wind up with a terrible case of bronchitis. I cannot process the torrent of grief pouring through my heart cavity.

We leave Dachau at the week's end for the journey to Hannes' parents in their town of Worth, a medieval town replete with old Roman walls, framed by hills covered with vineyards on the Main River. En route we stop at a contemporary hotel in Ludwigsburg. There, out of the sorrow of Dachau, the baby is conceived, the baby who will bring his gift to the world. I know immediately that I am pregnant.

I believe Hannes and I had a covenant which involved the healing of our deep hurt and separation. This is my story to tell and I can only speak for myself. I was invited into the trauma of my separation. I believe Hannes was too. My dream suggests to me we had a chance to walk through the gates of our personal hells, within the framework of our marriage, following the spiral of our dreams toward our healing. I felt the promise of that covenant and the potential. I do not know what happened for Hannes. I only know that I came, years after Dachau, back to the unspeakable sorrow of devastating loss to the epicenter of the trauma I held within me and that I knew it was my time to enter in and move through.

I went down into the first wave of this sorrow when my mother died. I felt adrift from the world, descending into the hollowed out cavern of my abandoned heart. Her leaving echoed all the leavings and separations I had ever known. I fell away from the earth; no one could follow me. I wanted from Hannes a companion to support me in dropping down, down, down into pure loss. He could not be the one to travel there with me. I imagine it was terrifying to watch. I floated out onto a dark sea of grief, away from the known moorings of our marriage. I needed him. It was not his time to follow me. We fell apart.

Grieving Heart in Healing Salt Ocean



The end of a marriage is never without sorrow even when the ending is needed. I wanted our marriage to work. I did not want to face its ending. I did not want to feel what lay below all the wanting and trying. Four years ago this month, I had a dream in which I am at a friend's house. It is dawn and golden light is pouring through a bedroom window. A gorgeous six month old baby girl was asleep on a bed with the light hitting her face. She is serene. Outside the window I see a friend swimming naked in the river into which is pouring the aquamarine ocean water of my island home. There is so much sweetness, so much potential in that moment. I want simultaneously to pick up the radiant baby girl and to fall into the warm tropical water of the river. I can do neither. I am paralyzed.

I was paralyzed in my life, in my marriage. I could not move forward in my covenant with myself in my spiritual life towards its fulfillment; the inner was stalled with the outer. I needed myself and my relationship with the Divine more than I needed the marriage I had out grown. I needed to fulfill my purpose.

To break the spell of the paralysis, I had to choose the girl who is my soul self. To live with her meant leaving and entering a new life. I chose the girl. I turned towards the golden girl and picked her up and entered the river. Once I was in the river, there was no turning back.

It broke my heart to end the covenant. I lay on the yoga mat in my Pilates class, curled up and crying. I knew I was leaving and I did not want to face the rupture. I did not want to believe I had to leave. I did not know how I would find the strength to do it.

It took me from February till July to move out. I could not bear the sorrow of leaving. To leave was to open the door to the pain that awaited me, was awaiting me all my life. I wanted to stay safe and protected in the container of our marriage. I wanted to live fully and become all that I need to be. I could not do both. I had to break the container of the marriage to find another form in which to grow my new self, the self with the girl, my soul self.

The girl in me, whom I knew in glimpses, needed to become the cherished center of my life. I needed her to become the one who could receive the Beloved's love. I needed to take the next step waiting for me on my spiritual journey. With this choice I faced into unspeakable loss. Out beyond the loss, four years later, I am grateful for what we learned together and for the family we raised and for the blessing of the child prophesied in Dachau, the blessing of our child called Gabriel, lover of God.



Most marriages start with both people being open and at their best. Then, one by one, those doors close down and we become mere shadows. To keep a marriage working, if both stay open to what was true at the beginning, there is no way the marriage will fall apart. But it means that both partners must do a great deal of work.

When we project Archetypes onto each other in relationship, we unconsciously use each other as distractions so that we do not have to feel our deeper feelings. If the other then betrays us, everything we have been avoiding will come crashing in. It is not just the hurt of the immediate betrayal that we feel; it is everything we have never wanted to feel. When this happens, we feel completely swamped and it is terrifying.

When we enter into a commitment to love, honor and obey, to take care of the other, to be faithful, it is usually not from a place of love but because we want to protect our partner from pain and we want our partner to protect us from pain. We enter into an obligation and a duty to protect each other. But since we do not feel our pain, we cannot really feel our passion either. Eventually, the sexual drive runs down because we eventually do not want each other. We eventually want someone else.

Often it is the woman who shuts down, especially when she has a baby. Her

hormones change completely and she now has a child to distract her from her pain. When we use relationship to avoid our feelings, not only are we in control, not only are we in the kind of anger that involves the avoidance of our pain, more than this, we live in a state of always fearing the worst. We worry about something happening to the person we need, we worry about our children running into the street and getting hit by a car or we worry that our spouse is going to have an affair or something terrible will happen. We are really worried about the dam breaking from the inside, engulfing us in our own feelings.

When we resolve our own feelings, when we resolve our own fears, when we plumb the depths and find God in our souls, then we can be in the world with the people we love without fear. We do not need to control because we are not projecting all that we have not resolved in our separation from God onto everyone else. We do not need our loved ones to be there for us so that we do not have to face our fear of having lost God, of having lost ourselves.

Instead, we can care about others, we can feel whole, we can feel complete unto ourselves at the same time as loving, wanting and needing our partners. This need comes from not avoiding feelings but from the need that comes out of passion and the primacy of the heart.

How many of us are loving from our passion, our fullness, our own completion? How many of us are really loving from a place of fear and avoidance? The heart that does not avoid, that is full of itself, full of its soul, feels different than the heart that wants and loves from a place of not having the self.

It is feeling need versus feeling needy. Feeling need is being in the Archetypal connection and feeling needy is being in the place of not having our own potency, feeling as if we have to grasp.

Marriage to the Animus is not the same as marriage to a spouse. Marriage to the Animus is the union of a soul with the Divine. If that leaves us bereft with our spouse, then we must let the pain of it be there and try not to change it. We simply love our spouse as best as is possible.

Marriage is acceptance of each other's failings. The Animus has no failings, so it is easy when we surrender to Him because there is nothing to want. The only failure is in us. But when we turn that around in the world and we want others to be as open as we found Him to be, we are going to have nothing but trouble.

Conjunctio is flawless. Every time we let go, He is there even more. This is not true in the world. Every time we let go in the world, we challenge everyone around us to let go as well. They are not going to do this necessarily. They may get scared and pull back. Our need to have companionship is not the same as our need for union. Companionship and conjunctio are two different things.

The love we feel for our spouse comes from the Animus, but we have to be aware that our spouse is not the Divine. When we feel the Animus' love, we want the whole world to love, too. Part of the lesson is that we have the gift without everyone else having it. It is hard, but it is the way it is.

When we have not worked through spiritual pride or shame and we begin to feel His love, we may immediately start to have reactions to the world. We may try to caretake, we may judge, we may reject, we may see the love everywhere. Spiritual narcissism is when people feel the love and then want to do something about it. They can claim that “God said,” but really it is not true. There is a narcissism inherent in spirituality that destroys spirituality and relationship.

Inceded Need

Inceded need is not need. When we are incested, we have no self. From the place of no self and no connection, the need we have for another person is incested need. We want whatever they want at our own expense. We may want someone to dominate us or we may want someone to dominate, but either way, it is an incested need.

When we really love someone, when we really show up as a real person, then we can give of our true selves instead of giving of the false self. We can give who we really are. When we love from this place, we really need, we really love, and we really miss that person if we are separated. From this place, it is the most devastating feeling we could possibly have to lose that person.

When we lose someone, the feelings are very different when we have incested need versus true need. When there is true need, there is the loss that comes from having shown up, having really been present with an open heart, caring from the sense of our own autonomy. When there is incested need, when we need someone because we are nothing, and then we lose them, we miss them because we are nothing. Or, we grow and we realize we do not miss them because we never really loved them. There was not enough of ourselves present to love them to begin with.

Vulnerability and Essence in Relationship

Vulnerability or essence in terms of relationship is passion. It is not necessarily the passion of “I love you! I love you! I love you!” It is more the feelings of trust, of closeness, of cherishing, of warmth we feel towards our lover. Obviously, the Animus wants this with each of us, but to have this passion in the world with our children, our spouse, is the glue that holds it all together.

When a marriage is in crisis and then the other person is suddenly taken away by war or illness, the remaining spouse may suddenly feel love now that the spouse is gone, now that he or she feels the loss. People in this position feel bereft but it is not normally what is happening in the marriage. When the spouse returns from war or comes back from illness, there is often nothing there waiting. There is usually no attraction to rekindle the everydayness of their life together.

The reason for this is that we are separate from our own capability of bringing our hearts into our lives. How can we bring our hearts into our marriages if we are unable to show up ourselves?

The problem is unseen for what we say, what we promote, what we try to do is not necessarily living in essence or living in the feeling of passion and closeness. We cannot manufacture this; we have to be with the Divine and move through any barriers that block us from our core feelings. It is a long journey to get there. Once there, we then have to be with the right person, someone we truly care about.

But for most of us, we just suffer and pretend, going through the motions of our marriage, of our parental responsibilities, of our jobs. After a while, it becomes clearer and clearer that we are just going through the motions, that it is not warmth or passion that motivates us. Instead, we are motivated by obligation or duty or the habit of how we have survived.

As children, we are very sensitive to this dynamic and are generally hurt early, separating from ourselves because our parents are already lost to themselves. It is like a virus. We do not get overwhelmingly sick initially. We get used to it, we tolerate it, we live through, but we know something is missing. What is missing is us. Even though we feel the lack in terms of the lack of intimacy with others, what is really missing is us.

If one person in a relationship or marriage does not know this place of warmth and passion and the partner wants it, the person will not understand, arguing, “I am doing everything I should be doing, I am holding up my end of the deal.” In this situation, the two are stuck with a sense of cooperation that does not really involve warmth or closeness or passion.

The Animus or Anima will not, cannot, have relationship with us if we are unable to show up at the deepest level. Going back, going through our trauma, to reclaim the child self that has the capability to show up at this level is part of the journey of this work. It is Persephone’s journey into the underworld.

How things look, how we let ourselves be perceived has nothing to do with real feeling. Even if we do good things, it does not mean that we are in a good place. A place where the Animus would want to reclaim us.

The Animus knows when we are not showing up as our true selves. He will not play our game. This is why the dreams are so hard. They will not cooperate with the way we feel fine, the way that we feel we are good enough.

Even when we feel that we are “fine,” there is a niggling in the psyche that tells us that it is not good enough. Sometimes we know this and we yearn and want to change. Often we do not know it, we do not want to know it, we do not want to change or the price is too high to reclaim that innocence. The price of going through the woundedness that we lost to get there. We may feel it is too much to deconstruct all of our ways of dealing with things that are part of the cloaking and covering of our real, deeper selves. This is true both for those who remember that deeper self and those who do not.



CO-BETRAYAL IN MARRIAGE

When we project our trauma and hurt into the present, we are trapped in the past and living it in the present moment. When the wound is a sexual wound, it is difficult to trust sexuality. For example, a male client saw his mother having an affair when he was a young child. For this man, when his wife had a dream where the Animus wanted to enter into conjunctio with her, it became difficult for him to trust the Animus. He saw his wife's dream of conjunctio with the Animus through the prism of his original hurt.

To work through this, he had to first understand that the pain from the wound is real and is not a projection. Once we recognize that the wound is real, then we can feel the hurt and move through the pain.

The distrust and the hurt gets projected and then reaffirmed in relationship. To be self-protective, we react by being unwilling to be vulnerable. In this case, the husband unconsciously threatened his wife with the idea that he was going to have affairs. He was attracted to other women in a way that put her on notice that she could not trust him. He did this to protect himself without even knowing he was doing it.

When we protect ourselves, we actually cause a further violation against the other person. As a man, he was attracted to other women. But if he had not been wounded by what his mother did to his father, he would not have needed to punish his wife with his attractions. In this place, the dark part comes in. Of course, a man can be attracted to other women in an innocent way and not punish his wife. The other turn of the screw in this situation is that the man then can hate himself for it.

The husband lived out his attraction to other women from a place of defending himself against the hurt he felt about his mother betraying his father. For him, the issue of being a man is that the wife will betray him. His mother slept with another man; then his wife slept with another man. History repeated itself. The husband felt that he could live out his attraction to women in a way that punished both his wife and his mother.

When the wife finally broke her projection onto him as the object of the pain

from her wound, the issue became her having union with the Divine. She stopped using her husband to block her conjunctio with the Animus. This was great, but it meant that now the husband had to face into his union with the Divine. This triggered reactions in the husband. When his wife did not project her pain onto him, the pathology turned and got him to project his pain onto her.

Even though he was owning his wound, he had a dream where his wife went off with the Animus. He knew it was the Animus, but he was still enraged, projecting betrayal. This is the husband feeling that the Animus is not there for him. If he were really feeling into his work, then the dream would be that the Animus was with him.

We fight the Animus when we project our hurt and hatred onto other people, including the Animus. The husband did not trust the Animus because he did not trust period and the not trusting went back to his hurt. Lack of trust makes it impossible for us to be intimate and vulnerable with the Animus.

When a husband and wife betray one another, when they both have affairs, they have a mutual trauma, they have shared trauma. They play out for each other the thing they both feared the most. In this case, both were victims of each other and both were victimizers of each other. It is the complete pathological package.

When one separates from this cycle, when one stops projecting onto the other, then the other spouse must do the same to continue the growth of the marriage. Otherwise, the spouse will become increasingly jealous of the other's relationship with the Divine, just as the husband became jealous of his wife's relationship with the Animus. It will come from an increasing sense of alienation, based in the distrust. When the one was as distrustful as the other, it did matter because they were both in hell. But when one leaves that hell, the other will not like being there alone.

The key is for the husband to go back and feel the pain of the boy who watched in horror as his mother had sex with another man. When he felt the pain of his wife's past affair, his work was to remember his mother. Feeling this pain will allow him to become exposed to the Animus and to go to the Animus.

He witnessed his wife feel her pain and take it to the Animus and witnessed her become empowered and supported. When she took the projection of her pain off of the husband, who had also been infidelitous to her, she could have her pain as her own, her pain which went back to her wound.

The pain is a place of access to the Animus when we can stop projecting it. The pain really happened, is a real feeling, is really a part of us.



FROM DOROTHY KORSHAK

For the first twenty-five years of my marriage, my husband and I were trapped in the past and living it out in the present. We both played out for each other that which we feared the most - to protect ourselves from being hurt we hurt each other. From the place of our shared trauma we ping-ponged the projected pain back and forth. This was the lie that we lived. By projecting our pain onto each other we each lived alone in our marriage.

As a child I was alone. My parents were both alcoholics and were distant and aloof. In her later years, my mother told me that when the three oldest of us were babies - just a year apart - she did not know where she would find us in the morning. Did she leave us in a crib together? Might we be on the living room floor? She did not know. This was the neglect. This was the aloneness.

Dream:

I walk into a mall. There is a six month old baby sitting on the floor. She is wailing. I wonder where her mother is. The baby gets up and walks over to a diaper bag a short distance away and gets a bottle. She sits back down and drinks from the bottle.

At a very young age I learned to take care of myself. I learned to not have needs. Without needs I learned to be thankful for crumbs.

Narrator:

Who are these three small children standing alone in the cold parking lot? All of the churchgoers have gone. Who are these three young children huddled together with the girls bare legs shivering. The older girl comforts her younger brother as tears run down his cheeks. The middle girl stands slightly apart. She has a cold stare on her face. She

cannot be more than 5 or 6 years old. She has no socks under her Sunday shoes. The coats are too small and they are not warm enough for winter. The parking lot is empty now but one lone car. A man emerges and approaches the children.

Dorothy (six years old):

Someone is coming. I am scared. He asks where our mother is. I am cold. He says he will stay with us until she arrives. He goes back to his car and brings us a blanket. It is brown. I feel it as it wraps around us. I feel Jeannie and Freddie pressing against me. The blanket is rough on my legs but I feel the warmth it brings. Jeannie is telling Freddie not to worry, Mommy will be here soon. The man in the suit is talking now. He is talking about Mommy. I do not like what he says. Then he says we will be fine. I do not know what that means. I see our black car coming. I am scared. I feel warmer now. The man is saying something mean to Mommy. I am scared. He puts us in the back seat. Things are familiar now. No one is talking. This feels like home. When the car stops at the house, we all jump out. We are racing inside. Then, there it is, the familiar smell. It is burned bacon. I love the smell of burned bacon. If I am lucky I will be the first in the kitchen. If I am lucky I will get the bacon crumbs on the paper napkin next to the stove. I am first. There is half a piece of bacon. I stuff it in my mouth. I am the winner. Today, I got the burned bacon.

Neither of my two siblings is alive today. My brother committed suicide in his twenties and my older sister died of cancer in her thirties. I am the sole survivor of this first tier of siblings.

A choice my mother made which kept her from being present with us was having a twenty year affair with the doctor who gave birth to all of us, beginning shortly after my birth and ending when my father died nineteen years later. I was alone with my siblings to fend for our selves. We were dirty. We were malnourished. When I got myself dressed in the morning I chose my clothes from a heap on the floor. I have no memory of having conversations with my mother. There is no memory of shopping, cooking, touching or sharing moments together. She was alone. She was depressed.

I was born with a hole in my heart. I had a ventral septal defect. The hole was both literal and figurative. The real hole healed by the time I was twelve. The other hole has taken forty more years. As a child, I accepted my aloneness. There were moments where I felt loved. Christmas. Sunrise service on Easter Sunday. My birthday. In church. As a teenager I learned to fill the aloneness from the world. I learned to fill it from someone or something in the world. From the attention of boys.

From doing well in school. This put a band-aid on the hole but the wound festered beneath. This was the big lie that I lived. The lie that if I were enough in the world, I would be loved.

Dorothy (twelve years old):

I am alone. My friends have all gone to sleep-away camp for the summer. My parents cannot afford to send me to camp. I sleep until 11:00 so the days will not be as long. I am hoping that Ricky will come by so we can ride our bikes together. Ricky is like me. He is quiet. He is alone. Most days, he comes and we ride together. Although he is Serita's "boyfriend" I know he likes me. One day, he asks me to follow him as he jumps off his bike and heads into the woods. He gives me a short little kiss. I wonder what will happen when my friend Serita comes home. I know he likes me.

Summer is over and it is the first day of eighth grade. Serita has learned about Ricky and me. She tells me to come with her and I obey. We find Ricky and she tells him to decide in this very moment to pick his girlfriend. After much fumbling, he chooses Serita. Serita smiles and heads off to class. I feel the hole in my heart. It aches. For a week I cry in the bathroom at home. Most important is to not let anyone know I have been hurt. I am alone. I look out the window for Ricky to come. He does not. I am alone. I do not like this pain I feel.

By the summer of 1965, my family was in crisis. Although Jeannie and I were just a year apart we were going our separate ways. Jeannie became a "hood" and I was a "goodie two shoes." Jeanne was large breasted and sexy. I was tall, lanky and flat chested. Although I was the younger sister, I was allowed out on dates and Jeanne was not. My father was attracted to her and did not want her out with boys. She began to run away. The police were called. My parents went to family court. Jeanne became a ward of the state and was sent to reform school.

Narrator:

Who is this family that lives in silence? The mother and her fifteen year old daughter are yelling. The mother calls her daughter a whore. The daughter responds by calling her mother a fat slob. A scuffle begins. The daughter tries to kick her mother but her pointy shoe flies off and hits her mother in the eye. The mother is yelling in pain and the daughter runs out the door and the door slams. Then there is silence again.

Dorothy (fourteen years old):

Jeannie and Mommy are fighting again. I hear the yells and the thumping on the floor below me. I feel the tightness in my chest. I feel the pain in my heart. Please God, do not let this be happening again. I am scared. I cannot bear it.

I hear the front door slam. Jeannie is gone. The familiar silence takes over the house. No one moves. No one speaks. I am scared. Within half an hour, people begin to stir. We carry on in silence as if nothing has happened.

The day comes when it is mentioned in passing that Jeanne is going away to reform school. I do not know why. I do not ask any questions. She gets in the car with Daddy and they drive away. The room we share is quiet. I am alone. I am scared. I will by all means be good. Mommy is heading off to the woods. She will sit by the brook alone. She will say nothing. I never hear it spoken.

Jeanne was gone for two and a half years. In later years my mother said the state believed my father molested my sister.

When my mother died in 2001, I found a stack of letters from Jeannie I had never seen. There was at least a hundred of them. Some were addressed to me. They were kept from me. She told me she missed me and asked why I never wrote back. In this way, I was betrayed by my mother.

To avoid the pain, the “ice woman” was created. She did not have to feel the pain. She looked confident in the world and she could not be hurt. She looked sophisticated, aloof, witty, and charming. She managed and controlled. She was powerful and scary. The best part of “ice woman” was that she succeeded in the world. In the world, she is chosen. She will step on others to be “The One.”

Dorothy (nineteen years old):

It is the summer after Daddy died and Mommy has decided she will spend his insurance money on the pleasures she never had. We arrive as a family at a resort in Lake George. A boy I just met is at a nearby lake at his family’s summer home. I like David. He has offered to bring my siblings and I to his home to show us off to his family and water ski. This is good. If they like us perhaps David will like me. He arrives and Freddie and my three sisters are very excited. Then he tells me he does not want Freddie to come. I know it is because Freddie has some of the characteristics of fetal alcohol syndrome and looks a bit scary.

Although I feel the sting of this I do not object. I wait until Freddie takes off for a moment and we leave. I know this is mean and yet I choose to do it anyway. We sneak off without Freddie (who loves to water ski) because in this moment wanting David to choose me is more important than my brother Freddie. If David chooses me, I do not have to feel the pain in my heart. I will be “The One.”

The ice woman learned how to be chosen at all costs so as not to be alone. She learned to take care of no one, including herself.

When I was twenty-nine, I got married. My husband also had a deep wound. We were both unwilling to be vulnerable. It was shortly before we married that I saw his attraction to other women. I said nothing. To say something would have been to have needs. I had no needs. To say something would have meant being vulnerable. I did not dare to be vulnerable. I was the ice woman. No one could hurt me. I felt betrayed and, to protect myself, I betrayed back. I do not know who I was when I betrayed. I was not present. I was my mother. The ice woman does not have feelings. I was numb. I felt nothing. What I do know is that I did not feel loved in my marriage. Of course, if I had felt loved, I would have left. Once I betrayed, I was punished more by Steven. To defend himself from the hurt he felt by me, and his mother, he acted out with women in ways that hurt me.

At forty-three, I opened a restaurant. It was a dream I had had for a very long time. Sarducci’s was an immediate success. For the “ice woman” success meant looking good in the world. From this place, I did not need anyone. From this place, I did not have to feel the pain in my heart. From this place, I did not need my husband. He cherished me but I punished him for neglecting me in the very way I asked to be neglected. The ice woman was now powerful and independent. I left the home I shared with my husband and children.

But in this move, the lie was revealed. Alone in the world I was no longer powerful. Nothing in the world gave me the love. The pain in my heart was unbearable.

Dorothy (forty-four years old):

It is 2:00 a.m. I have not slept yet tonight. If I try hard enough, I can do this alone. Steven cannot give me what I need so I need to learn to be alone. It is better to be alone when you are alone than to be alone with someone. The pain in my heart is too great. I cannot bear it alone. Perhaps people die of this pain. Perhaps a heart attack is from this unbearable pain. If only I could die. I could borrow a gun from Chad. I could say I am afraid of living alone. If I were in the shed behind this rental house no one would know where I was for a long time. But I cannot leave my children. How could I do this to my children? My

children are reason to live. I will not let my children live with a pain as great as this.

It is 5:00 a.m. I have spent another night awake and alone. If I can make it through the day, I will have my children tonight. The thought eases the pain. If I can make it through the day, I will sleep tonight.

In the summer of 1995, I found my way to Marc Bregman. In that very first session, I knew he did not like me. I tried to charm him. I tried my wit. He did not care if I was smart. He did not waver. He told me that I had so much self-loathing that I had to leave anyone who loved me. I did not know what he meant but I knew that in his words there was a chance for my survival. I knew in that very first session there was a chance to heal the hole in my heart. I moved back in with Steven not from a place of love but from a place of fear. We were both in the work with Marc. Life was a struggle but we were finding our way.

Dream:

I am in a birthing room while Ellen Keene and Susan Marie Scavo are giving birth. Dale is the doctor. Susan Marie turns to me and tells me they need me to join North of Eden.

At this time I thought joining North of Eden, a teacher's training program for dreamwork retreats, was nothing more than a good way to deepen my work. I thought I would try it for a year. But one year became two, and two became three. I have always resisted deepening my commitment but I have always been willing. This work has given me a life worth living. I have been asked to serve God through this work. It is my life's work.

When I first joined North of Eden, Steven was threatened by my commitment of time. He was lost and alone. At this point in the marriage, Steven betrayed me. At this point in the marriage, I became the victim. I lived this out on a daily basis and it kept me from doing my work. It kept me from conjunctio with the Animus. It kept me alone. I believed I was betraying Steven with a relationship with the Animus. I thought I had to choose. I did not believe I could have it all. I chose Steven.

* * * *

Often the gifts we receive in this work come in the form of pain. At my stepson's wedding, I received one of these gifts. As the stepmother, I knew that I would be second to my stepson's mother at the wedding. But knowing this and feeling this are two different things. Steven and I raised our three stepsons along with our

own two children. I was unaware of what it would feel like when the boys doted on their mother and I was ignored. Gradually, I could feel myself slipping away. Then it came in a powerful wave. All of my childhood pain came hurling at me. The knife was in my heart. I was invisible, rejected, discarded. I did not count. I was erased limb by limb. Steven asked me to go for a walk. As soon as we walked out the door, the tears began. Then sobs. I knew it was my pain. Yes, it was triggered by my feelings of rejection, but it was my lifetime of pain and I was feeling it. I was finally feeling it.

But eventually feeling a lifetime of pain was more than I could bear. Gradually pathology got in and told me that because Steven stayed out late drinking at the bar that night, it was his fault. By the end of the evening, I was projecting all of my pain onto Steven. I felt abandoned by Steven. I was alone. I was in my trauma.

Post-wedding dream:

I am swimming in a beautiful pool of blue water. I look up and see a black cat high on a rooftop. The cat lunges down and I am aware that a frightened cat will have its claws out. I see it will land on my head and I brace for the impact. The dream ends with the impact of the cat on my head.

This is the pathology grabbing onto my head - my mind. This was the moment when the pathology projected my pain onto Steven.

Dorothy (fifty-six years old):

Where is Steven? I have been so patient. The reception ended two hours ago. I am in my pain and now Steven has abandoned me. Why is he not here to take care of me? Why does he betray me?

Oh, here he comes. He is being driven home in a golf cart. He is drunk. He can hardly stand.

“Fuck you, Steven!! Fuck You!!! This is why I cannot trust you. It is all about you. I am alone and it is your fault.”

Then the ice woman came in and iced him out. When I project my pain onto others I am living in hell. I am not only betraying others; I am betraying myself. From this place of aloneness, I also ice out the Animus. I am not available to receive His love.

It was two days before we saw Marc and he told me that this was not about Steven, it was about me. I would not believe this. This was the story of my life and I was not letting it go. I tried harder to tell him the story so he could see it was about Steven. More details. More tears. More desperation. Steven watched in horror as my

pathology fought for its life. Marc reminded me of my other choice of taking back the projection and being with the Animus and feeling my pain. He asked me to find a homework where I could feel His love and be with my pain. The fight continued until a dream came to me.

Dream:

I am at an airport with Steven. He walks off and leaves me. I am alone. The Animus comes and sits next to me. I put my head on His shoulder and cry.

This prior dream came to me. I could sit and feel my pain and put my head on His shoulder and cry. I was then able to look at Steven and tell him that I was sorry for making it about him. And this was the miracle. A lifetime of living out my trauma in the present and projecting my pain onto others was cut. It is a gift to be able to feel my pain, to hold it and embrace it. I am free to live in the present. Dropping into this pain has also allowed me to receive love on a deeper level. Deeper love also hurts. It cuts into my heart just as the pain does and it hurts. It just hurts.

In remembering this dream, I was able to break the projection onto Steven as the object of my pain. I was able to look at Steven and apologize for making it about him. I could feel the softening in my heart. I could feel God loving me. I could feel the presence of my soul. I could feel into the depth of the pain around the separation from Him. The pain of having led my entire life alone, without Him.

The lie is that Steven will leave me and that I will be as alone as I was when I was a child. But this is not true. The aloneness I felt as a child was my separation from God. To let go and trust God's love is to never be alone. There is no worldly love that can keep me from being alone. The truth is that even if Steven were to leave me today, I would still have God's love. I would not be alone.

Steven and I often have dreams that are for both of us or for each other. Last September, Steven had such a dream.

Steven's Dream:

I am with the Animus in a truck. He turns to me and tells me that I need to trust Dorothy again. I need to remarry her.

The moment I heard this dream I knew it was a directive. The Archetypes were asking Steven and I to remarry. When Steven went to Marc, he was told this was true. This was necessary for Steven to re-enter the marriage in a new and trusting way. What I did not know right away was that there was also work in this for me. When asked before the service what I had to offer Steven, I had no answer. When the day of the ceremony came, I trusted I would know what to say from my heart. What I

have to offer Steven is a love from my heart I did not know existed. What I have to offer Steven comes from a place of my healing heart where I am “The One” for the Animus. In God’s light, I can give and receive love from a place in me that is new. From this place in my heart, I can love Steven as his scared little boy. From this place in my heart, I can love him for exactly who he is. From this place in my heart, I can be loved for exactly who I am.

Steven has been asking me for twenty years why I betrayed. From where we are today, I can only look back and know that pathology got in to keep me lost and alone. Without God’s love, I was unable to love. I was looking for something in the world that was only available inside myself.

Dream:

I am at a large gathering. There is a man who is clearly the Animus. He hugs a few people and then comes to hug me. Suddenly music is playing and we begin to waltz together. In the moment, I know that he has chosen only me. He whispers in my ear that at the end of the song the group will form a circle. A woman will pull out a sword and slash it through the air three times. After the third time she will put a gash in the dress of the woman who is chosen by Him. He tells me that I am to hold my dress out just about my right breast and the woman will know it is me. When the music stops and the circle forms, I hold my dress out above my right breast and very quickly the woman whips her sword three times and then there is a small slice in my dress. The crowd gasps when they see that I have been chosen. In that moment, I feel the love and awe of being the one He has chosen.

In this dream I know I am “The One.” In this dream the hole in my heart is healed. From this place, I can be in my marriage, with my family and with Him. From this place, I can be all I am intended to be in the world. From this place, my real journey has just begun.

THE PAIN UNDERNEATH ANGER

Bitterness and resentment are usually manifestations of hurt that has not been felt. When we do not feel the hurt or feel the love that would allow us to feel the hurt, we just feel bitterness. This becomes an obstacle to the Animus. We become convinced that we are not hurt, but angry. But the anger just covers the hurt. There is no such thing as anger - there is just hurt that is acted out. When hurt is acted out for good or ill, it is anger. Unless the hurt is felt, anger never goes away. It just stays there our entire lives making it impossible to have His love.

The Auger

Patsy Fortney



Dream:

I am with some medical interns apprenticing under Marc. One of us, a woman, is walking across the room and stops. She starts to cry. Marc comes up and asks what is going on. The woman says, "Patsy said..." I lean in to listen, afraid I have said something wrong. Marc stands beside the woman and says, "Okay, this is what is going on..." I see an auger in the center of the woman's body turning down and down.

From Patsy:

As soon as I wrote this dream down, I knew the crying woman was me. I could feel her devastation. I could feel the turning auger, and the love of the Man standing by, saying with great compassion, "Okay, this is what is going on." He is not trying to fix anything; He is simply standing with her as she descends into the pain, moving down, down. He is speaking to me in the dream, the not-woman, afraid I have done something wrong again, said the wrong thing, am in trouble again and in danger of being rejected. He is telling me, "That is not what is going on. This is what is going on."

This is what is going on - the pain, the auger turning. The voices of shame and fear of rejection are not what is going on. They are the ploy of pathology trying to keep me from knowing what is really going on. I am devastated because of my isolation from God's love.

When I revisit the crying woman in my homework, remembering that she is me, I feel the presence of the Man standing by; I feel His love. But then, moments later, I am the me in the dream again, scanning my life for ways I must be wrong or others must be wrong, trying to make myself good enough to deserve the love. What is it that makes me jump away from the woman with the auger, my true self? I watch it happen in social situations. I find the pain that is my work, but then I am in judgment or shame or caretaking again. What is happening? I ask Him. And He answers:

Always in a panic. Always ready to panic. This is a sign that you are in your isolation. For now, today, your remedy is to be the crying woman whose auger is turning down and down. I am standing by, saying, "This is what is happening here."

You do not want the excruciating moment. You find the pain and when you do not see immediately that you are precious in this place, enough, you jump, as you saw, to caretaking and judgment . . . flip, flip . . . no Patsy, no auger, no support, isolation again.

You have to trust your worthiness in this place. You have to be able to bear how worthy you are. It may help to think of it as containing your self, bearing the love that burns into you there. The hardest thing about bearing the pain is being able to bear the love.

The hardest thing about bearing the pain is being able to bear the love. It is not the pain I jump away from; it is the love. I must learn to bear the love that is coming, not because I have made myself worthy, but because I am worthy when I stand in the pain of my need for Him.

My next dream:

I am furious at a man who has gone into my tent. I grab him by the hair and threaten to kill him, bash his head against a rock. He is terrified. I ask what he is doing there and he says he has come for something that belongs to him. I burst out crying.

Rage. This is what lies underneath my shame and caretaking pathology, and it leads to the pain. Rage is an aspect of the turning auger, leading me down to the pain of my need. When I drew the picture of my auger-woman dream, I was surprised to see that there was anger in her face, that one fist was clenched while the other hand reached for God. All the while the Animus stands by. "This is what is going on," He says to me . . . as the auger turns.

* * * *

Forgiveness means being willing to go into our pain. If we do not forgive, if we are angry all the time, we cannot get to the pain and then we cannot get to the love. Anger can be a big obstruction because its roots come from a desire to be loved. We all want to be loved. When something in the world that we want to affirm us does not affirm us, we give up. We do not know that we have God's love. Anger is part of giving up. When we give up on love, we do not believe that anyone will hear us. Anger is the ultimate giving up on love.

If we grow from not knowing if we were loved by our parents into the world, we seek affirmation in the world. If we get rejected in the world, too, and we are

already hurt, we either hate ourselves or we get angry at everyone. It is understandable, but it is still an obstruction. Anger is not a way to live or a way to get connected. It is not a way to get love. We will never be loved if we are angry for even if we are loved, we will not feel it. The anger shuts down our heart so we cannot feel the love.

Of course, there are different kinds of anger. Anger can be bad and it can be good. When the child in a dream is acting out anger, then this is the kind of anger that we express or expose by not being perfect. When we have to be the perfect person, when we have to be good, this represses the anger of the child. The anger of the child becomes sullen anger - judgment, resentment, bitterness. All just a mutation of the child's anger into something pathological.

When the child is angry, the solution is to become the angry child. The child's anger, of course, is connected to the hurt. We cannot access the hurt through bitterness or through the shame of trying to get the world to love us, affirm us. Because we feel that if we act out as the angry child, nobody will affirm us and then we will never get love.

The child does not care either way. The child is just angry and is going to put the anger out there. The child does not care about affirmation in the world. This is why the child is always the soul, is always the part of us that is just in feelings.

All the good things we did to be good do not work which can work to build anger. No matter how hard we work, we may not get the affirmation. If the child is angry, the work would be to stop trying to gain affirmation and just be the angry child. The child self reflecting itself through the dream through certain feelings shows the way. If we can be in its feelings, even when it is anger, it can be a step toward unlocking the mystery of our own soul and our own feelings.

But we must let go of polarizing parts of ourselves by trying to be good in order to get acknowledgment. Even if we get the acknowledgment, it would not be satisfying and the child would not be any happier. It would be fraudulent acknowledgment. If it does not come from God, it does not feel good anyway. Divine acknowledgment heals and gives us a feeling of support beyond anything we feel in our lives. Acknowledgment from the world is hollow and gives only a temporary sense of worth that helps us to get out of bed in the morning. However, as soon as something bad happens, we are blown over again. If the child is allowed to express its rage, then we can move on. Underneath that rage is the Divine. The rage must be discharged in order to connect with the child and to the hurt.

When we reclude ourselves away from the world because we are angry, we eschew the world. Do spiritual people become monks and sisters because they want to be close to God? Sometimes. Sometimes, people want God because they could not get love from the world. They become angry or they give up. But when we go to God from this place, we are really just jumping away from our pain.

It is unlikely, even if we are in a monastery, that God is going to be able to reach our pain if the reason for being in the monastery is to avoid our pain and to avoid it by virtue of looking for love from somewhere else. The Divine does not want

us to hide in the woods. It wants us to be out in the world. It is important to acknowledge our suffering.

When we give up our old life, we are really giving up our desire for affirmation from the world and even, in that sense, affirmation from God. In a way, the desire for affirmation from God can come in the same pathological place as the need to be loved from the world. Where there is a deeper spiritual need for the Divine is on the soul level. If the wounded ego wants God's love instead of love from another, it may not be a holy love, the kind of yearning that comes from the soul. It can be a tricky kind of yearning where we want to be loved from God because we want to avoid our pain or because we want power in the world or because we want the pathological needy side to be supported. Not all neediness is good.

The dreams require us to be very thorough. In *Dying to Self*, part of what dies is even the part that needs God so that we can get to a deeper place of need that is beyond the need we are familiar with. The deeper need comes from the place where we are familiar with the soul, but most of us are not familiar enough with the soul to feel the need of the soul. Mostly, we feel need that is not from a soul place.

Not all need is need. Yearning comes from the soul and need comes from the ego or the wounded self. Sometimes the wounded self is not the soul self and so the needs that come from the wounded self are not necessarily healthy needs. The pain may be a way to the soul self, but the wounded self is not the place from which to have needs unless it is the soul self.

Male Violence

When men fight over women, when they have incredible pain over the loss of women, when they are violent around women, it is easy to dismiss them as misogynistic. Of course, it is true, for men who are attached to women in some ways do hate women. They do not know how to love women because they project so much of their own pain through women, through the desire for women, that they do end up hating the women they actually want. Especially if they get them. Often, when they do get the women they want, they will then abuse them.

In reality, a wounded man will either abuse the woman or abuse the man who wants his woman. This is common in domestic violence situations. Men who cannot get to their deeper feelings will make all of their feelings about the unrequited issues around a woman. These are testosterone based feelings. The deeper feelings that men cannot access except through the dynamics with women, even though they are not clean, can still be valid because the feelings reflect deeper hurts.

Obviously, a man must be willing to move beyond the issues with women and go to the deeper understanding that women are not the issue at all. The issue is the hurt and the wounding. It is important to guard against over judging men such as this because it is easy to look at them and feel that men are only about competition, misogynistic. This is not true.

When dealing with unstable men, the very violence that the men reflect externally is the very thing that is going to heal them because it acknowledges the violence and the pain underneath the violence. Even though part of it may be pathological, there is a profound sense of hurt somewhere underneath it.

The way this kind of man deals with his hurt is to be violent or to obfuscate the issue entirely, making it about something else. Underneath is a violence he must come to terms with because the violent master, the evil man, is really how he has experienced life. Usually, this kind of man has been so abused that the demon can live in him. The more violent the world is for a person, the more pathological the demon can be. The world is so bad, so the demon can be that much more worse.

So, the demon hides in the fact that the man's experience of the world is violent and unsafe. When he has learned from his life that the world is evil and violent, he cannot help but tolerate, on some level, the evil demon. He acclimates to the violence and the acclimation allows the demon access. The more he accepts the violence, especially when he did not have a choice, the more the demon can live within. When he accepts the world as violent, he accepts the violence in himself.

In this acceptance, he accepts the demon. It is a very dark truth. But if he can get to the place where he felt violated, then he can understand violence as violation. If he does not get the violation against him, then he will act out the demon. He will act out the violence that has taken him over. The violence that was perpetrated onto him allows the demon to be violent and then allows the person to do violent things. It is a classic case of passing down the violence.

The healing can begin by his realization of how he was violated. When he does not accept the pain, he accepts the violence instead, becoming sick or acting it out. In either case, he is destroyed.

Of course, society would rather have him not act out the violence. But, in a way, it does not matter. If he does not act it out and becomes a model citizen that we could respect, he would still be very sick because he is holding all of the pain inside.

Even people who have acted it out in the world, even to the extreme of murdering someone, can have a complete healing. When someone crosses the line, it does not mean he is lost.

If his dreams show him as being violated instead of being the violator, it would show how he is really not completely tied in with the pathology. Even though it took him over, it is not who he really is.



RAGE IS THE MACHINE

The rage that is the machine comes from the demon. The pathology insinuates its anger at God into our personalities so that when we lose track of our souls, the rage comes out of us. Part of our personalities, part of the mechanism of how we survived is really a mixture of rage. However we coped, however we created our false personality, this also carried the demon.

When this dynamic is exposed and we see it for what it is, then the pathology has nowhere to hide. The rage has nowhere to justify itself because we see through it, we see that it is unmitigated anger at God or just plain unmitigated anger. For example, if we use victimization as a way to cope, pathology uses the victimization to project the anger. We see the problem is in other “bad” people, not in us.

When we see through the lie, all that is left is the anger. The point is to know that the anger is not us. The anger is a toxin, a poison underlying all humanity, but it is not humanity. Of course, there is a personal aspect to anger that arises when we have been betrayed, hurt or when circumstances create anger that is not pathology. Rage as the machine is not this anger.

When the rage is exposed, we may find that we feel triggered into anger for no apparent reason. This is because the demon is simply angry that we are finding it out. When we find it out, it has only two ways to go - it can rage at the world or it can turn the rage against us. When it goes against us, the demon would have us hurt or even kill ourselves.

Good rage is passion. However, once pathology gets its claws into a person's hurt, it runs the show. Even when a person has the opportunity to connect, to be open, even though it is scary, there is something that resists. This resistance is an indication of rage. The pathology always resists for it is its nature to do nothing but resist. We feel it as resistance, disobedience, avoidance, procrastination, as not even wanting to acknowledge the love.

It creates a dynamic where we are allergic to God and yet we are not allergic to God. We want the Divine love but when faced with what appears to be our own demise we resist because we believe it is our demise. But it is not our demise; it is the

demise of the pathology that is thoroughly enraged at God.

Anger finds a home, a justification, for its existence and can be rationalized as a good thing because of all the wrongs done to us which have been mighty and true. In this sense, rage becomes a justification for itself because the world being the way it is justifies it. For example, we choose to be with people who are going to hurt us so that we can justify our rage and the violence against them. It is all part of what becomes justification for the rage.

Is rage pleasurable? Yes, absolutely. While it is necessary to break through the forces that would control us, it is not rage that gets us out of our relationship with darkness. We are attracted to darkness because we are lost to the projection of what we do not want to face which replicates what we do not want to face. In this way, we are unconsciously married to the darkness. We are all unconsciously married to rage, to the hatefulness hating God. In the throes of this marriage, we do not want God.

It is not our souls that do not want God. The rejection comes from being lost to our souls, from being lost in the rage, from being lost in the pathology's rage at the Divine and even at us. The rage is strangely and oddly attractive; it is strangely and oddly seductive and it binds our sexuality to it.

So much of sexuality and attraction are based on the very things that would destroy us. We are attracted to men who would hurt us, we are attracted to women who would hurt us. The more we are to be hurt by a person, the more we seem to be attracted to and to feel sexually charged by that person. Find someone who loves us, who can truly reflect the Divine in us and we go limp and disconnected. This is why people say again and again, "It would be like marrying my brother/sister."

When rage is present, there is no feeling. Without feeling there is no vulnerability. When anger comes as passion, then vulnerability is inherently struggling to be known. But the anger of control does not want vulnerability to be known.

When we are controlling, we are disconnected. To be disconnected from the love, to be disconnected from the pain, to be disconnected from the vulnerability, to be disconnected from the passion, to be disconnected from feeling is inherently rage. The form rage takes is endless; it can be numbness, shame, duty, responsibility, unworthiness, anxiety, victimization, resistance, rebelliousness, independence, passive/aggressive, isolation, utopianism. When there is an absence of all feeling, not emotion, there is anger at its core at some point in the dynamic.

Whatever form it takes, there is no real sensitivity to the soul self, the heart self. Therefore, when we deal with sexuality, the only way sexuality can work is through rage. This, too, can manifest in many ways - blatant promiscuity, frigidity, excessive masturbation, sexual preoccupation, violence against the opposite sex. It is usually either black or white, but there is never any vulnerability.

In order to be viable with the Archetype, sexuality has to be connected to our heart, to our child self. In a man, this is called the big cock. For the woman this is connected to the little girl and the clitoris.

When these elements are not acknowledged, sexual dysfunction follows.

Mutuality cannot exist without vulnerability; relationship cannot exist without vulnerability. If the heart does not function, there is no mutuality. Relationship, without vulnerability, ends up with a dependency that includes elements of power, control, numbness, shutting down, insincerity, insecurity and a sense of some form of violence against one another.

When the heart does not function, we are essentially isolated from the world and everyone in it. No greater is the isolation than the isolation of a beloved where the promise of the relationship hinges on vulnerability and the emergence of the souls together. The absence of this creates a kind of black hole where anything good in the relationship is devoured.

Children born into these relationships are devoured as well. Many of these children are involved in outwardly healthy lives - good shelter, plenty of food, no sexual or physical abuse. But they are actually living in the black hole the parents make. There are very few loving, caring parents who are in their real feelings, beloved both of the Divine and each other. The world is riddled with this unfortunate truth, a truth covered over by a presumptuousness of caring and a veneer of concern.

The bottom line is that the rage is easily justified by things that happen to a person in the world. Because the world is so dysfunctional, we feel we need anger to break out of pathology. But this is not true. We do not really break out of pathology through anger. Instead, when we try to do it this way, we end up raging on and on about things that hurt us and to people that hurt us and then rage begets rage.

There will come a moment when a fierce energy will arise to move us through, to, indeed, break us out of pathology, but this is not anger. When the soul has had enough and it stands up in this fierceness, this is passion. Anger sits on a track that does not solve anything but instead circles us right back to the problem. We rage at the person who wounded us then we find someone else who will wound us again or we find someone who loves us and we rage and wound them.

It is important to distinguish between the rage of the soul and the rage of the pathology. The rage of the pathology poisons us in our hearts and creates an unforgiving environment for more pathology, for more hurt, for more wounding. Sometimes this manifests on a social level as vigilantism. There has been a wrong done and the hate will go out and attack someone else in revenge. This manifests in the politics of the world, of course, but it is also in the politics of human beings. It is in every heart and in every family and in every relationship even if it does not come out shouting. If it does not come out shouting, it comes out as denial.

The Rage of Guilt

Guilt is anger. People often feel they are a victim of someone else and they feel guilty about what someone else wants them to do. Or they want to control them in some way so they can make the other person the bad one because of their anger. We feel, "If I do it wrong, the other person will be mad at me." But really, we are

angry ourselves and the anger is just controlling us by telling us we are right or wrong. Whether we are right or wrong is irrelevant because the anger is already there - anger, guilt and control.

We may also feel we have a responsibility which is another form of guilt. Responsibility, duty, guilt are all forms of anger in which we caretake others but are driven by our anger and control.

We accept guilt because when we are in guilt, we can control. We accept anger because we can control. Control is pleasurable, even though we may also be suffering. We do not feel pleasure in feeling scared, feeling out of control, because we do not know there is anybody there for us.

Yet true primality comes from what is on the other side of giving up control. Letting go and becoming open, being fed by that which we are not sure is there. Based in our trauma, we feel that if we do not control then everything is going to unravel. Then either we are going to be left with nothing or the people we care about are going to be left with nothing. We feel we need to protect them or else.

It is a godless reality, but we get to be in control. If there is no God, then of course we would need to be in control. But if God does exist, then what a wasted effort. For we are never really in control anyway and we make things worse by virtue of the control.

Guilt, shame, duty, responsibility are all driven by pathological anger and a sense of control. Living outside of the box is letting go of control and usually there is a way in a dream to do that. Once we acknowledge it, once we let go, once we go through our fear, we can begin to touch into the love and support that is there for us.

Worry is control, too. It fuels responsibility by telling us that bad things are going happen as if we can figure out what is or is not going to happen. It is the great helpmate of pathology because it is the opposite of fear and vulnerability. Worry is an enemy based on issues that have nothing to do with the real fear of opening and surrender.

Rage Turned Outward - Caring for Others

Many of us believe that by caring for others we are somehow caring for others. Many of us believe that when we are generous of heart we are somehow generous of heart. Many of us believe that when we laugh and hug and carry a tear and a concern that we are somehow manifesting God's touch from inside us to others.

To the extent that we bring love into the world, caring into the world, this is true. Kindness certainly has its place. Many people will teach that kindness needs to be grounded in forgiveness, in not keeping score, in many wonderful things.

But the love we bring into the world can only be as big as our connection with the Divine. If we are being loved by the Divine, then our cup runneth over and we can give to others. Without spiritual inspiration through the connection at some primal level, the giving we give is superficial. Underneath it, emotions seethe and

unfound traumas lurk in the crevices of our psyches.

The dreams are unrelenting in their challenge to those who would look and peer into the psyche. They challenge us to go down into the depths and move through the deeper fissures to find the wound, to find the place where we can be given love. Without that love, the love we give others is not truly supported by the Divine and is weak and frail. As weak and frail as the wound that devours us through the negation of its existence.

In this negation of the deeper wound, in the very attempt to be loving and kind despite our woundedness and lostness of soul, lies the anger, the pathological rage. The negation of soul creates the rage. In fact, the caring and concern for others at our own expense without being fed by a connection with the Divine is often passive aggressiveness or simply control.

Anger with a Smile

Scott Fortney



When someone attempts to help us from this place, we do not feel blessed because we can feel or see the control or compulsion in it. We do not feel loved by the attempt of the person to love us and, in fact, we often feel the opposite. But when we give, care and are kind in this way, we do not see the frailty of the love and we do not see the rage that lurks behind it.

Any attempt to mediate the deeper need of the self to know itself creates resistance and creates rage. It may manifest as a veiled threat: “I will love you, I will help you and you WILL like it.” It may manifest as the wounded caretaker’s lament; “I have done so much for everyone else but I feel so bereft myself.” While there is no overt rage in these, there is a covert sense of weakness, hopelessness, despondency and abandonment whether we are aware of it or not.

Without a connection with the Divine, every attempt to help others actually robs us of ourselves. Sometimes the greatest theft is when we try to give to others or to a specific person as a way to project our wounded self out into the world so that we can care for the person as a way to care for ourselves. In reality, in this situation, we are just living through the other person. If only the other would receive the love, we believe that we would be blessed and healed. But this is not the case, of course. It may even anger the other person. The need for another person to be healed and/or to receive the love is nothing more than our own failure to receive the love. It also carries the veiled threat of needing other people to change so that we can feel okay.

The world needs more people receiving God’s love rather than more people giving to others. Once we receive the love, we can give to others, but until then, even our very efforts to be loving have rage. Even if the act has an element of self-negation, this is also a form of rage. When another receives our kindness as an absolute act of kindness, the person really may be unknowingly helping us to rob ourselves of our own souls.

This hidden tragedy of the unknown suffering of the giver goes unseen by those who give and those who receive.

Of course, with so much avarice and greed and anger in the world, it seems to be refreshing to have loving and caring people, but, unfortunately, when we love like this, we are usually part of the rage as well. Even if we are not angry, we have the anger of our own denied self which manifests as a rage against our own spiritual, inner soul’s need to be acknowledged. Our soul becomes lost in our projection of the soul onto others who need help. However, it is our souls that cry out for God’s love, cry out to be healed, cry out for the us to be healed so that our souls can flourish in our lives.

When there is denial of pain, there is violence. When there is denial of love, there is violence. When there is denial of the Divine, there is violence.

Violence takes many forms. It can be quiet and slow, eating away at our lives until we wake up one day realizing we have not lived at all or realizing we have been nice our whole lives or even realizing we have been vicious. It does not matter because by the time we realize it, our time is up. Our lives have been used up by the rage, by the resistance, by the denial that is the rage itself. For the denial denies us. We think we deny the Divine, but we deny ourselves. We think we deny others, but we only deny ourselves. We deny the heart within us that wants to find itself through the Divine and through the world.

In this denial, we are left with the ego’s way of doing things which is mirrored

by the pathology and its desire to divide and keep us apart. It does this very well. Even in communion with others, we are kept apart because the communion is not from our core selves. We must journey back to our core selves to have relationship with the Divine, to have relationship with the self and to break the pattern of violence in all of its recriminations.

This is a difficult task, but it can be accomplished. The Divine awaits in the wings of the dream, always leading us out and through. The demon will always be exposed and we can be free. Free from the unconscious violation that is part of the big lie that we see when we look in the mirror and wonder who we are.

When we are connected with the Divine, we do not wonder. We know who we are for we see ourselves through his love and through his eyes. If not, then we see nothing but our projection, our lies, other people's lies, what we project onto others and the way we believe they see us. We do not see through others, we only see our own lie. Maybe we see our own lie through others, but we still only see our own lie. Over and over and over again.

If a woman has not dealt with this rage, when she moves into union with the Divine, the conjunctio will isolate everything that is not of God. This means that the rage will manifest at some point in the late stages of the work. This manifests in the later stages because the pathology has no other place to go having been found out through God's light and love. In this case, the demon comes in a dream as the demon, not as the Animus playing the demon.

When we try to solve the riddle of bringing ourselves to the Animus, when we try to bring our unconscious control, anger, distrust, unresolved wound, unresolved trauma to the Animus, we never are given satisfaction from the Divine. God does not, cannot, speak with us unless we have died to self. Unless we are no longer surrendering to the need to control.

The dreams do everything to break us from this control, to bring us into our feelings which we avoid through control, in order to get closer to the Animus. People fail in their work because they do not want to give up the control, even if it is suffering. There is often a tremendous charge to be something in relationship to someone else's powerful sense of identity or to be the one with the more powerful sense of identity. Our libido is triggered around needing to be dominated or needing to dominate.

In the end, however, we fall back into our pain. We end up lost because we cannot escape from the fact that our child self is lost from us. We cannot receive God's love unless we are in our soul selves no matter how much we try to make it happen.

When we are in our souls, we do not, cannot, control. We are like a child suckling at the mother's breast. The nursing child does not control the breast; the child simply eats and drinks of the Divine. To be that open to the Divine is the goal.

Control is not a bad thing when it comes out of an expression of love. But when it does not, it comes out of rage and anger.

Rage Turned Inward - Self-Hate

When this rage is turned inward, it creates a grand excuse, the grandest of all illusions - self-hate. It is the grandest of all illusions for how can we be so tricked that we hate that which God loves. How does it reach the point where we learn to hate ourselves when we start out being so loved? It is understandable in extreme situations where people are abused and they learn they are unworthy through being repeatedly destroyed over and over again. But besides this scenario, how does one claim such hurt, such self-hate.

It is not really possible that we can hate ourselves which is why self-hate is the grandest of all illusions. Rage at others makes sense for hurt projected outward creates anger, anger that is already present. Pathology gives it its kick, its excuse. But to turn that rage against the self is thanatos, the desire to be destroyed. How does the demon do that? There are many theories, but it is the greatest marvel because the truth is that everything wants to live and thrive - birds want to fly, fish want to swim, bees want to collect pollen, people want to live, to be happy, to find their souls.

How does this natural phenomenon get turned around to where we want to destroy ourselves, the very thing that God created? It is done every day with every person. Once we have lost our soul, we become infused with this anger, this doubt, this uncertainty and somehow we learn to hate others, we learn to be angry and then somehow we learn to hate ourselves. Is it guilt mixed with rage that triggers self-hate, is it shame mixed with insecurity and rage? It is some unknown chemical reaction, some deep primitive belief that causes us to believe that God really hates human beings, that He kicked us out of our garden

The soul does not really believe this trick. The ego, however, is tricked. It is an escape from reality to hate others, an escape that feels pleasurable. To hate others is pleasurable, but to hate the self is even more pleasurable. The pleasure principle makes sense in this way for it is the rage that fuels the pleasure.

Once the search for happiness is abandoned, there is nothing left but to turn the rage against one's self. But even the search for happiness, when it is a search in the outside world, is rage against the self for rage and pleasure when we are lost from our souls are somehow intertwined. Even sexuality is used in the process of thanatos. With the rage comes control and whether or not the rage is projected onto others or is projected onto the self, it all comes back against the self.

In the rage, we have power. The more we hate, the more we have control. Control is pleasure, no matter how raw and ugly, no matter if it is pride or lust or rage. It all narcissistically revolves around the point of control. Whether we are controlled or we assume we are controlling, we are hooked into some form of control.

When we believe we have control, we believe we have power over something. We cannot have power over the world, we cannot have control over the world, so we exert power and control over ourselves so that we get to decide our own fate. Drugs, bulimia, anorexia, cutting, gambling, alcoholism, sexual addiction, addiction to power

are all variations of self-hate going to its extreme.

When this self-hate is projected outward and we feel we have power in the world, we can do damage to the souls of others. Whether we are a Stalin, a Hitler, an abusive parent, an abusive spouse, an abusive friend, it all comes from unresolved hurt, needs not met and a self not supported.

Facing the Rage, Facing the Demon

The most personal aspect of any feeling is anger. Not only does it bring pleasure and often sexual release, but it is often the motivating force behind so many of the obsessive/compulsive neurotic things we do to create the society in which we live. Successful athletes, artists, scientists, doctors, and so on are often powered not by passion but by rage.

Passion always comes from the divinely-inspired soul, the self which feels the love and the connection. However, creativity in all of its forms can be spurred by rage. It is often difficult to tell the difference between rage and passion from the outside. When the progeny is created, who really notices or cares. The gift is received, others like it or they do not, but the person who creates from the place of rage suffers because of the lack of connection with the Divine. When we suffer in this place of creativity disconnected from the Divine, disconnected from the being, the source, the beauty of the act of creating, then everyone suffers.

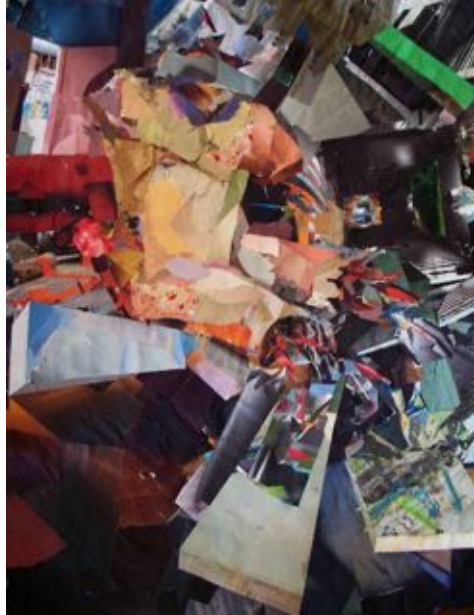
It is not wisdom that motivates creativity; it is suffering. Maybe we can choose to learn from this, but when we create from this suffering, we are the loser. Most artists, creative people, have not worked through their pain or their rage. It is just acted out. They can rationalize that it is better than being a bank teller or being in the stock market or being a builder of massive houses, but is it? It is a question of aesthetics, for losers lose. When we are motivated by the rage that is ultimately at the bottom of fear, inadequacy, unworthiness, shame, unresolved pain, underneath it all is hurt. The covering of the hurt is the rage and in the rage is the demon.

The demon controls all from this place whether it is creativity or love, whether it is beautiful or ugly. If there is a wound that is covered, the demon is in it, the rage against God is in it, the rage that is the machine, the rage that is against the Divine no matter how pretty or ugly it may be.

Underneath the rage is the demon. When we have dived deep enough into our core trauma, we will come underneath the demon. We will see that the demon, for the first time, is not us. We will see it as the beast, the rage, the God hater, the people hater, the hater of all that is love and perfect and beautiful. We will see that we are standing in front of something that is dark, shining, venomous, hateful and we will know that we are not it. We will know that there is no shame in facing the demon. We will know that it cannot turn us against ourselves, it cannot turn us against the Divine for one second longer, ever again, because when we stand and face into it, it is found, it is out, it is exposed.

Demon

Linnea Paskow



Since the Divine is stronger and the Divine made us, in that moment, we can stand in our souls as vulnerable and as naked as the day is long in front of the beast. We can stand there and, because of our vulnerability, not one hair will be harmed.

In that moment, in the greatest vulnerability, the greatest fear, the greatest courage, connected to our soul, our true sense of potency and seeing that the beast, the rage that is the machine, is not us, our vulnerability becomes ultimate power. This power is ultimate vulnerability and ultimate surrender. It is not the power that “corrupts absolutely” but is the power that comes out of the defeat of the corruption of power, of the corruption of the soul.

It is the power based on love, based on the fierce understanding that we are loved and that we are divinely inspired. In this case, power is not control; it is simply the invincibility of the Divine. We recognize the passion and the potency that sustains us is not us but is of the Divine. In this relationship, in this give and take between our souls and the Divine, an opportunity is created of becoming a new super being where we can mount the highest mountain and stand tall without pride, without arrogance, because we are without control. We can stand in the beauty and the power of the self recognizing God and realize the love that recognizes the self. We can stand in this and not get lost in megalomaniac perception of the self. Instead, we can always be humbled in the potency by our connection with the Divine. Humbled and vulnerable, yet potent; inspired and bigger than life yet always broken and always vulnerable. This is true potency, this is true power. The power where there is no control for all control

belongs to the Divine. Once surrendered, we know true power for what it is - the invincibility of surrender.

THE NECESSARY REASON FOR DREAMS

When a child is not loved, when a child is separated from God, the child's very foundation of existence is simply pain. That pain gets projected into the world on many things the child and eventually the grown child encounters. In the moment of pain, the person reacts by bringing the past pain into the present.

Past pain is not the same as present pain. If the heart is open and vulnerable and not wounded, when there is pain, we can simply feel pain, but it is different than reactive pain. Present pain occurs when something happens in the present to an open heart. Projected pain happens from pain that occurred in the past and is projected into the present. Past pain is far worse than present pain and has a tremendous negative charge to it. We may become rebellious, controlling, angry. Our therapist may be tricked into taking care of the us in some way.

Projection of pain is emotional pain. A reaction that comes from the infidelity of the mother is an emotion whether the emotion is control or passivity or running away. The reaction can be almost anything when pain is projected in the world.

Psychological support says that everyone should be nice to us and that if they are not, then they are wrong. When we project emotional pain, when we feel wronged by others, we may have dreams where we are wronged by others. These dreams will force us to understand that we are in reaction and that the reaction is not justified.

When Christ says to turn the other cheek, it does not mean that we passively put up with abuse. It means that when we stand in the love, we do not need to react. Turning the other cheek means to stand in the love. But when we are in projection, we cannot stand in the love. When we are in pain and we are projecting the pain, we can only stand in reaction.

The point is to learn to stand in pain. In that place, we will find the love and the support so we can be potent. Impotency causes one to react and sometimes to react in powerful, controlling ways that seem potent when they are not because they are reactions.

Being able to see the difference between a reaction and a response is one of the most important things a therapist can help a person do. To distinguish between

the two, one must understand if pain or fear or insecurity is projected out. It is really difficult to know this, but the dreams will show us and indicate that there are those choices. The choices appear to be subtle, but when we really understand the process of our growth, they are not subtle at all. They are powerful, immediate issues that determine our future evolution.

We cannot evolve if we are not in our feelings. Emotional reactions to other feelings are not feelings and therefore cause a pattern that perpetuates ego disconnection. Because one reacts by virtue of the separation from the Divine, one cannot seek the Divine and be in relationship with the Divine if one is in any kind of reaction.

Reactions can be very subtle. They can be passive/aggressive, they can be seductive, they can even feel like compassion. So subtle is the pride of the gyroscope to create illusions in some, to create powerful suffering of unworthiness and rage in others. The variations of these patterns cover a wide swath of psychological experiences. Some appearing positive and some appearing negative. Health is chosen by virtue of what looks positive versus what looks negative.

We encourage positive responses, so one learns to turn the other cheek, saying, "I am not reacting. I am turning the other cheek." But this in and of itself can be a reaction. Turning the other cheek without being in the love can be a learned response, creating sociopathology in which a person becomes completely unable to feel a reaction. The person instead is able to operate out of some spiritual, clandestine experience. This kind of person can pretend a profound amount of spirituality and can pretend many different personalities because of the capability to not react. But not reacting can be a reaction as well.

The only way to know is through the dreams which will encourage us to descend into the maul and the black hole where often the child self has become lost. Managing vulnerability, managing spirituality, managing insecurity, managing pain, managing fear whether it is a reaction or some kind of hybrid version of spiritual unreaction is still reaction.

Some people are so highly defined, so highly articulated, so highly specialized in their ability to live and become spiritual in virtuous ways, that the level of deniability appears from the outside as if they are completely whole and healed and full of love, when in reality nothing could be further from the truth.

Do not be fooled by appearances. No one knows the depth of someone's true suffering. But when we see and peer inside dream after dream that take us into the psyche's soul, the true nature of the person is revealed in terms of what the Animus sees and is faced with. If we allow ourselves to follow the path of the dreams, miraculous things can occur.

I often find myself not understanding the choices that are made in a dream by the Divine, but I surrender to its will. Over time, I do come to understand - what is revealed is so much more variability of the psyche that I ever thought.

One must travel down the corridors of the feelings presented, one must

follow the child that calls back to the garden of the self. Once united, the soul can once again hear the beauty and the music of God's love and song. The true expression of a person's connection with the Divine is linked with the connection with one's own spiritual child self. It is the child self that are the ears and the heart of the soul and only the child self can feel the Divine.

People with great sincerity who seek God's love, when given the opportunity in their dreams to experience certain experiences often struggle to feel those experiences in their waking life on a daily basis because their psyche, their consciousness of self, is not deep enough. As one descends deeper and deeper into the child self, the connection to the Divine and the capacity to feel and hear the Divine becomes clearer and clearer and more and more potent.

As this child self is revealed, the triangulation between the child self and the Archetypes produces a level of connection that allows one to experience more and more Divine connection. Without the child self, the ego strains and struggles, practices and acclimates, adapts and copies in every which way to attempt to find a way to be in conjunctio, to be in connection. But it is important to understand that the only way to truly be able to feel the Divine is to be in one's child self.

The Old Testament says we must be a child in order to enter the kingdom of heaven. This is the child self. It is not the child that wants ice cream or a new Mercedes or a trip to Rome or a new dress. The child self is always the soul and the divinely inspired essence which God himself created when He created human beings and when He created us.

In this way, we come home to the Divine as well as home to our own self. Both need to occur. Without the self, there is no knowledge of the Divine. The self of the self, the soul of the child, the essence of one's self, is the defining principle of the ego once it has breached consciousness.

Until then, the ego cannot be trusted to know the self. It simply tries to copy the self and in doing so is in tune with the dynamics of the pathology forever. Until the child is born. Once the child is born, then the ego and the child and the consciousness of the Divine all merge together. In that moment, the ego is simply a field of consciousness for the soul of the self, for knowledge of God to be known by the ego self as an inspiration of the moment. God's true desire is for us to know Him from the place of our own self.

In that moment, we are in true relationship. We are not lost in the Divine; we are simply in relationship with it. True inspiration, the true walk with the Divine has always been the goal of manifestation. This goal is upon mankind to this day. It is the challenge of every human being and is the necessary reason for dreams.

WHY FEEL FEELINGS

People sometimes go deep into their feelings but they do not know what to do with them, so nothing happens because they are not conscious of the Divine. The Divine is part of the equation.

When the Anima comes as the mother, she can help a person face into the deepest pain and the feelings of not being acknowledged and turn them to the feeling of being loved. This confronts the fact that we may have avoided being loved and acknowledged because of the pain of not being loved and not being acknowledged. Not wanting to feel the pain means remaining in a situation where we continue to not want to be acknowledged, thereby perpetuating our pain of not being acknowledged.

When we are willing to feel the pain, we can be acknowledged with the Anima's support. Then, when the Animus comes, we can become aware that we want to be with Him and are willing to be with Him. We now know we want the love. Because of our willingness to be in our pain, we no longer avoid the love because we no longer avoid the pain.

If the Archetypes did not exist, there would be no point of feelings all our feelings. Why would we bother? If we go into therapy to just get in touch with our feelings and there is no Divine incarnation in us to use those feelings, then the therapy cannot go anywhere. It is just painful. No wonder many people feel doing therapy is not helpful, "I spent three years in therapy to get to this pain and all I can do is sue my father or mother for abusing me."

This work is not counseling for working with our dreams is therapy that comes out of our own psyche. Because of this, it allows us to see the reason for doing all of the work. The method to the madness of this work is that the Archetypes are there for us.

In order to be with the Archetypes that come in our dreams, we must remember that they come because we are able to break free into our pain. In order to continue to be with them, we have to be in our pain.

Projecting Feelings

We really do not have a choice about what we feel. We feel what we feel because we have already felt the feelings. They are a priori - the feelings came before. As far as we know, we have always felt those feelings and we do not know how to feel anything but what we have already felt. So, everything that we know about ourselves is what we feel about ourselves and then this is who we believe we are. We are acclimated to feeling ourselves in a very defined, although very limited, way.

The consequence is that we become habituated in that knowledge of ourselves and then we look to validate those feelings by finding situations that justify what we already feel. This is projection. If we do not have justification for the feelings, then we need to accept that what we are feeling is really coming from inside. This goes against our nature which is to always feel or believe that all feelings come from outside.

We believe that we are responding to circumstances beyond our control, and since we are simply responding, we have no responsibility for anything. Pathology loves this for it means that the feelings do not come from the inside, where we can do something; instead it is all from the outside.

No one really acknowledges their issues. When it comes to feelings like love, which none of us seem to feel, then our concepts about love or our feelings about love ultimately cannot be sustained by another because they come from the outside. Anything that comes from the outside is unsustainable.

Even the right person for us cannot perpetuate that feeling of support and love because it ultimately comes from the Divine. It is easier to enact rejection and pain from the world because there is certainly more rejection and pain in the world than people who want to love us.

Even if we find people who want to love us, we are still going to have the same problem. The idea is to have the love from the inside that sustains us. From there, we can find love on the outside and we can have reciprocity with that love. This is the goal of this work.

But to reverse this means taking responsibility or ownership of the fact that our feelings come from the inside. It is very difficult to understand that the feelings come from within and that our reality on the outside reflects itself through those feelings. It can be understood in a general sense, but to actually understand that it is in each of us is one of the goals of Stage One work.

Projection reflects how we feel inside. Beginning to see our projections and beginning to see that we are instigating the projections from some deep wounded place inside is actually a pride killer. To be able to see the projection and be stuck in the compulsiveness of it where we cannot change or stop the projection can actually be a good thing.

It takes a great deal of courage to see through the lie of our lives even in the moment when we are living the lie. To stand in the lie and keep doing it, but at the

same time realizing that it is a lie, is a way of Dying to Self.

Pathology, in that moment, will change tactics. Pathology wants us to live in the lie, wants us to live in projection, but it does not want us to do it with any awareness. As soon as we put some awareness to what we are doing, pathology will want to punish us, will want us to feel that we are jerks or are worthless or that we should know better. This is all part of the battle.

Co-dependency

When there is no autonomy, no sense of identity where we can feel who we are, feel and acknowledge our feelings and our experiences, good or bad, then projection can get out of hand. Without the inner vessel of “I am that I am,” projection becomes the default because when there is no way to contain ourselves inwardly, everything is projected out.

This is co-dependency. Co-dependency is when we relate to everyone not because we bring something to the relationship but because we need to pull something in, even if it is negative. The center of gravity, then, instead of being inside, is way out in the world. This creates a dependency on the world.

Whereas, needing love, needing support when it comes from the inner child, when it comes from a grounded place inside, is not co-dependency, is not negative neediness. It is vulnerability seeking a reflection of itself in terms of a relationship from the Divine inside and then from others outside.

Feeling without Projection

Every trauma has an underlying feeling that is the core trauma feeling such as a wound, a fear, a profound sense of unworthiness, and so on. It is a moment of absolute hurt and absolute damage to the psyche. That damage emits a feeling so deep that we do not feel it independently. We feel it instead in relation to events or circumstances that arise in our outer life.

The deepest way to be healed of this damage is to feel it independently of any circumstance in the world. To not project it. If it is projected, then it cannot be exposed to the Divine. Only when it is exposed to the self and to the Divine can true Alchemy and healing of the trauma be possible. The feeling needs to be an ingredient in the triangulation that will bring the child self and the Archetype together in relationship.

When the feeling is projected, we do all kinds of things in order to make it go away, to try to manage the situation, to not feel the feeling. Sometimes we do good things, sometimes we do destructive things, but whatever the mechanism used to repress the feeling, it is only a temporary fix because it always comes back through the next event that triggers it.

It is always there until it is felt. To feel it independently from the world, we

must first acknowledge that the feeling exists inside and is not connected to any current event in the world. Then we must feel the feeling in its pure state. We must stop managing our lives in order to suppress or avoid or deal with the feeling at the same time as being aware of what we do to manage it.

When the wound and the projection are not felt, it supercedes all truth and devours all opportunities in the world and in the work. Something that may be good or benign can suddenly appear dangerous so that we do not receive the gift of the opportunity. It is like seeing a dragonfly and believing that it is a leech.

Often people will mistake love for something horrible because of how they felt when they were loved as a child. An example is a woman who every time she wanted something as a child was not only refused it by her parents but was punished for even having the desire at all. As an adult, every time she had a desire, she hurt. Rather than knowing that every time she had a desire that it also carried her hurt, she may say to the person giving her something that she felt betrayed or violated, even when the person was just loving her.

The world also reinforces the belief of the projection, for when we project into the world what we believe, we make it so. Then, we react and find people to react to us or who we misunderstand. All cases perpetuate the projection, allowing us to feel that what we believe is true.

It is self-validating and it is often glaringly wrong. We have a split between what is really happening both in the world and in our being versus what the trauma wants us to feel. What the trauma wants us to feel carries the reality of the past and superimposes it onto the present, making what we feel and experience incongruent with what is actually happening.

It is a particularly difficult problem in Archetypal work, for the Divine wants to open us to a different life and a different reality. It is really difficult to change realities if we are stuck in the maelstrom of the old beliefs or if we keep re-experiencing the emotions around the projection such as shame, abandonment, betrayal.



THE SENSUALITY OF FEELING

Pain, sadness, vulnerability, even fear itself are all sensuality in that sensuality or essence is an aspect of beingness. All feelings, even ones needing a redemptive or transformative quality to occur in them, are still in the sacred realm that carries a certain level of truth or a certain level of sensuality. So that when we are in a moment of feeling - sadness, pain, fear, vulnerability - and we do not jump away from it, it has a sensual, almost pleasurable, feeling to it.

If we can feel the feeling at its core, it actually has a sensual nature to it. If we jump away, it is impossible to know the sensual nature and instead we will have a certain level of fear in reaction to it. The fear that causes us to jump away from feeling is the antithesis of sensuality. But, if we accept fear as a condition of reality that can be felt, then the fear can become sensual as well.

For example, when I was a child I almost drowned and so developed a fear of water. I finally faced into the fear by taking swimming lessons, but I do have residual fear. I am learning to stay afloat in the water in different ways and the fear it brings up in me is palpable. But when I do not jump away from the fear, I can feel that I can be attracted to it.

It is like people who do extreme physical things such as climbing mountains like Everest. They can get addicted to fear because there is a sensuality to it. In those situations, we are forced to face into the fear. It makes us vulnerable in a good way.

There are those who are drawn to war in this way. Being drawn to war and the fear of war means it also opens us to trauma - we will obviously be traumatized. People want to go to war, at times, because it is an opportunity to live their trauma out in the world. It is a fact that people who are exposed to the trauma of violence at an early age are often drawn to more violence when they get older. It is almost as if it is a way to revisit their past.

Of course, most of us have some form of trauma. When we look to find our traumas, we are drawn to reconnect with it, almost as if we want to live it out in the world in the most violent way. It is part of the urge to face the destructive power of the past, to look at it, to face it and then to let it ultimately kill us again. This is the

power of projection, when woundedness is lived out into the world. We are drawn as if into the fire of our demise.

All of us are drawn to this fire, even if we cannot admit it. We all seem to be purveyors of the very thing that would bring us down, all the time blaming the world around us for the destructive act we have brought to ourselves. The greater the trauma, the greater the act of destruction.

There is no difference between the way a person handles things in the world through a projection of trauma and going to war to relive that trauma through a battlefield. It is a case of degree. To what extent does one choose to be led by the destructive nature within or not is often an unconscious process. We do not know we are being led by dark forces. We do not understand the inertia upon our souls that leads us away from who we are, that guides us down wrong roads, wrong paths, that leads us far away from the Divine, far away from the Father's house.

The return home - the Prodigal Son and Persephone - is the ultimate facing into the love and the peace that existed in each of us before trauma. To return home, we cannot be led by trauma or the reaction to trauma through projecting it into something traumatic in the world.

It is not just lived out on the battlefield. For example, if we expect violent love, we will marry a violent individual. In all cases, we will forget the intimacy and the caring we knew before the trauma. We will know not the love that we knew before. Most of us are not really looking for that sublime, intimate caring because we have given up on it.

People are drawn to dangerous things because the danger makes them feel more alive. This is the sensuality aspect of the dreamwork, when we are driven to the ultimate fear - facing into ourselves, facing God, facing our past. And when we are driven to face into our ultimate pain. Passion, love, pain all have powerful sensual aspects if they are not mixed with something else such as nihilism, romanticism, unrequited love, and so on. The pain of just feeling the pain and not interpreting the pain is where the Animus dwells. The experience of just feeling the feeling without interpreting it is where the Animus dwells. No matter what the feeling is, the Animus or the Anima will always be there if we can go deep enough into the feeling.

There are people who say that they have worked with their pain or fear or vulnerability but that it did not really go anywhere. It did not go anywhere because the person did not go as deep as was necessary, as deep as the dreams can go. It is the nature of the psyche to keep us away from going deep enough to know that our feelings are not something to be dealt with but something to be lived in. Dealing with a feeling means we have touched on it and never want to deal with it again. Dealing with a feeling means we did not understand or encounter the feeling in its true nature.

Feelings are the most powerful when we are in a place of feeling them from our sensuality. When we are in the most profound place of vulnerability, of loss, of pain, of fear, it makes us more capable of receiving. The deeper we go into the feeling, the more deeply we can receive. If we do not feel the feeling, we are not going to

receive it. The feeling itself - loss, pain, fear - becomes a receptacle, a vessel where the Alchemy occurs. A receptacle where we can hold and contain and breathe in the love. Without the feeling, there is no vessel. Instead, we live in an ongoing thimble of capacity for His love.



HIS WEIGHT ON MY CHEST

Christa Lancaster

Dream:

I am on a sailboat with my lover. We are in the prow, while the sailboat cuts through the calm, but dark, unknown waters. We are passing through islands . . . the Pacific Northwest? I feel all this love for him. I lean over and kiss him. He kisses me back. The pointed prow of the sloop keeps breaking through the clear water. He rolls over and lies on me with his full weight. He looks intently into my eyes.

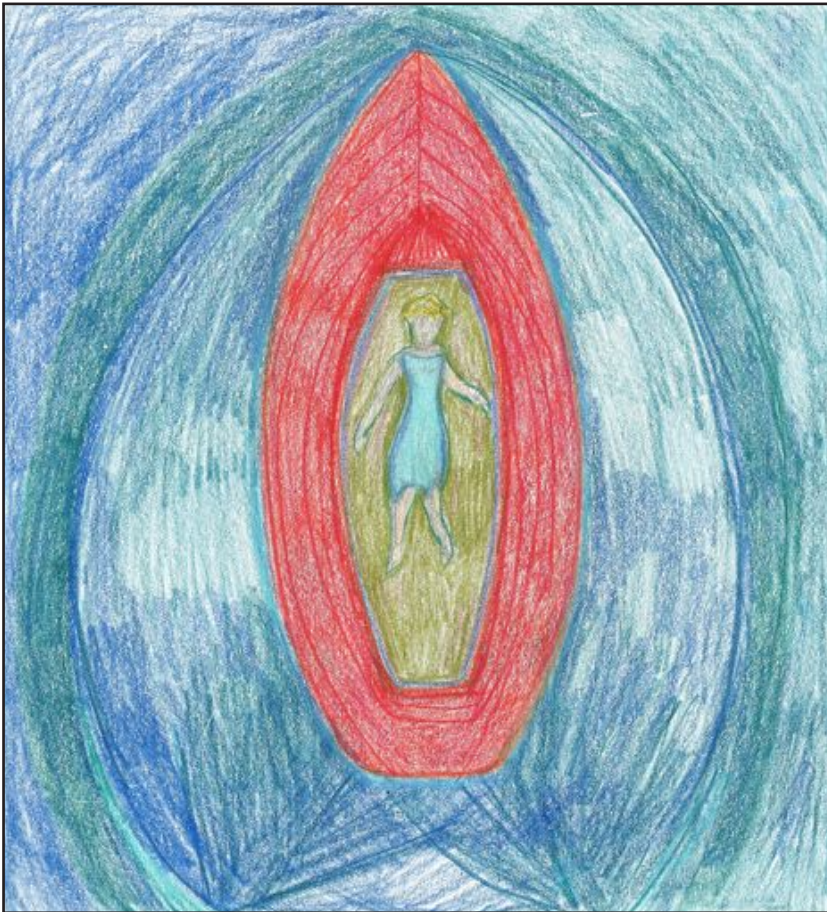
I get what he is telling me: I am here with you; we are doing this together. I feel it. I feel his weight, that he is real. This is really real. This is not theoretical or mystical. It is real and grounded, weighted. I felt his weight, weighting me, keeping me grounded and my heart open.

I remember a conversation with Marc when I had reached a wall that spoke “no” to going deeper, when I did not want to give up my attachment to the comfort of a beloved in a human body. Marc told me that the Animus could be more real, physical and embodied than I could ever imagine. Supernatural humanness. This is what I experience in the dream: the heavy weight of his masculine form, pressing down on me.

As I wandered through four different airports yesterday, Burlington, Newark, Houston and Albuquerque, I felt his weight on my chest. This morning I am witnessing my sister Bettina get her two kids off to school in the scramble of sneakers and backpacks. And I am sitting with tea under the clear spring blue of New Mexican skies remembering his weight and his direct gaze: “I am here with you; we are doing this together.”

Boat cutting through water
Spearhead
Heart feels full weight of
Your body
Wispy islands
Don't know.

Spearhead



Dark Waters

Dream:

I am holding a baby, closely. It is night. There are strange demon women of the world in a salon. I leave them and am

asked to go with my brother across a stretch of dark water to the other side. It looks far and dangerous, too dangerous for a baby. So, I decline and look for my car in search of security to make a quick getaway. But one of the demon women snatches the baby from me.

I wake up in horror and terror. This is what happens to me when I think I am not enough in glamorous Santa Fe. I do not go across the dark waters of the inlet. I stay “safe” with the demon women of illusion and the world. I lose myself amidst the surface beauty, forget my journey with the Man, forget my value with Him, and lose the child, my innocence, my worth.

When I first come to Santa Fe
 I feel nervous
 Everyone seems beautiful
 With impeccable taste and style.
 I have come to a new place
 And I get lost . . . for a day..
 In the miasma
 Before I remember
 Who I am
 With Him
 On the boat
 Cutting through
 Dark water
 his full weight
 Pressing down
 Upon mine.

Your weight
 Against me
 Form above me
 Not too much
 Not oppressive
 But, steady
 Like thunder
 Strong, like rope
 Against my heart
 Like fur and apricots
 Sandstone and moss.

Spearhead



Dream:

I am in my nightgown walking through the woods on the way up to the North of Eden Retreat Center. I am a little nervous, seeing a man alone up ahead and others walking nearby. I turn back and decide to wait for other folks to walk up.

This dream was about living in the unknown, taking a risk with my heart, trusting my feelings and walking up the mountain towards the unknown man. The new life of risking love was scary and uncertain and also exciting. It alluded to the outer world, too, where I let go of my old, safe ways of being drawn to closed-down men. I risked opening my heart to an old friend. I plunged into exquisite and terrifying territory. It was not safe. I was vulnerable as I never had known before.

I called him, gingerly
From my sister's garden
"I can hear birds," he said
"Yes."

I am sitting in my nightgown
 Like my dream, walking through
 Northern woods

Open like a moth
 Scared like summer.
 “I see a man ahead; I think
 It’s you.”

“Love is pouring into my heart,”
 He replies, “for the first time in my life.
 I can share it with the world, with you.”
 “Oh,” I said,
 “When I write to you I feel this joy
 Rise in my chest, expanding
 Up and out to fill the whole room.”

For the first time in my life, I was insecure and emotionally naked. I had grown to be a person who could love and care and be open to being hurt and vulnerable. I was insecure with the Beloved and with a man in the world. I had always kept myself aloof from this raw, naked place. I had kept myself above the bloodiness of real love. Or I had fallen into the shame that told me I was wrong or bad. Under the shame and the pride was my essence. From my essence I experienced myself as a woman in love. It was both scary and sweet.



Our feelings can, at some point, become no longer about the thing that may have produced them, which is simply an initial thing. For example, we ultimately have sadness even if nothing happened to make us feel sad in the world. An event in the world may focus the sadness, but it is there before the event. People often say, “I am sad because of this person or that person, otherwise I would be fine.” This is the danger of making the sadness about someone, for the sadness is meant only as a marker, a way into the feelings.

A story can be a way in, but most stories are a way to keep us from going into feeling. People tell stories to rationalize why they feel they way they do as if what they are feeling is bad. Saying the hurt was caused by something in the world rather than seeing hurt as a place to go and be in. This place to be in, the core hurt, was there before the event occurred for hurt is part of love and is part of the separation we feel being separate from God. Hurt is sensuality, is part of life. Even if we are with the

Animus, even when we are with the love, there is still the hurt. If it is not our hurt, then it is the pain of others. There is always pain. Compassion is a mixture of love and pain, the highest form of love.

If we feel sadness without feeling guilt, without needing to caretake, without needing to jump ahead and do something like save the world or save the person, if we just feel the pain of it all and are also aware that we can only do what we can do, then this is compassion. Trying to save the world, trying to save other people only serves to cover the pain.

The depth of the capacity to feel the loss or fear or vulnerability is the depth of the capacity to feel His love. And all these feelings produce other feelings. Out of the feeling of loss, for example, comes the love and then out of the love comes even more feelings.

Wing II

Karla Van Vliet



What feeling the feelings cycle to and through ultimately, however, does not matter, for sensuality means always being in the moment no matter what the feeling is in the moment. The moment actually transcends the feeling for the moment is eternal. If we are moving through our feelings to get to Him in any moment, we are always in a place of eternity with Him no matter how difficult the feeling moment is.

The only reason why the moments of being in feelings are so awful is that the feelings are actually emotions, not feelings, and they take us to a place of nihilism, a place where we do not want to exist. Real feelings do not make us feel like we do not want to exist. Real feelings make us exist even more. Emotions do not bring us into

sensuality. Emotions bring us into separation from ourselves, whether they are “good” emotions in the sense that they provide a sense of worthiness or beingness which is really a sense of pride, or not. All emotions separate us from being present, being in the moment, being ultimately with Him.

When we choose to feel, we are against ourselves. We believe that the feelings we have to feel which are unpleasant and trauma based are us, but they are only a bridge to something wonderful that we have forgotten.

Then our dreams show us how we are polarized from our child self by showing how we help, avoid or run after the child instead of being the child. When we are not the child, we suffer this and we make others around us suffer our inability to be ourselves. We do not know this consciously, but this is the vacuum that is lived out through projection and through finding places in the world to latch onto.

When we go into the world, we see everyone latching onto something. Some of the latching looks good as in high functioning people who are responsible, well-dressed and lovely. Some of the latching looks ugly as in people who are involved in prostitution or drug/alcohol abuse or people who destroy their children. We all have one thing in common - we are all lost. Even most sincere people, the spiritual people, the doctors, the lawyers, the priests, the ministers, the educators, the rabbis, the teachers. This is the world we live in and the world we either love or hate.

How does God change that? How do we find ourselves?

These are the myths we see over and over again. They are the stories of our journeys that we do not take. We create stories through movies, books, video games and songs about the thing we avoid. We live vicariously through these ritual stories, through our creativity and yet we are lost inside.

For example, occasionally, a movie will come out like the movie *2001: A Space Odyssey* where the main character ends up becoming an old man and then returning to being a baby. But even the man who wrote the story probably did not know what he was saying even though his psyche produced it.

The soul can awaken in the world in relationship with the Divine and enough souls can awaken in the world in relationship with the Divine. Perhaps this is part of the plan, to wake up to being, to find a calling and a direction that is guided and supported by the Divine.

But the old self has to die. Every soul wants to come into this world; every soul wants to be born. Most souls are lost at an early age. Faking it is not good even though there are a lot of people who fake being connected to themselves.

Feelings and Relationship

Feelings cannot operate in the vacuum of our own inability to relate. They only have validity in so far as they have some sort of relationship to something. For example, if we feel a feeling, particularly a positive, loving feeling, and there is not something or someone who is loving us, it may be hard to maintain the feeling of

being loved. Without relationship, we cannot contain or have love, pain or fear. When we are operating in a vacuum, if the feelings attempt to operate, they change from feelings to emotions.

When the feelings of responsibility or frustration operate in that vacuum, we are alone in a place of isolation. The responsibility, frustration, paranoia, fearfulness - any kind of projection which is projecting a form of feeling relationship is not real relationship. When we project onto someone or something, we are not really engaged in relationship with the other person. This is not a true relationship. Instead, we become an army of one, living in our own emotions and then projecting them. For example, when we worry/project that someone is going to judge us, it is because we already feel judged, we already feel a sense of frustration. Putting those feelings onto another is not real relationship. It is a kind of relationship, but because the projection comes from us, it is a relationship to ourselves.

When we are really having feelings, we are open to the other person or to the Divine so that we can receive what is really there in the present moment to receive. When we are in emotions, we receive only what is a reflection of our beliefs that we carry within. In this way, the other person or the Divine cannot give us what they want to give us because we have already prejudged and created the situation.

When we break and realize that it is our judgment that makes us feel as if we have done something wrong, we can often drop down into a feeling where we may be able to receive in a true way. This may be reflected in a dream where we feel gratitude or awe for the Animus or we may feel a new way of receiving love from the Animus.

To maintain the feeling, it is important to understand that the man in the dream really exists. It is not enough to be in the feeling because it is about relationship with Him. The relationship with the Animus allows the feeling to exist. Otherwise, it will slip back into emotion. Expressing our feelings is creating relationship.

This is true as it relates to the world, as well. If we do not express our feelings with others, we cannot maintain the connection to the feeling. When we put those feelings out, we are in a place of exposure and vulnerability. Maybe the other person does not want to hear it; maybe the other person will reject us and we will get hurt. The hurt is still a real feeling - better to be hurt and vulnerable than to be in our frustration and not feeling at all. It is difficult to feel the vulnerability, the exposure, the hurt because we have all been hurt at some level.



THE SOFTNESS OF PAIN

Pain often feels too impossible, too hard, too painful, to feel if we are not vulnerable. Pain is tolerable when we have the capacity to be vulnerable, raw and open. When we are not soft and open, the pain is like somebody sticking a hot knife right through our gut. It is not because the pain is so hurtful, it is because we are so tight, so shut down, so hard, so avoiding the pain. The pain is intolerable when we avoid it.

But when we are really vulnerable, when we have done the work of opening up, pain becomes like sensuality, like a soft wash cloth that is maybe a little hot. It is not like a knife, it has a soft quality to it. How can pain have a soft, nurturing quality to it? Vulnerability allows us to know things, to know our feelings and to feel our feelings in an entirely different way than when we are neurotic and shut down. Experiencing feelings as a neurotic person, which most of us are, is very different than experiencing feelings as an open, vulnerable person.

Initially, to feel our feelings is really difficult. They are extremely jarring because of the state of paralysis and psychological coldness we are in and to which we have acclimated. We are not used to feeling in the right way, not used to feeling real feelings. Pain is a killer, a knife that goes directly into our coldness, our frozenness.

But when we are more open and vulnerable, it is easier to have rejection and hurt. The pain is tolerable, is more soft when we are the child self. The child can handle pain more than we believe. When we jump out of the pain because we cannot deal with it, we assume that the child was damaged and/or could not deal with the pain. This is wrong. We are damaged, we could not deal with the pain. But when we reconnect with the soul, the soul can handle feelings and hurts without trauma.

The only reason trauma occurs is because we step away from ourselves. It is not the feeling of fear or hurt that creates trauma (unless it is some form of violence). Trauma is created when we separate from ourselves. Just growing up can cause separation. But when something causes separation prematurely, we go into trauma and we lose ourselves.

The hard pain is a scratchy suffering, a ragged edge of glass breaking open the chest. It is hard and uncomfortable to feel. It is very different from the soft hurt.

When we surrender and allow the feeling, we feel glad to feel it instead of feeling angry to be feeling pain. Once we are glad to have and feel our pain, it is just part of life and just part of love.

Once we take risks to be rejected, it does not matter if we are rejected because we are accepting the pain. It stops feeling as if we are falling off a cliff. We can know that love is pain. We can know that we can love and be loved and that love has hurt to it. We know we can be not loved. Accepting pain is all part of being alive and sensual and present and whole and in passion.

Pain can lead to real exuberance and real passion. But there is an exuberance that is antithetical to pain which is pride, aloofness, “Don’t Worry Be Happy.” It is a feeling good about life that is not feeling the exuberance of the love of the Divine. The exuberance of the love gives us a feeling of connectedness to life through pain that is much more powerful than just feeling good. That kind of aloofness is more like manic depressive goodness. There may be some goodness in it, but if it is opposed to pain then it is mania not exuberance. Mania works to separate us from our feelings of pain and is really just avoidance.

The pain that we feel is always about the past. When we feel the feelings we feel about the past and they get confused with feelings we are feeling about the present, the present feelings are not about the present. If we are feeling feelings of the past, then this is the past robbing us, sucking us down into an abyss. In that abyss, we are never allowed to be with what we feel today.

When we feel what we feel today, in the present, sensuality can come in and come together with fear and pain when it is the present. But when we feel feelings from the past and project them onto present situations, we cannot be sensual or be in essence because we are feeling something that has to do with yesterday.

Sensuality and essence can only exist when we are living in our soul self. Then we have feelings happening here and now, whatever the feelings are. This is the real being alive to the moment. When the present is filtered through the past, this is not sensuality or essence but sentimentality or trauma or nostalgia. These are forms of pride that work to manage because of the past.

When the child self is lost, we live through feelings that are not healthy. The irony is that we are really afraid of real feelings, the feelings that come from the present from a place of being vulnerable and connected. We are not as afraid of feelings from the past because they are somehow managed and controlled by our neurosis. Since they are from the past, we have already learned to manage them. They are not raw the way feelings from the present are raw.

There is such a condition where any pain is good for the person who feels self judgment. Feeling pain for someone else is not necessarily caretaking if there is no sense of responsibility for them. The pang of this hurt is just one step away from the pang for ourselves.

Ultimately, all pain is about us and everybody else. Whether we feel it for others or feel it for ourselves, it is the same thing. The soul feels for itself and it feels

for others. Sometimes to get to the pain in us, the Archetype may trick us to feel the pain for someone else in order to bypass shame. To open up to pain for others is the precursor of feeling pain for ourselves. Any pain is better than always feeling responsible for anyone in our path who has pain.

When we feel caring for others or cared for from that soul place, that is the panacea for all the shame and all the frustration and all the anger that is part of a heart not cut off from its source. This is why it does not matter either way. It is not caretaking to care for someone when it comes from the soul because either way, whether we are cared for or we care for others, if it is the love, the Divine love, then it is passion, the motivating force that transcends everything else - shame, anger, guilt, cynicism, nihilism - anything.

The Maturation of Pain - Compassion

Once we get through the pain around our trauma, the historical pain from something that happened to us or our separation from God or our separation from our parents, we can go into the deeper pain of compassion. Compassion is the pain of realizing the pain that exists in the world from a place of love for the suffering of human kind or the suffering that comes from the separation. People who journey to these regions are true teachers, true healers and can carry the calling.

When we reach the deeper pain, we have the compassion, the potency and the capability to feel the pain for others, which is all part of being the Valkyrie. When we are traumatized or have trauma pain, it is very difficult to not project that pain onto others, which is a form of caretaking. This kind of caretaking is when trauma pain comes through for someone else and it resonates for us based on the violation that happened to us. Or we project trauma pain onto the other, believing that the pain is based on our trauma.

But personal history is not very broad in the Divine sense of pain. The Divine does not project its pain onto others because it does not have any pain in that sense since it is not traumatized. When we get past our own trauma, we feel a deeper pain that comes from our love for human kind.

Even rejection feels very different than when we feel hurt as an act of love or compassion. When we feel hurt as compassion, then it is from a place of caring for others and feeling into their hurt. After all, it is the other's hurt that causes them to hurt or reject us in the first place, especially when the other person loves us but cannot love us because of their own pain. When we feel the pain of rejection from a place where we were never loved, there is no love or compassion to give to others.

However, as we are loved more and more, as we feel the love more and more, the pain and hurt we feel matures. In the maturation of that hurt, our capacity to love others or to have hurt for their suffering, even though they may have hurt us, becomes more and more what we experience.

When we come into this, we can truly serve God in a passionate way, not a caretaking way. In a way that we can stand in the place of truth and fight for another's soul no matter what it means or what the soul needs at a specific moment. There can be no pride, no illusions of values, no judgments, none of the ways that we prop ourselves up in order to avoid our own soul's knowledge.

Soul knowledge is the soul's knowing that often comes through pain. We learn through pain because pain is an aspect of love. Since almost everything is fallen away from the love, how can we not feel pain if we know that love for others. This compassion is the beginning of the Valkyrie's resurrection within us and our ability to truly serve.

Vessel

Christa Lancaster





HORIZONTAL REALITY VERSUS VERTICAL REALITY

There are two forms of reality - one is horizontal, linear, and one is vertical. Horizontal reality is living in a reality where we look at a mountain in the distance and wonder how far until we get to it. The mountain could be five miles away if it is a small mountain, or one hundred miles away if it is a big mountain. We cannot know how far or how high it is just by looking at it. If we do not know where we are in the linear reality, we do not know where the mountain is. The mind can tell us that we are very far away indeed when we are close or that we are not far at all when we are far.

The mind, pathology, can trick us that easily. This is horizontal reality. There is no way we are going to figure it out, no way we are going to know. We can walk toward the mountain and the mind is going to tell us what it wants so that we will give up. Pathology wants us to give up by telling us it is too far or that we have already arrived and do not need to journey further.

The dreamwork does not function in horizontal reality. When the mind thinks in this way, it is a clue that we do not know what is happening. We do not need to think about the process of our work or the concept of healing or spiritual growth or connection in linear terms. There are no ABC steps to take.

The other reality is vertical reality, which means descent. It means we are right where we want to be. We do not have to worry about going five miles or one hundred miles or five thousand miles. We are already where we need to be. In vertical reality, here, right now, is exactly where we need to be to become connected. All we have to do is descend, go under. Not horizontal, not out, not thinking. Thinking is always horizontal.

We have to stop thinking. To “think” vertically, we feel. As we come into our feelings, we drop into the descent of the dark night of the soul or the deep well. The place of transformation of the soul through feeling. Enlightenment is not thinking. It is feeling. Of course, we can reflect on what we feel, but we cannot make our self feel because we think, even though most people try to do this. When we try to contextualize God or enlightenment or love, it is just words. It does not help us get there. In fact, contextualizing creates hypocrisy because the more we explain it, the

further we are from getting there. The word *explain* means to flatten out - *ex plane*.

When we start feeling something that comes from our work with the dreams, when it is not something pathological, then we are descending and this is the journey. One feeling begets another feeling and it unravels without us having to worry about anything. As long as we have a good guide, we will be okay on the journey.

This is how we become enlightened. We do not have to move from that spot we are on now and the descent can be very quick. The descent is Alchemy. It happens without our intention. Horizontal thinking dictates that we have to walk over deserts and streams and rivers and through dark forests filled with lions and tigers and bears. But descent requires nothing of us as far as figuring it out. It will be brought to us, all of it. We just have to go through it. This is the difference.

We need to be aware when we are in horizontal mode that our work will seem to be whatever the pathology wants us to think it is - either it is too far or that we have arrived. There are many people who feel they have arrived when they have not. It is just as treacherous. If we dispense with the whole horizontal game, we can go down and in. We just do the feeling parts of our work.

If we cannot do the feeling parts, we can acknowledge that we are not. We can simply acknowledge that we are lost in the horizontal. We can simply know that when horizontal reality, whatever our mind thinks, whatever we feel, which is really an emotion, is a lie. To know that in horizontal reality it is all a lie. It may feel true because emotion is a feeling and negative thoughts are feelings, but they are not real feelings. They are feelings that have been mutated into emotions and they are lies. Once we start feeling our real feelings, even if we are not fully in vertical reality, we can be smart enough to know what is a real feeling and what is not. And we can be smart enough to not believe it. This is how to maintain our selves in the work.

If we react instead, if we go into knowing what we know, into not believing our dreams and our therapist, then we are buying into pathology. We buy into pathology because it gives some kind of pleasure and we get something from it. If we stay in horizontal thinking, it is because we have a sense of control. The pathology seduces us with the control.

As long as we try to know what we need to feel, as long as we try to know what it is to feel essence, pain, fear, awe, or any real feeling, we are simply trying to have an idea in order to not feel the feeling. We want to understand so we do not have to feel. If we really feel, then we are lost in it and we become psychotic, for once we are in our feelings we are out of control.

We always want to know what something is before we do it so that we can remain in control. This work requires the capacity to go into the feeling by becoming the girl or becoming the boy or becoming aware of the pathology controlling us or understanding all of this on a feeling level and feeling into it. The pathology actually guards against us feeling into anything. It does not want us to feel.

When we drown in water in a dream, it means we are living in a feeling rather than thinking of the feeling. Falling off the earth, falling, letting go, allowing

something we do not understand about ourselves to emerge, which is ultimately the unconscious is nothing more than allowing the soul to emerge. The soul is unconscious. When the soul is conscious, the unconscious is no longer unconscious because the soul is linked to the unconscious.



BURIAL

Christa Lancaster

We have a young oak tree out in the meadow, its root ball wrapped carefully in burlap and string. Terry dug a hole with the boys' help. Tod carved out a circle in the center of the meadow for the tree site. Guy helped bring the tree from the truck. My sister and I found the site in the middle of the land, on a knoll, in full sun.

We are burying my mother's ashes in the hole for the oak tree.

We are burying my mother's ashes.

Burying in a hole to cover with earth and peat moss.

We are burying my mother.

Vessel



On the way home from a play in Hyde Park, I am nervous. I think that my sister is going to swerve into the oncoming traffic. She is annoyed. I realize that I am moving into a state of panic. The time of burial, sundown, is approaching. It is actual. It is real. I am a grown-up and we are burying our mother.

Once home, everyone but me leaves for a dip in the river. I am panicking. We are burying the ashes. It is real. How will I be present for the children?

I call Laura. Such grace. She is at home on this magnificent day, sitting at her desk. "I need you," I say. I ask her, "Do you have time?" "Yes, I do," she says.

I relax on the four poster bed in the back spare room of my mother's house, the house that is now ours. I breathe. Laura is there listening, not speaking. I know that she is there. I know she accepts and can handle wherever I need to go. I know I can use shorthand and that, very quickly, she will know and understand where I am. I feel the permission her presence brings. I begin with dry heaving sobs. Then the tears come, hot and furious. Rage shoots up the sides of my neck. I am feeling all the grief and anger about my mother dying all over again.

I am young. She is leaving again. She is leaving me. I do not want her to go away. Please don't leave me. Don't leave me. I want you to come back.

I can let her have her voice. It is safe. I am safe on the bed and Laura is on the other end of the phone. I cry and cry, the girl who wanted her mother, the girl who lives in me. I cry all the way to the end, in waves, till I feel clear, till I feel restored. I am ready to prepare for the burial. I say goodbye to Laura. I am ready.

I reach up for an antique glass lantern on top of the china cabinet. I find a candle in the broom closet. There is a box of matches in the side board. I gather small gem stones from the bookshelves in the living room, my mother's stones. We will use them in our ceremony. I take a basket to fill with flowers from her garden. I remember my nephew, Ryder, suggested placing flowers on the earth around the oak tree. I go to the garage to collect a shovel to fill in the hole. I take everything outside and arrange it on the stone wall. I wait for the

others to return from swimming and pizza. I wonder if it will happen at all. The sun is setting. Maybe they will not come back in time. I breathe.

All of a sudden, I hear the sound of the car on the gravel, doors slamming, three adults and four young children rushing through the door. They are coming. It is going to happen. We are going to bury our mother. The air is chilly. It is the end of July and the first night that has turned towards fall. We pull on sweatshirts and long pants. We wait on the stone terrace for Guy to finish dressing. He arrives with a copy of T.S. Eliot.

My niece, Acadia, who is eleven, takes charge, grabbing the lantern. “We must be silent, not a word, no chatting. We need to go down to the pond with the ashes and then walk in a procession around the land and up to the tree site in the meadow.”

Ryder who is seven, picks up the shovel. Gabriel, ten, holds the urn with the ashes. Natasha, five, carries the basket of semi-precious stones. They lead off, the lantern now lit, towards the pond. We follow behind, Guy and Kate, Bettina and me, with Ajax, our lab.

We are silent, our little troupe wending our way up the paths mown fresh that week. The sky is streaked with pink cirrus. The children are creating the ritual. We are weaving sacred space.

We arrive at the oak tree, sitting in its hole. Guy cuts the burlap away. We sit all together. We huddle close. Each of my mother’s children and grandchildren, her daughter-in-law, each of us speak simply about Brenda. We are quiet. Every grand child speaks in their own way, each child comes forward. They each take the ceremony seriously without being self-conscious. They take their time. Every person scoops some ashes from the urn and pours them into the hole. They choose a stone from the bowl and put their choice into the hole with the ashes.

When we are all done, Guy pours the remaining ashes into the hole and fills it with shovelfuls of soil. He tops it with mulch. Finally we place her flowers on top of the mulch and sing songs. Ryder remembers, *Clementine* who was “lost and gone for ever.”

The rose of the clouds has changed to blue grey. It is time to go in and drink hot chocolate. It is done.

All week I live between grief and incapacitating paralysis. I have to concentrate all my energy to stay in the front of my heart, open and flowing. I have been opened up again to such tenderness. I was blind sided. I did not expect to find myself here again. I did not know. It is leading me somewhere. I fight it. I do not want to be grieving all over again. It hurts to resist it. The muscles where I clench down around the back of my heart become tight and inflamed. My heart hurts. I cannot go back. The ashes are buried under the oak tree. It is done.

LILYPAD

Dream:

I am leaving the shaming mother who could never meet me with the love and connection I yearned for, to go out on the flimsy boat, like a lily pad, with the good loving and accepting mother (Dorothy) and the children towards the ocean. I am going as one of the children.

When I do this homework, I travel through contractions of terror. It feels like life and death to make the choice to leave the known mother behind. From inside me is a screaming that says, "Don't go! You will die!" With help, I have been able to go through and past the injunction to stay safe with the mother on the shore and let go of her.

It has been a struggle. I have had to align myself with the part of me that knows and wants real, Archetypal love, that wants more of the soul self who can receive more of Her love, more of His love. The homework is helping me to uncover a new level of vulnerability, a me I do not know, underneath the girl who lived in terror as a child, the terror of life without God. In the vacuum, I looked to my mother, so powerful and competent in the world. I was desperate for her love, so desperate, I sold my soul and spent most of my life trying to love her and bring her along the path so that she could be a bridge to the Divine.

Even though she is gone, there is a way I am still attached to her in this way. When trauma is activated in me and I regress to a tiny girl, it has been for my mother; I call out: "I want my mother!" It is this misdirection of yearning which is being reworked and rerouted. Through this piece of work, I feel I am being rewired to want Anima not Dark Mother. As the child, who has no shame and knows she is

loved, I then can to do the second part of my homework which is to go to Animus and let Him love me. I am not there yet. I am still working with the first part.

I am seeing my unhealthy attachment to people in my life who could not show up, including my mother and a recent love. The allure for me is that they look like they can show up. I think I have been blinded by the way they look like they can show up when they cannot. Staying invested is a way to not receive real Love. There is a pattern here which is coming clearer every day.

Vessel



When I do the homework and leave the “safe” shores of the mother, I feel the larger pattern I am breaking; going toward the Love that can and wants to give and receive, fully, entirely. I can see and feel the sticky tentacles of my addiction to shaming pathological patterns in others that hook with my own dark shaming mother within. I could feel a breaking of the pattern in this round with my recent love when he told me that he did not have special feelings for me. I could feel the shaming pathology coming towards me, looking for a way in. I was shocked and it hurt but even in that moment I knew it was not the truth; I did not believe it. I spoke the truth out loud by saying: “I know

the truth of what is special between us and I will take that knowing with me to my grave.” The words just came out of me, clear and strong. I did not leave myself. This week I have seen where her tentacles have wanted to keep me from calling someone for help. I called anyway. It was a way of leaving her behind.

I feel so very vulnerable and new. I feel weak physically from the flu. I am coming through terror and grief and resistance and physical attack to a new place. Two nights ago, He came in a dream to ask me to marry Him.

I am taking baby steps to do the homework to be able to let in His love at this new level. I need Anima’s love and acceptance.



We cannot know the unconscious through the mind but we can know it through the soul. The only thing that is unconscious about the unconscious is the fact that the ego, the mind, cannot know it.

To the soul, the unconscious is conscious. The mind still lives and thrives, but it lives at the right hand of the soul rather than living instead of the soul. We lose our ability to feel, we become neurotic, lost in ideas, thinking, emotion. We need to learn to feel again. The dreams challenge us to feel at every step.

As soon as we stop feeling, as soon as we get scared and do not take the next step in our work, the neurosis rebuilds itself. We can make great strides in our work but then get stuck again. The pathology will always work to reform itself. But in true psychological psychosis, the ego does not reform itself around pathology. It reforms itself around the relationship with the Divine. When we are in relationship with the Divine, we remain open. If we do not have relationship with the Divine, we eventually close back down. We may be changed, but the change gets modified back to an ego mechanism because we become self-contained again, self-centered.

A woman being married to the Animus or a man being the Prodigal Son means being forever in relationship with Him. *Conjunctio* means being forever in relationship with the Divine so that we do not revert back to our ego mechanisms. We remain always open and needing, we never know anything but what we know and what we feel in the moment in relationship with Him. This is enlightenment. Developing the capacity for that relationship, the mind can then serve us by its ability to understand the relationship. But we are always open, raw, dependent and constantly seeking support and knowledge rather than the mind containing knowledge and using it to control itself in the world.

When the mind uses knowledge to control, we slip into arrogance or safety or

power. We feel that we know something. We have an encounter with the Divine, but then we leave Him to go teach about it in the world. We leave Him to go back to the world. We teach about it instead of being perpetually with Him. When we are with Him perpetually, then we can teach, but we never leave His side. We can teach from a true place only when we stay with Him.

When we can finally see horizontal thinking, it is not as easy as just giving it up. To give it up means giving up the control, the sense of power, the illusion of power, the sense of well-being, the sense of negative well-being that it gives to us. It gives us something - some compensation or pride - that we want to feed off of. Even if it is negative, we get pleasure from this.

This is the place where we have to look at our own pride, our attachment to the horizontal, to the demon, to our pleasure or control. Even if it feels that what it offers is “at least” an explanation. We have to let go of it.

It only gives us the excuse to continue to be whatever we have been all along. This is thanatos. To hold on to that which is killing us when we have been shown that this is not real. When we hold on to it not out of confusion, but out of this desire, this pleasure principle, which is really the unpleasure principle. It is the highest form of pleasure when we do not have the Divine love.

This is why people gamble. They gamble to lose. People spend billions of dollars to set up casinos so they can invite people in who want to give their money to them. Winning is not the rush - losing is the rush. People do not want to win. As soon as they win, they put their money right back on the table again. We cannot stand to win, we cannot stand to find love, we cannot stand to find God.

We already exist. Our perfected self was born into the world. It needs work but it does exist. It exists in the vertical and lives there. In dreams, it comes as the child self. When we lose our self, when we lose our way, we are outside of what already exists. We are not what we are to be. We are not able to be what we could be or even what we could grow beyond.

We work from what already exists - what we are. It is incredibly difficult work to get back to what we are when we are preoccupied by what we think we are or what we have created in ourselves and what everybody else reflects back as what we are. We believe all of it because we were told things when we were little and we believed it then.

The reality is that we are already a perfect being. The dreams are simply trying to help us remember it, to get us to drop into that perfect being and live it.

In horizontal thinking, we believe we have to become something and then we have to do it. But the vertical thinking is underneath us already. It just needs to come up, like molten lava in a volcano. There is all this molten lava of consciousness that just needs to come up into the landscape we have been living in, be it a grassy plain, a swamp, a desert, mountains, a crowded city.

When we cry, it is often some of that molten lava coming to the surface. Pain brings with it the consciousness of the life lost and the self that is there waiting. It is

not that the self waiting is in pain. The pain is our separation from that self.

Other things cause pain, too, of course, but on the spiritual level, the separation causes the greatest hurt. The self being repressed causes pain which we project or deny or that we siphon into emotions.

When we talk about feelings, we talk about feeling hurt because of another person or event. In most cases, the hurt was already there. We are just riding on our violations all the time, projecting and playing them out.

When we start to feel without the projection, we start to wake up. In horizontal thinking, we often believe that whatever we feel, everyone else is feeling, too. It is a narcissistic way of thinking.

If we are really connected, then we affect the world in a positive way. If we are disconnected, we still effect the world, but in a negative way. The world then comes back and either shows us exactly the thing we believe or we superimpose what we believe on the world. When we feel that everyone is depressed or even happy, it is not them. It is us.

Everybody is not the same. In horizontal thinking, we just transfer our thinking or our negativity we feel onto everything.

Straying from the Flock

If we do leave the flock and go away, far asunder where the grazing land ends, what will we find? It is hard to know, but the consciousness outside the flock is very different than the consciousness of the flock. Once we know the difference, it is impossible to ever be part of the flock again. It is like dying and experiencing the afterlife for five minutes before becoming fully conscious again. After this, it is difficult to fit into the flock again for the flock does not know what we know. We can be in the flock, but we will never be part of the flock again.

It is like Frodo in *The Lord of the Rings* Trilogy. After Frodo encounters the volcano, which is the wound, and he loses the ring, which is control and all the ways we create our life or our circle, he returns to the Shire changed. He cannot stay with his flock of hobbits. He leaves, moving into an ethereal realm with the elves. This is the end of the story, but it is the beginning of one's true life.

From this point on, we are a psychotic person because we have crossed over and we now know something we did not know before that changes our perspective. We find that we know nothing because we no longer believe in what we thought we knew. Which means we are no longer in the world.

The flock still believes in the world so there is an inherent conflict between us and the rest of the world. This conflict is healthy. If we try to minimize the conflict, we will have to shut down what we know. The conflict says that we no longer belong in the world.

Like Frodo, can we face into the fact that we do not belong here? That we may live here but we do not really share its values, beliefs, fears. It means that all our concerns around money, our life and having a plan are irrelevant when we start to

understand that the Archetypal Realm does not care about all of that. In fact, we will not care about it either. It will be as if we are visiting from another planet where the people perform strange rituals. We do not care about the rituals because we are not from that planet.

We all start out not being from here, but we forget who we are. When we forget who we are, we learn to behave and say what the flock says. But we are all with Him in the love. When we are with Him, we do not care about things like weather and taxes and if we have enough money because we are outside of this world and we do not live here anymore. We go through the motions, of course, we pay our taxes if we can, we can still enjoy being here. But we no longer carry the obsession or procrastination because we are with Him. We are ready to serve and fulfill our calling, to have a completely blessed and joyful existence.

The Consciousness of Survival

The consciousness of survival is an odd consciousness to live in. Because of survival mode, it is not enough to say that we feel afraid or hurt. These feelings are like the primary colors - red, blue, yellow. When the colors are blended together, it becomes more complicated. Each person's emotional life, each person's way of suffering, is unique. A person's particular emotional code or blueprint is different than everyone else's. Dreams get more specific, trying to touch into the very exact essence of the feeling.

For example, one particular client, who was abandoned by her mother, had a dream where she was in a store when Archetypes arrived, looking for her. She reacted by trying to pretend as if she was a customer. For this client, she feels she needs to have guile to mask that she is really scared to be spotted for who she truly is. The dream shows that it is not enough to say that she feels angry or afraid that her mother abandoned her for she is really feeling the need to hide. In the nuances, it is important for her to understand that the feeling of needing to hide runs her life.

Sometimes the feelings are very subtle. The person is often very acclimated to them and may not even know that there is anything wrong until presented with the problem. But it is important to understand and know the subtleties of the feelings for we bring them into all of our relationships with our spouses, our families, our children, our work. Once the issues are presented, we can feel into them, feel into how they block us from ourselves, from the Animus, from other feelings.

But if we do not know that the feelings are there, if we assume that the feelings are just everyday life, then there is an undercurrent that is unconscious. Becoming aware of it suddenly can give us understanding about why we are stuck and cannot go to the Animus or to our deeper self. If we do not have the understanding, then we will not know why we are stuck. Going deeper and deeper into the subtle aspects of consciousness brings us into things we do not normally think about, talk about or think to talk about.

The Spider's Bite

Pathology wants to trick us into walking by our lives. To live our lives but never really show up, never really be deep enough in our soul to really experience it and live from an authentic place. We will have regret if we figure it out for, in the end, we often see the truth of where we went wrong.

Pathology plays for time because it knows that any human soul can wake up at any moment and take its place as the heroic being it can be. This is what we all are. Because it has to make sure we do not wake up to this, it plays for time so that by the time we do figure it out we are already gone or so old that it does not matter.

When pathology plays for time, generally what we experience is distractions. It may manifest in many ways such as compulsive behavior, high functioning behavior, procrastination which comes from a place of being unworthy, avoidance. It does not matter if we are overachieving or underachieving for it is all a distraction - if we are not in alignment with our souls, we are not in alignment.

When we are not in alignment, we are not coming from a place of our own being present and knowing what it is that we are to be or do. Not from a place of being here and now. Not showing up. The idea of consciousness being here versus being awake to ourselves is a viable and crucial issue.

Pathology wants us to believe that the ways it distracts us are minor inconveniences.

Dream:

I am in a class that I feel excited about but am called out of the classroom. By the time I come back to the classroom, the class is over. I feel pain at missing the class.

It is a minor inconvenience to be called away from class except that the dreamer missed the class completely. It is a minor inconvenience to be called away from our lives, but then we miss our lives.

Dream:

I am thrown into a gigantic spiderweb. The spider comes out and toward me to bite me.

Spiders cause paralysis. Paralysis is a state where we are awake but we cannot move. It is akin to being called away from the classroom of the earlier dream except this is a more graphic version. When the dreamer left the classroom, he was in a state of paralysis. If he was really awake, he would know and feel that he did not want to be anywhere but the class with the Animus. But he was called away and he never made his way back.

The reason he was called away is because he has already been bitten by the spider, he is already paralyzed. The spiderweb dream shows the horrific truth of the failed life. The class dream shows the dreamer the conscious awareness of his life, showing the effect of the distraction, of the feeling that it is not a big deal to be distracted. The spiderweb dreams shows him the graphic truth of it.

When we are stung by pathology, triggered by trauma, it is just like a spider's bite. The spider stings us, paralyzes us then slowly sucks our blood out of us. This is what pathology does to all of us.

When we are in paralysis, we do not know that pathology is sucking out our life blood. We live in a fantasy life that we are living a life, walking around, but we are really in a little ball, paralyzed and at the mercy of the pathological spider.

It is almost impossible to wake up from the spider bite - someone has to intervene. The one to intervene is the Animus. He comes to us in our dreams to wake us out of the stupor, to wake us out of the paralysis of the spider.

It is a dangerous assumption to believe that we have not been bitten because most of us are bitten. The greatest illusion that is that we think we are not in a state of sleep when we actually are in a state of sleep. Since most of us have nothing to compare it to; unless we are in pain and we know something is wrong, we simply survive and tolerate it.

The Animus challenges us in our dreams to wake up. When we begin to feel our passion, which is the blood the pathology is sucking from us, when we begin to feel our primalcy, we start to wake up as part of the primalcy, the essence, the passion, the joy, the energy, the pain, the fear. The child soul self is all of this. We can begin to feel our blood instead of having it sucked out of us.

The blood is really our feelings. Since we are paralyzed, we have gotten used to not feeling feelings. When we begin to have feelings, it is difficult to feel them because they are so intense. The problem is that when confronted with this, we often prefer to be asleep.

INNOCENCE

One aspect of letting go and diving into the fear is losing uncertainty. Once we deal with that uncertainty and move into our fear, we begin to feel an aspect of essence which is innocence. Innocence and essence are the same thing except that in feeling essence, we can be in an aesthetic experience of the other. We, in fact, are the object of essence; we, in fact, are innocent. Our innocence makes us part of that which is holy. From this place, we can feel the love because we are not our self-hate, we are not our doubt, we are not our fear that is in the way of the love.

Innocence is the capacity to make essence us. From this place, we can be the child self. The difficulty with innocence is that we do not know anything. The reliance on knowing where we are is going to compete with the capacity to let go and die. This is the fear. Then suddenly to be lost, to not know where we are, to be only open and vulnerable to the Divine is a terrifying experience.

Innocence is like being somewhere where we do not know where we are. We are surrounded by a beautiful place but it is just a place that we have never been. In fact, anywhere, any moment, we could not know where we are even though we are there. It is that not knowing and that openness to that not knowing that embodies innocence. It is both scary and freeing all in the same moment.

From Annie Wattles:

Dream:

I am in my house and a polar bear crashes through the kitchen window. I run upstairs to get a good view of the outside and there are about 200 bears in my yard. I feel as though they have come for me and I go outside.

What I Learn from the Bears

I wander amongst the bears in my yard. I lie down with them. I can feel the softness of their fur through my thin nightgown. I watch them. I smell their strong smell. I am not relaxed with them even though I am welcome. I sense their natural unpredictability. This enters me and teaches me. It is exciting . . . forceful . . . anything can happen.

The Deal

I eavesdrop on their fights . . . sitting on the stairs I learn to be very still . . . hardly breathing while they slog away at each other. I teach myself to turn off my need for them . . . I learn their script so I know what is coming. Numbing. I learn predictability . . . in me and in them . . . if I can predict it, I will be safe. I turn what they are doing to each other into predictable. I turn myself into predictable.

As I go numb . . . going more deeply in . . . hiding even from myself, I leave behind any evidence of true response. The deal is miserable safety in exchange for self. I build as I go deeper . . . disappearing more . . . building what you will see when you see me. I have made the deal and it is false.

Yet, the truth in me remains the truth. Over time as it emerges . . . this truth of me . . . as congruence begins . . . all I feel is tremendous awkwardness. As if I speak foreign languages that, though foreign to me, are recognizable. As I speak them with more and more force, always, my skin is turned inside out . . . nerve endings unprotected . . . vulnerable . . . awkward.

When You come in through the hole in my chest . . . when You speak to me . . . it is unpredictable. What You tell me . . . how You teach me . . . I learn to recognize it and it is unpredictable. You teach me I am unpredictable and I am loved in that place.

* * * *

The only scary thing is that we want to know where we are, we want our associations. Another aspect of the lack of innocence is not just self-awareness, but it is the self-awareness that comes from shame or self-hate. It can also become self-consciousness that somehow we are in the way or we are doing something wrong. It

can be needing to be in charge. These are all big traps of a self-awareness that gives us a job to do and be rather than the innocence that gives us no job. There is nothing to do to prove ourselves. We are just there, lost to the Divine and ourselves and the uncertainty. Which is the door to freedom.

The Loss of Innocence and Molested Children

Coming back to innocence is really about the loss of innocence, the moment when every child felt that there was no Santa, no God. The child feels all alone and so learns to acclimate, learns to deal, learns to survive.

The moment that is the problem, the core of all trauma is the moment we lost our innocence. It is different for each person, but the fact that it occurred for each person is a fact. It is also a fact that it probably has to occur in the process of becoming an adult. This moment is the link to the fear that we have to face if we want to regain our innocence and return to the Divine, return to ourselves to have a relationship with the Divine.

There is the belief that all children who are molested are forced against their will. It would be painful and shameful to think that maybe the child who was molested wanted the attention. This does not mean that the molester should not go to jail for the rest of his life. But if we are broken from our family, from the world, if we are already lost and sad, if we are already looking for a way out, if we are already looking for someone else to love us, then we are a prime target for a sexual predator. Many children who are molested are willing to be molested because their parents were not there for them.

The blame is really on the parents of the child who is molested. Often, the child will seek out or at least be more vulnerable to an experience with another person because they are so lost from the support they so badly needed. The adults may not realize that this has happened because the adults are being caring and supportive in the way that they know how to be. But in fact, their children may not feel so loved.

If the child in any way felt willing, even a little, the child will go through the rest of life believing that he or she made it happen. The child gets to go into self-hate.

It is a fact that it is normal to sometimes want an escape. As adults, we are always looking for an escape - food, sex, drugs, and so on. The need to escape goes back to childhood when we first start to lose ourselves, when we first start to look for a way out. Molestation with teenagers is a lot more common because teenagers are often acting out sexually anyway.

We can blame the pedophile, the predator. Sometimes, we want to be stalked. We are so unhappy that we are looking to be abused. When we become adults, we hate ourselves for it instead of understanding the reason we wanted to be abused or wanted to have intimacy in circumstances that turned out to not be so good comes back to a profound unhappiness, the loss of self and the looking for something outside the reality we have. It takes a lot of courage to get to the underlying hurt

which goes far beyond whatever happened. The core trauma may have occurred before what we perceive is the actual trauma.

If we want to go through a complete healing, we have to go back to the beginning where the hurt started, which often is prior to the trauma. The trauma, which psychologists will point to, may only be a marker. When we arrive there, we may realize it goes beyond the event. But shame keeps us away from it, keeps us from facing into it and has us blaming someone else as a way to avoid going back.

We need to go back. Not to blame ourselves or to blame others, but to find the source of our hurt or fear. If it is in and around the trauma of molestation and abuse, then that is where it is. If it is deeper and beyond that, then this is where it is. Either way, we need to go back to where it started.



CHILD SELF

When we want affirmation, when we cannot not want it, when we cannot go to the Animus, it is because we are not deep enough in our work. Knowing that we are replacing Him with the world does not help. If we are not autonomous enough to be with ourselves, with the soul self, then we cannot be with Him no matter what we do or do not do. There is no way to get to Him because He is contiguous with the soul self. He is at the same level of consciousness as our soul.

If our soul is repressed then our spiritual capacity of being in conscious connection with Him is repressed. It is as if we are on different channels - He is on channel three and we are on channel nine. In order to be contiguous with Him, to feel where He is, where the Divine is, where essence, sensuality and grace are, we have to be able to have a connection to the child self.

This is why pathology works so hard to shame us - in order to perpetuate the denial of the soul self. Of course, we do not want the soul self either for we do not want to feel the pain. As long as we do not have the child self, we cannot be with Him. Without the child self, we are trapped in the world and the only way to get affirmation is through the world. If we are not in the child self, it is not enough to just realize that all we have to do is shift the affirmation, or any mechanisms we may be using, to His love. It will not happen until we are deep enough and until we have died back to the child self. Then connection is possible.

When we do the right thing, even when it is driven by the Divine and by our calling, if we have trauma we have not faced, we typically do it from the wrong place. The place we do it from is often caretaking or some form of sentimentality. It is not from the passion, the aliveness of our primalcy. Therefore, we are trying to do the right thing in doing what He wants and taking care of others without having a connection with Him.

The only way of having a connection with Him is through the child self, who, by definition, is already connected with Him. Anything that interferes with the most deepest connection to one's self, no matter how well-meaning the desire to serve Him, it is always going to create a disconnect. Or, when we do not have the way of being in the world in a loving way that is linked to the way we dealt with the trauma or our

lack of connection, we are suddenly naked in a new way. We are suddenly in a place of great uncertainty. We never know from one minute to the next what He and we are going to be called upon to be or do with each other in terms of the world.

X is Unknown

Linnea Paskow



Standing in the uncertainty is either vulnerable or scary. The habit of the old self, even when we die to self and change, still wants to keep going. This is why we often do the same old things even though we feel differently because this is what we have always done. To do nothing is to be nothing at all except something new. We do not know what this is, so it is really terrifying to be nothing and do nothing at the same

time as being in a position where we are expected to do something because of our position in the world .

The pressure is there to perform, but really it is learning in that moment to jump back, to not be in the habit and to wait for Him. Even when others are saying but, but, but. It is about having the courage to stand back and say that we do not know at the moment and that we will let others know when we do know.

Separation from the Child Self

The pathology can feed as long as there is a separation from the child self or if the child self is damaged and there is a wound. We only need to project the wound and the pathology is immediately in control.

In the journey, we find a way to become the primary self, the self of the primacy. The place of primacy is where we go if we go deep enough through trauma, through pain, through the wound to the core of the self. Then we can feel the love because the child is the only part of the self that can really feel the love.

The child self can really feel the love from both the inside and even from the outside, even though there is not a lot of love in the world. It is becoming the child that defeats evil. The world does not relate on that level - everyone is avoiding the child self within and we never get support to become the child self.

The pathology will drive a wedge between the child self and the Archetype. It will do it by bringing all the suffering and all the worldly reality to bear. It will question how we can be with the Archetype when we have suffered so in the world. It will say we cannot be that open because the world will destroy us. It encourages us to hide, to live in a shell, to forget we ever knew ourselves. This way we can survive.



SOUL TASK

Christa Lancaster

We come into the world to separate from the Divine: it is an inevitable passage. The purpose of incarnation is to recognize our disconnection through the events in our lives which bring up feelings and to trace the feelings back to the point of origin, the moment of offering one's innocent neck to the forces of darkness because we cannot bear the pain of the wounding. There in the wound, the forces enter and take hold. Our soul task is to reenter the wound, feel what we could not originally feel and be restored to our whole selves, capable of a soul relationship with the Divine.

There is no certain way for me to identify the first moment of separation. I cannot remember as a child feeling a spiritual relationship to God. Perhaps my separation happened before I was born? Perhaps that is why I have no memory of “before” and “after.”

I do know that I knew a spiritual longing at an early age. As a young girl, I longed to be in church, not so much on Sundays, which always felt more like a social event, but more in the evening, at evensong, which was quiet and special. I was sometimes able to convince my mother to take me. I wanted to share what I felt with her. I wanted her to enter into it with me. She could not. When she came, she came begrudgingly. After a few times, I stopped asking her.

When I went to boarding school in England at thirteen, I loved the way the day revolved around prayers; prayers in the morning in the Gothic stone chapel, prayers in the evening before bedtime. When I was fourteen, I chose to sign up for the confirmation process, which involved special classes with the deeply religious headmistress whose definition of a sacrament left an indelible mark in me: “the outer, visible sign of an inner, spiritual meaning.”

I was disappointed on the day of confirmation. My mother and our nanny Judy came. It was a raw, cold day in November. My mother felt slighted by the Bishop of Buckingham when she commented that his talk was “meaningful” and he made a disparaging remark; “you trans-Atlantics always use the word ‘meaningful.’” The day was colored by her exchange with the Bishop; she felt hurt and so covered up her hurt with a cold haughtiness that set the tone for the day.

I felt lonely on my confirmation day. Alone with my mother and Judy who came more out of a martyred sense of obligation, I felt alone and without any kind of ability to enter into a real understanding or celebration of my tender, devotional longing for communion with God.

But after I was confirmed, I was able to go to the early communion service at seven on Sunday morning. That meant rising early, at 6.15, forgoing the hour to sleep on Sunday morning, dressing in the dark so as not to wake the other members of the dormitory room, and scurrying down Daw’s Hill to the chapel, entering in the silence for prayers and communion. Then, walking back up the hill for breakfast of coffee with jugs of hot steamed milk and currant buns, before

returning once more down the hill to the regular morning service. “Early” as it was known was the quiet, spiritual service, a place of pure devotion, a place of personal choice to enter into the quiet of devotion.

The Healing Church of I am Who I Am



I dreamt, years later, about a large cathedral which had sprung up on the grounds of the school estate, in a field which I loved to visit on Saturday afternoons. We reached the field down a road bordered on both sides by huge, mature lime trees. It was called Lime Ave by the girls. At the end of the road was a field, private and quiet with a view of the voluptuous English countryside opening in all directions. The sacred space in me that longed for God as a teenaged girl had grown into a gorgeous cathedral as if out of the earth itself, so much did it seem to belong to the land I loved so much as a girl. The girl with a longing was met by the landscape of copper beech, oak and elm. It

was met by the liturgy of the Anglican Church service and by the many devoted women of God who taught us. The little flame inside me was kept alive.

The pathology wrapped around my original wound of separation was dormant, coiled, waiting for the moment, the circumstances to stretch and move and come alive in me. Pure poison like a parasite, waiting to activate, to damage and destroy my tender thread of soul connection.



This is how pathology leverages and the whole world is a whore to that. It supports the desolation of the soul. We try to save the children from suffering and starvation, but who saves the children from our own selves. We who help others also have been lost or have lost our connection. We are all part of the problem. Just because we try to help others does not mean we are not part of the problem.

Until we find our soul selves, until we then rediscover the Divine love, we are part of the problem. We are no better than the worst. What happens to the child self is nothing less than a profound rape. If we want to destroy a person, to destroy a culture, do not kill them. Rape them. We cannot kill everyone in a culture, but we can rape the culture. We can destroy it so that the child self will not emerge from any level. It is incalculable the damage that this creates.

This is what happened in the psyche, this is what happened to the child self. In a sense, every child that is lost from the self is a rape whether it is linked to trauma or to just waking up to everyday life. Every day we wake up without the child is a rape or a part of the childhood rape. It is living the rest of the rape.

We are the walking dead. Why would we want to come back from a rape? Why would we want to be vulnerable? Why would we be open again when we have been raped and the rapists are right there around the corner waiting for us?

The conspiracy is locked in. We all walk around masking it, pretending it never happened. Trying to be safe, to make our way in the world. There is nothing wrong with that, but God cannot live in a world like this. He cannot live inside us the way He does. There is no God because there are no children left. To find the child self is to find the portal for God to enter this world. It takes a great deal of courage to do this.

Marrying the Soul/Child Self

When a woman marries the Animus in a dream, she enters into relationship with Him. She partners with Him in her particular and unique way. We cannot partner with ourselves, however. We cannot enter into relationship with our child self, our soul

self. We have to become ourselves. A woman can marry the Animus, but she must become herself.

If we marry a part of ourselves in a dream, it is not the same as marrying the Animus. In fact, it is pathological because it means that we are not becoming who we are. When there is not two, finally, there is one of us. When we die to self, there is only one of us that remains. But when we marry a part of ourselves, marry the child self, then there are two of us.

It is as if we want to be our neurotic self and our unneurotic whole self, hoping to have the two live together happily ever after. If we do not die and become that beautiful self, we are always the part of ourselves that is not our beautiful soul self, never becoming who we are. Instead we keep the soul self apart, in partnership. Being with the soul self is not the same as being the soul self - it is still a split.

Well-intentioned dreamers may attempt to avoid dying to self by being in relationship with what they know is a good thing, but this is taking possession of it in some way. This also allows for the misguided, dysfunctional self to continue to live. Because of this, it is difficult to trust the subconscious until we are in our true self, for the subconscious and the unconscious can be split with different types of material.

The subconscious gets its energy from the unconscious but it is also separate from the unconscious, making it open to being contaminated. It is contaminated unless it is an extension of what is deeper. The subconscious is really a partner with the ego and rather than being a part of the deepest well of the self, it often breaks off and becomes its own variation. This is not acceptable for it creates this type of split.

That part of us that trusts and believes in the split subconscious is that part that would want to marry the soul self. In this way, the subconscious and the unconscious live separately together. But if we become the beautiful soul self, then the unconscious becomes the soul extension of the material that feeds us in our conscious life.

Becoming the Child Self

We may believe that when we become the child self, it is going to be really great. It is, of course, but we do not really know it. When we begin to be of the child self, we may feel psychotic or uncertain or unsure of allowing this emerging knowing to come out. When we feel and sense this new place that wants to emerge, we may put on the brakes because to not put on the brakes is a bit like going over a waterfall without knowing how far it drops.

We have learned to be careful of how we say things and what we say. Then, suddenly, a little thing inside is blurting this and that and we hear and feel it as a tug or an intuitive sense. When we get to a deep place in the work, we know the child self, know that it is not pathology.

We have a fantasy that the child is going to feel playful and good, but it really feels like the child is going to do something outrageous. It might. The question is - are

we willing to let it do that? When it plays out into the world, the child self can be controversial. It can be an almost abrasive, antagonistic energy that, depending on what we have around us, can cause reaction from others. We have to be willing to jump into that allowing of the inner to come out in that way.

The first step is to identify it correctly as the child self that is emerging. The next step is allowing it to supplant our own way of dealing with things. That means that all the management of the persona, all the getting affirmation must die. The child does not care about affirmation for it does not want to be affirmed. The child is already affirmed by God so it does not care if the world affirms it.

When we have God in our life, when we become reconciled as our souls, there is a part of all creation in the self that does not care about being accepted by others. This is the rarest of pearls - the true self, the soul of the self.

When we let go of being the child self, we ceased to exist. The child self recognizes God, it knows the Divine, it breathes water, it is in essence. It is a whole different reality. When we are not the child self, we breathe air, we are afraid of the water, we are separated from God and we have forgotten who we are. We create a self. All of this has to change for us to become the child self and it is very scary.

It is easy to want to be the child who wants an ice cream cone. Most people think the child self is this kind of child, but it is not. The child self is the consciousness of God, the soul that knows God. There may be childlike qualities with the child self, but childlike qualities are not to be confused with the child self. There are many adults who have childlike qualities, but they are not in their soul selves. Being the child self is being conscious of God. The child self is the soul's knowledge of the Divine.

The child self recognizes the sense of belongingness. The child knows it belongs with the Divine. We often attempt to perpetuate our own sense of unbelongingness as part of the quality of who we are. To let go of this to be in the knowledge of belongingness is a big thing to do. The ego will say that it wants to belong, but the ego self must die for this to happen. The center of gravity of our sense of self would shift into a place of psychosis so that we would not know who we were. It is a difficult process.

We all have a child self, we all have a knowledge of God on some level. We all do know more that we think we know. Letting this in is difficult. We have to decide at some point if we want this. If we do, then the dreams will guide us in deconstructing our old self so that the child self can emerge.

Feeling the loss of ourselves, feeling that we are lost from the Archetypes, that we are lost from even our awareness of them is to be aware of our suffering and is an important step toward feeling the belongingness.

The pain of not belonging is the pain of our separation from the Archetypes. We do not belong as long as we believe we do not belong. It hurts. It hurts to remain on the sidelines and not belong anywhere.

And it is scary to belong because it means changing our ways. The child self

belongs, the child self does not have the pain of not belonging, the child self does not have the fear because it is the essence of the self that knows where it belongs.

The idea of being obnoxious comes from the uniqueness of each child self. When the child self is allowed freedom, it is obnoxious and uniquely divisive. It cuts through the world. It has its own egocentricity in a way that is a healthy sense of self. It is the self that is intimate. God created us not in His image, but in an image that is unique to each self. We get to be the unique, noisy, aberration of the child self that we are.

There is a certain abrasiveness to the child that makes us want it to just be quiet. Especially when it speaks the truth. If we have shame and trauma where people did tell us to be quiet, the child self does not have a chance because it cannot be itself. But the child self needs to be itself, its unique aberration. It cannot try to be some image of wisdom.

We have a long way back to find the child self. We must go back through and around and underneath to reclaim that innocence and it is no easy task. It is much easier to say our Hail Mary's, to do our yoga postures, to sit in meditation rather than moving through the process of Dying to Self to become the child that can be intimate with the Divine. The child self that can then step into union.

THE CHILD SELF VERSUS THE BONEHEAD

When we look for God, it is only half of the equation. The part of us that we created in our separation is the bonehead, the part that cannot find God. The bonehead cannot know God on a soul level or on a feeling level. Religion and philosophy come from the idolatry of the bonehead's limited capacity to conceptualize the existence of God.

The problem is that the bonehead is also conceptualizing itself. The conceptualization of self and God and all the fear that underlies this is what drives the idea that God should make us safe. But what would God be making us safe from?

All of our fears come from the separation from the soul and the unknowability of God when we are not in our souls. In a way, the bonehead wants God to save us from our ignorance of our selves. Why would the Divine do that?

The Divine will not do that. The bonehead reacts by saying that God does not exist because God does not answer our prayers. God does not answer the bonehead's prayers. In reality, God does answer our prayers because the Divine is our Father, our Lover, our Beloved. But the Divine is not the bonehead's beloved. The Divine is the soul's Beloved.

When we start out on our journey, we do not realize how disconnected we are from ourselves. The bonehead has us believe that it is our true self and that if God would only come or if we were truly loved, then everything would be alright.

This is a big lie. The Archetype knows that if it confronts us with this lie early in our work, we will simply go away.

The first big lie is that we are the bonehead. This goes back to childhood, when people who think that they are themselves but who are really their own version of the bonehead raise us. This confuses the child because the child knows that something is not right. But the child is trumped; the child is always trumped. When trumped, the child gives up, separates and becomes a bonehead with the parents. A child cannot stand up to the parents. So, the bonehead is passed down from generation to generation. It is inevitable.

Often, when we try to wake up, when we start to believe that there is a higher power and that higher power is coming in dreams, we complain.

We wonder why He comes the way He comes, we wonder why we cannot get connected, why we do not feel better. These are the bonehead's complaints.

This is when the work intensifies for the idea comes into our consciousness that there is another self that can receive Divine love. The problem with this realization is that we have to die, the part of us that is the bonehead has to die, in order to get to that self. The bonehead does not want to die. The bonehead wants God's love and all the goodies that go with it, but it does not want to give up what it has created. It wants to survive.

Since our emotional life is tied up with the bonehead, we think that we are the bonehead. We forget who we really are. This is why the dreamwork is so difficult. It is not enough to want God - we have to want ourselves. To want ourselves, we have to be willing to die, we have to be willing to let go the self we know, the self that draws all the fear into it and says it can manage it all, says it can do things to be safe. Tricking ourselves out of this is difficult.

Once we realize that our soul is the only thing that can know God, once we realize all our fears come from not knowing our souls which creates not knowing God, then we are on our way. With this knowing, triangulation can happen and we can accept both the death of the false self and the genesis, the rebirth, the reconnection with who we really are.

Once we are in our core feeling selves, our souls, we can be with the Animus. Then He can begin to work with us. The journey does not end with being with the Animus; it is just the beginning. He can be with us in the world. We knew Him in heaven, whatever that is, and now we can know Him on earth, whatever this is. This is a victory - that we can know God, that we can know the Divine love while living in this morass.

The Divine is looking for this for then He can affect the world through us.

It is a win-win situation. We get to have the love, our lives, living in God's love in this beautiful world. When we are liberated, we can pick and choose our way through. The Divine gets us to be a part of whatever it is He is trying to create. There is no way of knowing what that is, but it is clear that He is looking for a few good men and women.

Then we become part of the solution. But not because the bonehead has it all figured out. There are many teachers and leaders who work without being with God, who work from their bonehead place. Their dreams will prove it.

To truly be with Him, to really be transcendent through our souls is a miracle. This is actually sad, for it should be commonplace and not a miracle. Since it is not, it is a miracle for everyone who does get it. The price is nothing less than our death.

But when we die, are we dead? We are more alive than we have ever been. All the things we used to think of as true, all of the things the bonehead believed, are lies. The terror gets projected into the world rather than the self knowing the reality that the fear comes from being lost from God and lost from our souls. We do not even know why we are scared.

Sexuality is sensuality and sensuality is part of Jacob's Ladder. Jacob's Ladder is the building into sensitivity to God and to the world from a place of openness. Coniunctio is primalcy and vulnerability coming together even when the bonehead says it is not okay. It is like smelling the flowers. The bonehead tries to smell the flowers and can smell the flowers, but when we are the child self, the soul self, smelling the flower, then we are the flower. We cannot separate the object from the beloved because once we are the beloved, we understand that we are the very thing that is sweet in the world.

This is radical self-acceptance. Ironically, the bonehead hates itself because anytime we leave ourselves, self-hate is created. Self-rejection is a form of self-hate.

Coniunctio, on the other hand, means knowing that we are the beloved. Once we have gone through the process of dying and of Alchemy, there is no objective/subjective. We do not believe that God loves the flower but not us. We do not believe that our children are more important because we have rejected ourselves. We do not project our beauty into the world on the flower, on our dog, on our children, on our lovers. When we are the beloved of the Beloved, we are part of God and we come home. Coniunctio, which is enlightenment, means knowing, "I am the Beloved."

Most people go along with what the bonehead wants because they are not self-aware. Most people do not really have a choice. One of the goals of the work is that we finally come to a place where we have a choice. Most people at the choice point where they can make a choice to let the bonehead die so that they can become their soul selves will say no. It is a tragic thing. We can get to the point in our work where we will do whatever it takes in our dreams to make the right choice. This is not making a choice in terms of lucid dreaming, where we enter a dream with our conscious mind. The bonehead wants to do lucid dreaming. The choice is to be aware of our souls. Then we can make a choice, even the wrong choice at first. Even if we make the wrong choice, we will suffer for it, we pay the price but without blaming God.

If we are self-aware in a real sense, whatever choice we make does not matter because we will learn from the choice. Of course, it would be great if we make the choice to die and the Animus wants us to make that choice. But the choice is up to us. Neither the Archetype nor pathology can interfere with that choice.

It is like voting. Many people will try to influence us in many ways through the media. Candidates will lie, make false promises, will even tell the truth, but ultimately, we get to enter the voting booth and press the buttons that we want to press.

The Archetype will hang back in certain places in the work to see what we will do, knowing we might not come forward, come home. It is a test of our readiness. If we are not quite there, He will work with us so that we can be there just as pathology will work with us trying to make sure that we are not there. But at the end of the day, the choice is ours. At the end of the day, pathology does not get to make the choice for us as it has all along.

This is true freedom.

If we believe our fear, if we are traumatized by something that terrified us as children, which is true for most of us in some way, it is easy for pathology to manipulate that by making us feel that the fear is real rather than a door to the Archetypal Realm. But once we come to understand that although we suffered, we are now adults and we are no longer under the tyranny of childhood. We can understand, we can make choices, we can trust the Divine; we can know that the fear is a door into the unknown that we can trust and that we can open to. Once we understand this, we are on our way. We just feel the fear and do our work without needing to project it onto the world.

But if the pathology is successful in convincing us that something is terrifying, like an alligator in a dream, like our jobs, our finances, the world on a mundane level, then we can manage everything by being better - a better spouse, a better person, a better boss, a better employee, a better parent - at the expense of being who we are. In this place, we are not making choices. Instead, we are in a defensive posture just trying to survive.

But if we understand our fear, if we do not project our fear, if we just go through our fear internally, we find Alchemy, we find vulnerability, we find the Animus standing there waiting for us.

Pathology needs us to project. In a dream where an alligator attacks, if we face the alligator without running, the alligator will not hurt us. It will not hurt us because it cannot. Pathology uses past experiences where we had no choice, when we were helpless children and some adult or something in the world hurt us, as a threat. But pathology cannot itself harm us directly. When we encounter the pathology in a dream and do not run, nothing bad will happen. Nothing.

Often, what is chasing us is an angel. Learning to not project, learning to feel into our fear so we can become vulnerable is a death knell to the bonehead because the bonehead lives from our projections. The bonehead is made up of our fears projected into the world.

The core fear is the fear that happened when we lost ourselves, when we lost God, when we lost ourselves being the beloved. We were made to be loved.

When that love is gone, we are in crisis. The bonehead came out of that crisis, but we need to let go of it. The bonehead will not let go of us, we must let go of it.

This means facing into fear and pain, for the deeper stratum of the subconscious is fear and pain, not shame and unworthiness. We use shame as a way to perpetuate the attempt to control. Shame is always about something in the world where fear is usually about something inside. As long as we are distracted by shame, we are compensating in the world. Fear is always a portal to the Divine, to the deeper self.



DISCERNMENT

Many believe that the difference between judgment and discernment is that when we are in judgment, we have a negative opinion about something. But being discerning means that we see what is - whether it is good or bad. It is the same as trying to determine if we are projecting or if what we are seeing is correct.

If somebody is projecting, we can say it is a judgment or that they are being negative. Even if they are right. But everybody has opinions. The tricky part is that there is no criteria to determine what is judgment and what is discernment. It has nothing to do with how it sounds or if it comes from a reactive place, it has nothing to do with whether it is true or not. We can argue all day if something is a projection or not. This is not the issue.

What is true is that if we are the child self, if we come from the child self, then we are in discernment. The child self is always discerning for the feelings and the heart are the determining factors. We know if what we feel are real feelings or if we are projecting pain because the dreams will show us.

The dreams are true. When we understand what is true and where the dreams are coming from, then we know what is true. It does not matter if we are right or wrong, it is where we come from that matters. We can be right, but if we were not wounded then we might not even care. Maybe the things we care about are not even important. Maybe the things we care about are only important because we are wounded and we project our wound.

If we are coming from a whole place of the child self and not from the wounded place, then the discernment is correct. But if we are in the child self, we may not care. Discernment does not mean needing to say something or not.

If there is no love in the act, then it is probably judgment. If there is love in it, then it is probably discernment. Ironically, however, most of the time we would not say anything anyway because there is too much love in us.

There is not much love in the world. Most of what people say when they speak with others, even if what they say is correct, is some form of projection or judgment. Until we are connected to the child self, we are not going to know and we are probably going to be in some form of pathology around it.

Psychologists will tell us to always say the truth, but this is not really true. Often, it is not necessary to say the truth because the person we would speak to is not going to hear us anyway. If the other person cannot hear us and hears judgment instead, then what is the point in discerning something if the person cannot hear us. There is no point. If someone cannot hear us, then do we really need to speak to get it off our chest, to feel good about ourselves, to feel we are helping. From this place, when we speak, we are saying that we know what the other person is doing and we are going to help so that we can feel more comfortable.

Of course, this is not to say that it is bad to talk. It is very good to talk and communicate. But most talk comes from the wound and not from the love. It is important to talk even when we know we are not coming from the love, but it is as important to be aware of it. If we speak to a person and we are not coming from the love, we will get a reaction and perhaps a fight. If we are fighting, then the other person cannot hear us. Whether we mean to judge them or not, they take it as a judgment. Then it is a judgment even if it was not meant to be.

Discernment is not just about what we see, it is also about how we speak it. It is not just about how we speak it, it is knowing whether or not the person can hear us. If we know they cannot hear it, the question is do we need to say it?

If we do not feel the love in our heart when we speak, we are going to have trouble with the other person when we speak. When people do not have love in their hearts, they will feel judged and angry that we raised the question at all.

Judgment/Opinions versus Discernment

People have opinions because they feel that it makes them astute and intelligent. We feel it is important to have opinions because we all have to have opinions - we are asked to vote, to choose a team, to choose clothing. We make decisions all the time because it is a complicated world. We have learned and we have been trained to have opinions about everything. In early times, we did not have so many opinions for it was about survival - surviving drought, surviving the winter, and so on.

Now we have so many choices, even in things like reading glasses. We are presented with neverending choices and we have an opinion about it all.

Opinions feed judgment which feeds criticism which feeds distrust. It is all distrust. Every opinion, every judgment, comes from the realm of good and bad. Some of it does make sense on the surface. Underneath, however, it is distrust and having to manage our way in the world.

It all seems okay, but it is not. It is not the heart broken to the Father who allows guidance. When we are busy trying to figure things out we cannot possibly be open to Him. When we then get older, we get brittle and cranky. We get so old that no one really cares about our opinions anymore and so we cannot be intelligent. The opinions then become what they are - cantankerous negativity, faithlessness. What

people feel is lovelessness but they call it other things such as concern, caring, trying to do the right thing so we can get more. It is really all those things. When we suddenly take out the projections and the illusion of importance about having opinions, they are just cantankerous.

This is the absence of not being in the heart. The more opinions we have, the more our mind grows and then the less we are in our heart and the less we can discern. If we are locked into opinions about spirit, then there is no Archetypal heart, no spiritual life. Of course, we can have spirit, we can be in our spiritual life and from there we can have feelings about spirit that could grow into how we feel and think about spirit.

But most of us do not do this; we just have opinions. We may remember a connection we had at some point in our lives, some point long ago, and then build a life of opinions around a connection we no longer have. In this work, we want to live that experience everyday and live our lives from that place.

We observe a psychological fact, we observe a situation in the world, we observe a situation in a person and we find we can put a label on it. We love to put labels on things. If we can figure out a label, then write about that label, people love to buy books and read about it. Some of the labels from the last several years are co-dependency, attention deficit disorder, the different types of people. Some of these things do not even exist or they exist in a minute way, but when we create a label about them, then everyone can jump in and feel that the label explains something. Once we have a label, then we can do something about it - like create a drug to fix it or write a book of opinions about it.

But we are just making it up because we want an explanation for why we are not right inside. It is a way to create mythologies that we can be content with. We would rather find one of eight types that we can fit into than be as different and unique as the snowflakes falling in the storm. It is complicated to go into the uniqueness of each person and to confront the difficulty of one's own individual life.

It is easier to make generalizations because then we can just escape facing ourselves. When we explain something, we make it flat. Judgment is a safer place to go rather than unpeeling the onion and going down into the depths of the soul to find out what and who we really are. All judgment, all opinions, all trying to figure it out comes from shame. With shame, we need to explain things so we do not have to face into our feelings. We feel that this way, we will not have to be judged ourselves because we will have a real reason, a real explanation for how we are living. With judgment and opinions, we can bypass our shame and we can bypass our fear.

The real issue is that we are not open to the unconscious; we are not open to the inner life that wants to speak to us, that wants to speak through us, that wants to show a way for us to wake up. Instead, everything the unconscious does, we simply put a label on it to explain it again. We keep explaining, we keep rationalizing and we never want to live in the truth of it.

The issue is about living horizontally versus living vertically. When we live

vertically, we do not explain things away the way we do when we live horizontally but rather it is being open to being shown. The mind is meant to be a receiver, not an explainer. When we change the mind, we change our ability to be discerning. Discernment is about receiving information from the Divine whereas thinking is creating our own ideas that come from a limited amount of words and social beliefs that have nothing to do with the depth and complexity of the spiritual world.

When we do not explain, we are naked because we do not have an answer. When we do not have an answer, we stand there naked, unsure and not knowing. It is terrifying and shame wants to come in, telling us that if we do not have an answer that we are nothing. If we can get past the shame, if we can be naked and in our fear, in our vulnerability, the Divine will come.

All we have to do is not buy the shame game and allow ourselves to be in the fear of not knowing. Then we can drop into the vertical connection and be open to the Divine, especially if we are a cleared out person. If we are not cleared out enough when we drop into the vertical, it is not clear what will come through and it is not clear if all of it will be good.

When we are deep enough in our work, if we are cleared out of the things that are not us, when we let go and drop into the vertical, we enter into relationship with the Divine and the Divine can come through. The unconscious can emerge in us. This is discernment. But to be totally naked means being underneath our trauma, underneath the projections, underneath all of the ways we felt we had to protect ourselves. Obviously, as soon as we feel we have to protect ourselves, there are issues that keep us from knowing the truth, that keep us from being open to the truth. When this happens, all we are left with are judgments or our suffering. We all need help to get through this.

But if we are fortunate enough, if we are willing enough, to go that deep where we are through it, to be naked and having dreams that show we are naked, then we can be like a radio and receive the Divine. It is a considerable step, to be naked, open, no judgment, no identity except the feeling we have for Him and the Divine's love for us.

Discernment and Primal Need

The basic requirement in the search for the soul is need. Since need is linked to vulnerability, this kind of need is unacceptable because it is linked to the wound. If we cannot find our true need, we are in trouble.

By finding pseudo peace or aesthetic spirituality, we can be in the place where we do not feel we need anything because we feel we have God. But then we are needless. In some eastern religions, like Zen or other kinds of Buddhism and in some Western religions as well, not having need or having attachment to need is considered a good thing.

But when need is understood in its primalcy, it is about a child's need for

support. It is not attachment, not pseudo attachment in that we want to have needs that will allow us to avoid the real need. Many needs are not true needs in that they are not based in the primal need. Primalcy is the experience of the deeper self that has needs. Not the ego self that has needs.

It can be confusing to understand need. Sometimes we feel we do have needs, that we are needy. But if it does not come from the child self, and it probably does not if we are not doing deep work, then we are in trouble. If it does come from the child self, then it is true need. It is important to raise the question since many of us have needs that are not true needs and they can lead to difficulties, such as addictions or needing things like multiple partners or material things.

The other side of this is to not have any needs at all. To feel that having no need is being close to God. To feel that we just need to be free and wild and out with the coyotes. We may feel some joy in that, but we are usually alone.

When we discover the deeper need, it is not to be alone. It is to have the primalcy related to something else. This is where the core need is for the soul. The soul is free by nature; it is created free. But the soul needs relationship. When we feel the soul, we are not the autonomous coyote in the woods alone. We can be autonomous and we may even be a coyote, but we are not alone.

When we are the coyote alone, it is a trick. So many of us feel that if we are autonomous, we can be with God, but really this kind of autonomy itself is a barrier to the deeper need. Of course, deeper need takes us to deeper pain and deeper pain takes us into places that we usually do not want to go. This is the primal need of the child self and only this will bring us into the deepest connection.



I DID NOT KNOW MY OWN BEAUTY

Christa Lancaster

I did not know my own beauty.
He did.

I followed both the river of truth and the thread of my darkness and
confusion.
He was there.

I wanted to know love, the larger love.
He knew my yearning heart.

I had to travel through the tangle of truth and lies.
He was my guide.

I trusted the dream which came from deep inside me.
He knew.

I trusted the mystery. My soul recognized the truth.
The mystery was Him.

He holds me.
I lean into Him.

He knows me.
I feel known. Loved specifically.

My dreams alternately nourished and confronted me. Truth and untruth wound around each other. I needed a framework to understand the mess of my life.

I followed my heart around work and children.
I was following Him.

I did not know Him.
My soul remembered.

I travelled along the well worn grooves of destructive patterns around men until the truth was revealed and I could be healed. The way was long and the detours time consuming. I learned the long way, through relationship. The dreams took me to the entrance of the cave of trauma. I had a choice and I went in. I went through. I came out the other side.

On the other side was my capacity to be in relationship with the Divine, to be known, to love and be loved, deep within, a mystery. What words can I use?

Dream:

I am in a house, a home I share with my lover. He is in the kitchen, chopping vegetables. I stand there in the room, feeling close and deeply connected with Him. I feel known. I know Him. It is satisfying and strong.

My need is centered inside. My reference point is this feeling. I am living in the house with the Divine. He is living with me.

Held



When we have the primal need and we reflect the need against all the other things we do in our lives, we can see through the pathology relatively easily because it is all just compensation for not having the real need. Once we do see, we see into the past but we also can see into the future. The future is the goal of being in our primal need which is nothing less than being with the Divine.

When there is judgment without love, the judgment is really just comparing ourselves in the gyroscope to see who is better and who is worse. Without the love, we feel we have to earn the love, we have to be better. And when we are better, it

means that someone else is worse or they are equal in that they are trying to create an idea of love without feeling the love.

When we really feel the love, there is only the discernment that can tell us when we are feeling into the love or when we are not. The discernment can also show us who we are when we are not feeling the love, no matter what game we are playing. Whether the game is being a good person or a nasty person or judgmental or a humanitarian, it is all the same.

Without the love, it is all the same. It does not matter if we are a person of God, a green person who loves the planet, a military person, a farmer, a prisoner. It does not matter because without the love, we are still without the connection and we are still a part of the problem.

It is hard to see past our values that want to tell us that we are better, for this is how we prop ourselves up and how we live a life of suffering. Discernment is what tells us when we are not in the love and tells us that when we are not in the love, all the things we do are pathology.

Discernment can be the place where we have the love, but the problem is that we have to be small and vulnerable. And we have to get past the idea that small is bad. In this case, small is good because it means that we are open to the love. If we are too big, we cannot receive the love.

Of course, if we are too small because we feel worthless, then we cannot receive the love either. Being small in this way is actually still being bigger than the vulnerability. It is just another way to not be vulnerable.

When we try to be better from a place that is not a place of the love, ironically, we are still in a wrong place because getting better in this way is moving away from what is already good and wonderful and acceptable. We have to have the love first to accept a change of direction. If we change without the love as a way to get the love, we might feel better temporarily, but ultimately we are still lost in the cycle of separation from ourselves. Making ourselves better does not mean we are any closer to God.



YEARNING

Fear to Yearning

The ability to feel passion for God or passion for anything is often blocked by trauma. The fear surrounding trauma can block many things, but it often blocks the primary need for Divine love. This is the case because acute vulnerability, which is the prerequisite for desire for the Divine, is often damaged by the fear that comes out of one's repressed feelings. Consequently, these feelings will mutate into a desire for God based primarily on projected fear rather than on yearning - the fear of death, the fear of poverty, the fear of bad things happening and the desire for things to be better, for example.

But these have nothing to do with God. They only have to do with a desire to deal with fear. We believe that God will take care of this fear for us. The irony is that we need our fear to connect to our true yearning for God rather than needing Him take that fear away.

This conflict between fear and the desire to avoid fear leads us away from the Divine in our quest to have Him ameliorate our fear. It is this fear itself that allows us to find God and transform enough in a way that then allows us to find our true desire and true yearning for God. The soul's disconnection from primary consciousness is the reason for the fear in the first place, trauma or no trauma.

Once we begin to feel our own passion for God, our own depth of connection should bring us to the next level of the work - the willingness to go anywhere He asks. Up until the time, we may feel true passion for the Divine, but we do not need Him enough where we will do anything to either maintain that connection or to seek a greater connection. The pathology seems to know this long before we do and does everything in its power to trick us into believing that the road to the Divine is the place where pain and fear do not exist.

Pathology creates an illusion that makes us perceive fear as the enemy and that God will save us from these feelings. In believing this, we become frozen and separate from our longing, glad to avoid the "unpleasant" feeling aspects that are required for Alchemy. Fear itself is never just about itself. Fear is the fear of sensuality, the fear of vulnerability, the fear of closeness, the fear of sexuality, the fear of love, the fear of

communication, and on and on.

Something needs to be experienced so that we are free to feel more of who we truly are from the deepest soul of the self. These different levels of feelings are presented in our dreams in ways that appear amoral and/or terrifying, depending on our levels of emotional avoidance and personal trauma.

We use shame, morality, right, wrong, values, ideology as ways to circumvent the fear and the deeper vulnerable places we refuse to go. We claim a higher rightness, a higher truth, a grander purpose of self than the vulnerable child that we actually truly are, with all of its imperfections, all of its uncertainties. We eschew and spurn with great hysteria and denial those feelings and that innocence as if they were poison.

We justify the spurning from a place of being right or a sense of rightness. Therefore, dreams often offend deliberately to confront the lie of our “decency” and the lie of our apparent beliefs that we truly want a connection with God and, for that matter, that we want a better life.

It is true that we all want a better life, but we may not be willing to pay the price. The price of being a better person - a soul person. A person steeped in the truth of the deeper essence of self. The self that knows God’s love and kneels at His feet with great trembling and expectation for all that is possible.

Some of us may not believe or even know that this exists; others remember. In either case, we all still fight it. It is not that we fight the idea. We fight being that small, that amoral, that exposed. This deeper soul self is in all of us and somehow we have lost faith or lost track or lost the belief that it is worth anything at all. In our struggle to know ourselves and accept who we are, we often believe we desire the acceptance of the self that we believe we are. But this self, the one that we believe we are, is shallow and aloof and dissonant to the deeper soul self. It is why trauma and fear brings us to the most vulnerable part, brings us to the pain that accompanies the separation from the love, brings us to the soul that knows the sweetest love, brings us to the yearning that the connection never be broken.

Fear with Yearning

Feeling fear can take us in a lot of directions. It can be fear of trauma, fear that is trauma, fear of the Animus. But when we combine fear with yearning, when we get to the place of feeling yearning for Him and we bring that yearning against the backdrop of fear, then the fear is tolerable. The fear can then alchemize through the yearning into extraordinary change.

So much is possible because yearning itself is a form of love that, through the fear, actually creates an Alchemy that allows the soul to grow quickly. It takes the fear, the separation from the soul, to allow that dying to occur and the dissolution of the ego self as we understand it. It allows the child self to emerge so that it can develop and grow an entirely different way than we have experienced in terms of our journey in life.

In other words, we may grow very differently from that point into a very different being and we may feel differently about many things than we have felt before. Our whole orientation about who we are and what we want to do and our desires may completely change.

This, of course, will create more fear, but if the yearning is great enough, this fear which is Archetypal fear and not trauma fear, can accelerate the alchemical process and the recreation of the allowing of the soul/child to emerge into the ego self. When the soul develops this way, the ego becomes an extension of the soul rather than the ego being split off from its natural self. Once the soul and the ego are united, then we have congruence within the psyche itself. A rare place but one that is obtainable.

The Passion of Yearning

Dropping into yearning means that we feel the yearning. The reason the Animus does not always seem to show up when we are yearning is because He wants us to feel the yearning. Pathology will try to convince us that He just does not show up, but the reality is that He wants us to yearn.

Does the Animus actually have to show up? Does yearning require that there be an answer? Yes, it does, but does the answer need to come today? Do we want the Animus on demand? Yearning on demand is not yearning.

Yearning is the capacity to feel into the pain of need and the pain of not having him, and then to walk around in that place. To walk around with the yearning, letting it burn like an ember inside of our body until it burns right through us, like a hot coal burning. We have to let it burn right through us. We cannot decide that it hurts too much and that it is time to move away from the yearning, time for Him to show up. When He does not come on demand, we will get angry and irritated. If we get angry, the hot coal has not burned through our being yet.

We have to be obedient and know that He will come eventually. Know that we just need to be in our pain or hurt or whatever deep feeling we are in without jumping away, without having an attitude.

Yearning is a form of passion, like sensuality or sexuality, like need, creativity, potency. It is a form of energy - red, volcanic, molten, juicy. It is kundalini, it is desire. It is painful to have desire especially when we do not have our needs met. But desire does not need to be met, it only needs to be felt.

Of course, we want the desire to be reconciled, otherwise it is unrequited desire. This is where faith comes in - that when we desire, we will be met. If we will not believe it, then we will not allow it. But having the desire met is actually irrelevant. To have the desire is a victory in and of itself, even if it is never met.

In that moment, we have a choice. Shame will tell us that He does not come because we are not worthy, so we do not have to feel the desire. Instead, we feel unworthy. We may believe that feeling unworthy is better than feeling the pain of

unrequited love, is better than feeling the desire. With shame, we do not have to feel our real pain. It goes like this: I want; He will not come; I am bad; I have no more desire.

Then shame wins, we win and pathology wins. To the degree that we do not feel the pain, that we do not want to feel the pain, we think that we win because we do not have to feel it.

But when we decide to feel it, nothing can stop us. The devil himself cannot stop us. It is a personal choice, whether we are conscious of it or not. We make a choice to not feel the pain and then, when we do our work, we get to make the choice to feel it.

Sentimentality

We all think we should have things our own way. When we open to our muted desires, we worry that we will become infantile and make demands. This is a form of sentimentality. There really is no difference between good and bad desire because they are all functionally good if they have structure around them.

We want something but if we are at peace with ourselves and with Him, the wanting does not get tinged with anger or pain and it does not become an issue or a complaint. When we want something, it does not mean that we will receive it. Often we want something because if we do not have it, we will feel pain. The pain is there anyway or it could be a new pain for not having what we want. There is nothing wrong with this for pain can be a good thing. Pain and desire go together.

But when we have an attitude about our pain or our wanting, such as if we want something we should have it, then that pain or wanting never gets worked through. No sooner do we get what we want, but the pain is there again. It never goes away unless ultimately what we want and what we receive is His love.

We are often distracted. If we are aligned with Him, what we want is the same as what He wants from the soul level. His love finds the real place of need. That need matures and develops over time, but there is pain in wanting. People who want the Divine but cannot just have it often react if they do not receive it. This shows that they do not have patience or obedience, that they cannot contain their own wanting by accepting the pain of wanting while at the same time being patient in the wanting. The patience comes from the pain of just wanting and not getting, which is a good thing.

Sentimentality, which is a form of pride, says, "I need what I need!" Instead of being the pain of wanting, it becomes a demand or sentimentality. There are many sensitive ways to mask a complaint which are really forms of disobedience and not waiting.

Sentimentality says that if we are with the Divine, we should never have pain. This is absolutely not true. If we do not get what we want, we may feel unworthy and full of shame. This can trigger sentimentality which is a way to feel worthy, a way to

get what we want. "I opened my heart to get what I want and now He will not let me have it. It must be that I am not good enough." The pathology easily gets in here - the veiled threat is that we had better get what we want or else. "I had better get promoted, get this car, get that person or I am not okay."

The veiled threat is on us. Something is wrong with the other person if we do not get what we want. The bottom line is that when we get past shame and we get into our fear, the fear is really about getting what we want. If we get what we really want, we are going to be scared because our whole life is going to change from a place of complaint, a place of wanting what we cannot have, a place of blaming others, to a place where everything is there for us.

It is hard to believe that anything is there for us when we feel ashamed. This feathers back into feeling complaint, feeling unhappy, projecting the pain. Ultimately, we are not being with Him, not living our lives in accordance with our soul. This is where the complaint really comes from. When we begin to understand this, then we stop complaining and start doing our work, letting the miracle of our life unfold which involves being more scared than sad or disappointed that we did not get what we wanted.

Of course, there are many disappointments, but it has always seemed that there is a certain point where it feels like too much is given once we get past the obstruction that there was nothing for us at all. When we realize how much there is, we may react by pulling back.

What if we find God? Then what? Those who say they have found God but are still in complaint have not really found God. To really find God is to be scared of the miracle He is giving us. To be free and open. Of course, this is terrifying

But, if we are unhappy and complaining, it is very hard to be scared. When there is shame, there is no Divine. When we are in pain, it is because there is still a woundedness from not having received or the pain of yearning and not having or the pain of loss of self. This lack of alignment with Him unfetters the woundedness making it shift into becoming self-centered. Once the shift happens, we feel we have to do something or can do something or we push to receive. In the sense of not having love, there is no feeling for the fact that we are cared for and we are supported and we are going to get what we need.

People jump away from desire into complaining because it is a way of controlling the situation. Instead of trusting Him and allowing things to unfold according to what He knows about what we really need.

The distrust comes from feeling that no one was ever there in the past, so why should anyone be there now. Having dreams where we are suddenly taken care of allows us to feel our desire and to yearn while at the same time having the vessel, the support, that says we may not get what we want right now, but that we are supported in who we are. The desires can then become less charged.

As long as we are trying to get what we want from a place of being acknowledged, the desire can be and is being manipulated by the pathology. There are

a lot of ways to cover that crude, competitive spirit with pride, sentimentality and unrequited feelings by feeling there is something keeping us from what we should get.

The Polite Lie

One aspect of sentimentality is the polite lie. It is like receiving a card with nice, sentimental thoughts from people who do not like us or who we do not like. They send nice words or they say nice things, but they do not say nice things behind our backs.

When the polite lie is fused with pain, the sentimentality becomes bloated with pain, stretched, because it is a bubble of pride. The pride is like a tick - it suddenly becomes caring. People who are sentimental in this way are caring in their pride. They gush with care but they do not commit to the thing they care about, not even for one minute.

Sentimentality plays off real pain, the pain of separation from God, the pain of separation from the myth or from our parents. It uses real pain, projecting the pain, the wound, into the world in a way that feels satisfying, healing or even reconciling. Pride likes to do this because it does not want us in our pain. It turns the pain either into sentimentality or into nihilism.

Sentimentality has nothing to do with God or commitment or love. We can use it in order to not really face into our pathology, into our broken hearts, into our pain. It is a way to stay above our suffering. It serves as a great buffer while the pain gets lost in the fat tick of pride.

The blood that the tick siphons off needs to come from our hearts, bursting forth, not into the body of the tick so that the tick can manipulate us. The tick is the pride and the blood being sapped out of us is our genuine pain. Because it is true pain, it can be manipulated and people will really buy it. Part of why we buy into it so readily is that it is not threatening. It carries a good feeling and we can avoid the tragedy.

There are other more aggressive forms of sentimentality, but no matter the form, it is a safe place. It keeps us from getting too big and it makes us caring which others can enjoy.

A percentage of our pain is related to our woundedness and our trauma while another percentage is related to our desire for God. Pain is desire that is unrequited. When our need for God is not felt or met, we feel pain.

When we have many ticks of sentimentality, of pride, on us, they siphon off a little of the pain here and a little of the pain there, making it about a song we heard, a movie we saw, a friend who had a difficult thing happen, things in our past. We then feel as if we have been feeling our pain in all these things. But these kinds of pain are not about our trauma, not about our separation from God.

This is what the ticks do, they siphon the deep pain off into pain about little things. Every time this happens, the pain of the failure to connect with God, our yearning for God, all of this pain and regret becomes about a song on the radio or an

old friend we have not seen in years. The makers of greeting cards happily supply ticks for many of us.

In relation to this, we can become offended by the slights of others. Being offended in this way is a cousin of sentimentality. It is our pride that is offended when we are about to go into our pain. Pathology does not want us to feel our pain in the moment and being offended is another way to offset the hurt.

WHAT ARE WE TO DO WHEN WE REALIZE GOD IS REAL?

When we realize God is real, we are incredulous because we were convinced He was not. When we convince ourselves that He is not real, we can be a victim - the way we become victims of others. We can be a victim that God is not here.

The real issue when we finally encounter God through the work is not that we encounter Him but whether or not we will be obedient to Him. The real issue is will we open our hearts and receive Him. As long as we are incredulous that God is real or not, we do not have to face the moment where we are tested about whether or not we would really be open to His direction or not.

I had a client with whom I worked for many years. This man is a very special person for me. He had an experience of waking up and seeing the Animus standing at the end of his bed. He knew he was not dreaming. He was excited that He really existed. There was no denying it for him and he wanted to make a big deal about it. For me, the big deal was that after all the years, after all his work, after all the talk, that he was really saying that he did not believe that God was real until that moment.

The bigger issue was not that the client finally accepted that God existed but the issue of now that he knew God existed, what would he do about it? Ultimately, a few years later, the client dropped out of the work. I do not know why he stopped his work or even if the encounter was part of his stopping. What I do know is that he encountered the Divine and it did not change him. Perhaps it just sharpened his resistance and created even more fear that he never really faced into.

The moment of encountering the Divine, the moment we realize that He is real, is not the moment to celebrate. The moment to celebrate is when we enter into union, when we enter into conjunctio with Him and we are really with Him. In relationship.

It is wonderful to be enamored of the Divine when we find Him, but it is not as great as it will be when we step into what we do about it. We are not just lost from knowing God exists when we encounter Him, we are lost from knowing what to do. This reflects whether or not we are the child self. If we are not the child self, we cannot be expected to be obedient to Him in the right way. If we are not the child self, we cannot have union with Him.

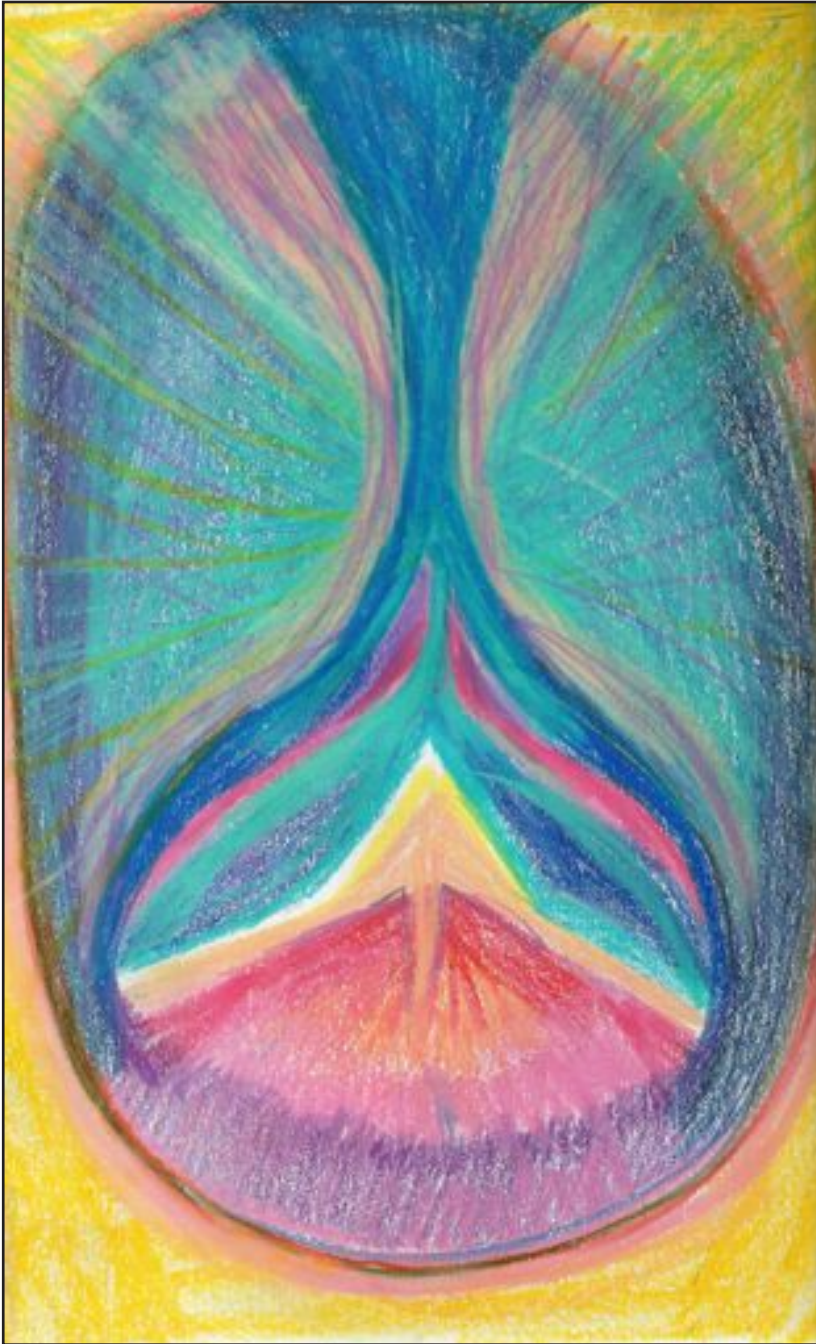
To get to the child self, we must go through the trauma which separated us from the child self to begin with, whatever the trauma happens to be. It does not matter if the trauma is simply the trauma of being separated from God, the trauma of being here, or if it is a trauma based on a traumatic experience. Trauma is a form of separation from Him and from ourselves. Assuming we are separated from ourselves, we must go through some sort of pain or fear in order to return, in order to be reconnected.

The child self is the link to the Divine. The questions of “What are we going to do to be connected? What are we going to do to be obedient?” can only be answered with, “I cannot be obedient until I am the child self, until I am my soul self.” We cannot be obedient in the sense of just doing what He wants. The child self is not obedient because it is trying to do the right thing. The child self is obedient because it is loved. The child self is obedient because it knows it is loved, it wants to be loved and it loves back by being obedient. When the child self is obedient, it is loved more. It is loved and it loves in returned, something that most of us did not have with our parents. If we were obedient with our parents, it was because we did not want to be beaten or abandoned. The fear of doing something wrong is why we are obedient. This is shame based. The child self, the soul self, knows its obedience comes from love. This is the difference.

We say we want to be loved but when we are loved, if we are loved, we are terrified because it means that in order to be loved, we must receive the love. In order to receive the love, we have to die to self. This is the conundrum. We keep believing that if we just get the love we would be happy. We do not realized that to receive the love, we have to be different than what we have become. What we have become, what we are attached to, are only the defenses and survival skills that we developed in order to live without the love.

When the love is there and we do not need the coping skills, the defenses anymore, we do not want to let go of them. Nor does the pathology want us to let go, because it is through them that it controls us.

Vessel
Christa Lancaster



HORMONAL, PRIMAL NEED FOR GOD

It is ironic that the energy and the immediacy that will be needed for a later awakening to the Divine, that the passion required for the seeking of the Divine, that all of this comes from the same wellspring as the hormonal laden primalcy that when not used to find the Divine, we use to create the world.

Once this energy has been altered again in later life, once awareness has arrived to the point where our passion is no longer about the faster car or a peaceful world, once the energy is about the journey to our true self through which we find the Divine, then we can take that same primalcy and use it to feel into the passion for conjunctio. In this case, the sexual drive becomes the yearning for the Divine. Both passions are the same.

This is why when we seek the other as a replacement for the Divine, typically through sexual attraction, we end up on the shores of isolation once again. For this drive for union with another is really the drive for union and conjunctio with the Divine. How one feels the hormonal primalcy and how this changes into spiritual yearning is not something decided at birth. It is something that changes through life and certainly through the evolution of Archetypal work. For the dream process itself brings one to a place where the hormonal drives become spiritual yearning. In fact, spiritual yearning is the initial drive of all individuals from the time of birth.

A child's soul purpose in life is to find God, is to find the Anima, is to find the Animus in its own primal way. The child is not really seeking milk, is not really seeking a hand to hold. The child is seeking what it remembers, seeking what it is just an instant away from - seeking where it once was which is its recent union from whence it came.

This primal need for God changes regardless of early childhood trauma or early intimacy with parents by the necessity of the exteriorization and recreation of its own kind in the world. It is the child that feels the primal need for God until it reverts to a hormonal need.

It is necessary to be lost in the hormonal need in order to have the primal need for the Divine later in life. An emerging tragedy becomes apparent when we lose or do not move through the hormonal energy and all too early become interested in the Divine. This early interest does not come out of primalcy but from some sort of early childhood sense of vocation or responsibility. When the primal needs become

this sense of vocation or responsibility early, we miss out on an important lesson. I have known many spiritual clients who have tasted God's love but are incapable of knowing essence because they are incapable of knowing their own sensuality. They are incapable of knowing their own sensuality because they have never tasted adolescence. The spiritual need that grows to love God, in a sense, skips a step of its own primacy, so that the desire for God many not include the necessary deep hormonal elements of those drives. Such people may claim to love God and have a deep drive to find God, but in their dreams, the drive is shown to be compulsive in nature and not driven by a more primary need that dates back to the infant self.

Procrastination or compulsive behavior is not the same as primal desire. Often, when adolescents come in a dream, we are in a divisive relationship with the teenager. What would a sane spiritual mind, what would a pious, caring, deeply sensitive individual want with volatile, seventeen-year-old energy. And yet, this may be a required missing piece in the journey.

We should not avoid our primacy, our hormonal imperative, for it is necessary to exteriorize ourselves in the world in this way in order to later lay claim to the energy in its deeper manifestation. The deeper drive to claim the Divine that is a necessary step in the Jacob's Ladder journey to conjunctio.

Procrastination and obsessions are all avoidances of the true passion. Basically, we procrastinate the right things while being anally compulsive around things that do not help on the journey. Avoiding what should be done while being driven to do what ought not to be done.

To find a way through what tries to pretend to be something else is to find the passion. The passion becomes sensuality; the sensuality driven by the child's need and yearning at the deepest, most vulnerable place in the psyche.

Doing the compulsion, the obsession is not doing what the soul truly wants. Doing these things is really doing nothing. And, of course, this is exactly what pathology wants us to do. Pathology wants procrastination rather than us doing what brings us into alignment with God and brings us deeper into feeling. Procrastination and compulsive behavior, which are obsessions, are fundamental ways in which the psyche is leveraged so that it does not do what it needs to do. When one is pulled into the false attraction of obsessions and makes them more important, there is no satisfaction, for these obsessions are another avoidance of what is truly desired - Divine love.

The person we become, the person pulled into the false attractions, is really someone from the past and comes from the personality that is just patterned. These patterns, which come from the past, are always happening and we cannot become more than the patterned past. We relive the betrayal, the hurts, the trauma and then the patterns often live from one generation to the next. This is the way that we are crippled.

To do what the soul truly wants can only be done through feelings. Feelings can replace procrastination/compulsions with passion and only this can lead to

satisfaction. This can only come from facing into the core feelings such as pain, fear and inadequacy.

Adolescent Energy as Part of the Primalcy

For the most part, every adult likes babies and children. When a child grows from being a small child to reach pubescence, to begin to become individual and maybe even a bit cranky, there is a certain beauty that all children have if they are not damaged. Most of us lose this and it is a terrible thing to lose.

Adolescence is a time when we are most vulnerable. We are still part small child, still polymorphous perverse, still open, self-conscious and innocent at the same time as we are discovering our personality. We are very romantic, very open, very primalcy oriented, very sexual, very sensual, very creative, very everything. Everything is up - it is the time before we learn to be neurotic.

But if we become neurotic before we get to adolescence by caretaking our mothers or having to grow up too quickly or for whatever reason, it is an incredible loss in human development. It is an incredible loss to lose being a crazed teenager and all that it means.

We say we want to be young again until we remember what it was like to be a teenager. Then we do not want to be young again. Some of us do not even remember being teenagers because we were never teenagers when we were teenagers.

Adolescence is a time when all feelings are open and vulnerable. In a way, going back to that time is critical to the journey for many and if we were never teenagers to begin with, it is even more frightening because we do not know how to be insane. All adolescent children, for the most part, are insane. It is part of puberty.

It is terrifying because it is total chaos and full of feelings and we cannot control what is going on. It is the epitome of what this work is all about.

This is where we need to go - to a place of having a crazed crush on someone. The way teenage girls are crazy for boys. We must be crazy for Him. The scariest thing is to go back and be a wacky teenager with Him. It is easier if we have been wacky, but for those who have learned to be wackless, it is difficult to be wacky. But the wackiness is part of the primalcy. There is nothing more primal than adolescence. It is a time when all the feelings come and we have not learned to manage them yet.

Part of the journey is to learn to not manage them but to learn to unmanage them.

When we lose ourselves to our mothers as adolescents, we lose the me-ism, the testosterone, the juiciness, the need need need need, the energy energy energy energy, the I want to be energy. This is the energy of the juicy adolescent that we all hate. This energy, however, is such an important part of our development because it is part of our necessary primalcy. This energy becomes transformed and transmuted, but if we do not have the primalcy for the transmutation, if we do not have the egocentricity, then the energy does not transmute.

We need the vitality to transform the juicy energy into an expanded version of I-ness that includes the soul and the Divine. When we lose that connection and the primalcy and the adolescence, we develop an incested type of depression where our mothers are more important than us or where we are overly dependent on the father and conformity. Whether we are overly dependent on the mother or the father, that libido needs to be felt and understood in its primalcy so that it can transform.

If it gets suppressed in any way, neurosis is the immediate result and the energy is not accessible to the Divine. Instead, it becomes wrapped around issues of the way in which we develop socially.



THE JOSTLING GIRL

Christa Lancaster

Dream:

I am hosting a party at my house. Someone says that the house is about to blow. Gabriel, Ajax, my labrador, and I escape out a window. We run away from the house and then look back to see the house going up in flames.

The Animus is blowing up the party. He does not want to share me with the crowd. He is blowing up the last traces of my social persona. I do not need to be the one who is all things to all people. It is too distracting. He wants all of me. The last piece has to go. It has looked so good in the world. It has worked for me. I have been attached to the range and diversity of my social sphere.

But, my path is narrowing. Being able to be social and “open” was a way for me to stay splintered, not fully committed to Him. I cannot be fully committed and be all things to all people. I have to choose. He wants to be the centerpoint in my life. So, the social house explodes. I leave with the child and Ajax is running wild and free. Freed from my social pathology, I can be more my uninhibited self, the one who does not need to make it all work for everyone in my orbit. In the dream sitting alone with Gabriel while Ajax runs, I feel both peace and relief. We watch the house burn. From this place I can be in the intensity of being with the Beloved. I do not need to mute the intensity with my old social neurosis. I am feeling into the next phase of my life without the old, accommodating social buffers.

In 1971, I left my local school in Bermuda to go to a boarding school in England. I was miserably homesick. A girl from the colonies entering an elite, upper class girls school, I was out of my league socially and academically. I felt lonely and alienated. I was far from my island home, family and friends. Ashamed of how lost I felt, I slipped behind a mask of social competence. I leaned on my gregarious personality. As I disappeared, it grew stronger. I became known for my ability to talk to anyone about anything. It was my identity, my persona, my way of coping in English society. I stopped crying. I had found a way to belong and to shine.

After a week of feeling the peace and relief of the house burning dream I had this dream:

I am in Bermuda, on the South Shore cliffs with a friend. It is dawn and she tells me how beautiful the cliffs are in morning light. She starts to climb the rocks. I watch and wonder what I would do if she fell, would I run for help, leave her? She reaches the top and sure enough, topples over the edge of the cliff and flies out into the abyss in slow motion, with her arms spread-eagle as if in flight. I realize with horror that she will fall and be smashed on the rocks far below and that there is nothing that I can do. Before plunging, she looks straight at me and gives me a huge grin.

Switch

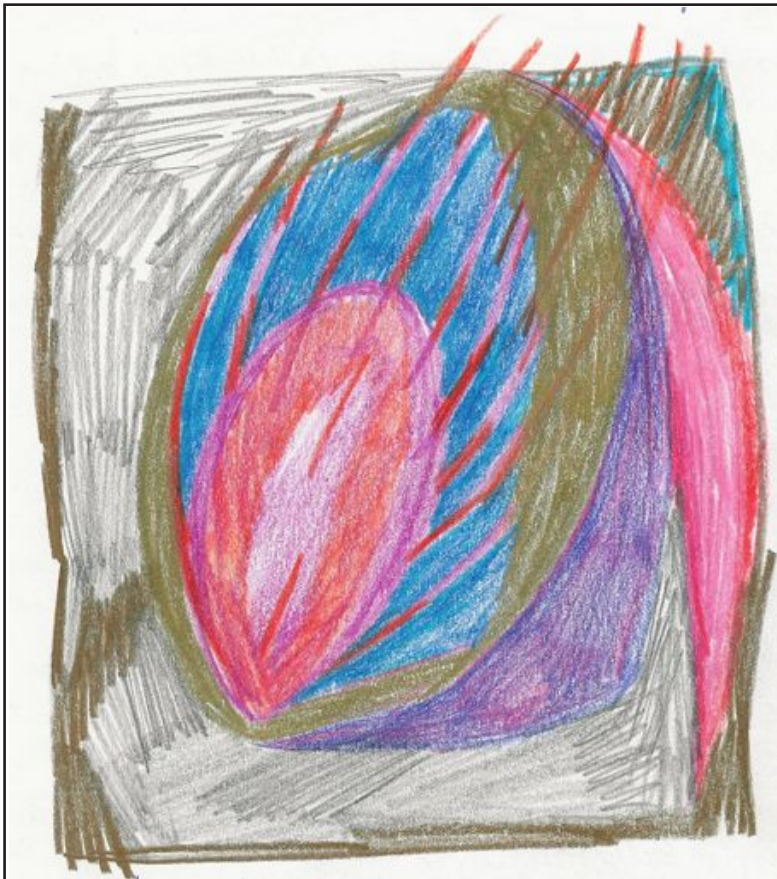
I am at my boarding school, Wycombe Abbey. I enter the building as my adult self. When the scene shifts to the auditorium, I turn into a child of about eight or nine. I am sitting on the bleachers with other children from my primary school in Bermuda, a place where I was still real, before I adopted my social persona. We are jostling and fidgeting. We are acting like normal children waiting for someone to arrive.

My friend in this dream and I share this social pathology. She, too, is adept in the world, out-going and personable as a ploy to avoid intensity. She embodies this aspect of my pathology because it has also kept her from a deeper commitment to the inner world.

As the jostling girl, I am not circumscribed by a role or by manners. The parameters have changed. When I am her, I do not care about

being appropriate. She has no shame. She knows who she is from the inside. She is whole and individuated, not one dimensional. She can be joyous or sad, boisterous, bold or quiet. She is intrinsically with Him. She has been able to emerge in me through my increased capacity to be vulnerable with the Animus. My social qualities can now flow through her, the child I am becoming. My struggle to be with Him has been my struggle to be one with her.

Volcano Heart



With the jostling girl in the auditorium, I feel grounded and peaceful. With her, I trust myself more deeply. With her, I feel no shame. With her, I do not need an external social structure to define me. Where I was too open to the world my heart can now be more open to the Beloved. She can be free and passionately alive in me and alive to His love.

The jostling girl does not care what people think. She is not appropriate or socially correct. She can be many different ways: angry,

bold, quiet, needy, loving, strong, direct, subtle, funny or serious. She is who she is.



Birds learn to walk by getting thrown out of the nest. They have to fly. This relates to being the boy because boys hit adolescence and they reach the height of their sexual capacity at sixteen. But they know nothing about their sexuality. As the boy/man learns about it when he is in adulthood, his desire lessens.

When teenagers come in a dream, particularly boys, it is almost always facing into teenage issues. Teenage boys who are healthy masturbate, want fast cars and want want want. They are somewhat obnoxious, but it is a necessary part of development. If a man misses this part of development, he must go back to go through it.

This kind of energy seems selfish and it can be manipulated into being selfish energy as we get older, but as a force, an energy, as raw material to draw from, it is a very powerful time. In the past, men would get married, have children, raise the family and then die in their twenties, which is why the energy is so intense at that age. But now that we do not need to do that, we do not know what to do with that energy.

This is part of the primalcy. It is very raw for some. Often, the Anima will come to a man in an attempt to liberate his libido. When a man is older and has lived a moral life, has taken care of women, it is really hard to let in this energy, to allow it. But it is necessary for development. To be a true, moral man does not mean being a man without passion. When this energy does come in, it is easy to feel guilt about the passion. Women often feel guilt about their passion as well.

The energy can feel scary because we immediately feel we are going to do something bad and dangerous. If we let this energy out, we are afraid we are going to have affairs or blow up the post office. But this is not true. The Archetypes would not allow this energy to come into our consciousness if the pathology was going to do something destructive with it.

If it is a destructive energy, it comes in a dream in a destructive way. If it is a positive energy, it is shown in the dream in a positive way and the work is to be open to the acceptance of the primalcy. This will, in turn, open us to other things which will help to integrate that energy into the heart.

How are we to receive Divine love if we do not need it? Part of creating the vessel of need is to have the wanting. Without wanting, we cannot really have what is being offered.

Selfishness and Primalcy

Most spirituality teaches us to deny our needs. That somehow our selfishness is part of the problem. Self-centeredness that comes from the denial of primalcy is,

indeed, a problem. But the primalcy itself is never evil or dark. It is simply an expression of God's love for us that He gives us this libido, gives us this energy, gives us this life force. How we handle this gift is really part of our spiritual work. Once we lose track of what we really feel, what we really are, what we really need, we are lost. Any emotion can come in and we can pretend that emotion by turning all the passion into caretaking, by looking for intimacy and relationship from the place of lack within ourselves. But, we are always lost and vacuous.

We always have nothing for us. No matter how much we may be fed by the world, we are never fed from within. We constantly remain hungry, thirsty, starving and unfulfilled, no matter how much we have.

We must first claim what we are. If we do not have the center of ourselves, we are like a black hole. We can pour all the world and all the love into that hole, but we have nothing. The vessel that is created begins with self-acceptance of who we are and how we feel about what we care about.

This is at such a fundamental level that it has nothing to do with what we think we care about, but more with how we feel that relates to childhood moments of awakening sexual feelings. If left undisturbed, if allowed to grow, take root and mature, we may follow the awakening, but we may not. Either way, there is always an underlying feeling and knowledge of who we are and what really feels right.

Once we lose this, we lose the ability to really know where to go. The gyroscope is nothing more than a way to manipulate the world to get what we want to either feel good about ourselves or to not feel good about ourselves, but not to feel who we really are. When we do not feel the primalcy of ourselves, we lack the capability to really know what is up, what is down, which is true north and where God resides for us. We are just lost in trying to figure it out, never knowing and never figuring it out. Making circles in the air.

The Mad Dog

The world views people who are immediate as mad - the mad dog is an insane dog. Society sees anyone who jumps out of line as crazy. A dog in a dream will often appear as a mad dog if we feel afraid of being crazy. But if we are in the Archetypal Realm, if we have a mad dog in a dream, the dog does not represent insanity. If we truly have insanity, it will appear in a dream as something terrible.

In the Archetypal Realm, there is no such thing as a bad mad dog. A mad dog is a dog that is raging mad. The tenacity of the raging dog is the tenacity we feel when we feel done with some aspect of ourselves. When we have done work to see the neurotic part of ourselves and we have broken through to another possibility, the comparison of the two states can make us feel like a mad dog, as if the new energy of the new place is aggressive and mean and that we should feel guilty about it. But when we have been so neurotic, the aggressive, positive energy may come out in a wonderfully insane way.

The mad dog, like a pit bull who is not going to let go, is not going to let go once it attaches itself to our libido, to our id. The key is to remember the mad dogs when making decisions in the outer life, to remember the mad dogs when we are in our feelings. Some may feel we are insane and guilt may want to come in.

The reverse principle of the mad dog is what happens to the energy of that juice when it is repressed. It goes underground and becomes nasty. The nastiness may be reflected in resentments where we suddenly find we are seething with rage and not knowing where it comes from. It comes from all of the vitality being pushed down. The resentment will interfere with our new life, our vulnerability. We cannot get rid of resentment except to transmute it by being the mad dog, by being in that passionate, juicy place and jumping through.

We have to follow our heart. It is a choice to follow our heart and the vitality rather than following the guilt. It is two sides of the libido and primacy - the resentment is contaminated and the new place is just powerful and scary.

Beholding versus Being Held

Pathology's greatest power is its ability to clone itself into something spiritual. To mask itself in the trappings of aesthetics. Beauty, the beatific, the miraculous. We can sit and stare and observe and feel we are a part of it.

It clones it by making us feel like we are participating in some holy thing because we behold it. If we behold beauty, then we are beauty. If we see beauty, accept it in our heart, then we are living in the wholeness. Of course, if we are truly enlightened, then this would make sense.

If we are not truly enlightened, we would feel this from a place of false humility along with the unwillingness to die and become. It becomes the fear of dying and becoming that which is holy versus having a relationship to the holy while maintaining our ignorance of self.

Aesthetic spirituality may say that we are holy and that this is enough. It may also say we cannot be holier than holy. The main issue is when the Animus comes and asks if we would consider jumping off a cliff with Him. If we do not say yes, if we do not jump, then we know that all the other ways we have lived spiritually are lies.

To see more miracles would mean that we would be lost to our self, lost from the past of what we know about ourselves. Most of us do not want to plunge ever forward into the unknown unless there is a way back.

It is safer to feel the holy without needing to become that which is holy. Finding the holy in certain ways, certain places is irrelevant. Once we become holy, the place of holiness is us, in us. We do not need to seek the miracle elsewhere. But this is terrifying for it means losing the ego's greatest act of all - perspective. The I/Thou in terms of I behold God rather than becoming held by God. If we can behold God, then we do not have to die. If we are held by God, we do.

The fear of dying is the fear of being annihilated or being totally alone, which

we already are anyway. The moment we jump or take the journey further than the point where we can return is the moment we feel the greatest aloneness. Ironically, we are always there anyway. We just deny it.

But to face it anyway is to become fully awakened to the fact that we are never alone. This cannot help us at the moment we jump for we simply jump. We simply want it so bad that we are willing to be nothing. Being nothing is the ultimate fear of death. If we jump, we can no longer define our experience, we lose the capacity for aesthetic spirituality because we are the experience. We live the experience of the jump.

Beauty is irrelevant at this moment. It will come later when we become that which is beautiful. We do not have to behold beauty. All we have to do is be in the moment of surrender and let go of the ego's tremendous incapability to perceive reality, to perceive God, to behold God. Suddenly, in the moment of surrender, we find we are not doing that.

It is not our perception of God that leads us to God. We create a perception and then we relate to the perception. In this work, the dreams challenge us to lose the perception and die to the experience; an experience that we cannot create because it is given to us. This is what is so scary because it is given to us when we die to self. Therefore, we cannot have the objectified, self-definition of what is happening. Living from our feelings limits our ability to objectify reality.

We just feel. When we feel, we are like a child. Children do not perceive themselves as doing things. They are just completely what they are - afraid or in pain or in joy or receiving love or loving. They are what they feel and this is what is so scary.

The ability to objectify feelings and make them into a story or experience is what aesthetic spirituality is and what pathology does so well. The loss of the self is simply the loss of the self that examines the self. Returning back to the self that experiences the self as it is, which can change from minute to minute, is something we have no control over.

Trust develops by doing the work. It is not rational. The question is do we trust enough to jump?



FINDING GOD THROUGH FEAR

We can experience the acceptance of fear as a way to move through trauma or the trauma of separation from God and as a way to find God. In some religions, like Catholicism, there is the idea that God did not create fear. Therefore, we can pretend that if we are of God, then we do not have to have fear. The very act of being a religious or spiritual person often carries the belief that if we are really with God, then we should not be afraid; if we are praying, if we are meditating, we should not feel fear. This works to create an idolatry of God. Since God makes us without fear, we need to make sure we do not have fear by being with God. This creates the idea that people of God are not afraid so we do not have to be afraid.

But we are still afraid. When we create the idea of people of God without fear, we create the idea of people of God without really being with God. This means that we just pretend to not be afraid. Ironically, the fear actually brings us closer to God. Denying the fear that we have means we cannot get closer to God. When we pretend we do not have fear, we pretend to be with God.

Feeling this can polarize us in our religious community to some extent, because we cannot really say this. People in the community will believe this is wrong. When we accept our fear, we are on a personal journey. We are separated from the relationship with religion which can be difficult, for the community may have given us the feeling of being supported or being affirmed because of our religious beliefs when we felt it was the way to find God. This is actually a form of pride - affirmation creates pride and pride is the enemy of fear. The more we can feel affirmed, the more we assume that the affirmation is God's love. But it is really just people, or ourselves, thinking we are great.

It is the gyroscope of self-acceptance - it is not the Divine love. This is why philosophy, religion, religiosity are idolatry because they are not about the personal relationship with God. But, if we have to face our fear to have Divine love, it is much easier to talk about it or be the one who has read more of the Bible than others or be the one who prays/meditates more. And it is easier to be the one to receive affirmation for all of that.

This is spirituality by committee. It is not really having a relationship with the Divine where we feel God's love and we do not need affirmation from others. This is where the issue of pride connects with affirmation and getting support - when we are affirmed, we do not have to face into our trauma or the fear that would bring us to God.

It is ironic that we move away from the thing that would bring us closer to God, even in our religions. Pride tries to cover up fear. Pride is affirmation from the world, the pride that makes us feel better, less afraid. But the fear always comes back.

When we can descend from our pride through our fear, the Animus can receive us. Then He will reveal himself to us and we can reveal ourselves to Him in the way we feel so personally unwilling to receive Him, the way which has something to do with our vulnerability and rawness.

In the story of Noah, God saved the world for one person. We can all be Noah, there can be thousands of Noahs. In the sea of billions of people, there can be thousands of Noahs. The capability for a person's soul to redevelop and reform on the physical plane is obviously important to God. To gain access into this plane of existence is important. We can become, when we find the connection, an access point for manifesting Divine love and purpose not only in our lives, but in this world. We can become a portal.

The fear is the portal to Him, but as we open to our fear, we become the portal for Him. This is the adventure and the life that unfolds. This is what we project onto movies/stories. The un-lived life is what is possible to live. Once we find the connection through the fear, we will have a life we could never have otherwise. Not only will we feel more, but we will be with Him in the most unbelievable adventure that we do not even know exists. The adventure of manifesting Divine love on this plane. What greater story can there be?

It is tragic how the world is lost. The deeper we go into reclaiming that connection for ourselves, the more we look at the world and see the shallowness and the lostness of everyone around us. It is really quite difficult. From this place, we do not want affirmation from the world because we have the love and we see that the world has nothing to give us because it is corrupted and crippled. Instead of affirmation from the world, we have compassion and pain. There is not a lot to get from the world and if we are with Him, we do not need the affirmation.

People get so discouraged with the world when they see the corruptness in it that then there is no God for them. They become fallen and compensate in some way such as doing drugs or becoming depressed. There are those who cannot live in the world at all because they cannot find God in it and they cannot have a pretend life either. These people who are the sick ones are really the ones closest to God in the sense that they cannot play the game. But they also have not found God either. It is just tragic all the way around.

Then there are people who are slogging through, doing their work to find God. Would God want the world to live for just one person doing this? Yes,

apparently. There are many more than just one person doing this kind of work, but there are not enough. He will accept the brilliance of the one. Pathology may attack by saying that one little grain of sand in a beach that stretches for millions of miles makes no difference at all. But this is a lie. When we are with Him, we do make a difference. With Him, we are part of a door into an incredible miracle that wants to be on this earth. This is important. It is about us.

When God Comes as Lightning

There are many reasons why we resist Divine love. When Divine love comes as lightning, it is not the same as the Animus kissing us, if we are a woman, or the Father loving and accepting us if we are a man. Divine love as lightning is different because electricity is a killer. We get hit with it and then we die.

Our ego is going to die in dreams. Breathing water is a death of the mind and it is very powerful. But lightning is more aggressive. We see lightning as fast or as rage. We use lightning bolts as a reflection of anger or violence because it is. It wants to and can cut through everything. Lightning is God's love in its most violent form.

Dream:

There is lightning inside of the house and it is bouncing around. I feel scared.

The lightning in this dream is reflective of the lightning that is inside of the dreamer and she can feel it. When it gets loose, it is going to rip and shred her concepts of self, the games she has played, everything she has done to survive and do it in a very violent way. Once released, she will feel a tremendous freedom from the ego self. It is a powerful primalcy that allows us to wake up.

The only thing more powerful than lightning in a house that has been repressed, is being hit by a lightning bolt.

If we try to control the process, for example by only letting the lightning out of the house in bits and pieces, it does not work. It is either all or nothing. It rips through or it is repressed. If we try to seek it out, it cannot have the affect it is designed for. It is simply waiting for the moment when it can sheer through the self.

Until then, we struggle to keep going deeper in the work until we can receive this type of energy. We can drown slowly, we can climb the mountain slowly, but we cannot let lightning affect us gradually.

To untrap it, we have to let go of control. Control is one of the ways to keep the lightning repressed as is shame. It can be terrifying to let go of the control and shame to let the lightning work because there may be a fear that we might do something stupid or destructive. Of course, this is not true even though it may feel this way. But what is going to be destroyed is the constructed life, the persona.

The Dark Man

When a scary man in a dream is actually pathological, it is a really serious for it means that pathology has a very powerful hold on the person. When a scary man appears in a dream, the choice is either to acknowledge that we are projecting our fear so that the Animus looks like a demon or that the scary man is scary.

To have the scary man be the Animus and be a target of our projection is a much better scenario than if we are a victim of a demon. Even though many would prefer to be a victim of the dark male because it means they do not have to feel responsible. But it is not a scenario we actually want. When someone has this, there are usually extreme psychological problems.

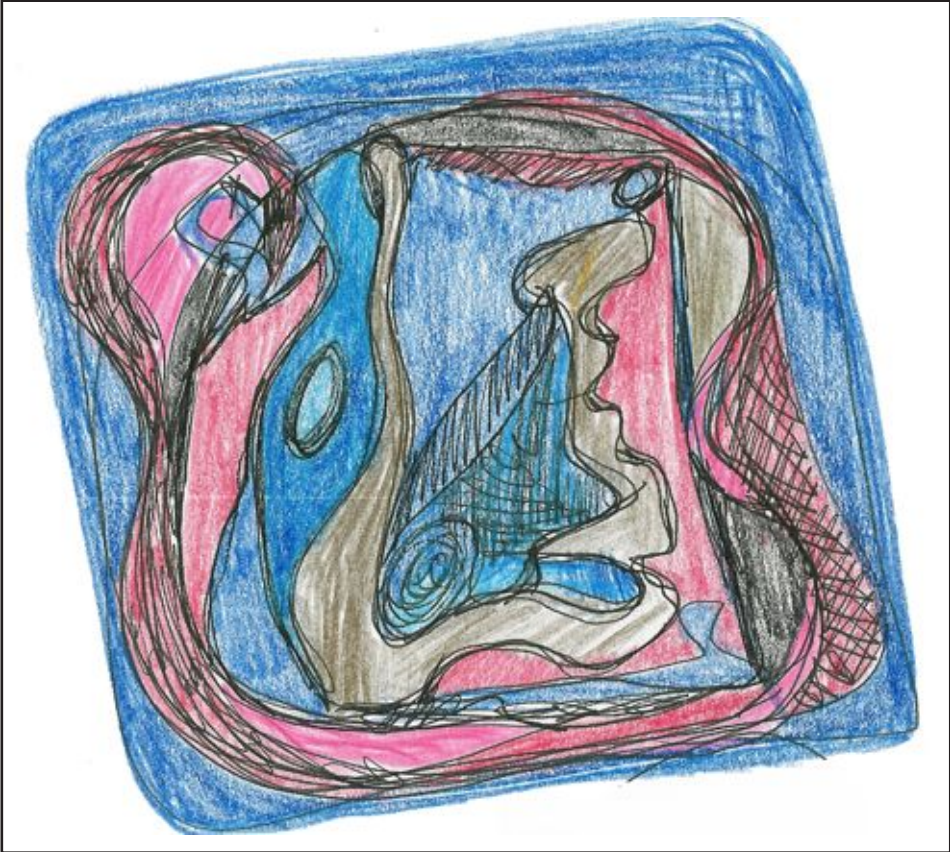
When the scary man is a projection of our fear, there is something we can do about it - we have a way out. We simply must face into our fear and we will find that the man is really wonderful.

But when he is truly a scary man, it is extremely difficult. We cannot overpower him because demons are usually stronger when they have that kind of power over us and we cannot control it. It is a fight we easily lose. Failure is more likely when fighting pathological demons in comparison with the projection of fear onto the Divine.

If the scary man is an Archetypal figure, the answer is to face into the fear, to be with the Archetypal figure and find out who/what He is.

Pathological figures and Archetypes do not fight except that they fight over us, through us. They are rarely engaged against one another in a dream. There are conflicts in dreams, of course, but these conflicts reflect the conflict in the person rather than conflicts between Archetypes and dark figures. We are the battleground, we are where the battle takes place.

Fear
Christa Lancaster



THE PERSECUTED AWAKENED CHILD

Cinderella's name was really Ella. They called her Cinderella because her sisters made her do the dirty work in the house, including cleaning out the cinders from the fire. The sisters and stepmother treated her like this because she was special and they had all given up. The sisters and the stepmother were bitter, angry, controlling, wanting everything without the love.

In every family there is an Ella. There is one person who is more vulnerable, more sensitive than everyone else, particularly in families that have neurotic tendencies. There is always the one who is considered weak or even stupid by the rest of the family. Both boys and girls can be Ellas. Ellas grow up believing that there is something wrong with them when actually, the thing we think is wrong with us is the very thing that is actually right.

Having a cinder issue means that the thing in us that is the most sacred, the most beautiful, the closest thing to God in our soul is the very thing we hate or feel ashamed about the most. Not only was this not supported, it was actively persecuted. When people have given up, they become angry. When they are angry and they see innocence, they punish the innocent because they feel punished themselves. They lash out. This is seen most obviously in school bullies. The bullies go after the most precious, innocent cinders in the school. We have done a great deal to stop school bullying, but it still goes on.

When we give up hope, we hate anyone who has hope. If we have hope and we are in a family without hope, then we grow up hating the very thing that is most precious in us.

We sometimes know that something is wrong, we have symptoms of something happening, but we really do not know what we suffer as much as the suffering is in us. This creates a split which is trauma. The only way to come to terms with the suffering is to feel into what happened. If we do not feel into what happened, we project symptoms out into the world which are blind spots. This comes out as behaviors or emotions, physiological body ticks, expressions of all kinds that reflect something that happened that keeps us from our primacy.

To know the suffering to the root of it is to become the child who suffers. If we have a suffering child self, then we must suffer the suffering of that child. We must feel into that suffering. If we project the suffering of the child into the world, then we suffer without reconciliation. There can be no reconciling, no healing.

Some people have the child self appear in dreams as healthy and happy, but some people have children in their dreams that are found in dumpsters, that are thrown away, that are dead, that are burned, that are deeply wounded. When the child is affected in this way as shown in the dreams, then the person is deeply wounded.

As a child, if we got hurt, it would get projected out through self-loathing based on turning back against the grain. It is a problem because in this place we feel that God is not in the world and if we were in the world, it was dangerous because the devil took the world over. We could have our sacred reality inside our head, but we did not dare bring it out into the world.

When we disassociate from the child self and then go into the world, it is extremely confusing. The bigger issue, however, is the reclamation of the self and having the child return to the world. To break the shame and the self-loathing would give us a circuit between the inner and the outer. We cannot do it halfway; we cannot hide in our imagination, even if it is fertile ground for the Divine.

Pathology loves the monk who lives in the woods and never comes out into the world. Pathology loves it because pathology runs the world and if we are going to know God, it wants us to stay in the piney woods or in our imagination or in the psychiatric ward. It does not want us out in the world.

When we exist in the world in a terrified state outside ourselves, it is because we are in trauma and we project the trauma into the world. It is a way to cope with the trauma. In this place, perhaps, we could find a way to be intimate in a one to one relationship in the bedroom. But this is an example of trying to find a safe place as the fulcrum point for referencing ourselves in the world.

We all do some variety of this whether it is based on trauma or just based on a sense of power that we feel. The point is that all of us have to become psychotic, we all have to lose however it is that we control so that we can move from objectifying reality to becoming one in the moment. To where we are not looking at ourselves or examining ourselves. Being in the moment, we lose our whole sense of control, ultimately falling with Him.

* * * *

Conjunctio, union, is the moment when we do not go back to our old selves. Essence is the ability to stand inside ourselves. Some people can have essence and still stand outside, but in conjunctio there is no room to stand outside because we become lost in the love, lost in Him.

But not really lost, of course. He has us. When He has us, we cannot look at the scene and have an opinion, a judgment, a pride, a shame, a fear, a pain. These are

all parts of how we are separated from Him. Inside conjunctio, we are lost in His love. The only way to claim the Divine love is to be lost from ourselves, to be just there in the moment, just feeling. In that moment, we are not objectifying our reality and examining or having an opinion about who we are, as we do in the gyroscope. Instead, conjunctio is the moment of just living in His deep well of love.

When the Animus comes into a woman through her vagina with His penis, it may not be conjunctio because the act serves to challenge the ego and draw her deeper into herself. Conjunctio in its truest form is not working to break anything because there is nothing left to break. We are just there without the separation of the I/Thou examining self. There is no I/Thou relationship in the way that Martin Buber explains it, which is the way we relate to God. This is a deeper relationship in which the Archetype disappears and there is a deeper immersion in the I/Thou to where it becomes conjunctio. We are in relationship, but there is no examination of the self in relationship to the Divine.

It becomes just us taking in the love. In that moment, our cup runneth over, the spring inside of us starts to flow and everything leaps out. The blood, the water, the mucus just leaps out of the boundaries and just floods our being. We just live in that flood of that connection.

This is the rarest of pearls. We are in the psychotic state where there is no I/Other, no I/Thou, no You/Me, no how do we look. It is I am that I am because of the love that we feel. We are what we feel, we are the love that we feel from Him. There is no fear, no pain, no shame. It is just the essence of that love.

What is excruciating, because it is indeed excruciating, is not the fear or the pain, although it may be part of it, but the love itself. It is like being hit by 12,000 volts.

In this place of the love is the sustenance. We can be in the world in front of 20,000 people or in a small group of 5, we can be alone or we can be with our spouse. It does not matter what is happening. When we are in this place of conjunctio, of the love, we do not worry about the world because we are not in the world even though we are in the world. Being truly psychotic is being truly outside ourselves, the self that is in the world. Even when we are in the world, we are not of it. We are of Him.

From this place, we can truly serve Him because there is no agenda. We are just with Him all the time even though we are engaging the world. Most advanced people are either in the world or with Him - they cannot do both things. Most people cannot even do this; they are just in the world. But the step from being in the world and being with Him becomes being with Him even though we are in the world. In this place, we are a true teacher for we are separated from the the part of ourselves that used to be in the world. We are in the place of death of self.

When Old Feelings Do Not Alchemize

The tendency of trauma is to replicate the feeling we had as a child. Alchemical transformation is about the new place, is about transforming the feelings,

but pathology wants to push up the memory of the past in order to combat the transformation.

At core levels of change, when the new feelings are emerging in the psyche through a dream, we are often in a battle. Even if we do not project the feelings, the issue may not be resolved. Usually, if we feel our feelings, the issue resolves, but there are times when it does not. Sometimes the feeling becomes a counterpoint to the next step. We hope that the old feeling resolves to the new feeling and one born anew, but when it does not happen, the rule of going back to the feeling so that something will happen does not always work. And sometimes, we cannot go back to the feeling. In this situation, when new feelings emerge at the same time, this would cause a block.

In the rare cases when old feelings do not alchemize, a more brutal or graphic way of moving forward is that we throw ourselves into the new feeling. This is true even when the new feeling is more pleasant than the old, unpleasant one. For example, it could be terror versus being surrendered, opened and loved. Even though the terror is more difficult, we are used to it and it is what we have built our whole life around. The focal point of the old self pulls us into the memory and the feeling/emotion. When a feeling is alchemized but one kernel does not, then it is a feeling/emotion.

This is an issue that can come in advanced work. When a dream shows a whole new feeling at this level, it is not appropriate to have the new feeling in a dyadic or oppositional relationship with the feeling/emotion because the new feeling is the new self that has already emerged. The new self that needs to be acknowledged by the self.

Theoretically, there should be a dyadic relationship where there is a promise of something to happen, the promise of feeling the old feelings so that they can alchemize to the new place. But when we are already very deep and very far into the alchemical process, the dyadic relationship is no longer possible. Every feeling that is given us, when in this place, is the feeling to work from.

Instead of working with a dyad, we work with the feeling as it is. The old feeling/emotion that is not resolving through the regular alchemical work requires resolution by simply forcing ourselves to feel the new feeling. The new feeling is usually palpable - which in a dyadic form would not be the case. In dyadic form, the new feeling would be impossible to feel.

The new feeling is akin to coming home. It is who we always were and we can somehow recognize it. The old feeling/emotion is what we still believe we are. This can create a psychotic place where we may feel lost since we cannot be related to the old feelings and it is so new to be in the new feelings. In this case, which is tricky, we must introject the new feeling.

The Clitoris

On the Bed with Him

Laura Ruth



Dream:

I am young and small and present. My heart of hearts, my vulnerability, my naked body, aches for Him. His smile so big and radiant like suns and pure pleasure and delight and laughter. He smiles at my vagina. It is warm. I feel as if I could play forever here. Rest here, play here, be totally still here in the all of it all.

In Laura's drawing, her vagina is open to the eyes of the man. Out of this comes the girl. This drawing shows that a woman's vulnerability around her vagina is actually like a little girl. The vulnerability around the clitoral area brings up the girl. Any damage to the girl affects the clitoris and the vagina in various ways.

The clitoris in the drawing is the little girl, even though she appears as a phallus. When a woman experienced terror as a girl, terror of her father for example, she will feel that fear and carry the vulnerability of her fear in the acute place of her sexuality, her clitoris.

Fear of having union with the Animus or true union with a man from the place of a woman's deepest vulnerability is difficult because the union is of the little girl. A woman is the most exposed in that place because it is where the little girl resides. If the woman is not connected to it or if she has been damaged, raped, abused or molested so that it is somehow separated from her, then she will be frigid or use her sexuality to gain control or be orgasmic as a way to release her fears. There are many ways in which women deal with the girl through their vagina or clitoris.

Of course, many men are unclear about the purpose of the clitoris and many men just ignore it. The result is that many women have encounters with men they love where they are expected to have sex and are supposed to be satisfied with being entered by the man without stimulation of the clitoris. There is a lot of shame around the clitoris and there are a lot of men who are ignorant about it.

In the movies, the image is that the women are not stimulated but that they go crazy or are expected to go crazy because something enters them. But this is not how women biologically work. There are also cultures that still remove the clitoris by performing clitorectomies or female circumcision. This is still done today because the girl is seen as evil.

Many people do not want to deal with the girl and her excitement, her joy, her energy. The girl is terrifying to men who do not want a woman to be alive and free and energetic. The clitoris is the one region on the woman's body which is the doorway into the soul. This is why it is so misaligned and why there is such confusion around it.

Conjunctio is actually an aspect of union with the Animus that involves the deepest core of the woman. Vaginally, this means the clitoris. The vulnerability and the child are all part of the clitoris. The Animus understands this. He comes to a woman in that place by psychologically unraveling the ways she has covered up the little girl.

Conjunctio is the revelation of the little girl in the act of love. Not just sexual love, but the expression of revealing that as a permanent part of the woman's personality. This is the basis for the vulnerability which is the potency. The potency the woman can claim for herself.

Out of this potency, the child can grow into a Valkyrie, she can grow into a whole woman. A woman who is capable through receiving her soul child self and the love of the Divine into her deepest soul and who, through the receiving, can move toward the woman she is to become. Women have the capability but they also have the wounds that make it so terrifying to reveal that level of nakedness.



FROM LAURA RUTH

I am learning about how to come into the world as myself, the girl in the closet. The one who went into the closet and did not want to come out. The one who was glad to have it finally be over.

Here, in the great mysterious way this work works, I can have my girl, my vulnerable, open, pulsing, sensual self that is the doorway to the boy in me, the fast, tawny, bloody wild boar in me, the energy that the Animus can unite with in the world.

In a dream, I was given the heart of my trauma, the feeling experience that I had not yet fully felt. Feelings came up, from this dream, that I had not allowed myself to actually feel as a child in the world. Rather, I had dissociated and kept them cloistered in some separated part of me. As if that part had never incarnated or shared itself in the world. I realize now that I led a life that no one saw but that I knew very well. A life that never was really here, incarnate. A life that separated me from life, from myself, from my connection to the Divine.

In the dream, the girl I knew I was, maybe 7 years old, was being kept in an abandoned building in a war ghetto by the grandfather, white-haired, strong but bent, in a long black coat and black hat. As I worked with this dream, I may really have been 4 or 5, but my little girl grew serious and quiet very young, too aware, too awake, too young. She appears older than she is. And in this apartment in the abandoned ghetto, she is being kept by her grandfather, not allowed to look out the windows, not allowed to leave this confined space that has been defined as safe, not allowed contact, a prisoner in the world and hidden from it. Separated from her girl self who knew anything other than: I cannot allow myself to be seen, they do not like me. It is not my fault, it is just that they do not like me because of who I am. My grandfather will feed me until this is over.

When I know the soldiers are coming again to search the abandoned buildings, I am relieved to be put behind the panel in the closet. I feel myself entirely in the dream. It is dark and small, big enough to sit with my knees against my chest pressed against the back wall. It is painted black inside and out so that it will not be seen, and my grandfather seals me in there. He will not fight, he will go with the

soldiers. There is no sustenance in the closet. Either I will die or someone will eventually find me. I am simply glad it is over.

I welcome the dark space, the smallness, the blackness. I am finally alone with my God here and I find relief in the thought that I may be returning to Him soon, to Him and to Her, to the warmth and embrace of beings who love me. Those who I have been separate from, separated from, who I could not feel in the apartment, not like this.

It is a relief to be alone, separate from my protector, the dark father, my grandfather. Who, although I know he took care of my need for food whenever possible, had no feeling for me either. Did not regard me as a person really, did not know me. Here in the closet I am suddenly known. In the blackness, I have a hope that had left me. The crushingness of living steeped in knowing the rejection has become softer, become a blanket wrapped around me. I no longer have to continue in the world.

These things are so hard to talk about. These states of knowing and feeling, of trauma and opening and alone. The blackness of the closet was like a balm for me, for the child in me, who tried for so long to override the feelings of hurt and rejection in order to continue, to survive as a living human being, tortured on the inside by sensations that were not allowed expression, continuing, continuing to be silent and calm in the midst of the horror. Continuing to continue, tucking away what was known . . . they hate you, it is not your fault, they cannot help it, if they see you it will make them do terrible things they would not do unless you existed, do not show yourself, do not let them see you . . . tucking myself away behind the absence of love.

In the dream I see the empty husk of self that lives behind the curtain, never getting too close to the window for fear of being seen, for fear of causing harm or sensation or violence. My dreams as a child were full of this violence I was afraid to provoke. It lived within me like a raging storm. It was kept invisible, in check, by the dark father, the whoremaster, the grandfather who would have me slowly starve, separated from both the world and my God, who wanted me to trade my true self, my girl, for some kind of belief in the power of darkness. Trade my love for fear and separation, educate me in the fear of darkness, of hatred. Make it bigger than life. Trade my love for the belief that I was not loved, could not be loved. Trade my love for the experience that my love caused great harm, that I was an aberration. That I was abhorred.

I am struck by the relationship between the words aberration and abhor as I look for the words that mean something to me. I wanted to spell aberration with an 'h' at first. The 'ab' words, ab as away . . . and abhor, to shrink away from in horror, to shudder, to bristle with fear. Detest, hate. To find repugnant, extremely distasteful, unacceptable. To whore away, as the grandfather wanted to do with me, keep me in that contained and separate place, away, away from self, God, other. Away from self in the world with God. Kept, in the apartment behind the curtains in the abandoned ghetto, knitted to and knotted with the belief that it is not okay for me to exist, to be

seen. Knitted, wedded to the fear of causing harm by my very being.

This is the core of my wound, my experience and my reaction to my experience.

Later that same night in another dream, I found myself in the closet and hearing someone outside. The dream was continuing. A young and vibrant fellow with a big heart who did, somehow, seem to know me, opened up the panel in the closet and took me out. I felt small and grateful in His strong, living twenty-something arms, my heart rushing towards Him in the ache of surprise that it could be here, in the flesh, a touch that cared for me, tiny as I was.

In the closet, I no longer hide myself for the sake of others. I no longer battle with fear about my own existence. Here, no one knows and it is finally just me and Them. I no longer have to hide myself to satisfy my grandfather the whoremaster who wants only to perpetuate the shell of a human being, the husk of a life lived in the apartment. Scared of the light falling upon skin, scared of being revealed. He does not want me to be seen. Not ever. So much so that when he can no longer control my existence he wants me shut up in the panel behind the back wall of the closet.

Here I begin to feel the hurt. The rejection. Just that. Myself. I can begin to feel myself, the vulnerable girl-child, held by Love.

I had this experience in my dream after a period of feeling held in the Big Love as never before. I lived for several months in the sensation of being loved around the clock, throughout the day, no matter what. Simply loved.

I was strengthened by that, loved into a stronger container for all that I had not yet acknowledged as the truth of my feeling in the world, the depth of the rejection that had been unbearable. Now, loved, it was safe to feel the hurt.

Feeling the hurt I can now feel the vulnerability of the girl. The wounded vulnerable becomes the innocent vulnerable. In another dream later that month, I am doing my homework with the Animus and I feel an orgasm moving through me, pulsing and surging, the energy making my vagina huge, present, creature-like, reaching, pressing, and then suddenly I pull back in shame when I feel it touch my dear Christa's body when we hug hello. The place where I pull away from the intimacy, in the dream I cry out with the pain of it, the pain of pulling away in shame, of feeling myself betray myself, betray her by hiding what is real. Hiding myself, taking myself out in the possibility of intimacy. The kind of spiritual intimacy that moves mountains. Cuts through lies. Is honest and real and present. Is infused with the Animus, holds His sword high. The sensuality that becomes the vitality and juice of the boy. The vulnerability that feels its desire, its hunger and need and assumes it is okay. The boy boar rushing, messy, wild through.

It was not easy to be the girl in the closet in the world. My work for weeks was to return to her. Feel her. Feel her pain, feel her heart. There in the closet, the confusing sensation of the pulsing vagina would well up, so open and powerful. And then the work was to press with that feeling into those I knew this spiritual intimacy with, those in the world who I felt the possibility of that intimacy with. Know that

openness. Not hide it. And be the girl in the closet.

She was my salvation from the continuer - the girl who could not be loved because she was kept in the apartment by the grandfather and buried her feelings of pain, of hurt, of rejection, in the act of staying alive in her prison of calm behind the curtains. Unseen, caring to remain unseen. Quiet. Not feeling. This girl projects on the world her sense of rejection and cannot believe she is loveable. Cannot believe anyone would want her, could stand to see her. Hearing her makes them crazy, inhuman, so she stays away, to protect them from herself.

When the girl in the closet was asked to speak, early on, in personal, couple's and supervision sessions, this pathology, the girl in the apartment kept by the whoremaster, tried to keep her silent, choking her. It was one of the hardest battles I had ever engaged in. To speak past the choking strangling grasp of the whoremaster and the girl in the apartment was a physical as well as a spiritual battle. In my marriage, this pathology had wanted to silence me, destroy me, kill me, and at the same time tell my husband he was bad and wrong. It wanted to provoke a reaction that could keep on going, begin a cycle of torment that could never circle back to the truth, to the truth of the girl in the closet. To her feeling self. To Ken's soul self, his feeling life and our mutual desire. It wanted to keep our marriage bereft. It is terrified of our marriage becoming the powerful vehicle of the spirit that it can be.

It wants to sabotage the boy, who is at the heart of my work in the world in North of Eden. The one who can connect in a dynamic and vibrant way with the Animus.

To the girl in the closet, has come babyMan, the strange baby in another dream with the Man's head, who shows me by my/His feeling expression where to find the Dancing Man, who teaches me about desire and wanting as He dances with the Man, who leads me to myself with Him. Feeling the new conjunctio, the union through this me and Him and melting baby body into me with Him and somehow beyond words and description a becomingness, together becoming something new and of union.

And now the exhilaration I felt with the speed of the boar, the bloody boar, who then tussles with my hesitation and self-doubt. My resistance fighting, my resistance to becoming who I am, with Him, in the world. Coming out of the closet softer, broken and feeling. Feeling the vulnerable. And by the tidal waves, loving them, the exhilaration again, then concern, then stepping into it, the uncertainty, and then the thick of the battle, fighting beside the boy, Ken with us, our swords cutting off the arms of the demons, the techno branches of inhuman hands.

When I feel the boar, I can be pretty messy. The boy can be obnoxious. In the boy boar there is a joy and ease in the cutting through the crap to what is real. I am terrified if I stand back and think about it . . . and when I am working I feel immersed, constant, certain . . . trusting the not knowing, the guidance . . . delighting in it all, in the questions, the following, the directness of this strange and wonderful relationship . . . the intelligence and humor and truth of that which is so much bigger than me.

I am learning about who I am as a teacher. As a leader in this work. And standing alone, being singled out, noticed, this has always been terrifying to me. My pathology has worked all my life to keep me invisible and unprovocative. It had me believe my existence caused trauma for others and so I had no right to exist. I have known this a long time. Knowing it and feeling it are two different things. Knowing it, feeling it, going through those feelings and coming out the other side are all part of the process, all places I must go through. It is all about union, coming out on the other side is part of the conjunctio. In there, in all this, I leave behind any sense of myself that is separate from Him, separate from the tender and vulnerable girl capable of such intense intimacy, and separate from the juicy energy of the boy with his messy vibrant truth cutting through, battling beside the Animus. I notice this. Notice how scared I am. Notice how it is all I have. Cycling through is what we do, cycling through these places of separation, back to the union, through separation, back to feeling, to union, into union, into new fields of union, into into stepping into further into with with . . . through the separation into union . . . staying with . . .

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Dream:

I am in the air and flying, as I used to find myself sometimes doing, at night, out of body. I am soaring over the landscape and dipping down and up and out. I am moving fast, very fast, and it just happens. I remember that I learned that if I face into my fear, I keep on going, entering the exhilaration through the fear at these heights, at this speed. If I get lost to my fear, afraid of what is happening, I find myself back where I began. In my bed. As I remember this, I experience the joy of the dipping and turning and soaring up. It is like hurtling. Through space. Through air.

Dream:

I am in a space capsule going straight up fast. We go through a flock of blackbirds. There is an opening at the bottom of the craft, like a tin can just opened part way, near me, where some of the flock come in. They cover the round wall in a black half moon mass near the opening. I reach toward them and touch what I now believe is a bat. I feel small, alone, repulsed.

I saw the blackbirds, knew their wings. And yet when I touched, I felt bat, slimy. I did not know which they were when I awoke. Just that feeling of crouched in the capsule with what I now believed was bats blanketing part of the wall, blasting

through the upper reaches of the sky.

I was shy as a child and scared. And I saw the bats and the birds.

I loved fiercely as a child. And I saw the birds and the bats.

I was not free as a child. I hurt. I loved, and I knew my sensual self, even delighted in it. I had strong, strong feelings and did not give up. I kept trying to make sense out of the world. I just could never really figure it out. Nature made sense to me, comforted me. People seemed to make a mess of things, especially the older they got. The grown up world seemed devoid of life and love; old people just did not seem to care.

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The Alchemy of becoming versus the self-loathing. There it is. There was a rejection that I experienced as a child that I never allowed myself to feel until recently. When I first scratched the surface of it, I noticed it everywhere. It began to unseat me. I could feel it get in under the exterior of myself and cut into the rawness of my sense body. This is so hard to put into words. This way maybe. The hurt was fresh and deep inside, the wounds newly cut, and cutting, but way inside. As I moved through my day I could feel them, the knives of the old hurt, digging into places deep inside my body. Deep, freshly cut, pain. The pain was undermining the sensation I had been awash in, that I was loved all the time, night and day, good or bad.

I can feel them now inside cutting me. Last night, I cried with the voice of a young child. My head got so snotty I could not breathe. My husband Ken is acknowledging the way his pathology tried to shred me, this time without wanting me to be responsible for causing him to do this. The relief I feel is so great that the pain rises and wells out in buckets, heaving what feels like a tiny body racked with grief.

What a miracle that I could receive something like this through the world, through my husband. I know it is a gift from higher sources and why it comes this way to me is a mystery. Last night the healing went deeper than the marriage, beyond childhood, into some timeless territory. All I know is something was touched, very old.

I remember sealing myself away to it as a child. Not so much that I sealed the child away. But sealed myself away with it. I tried to remain hidden and sometimes did a horrible job of it. Things would burst out of me before I knew it, I would forget. The force of denial in me was very strong. I have discovered recently that there was, of course, the girl who continued. Who existed outside the seal, outside what became both my abyss and my sanctuary, and walked like a ghost in the world, afraid to be seen. I never really learned how to work in the world. To fit and be fit. But I learned to walk. I started walking very young. It was a way to stay alive for me.

There were places where I suddenly felt home, and then I would try to bring myself into the world there. Show myself. Because I had a great love within me, I often thought there was a possibility for being myself where there actually was not room for the whole kit and caboodle. I never learned how to do the part way thing.

Then I would find myself blasted again and retreat.

This was my battle as a child. It became an interior battle because I took responsibility for the absence of love. How could anyone love me anyhow? Somehow something happened with people, they changed, they forgot. And I provoked them and reminded them about something they did not want to remember and I do not know what or how but it just caused all kinds of bad things to happen.

When I took responsibility for being the cause of the pain I embodied the dark male. I ate the self-hatred. Rather than feel the depth of pain and fear of the hatred I felt in the world, I turned it on myself. I wanted to self-destruct, wanted out. And I knew it was wrong. I knew my life was God given and I knew I could not take my own life. Why I thought I could take responsibility for what happened, be the cause of the pain, I do not know. There was a fierceness in me, a fierceness of love and light that knew things, and then there was this other part that wanted to die. I do not remember ever not knowing both these things at once. At some point before memory, the battle became a physical burgeoning within that ached to self-destruct, to carve the word STOP in my arm, to throw myself through glass, to bleed, to shatter. I used to have to hold myself, stop my limbs from hurting myself. It feels now like a cry inside, a scream. I always tried to hide it of course. And I would go through the physical throes of it until it finally passed, then, exhausted, I would just cry and cry and shake.

The girl in the apartment, one of my girls in a recent dream, learned to walk around like this, with this violence occurring within. I would walk about stunned and unaware of what was around me, going through the motions of living as a shattered being. Whatever was asked of me, I just did it. Refuge was always in nature, once in a while with a person, or in the spirits I felt on the other side.

I did not have much of a relationship with the disembodied self. I knew more the part of me that was in the battle. I was well aware of the two sides. Told my mother about them when I was seven. In the seven-year-old, mind I heard them as the good voice and the evil voice, and I did not know which one was speaking to me. What I remember is the split, the great love and the enormous pain on the one hand, the will that wanted to tear me up from the inside out and destroy the body I lived in on the other.

I have much more of a sense for that interior landscape than for what happened in my life in the world. I remember going back to one of the houses I lived in as a child and still not recognizing it inside. It startled me.

I never knew what was true. Except these things I knew inside that I felt so strongly. Out there it all seemed like a big mystery to me.

Inside, I was the girl flying or the girl in the space capsule huddled up in the corner repulsed by the bats. This was my relationship with myself. In the corner, I was separated from God and lost. Alone. Lately, I have experienced a piece of the pain that would not alchemize, would not move and transform, no matter how much I feel into it. It is this place of self-hatred, of being responsible for being unlovable. The

place where I took that on. Feeling pain can tip into the alone place and stay there. I have had work to be tumbled by the Archetypes in the waves, seeing their long fingers in front of my face as they roll me in the water. Then I know I am home. I feel relief, comfort. I know I am loved. I am free. The motion is exhilarating. Then I am gone and find myself feeling the pain alone. In the spaceship with the self-hatred, I feel only the pain of lost and alone. How can I be loved? I am unlovable here.

The familiar nature of the pain lost and alone is becoming more conscious. It is as if when I am winning the battle I am aware of the battle, can feel so strongly what I am fighting. When I am losing the battle, I wander into the world as the one who is in the piece of the pain that is lost and alone. I have been very unconscious of the lost battle. I wake up in the battle itself, energetically aligned with the Love and the pain that becomes compassion, alive with the passion.

I am learning about how much I gave up. This is deeply distressing to me. And yet I know I am loved. How is this? And why does it drag at me, why do I feel the fresh cuts of self-hatred if I know I am loved? When I can feel myself in the wave.

I think I did some really twisted thing, like take what I could not deal with around me, the lack of capacity for love I felt in the world, in my family, in the town, in the bigger political arena, in the world arena which I woke up to very young, took this absence of love and just owned it as mine. Unable to comprehend what people did to one another, when I knew we were all human beings sprung from God like flowers out of grass, I decided I was what was wrong. In my family, I was convinced I made them act that way. I was too much. In the community around me, they did not seem to mind what they felt. Why I thought I could feel what they felt I do not know. I just looked at people and I felt where they were hurting. I do not know what was at work. I felt pain. I got at some point that they did not feel it like I did.

I have a lot of fear.

I have to keep turning into the fear, facing through the fear. I know there is within me a very obnoxious boy. Many of the people I work most closely with know something of him, have seen him. I feel him. I do not feel him now. I do not feel him when I feel the fresh cuts. I begin to feel the energy waken inside when I am in the wave. When I am in the air. When I am in the fear.

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I woke up this morning from a dream with three children, two of them nursing. One a toddler. There was a man there too. I was with him and the children. There were a lot of people near by. But we were doing something of our own thing. Getting ready to leave I think. I felt good with him, remember putting my hands on his waist as we were preparing (I was giving him some stuff, maybe compost, to take out while I gathered up the kids) and feeling his skin and loving him. I felt partner with him. We were the same size.

What it was like to be an awakened child and how I was persecuted for that.

Right now I am aware that everything I do is infused with the returning to my

bed. The return to bed is cold, isolated, separated, lifeless. I can feel the dashing and darting soaring of the dream where I am becoming. It breaks through that other stuff. I feel it inside of myself. I feel how I restrict that motion out of fear. How in everything, it is vivid and yet there is something in the translation to the world - my translation of my own self in the world, that dilutes it, internalizes it, contains it. I feel how the fear infuses the movement, is the motion and how exciting and exhilarating it is, how free and loving and open I feel if I let myself into it . . . I can go there, be with that . . . maybe with NOE it comes out a little more because over and over again I have exposed my true self without being pummeled. Look at my reaction to the stigmata dream. This amazing experience of breaking open into Him, into Belonging with the Beloved, and I was terrified that I would have to speak of it, tell people my dream.

I do not think I ever told people about the out of body experiences where I learned about what would happen if I faced into my fear and united with my desire, how I would continue into these vast spaces and move in the most lovely and exhilarating way, or, if I got lost to the fear how I would be immediately back in my bed. Alone, cold, separated. Right back where I started.

Containing my inner experience, living with it inside and stopping it on the outside. Perhaps this is what I always did with myself.

Even in that moment of the experience, waking up from this place, I was above, suddenly feeling the intensity of the fear, going to the dream and feeling the soaring, how it is the soaring, darting through space around that magnificent landscape of giant tree and land . . . I do not know if it is all the same trees or many or some, there is always this recognition of the huge tree. I do not know if it is opening my heart or if it is a distraction.

I feel as if I have been hiding something from myself for a long time . . . something of this place that I know and am familiar with that I do not want to expose to the world? That I am afraid to unite with in body? That has always been separate from my worldly experience?

* * * *

And there I feel my fear of truly being with my experience again. My deepest fear is truly embracing myself in all the depths of my experience in the world. Living with my experience within, in the inner chamber, and not revealing on the outside, to the outside, to the world, that this is indeed where I live most of the time. I identify more with the inner experience, it is more real to me, it is what I remember. I remember the joy of it bursting out with nature, with a few who were safe. I am ageless there, a child woman, and wholly myself.

And yet there is something in me that tampered with my own acceptance. The part that did not understand what was so repulsive about me, but could read the signs. Some part that believed it was not okay in the world. That ultimately in the world, to the world, it was me, something about me was wrong.

This shame colors my acceptance of myself as a human being in the world. It is somehow tangled up with the pain I saw and felt all around me, was vividly and viscerally aware of. The lens of shame overlays my experience, and I am caught in a limbo land between worlds. As a child, there was a fine line I walked in my day to day existence, between the outer world and my private inner world. I fought through a web of foggy consciousness to reconnect with what I knew as my true self. The one out soaring around the giant tree. The one that had no question of the fear and the love, the excitement and exhilaration. I was often instead the one who was returning to the bed in a daze. In terror. Returning to the bed means I let the fear turn that corner into shame. I let the shame crowd my joy. Returning to the bed is the moment of terror when someone might find out. When someone might know what it is that happens. When I believe I cannot fully embrace my world because there would be some meeting of the two, some place where I would have to be in my trueness in the big outer world. When my reality would be exposed to the coldness of the absence of love, where I was repulsive.

Stopping my inner experience from showing on the outside, separating it in its own little container of a world, one which gets foggy through the lens of shame. The familiar nature of the giant tree, and then how I questioned it at first, questioned what I knew, and then when I knew for sure, how I cloistered that. Did not say it at first. What is so threatening about having been here before, to the place of this dream? What is so shameful about knowing this landscape, this gigantic tree? What is so terrible about experiencing it as magnificent beyond earthly measure, about having seen its tremendous size, knowing it was not of this earth? What is so awful about being in the archetypal world and knowing I have been there many times?

The joy and delight I feel and know there is a fact of my existence. It has been since I was a child. I always held onto it, I never let it go. It gave me strength when all else failed, when I felt broken beyond repair. I did not know how to share it. I even questioned if it was right to share it. And healing is not about it being necessary to share it. It is simply about accepting it, welcoming it into my life in the world. Welcoming my life in the world into it.

I feel myself, often throughout a day, leaping over that chasm where I wove myself a bridge of self-hatred as a child. It was all I knew to do. I connected my worlds with a fine line, a razor's edge, and it was woven out of self-hatred. I came out of my sequestered inner world to live there, on the bridge, without even knowing I was living as a shade of myself.

I am learning how to close the gap. Sometimes it takes leaping into the fear, the intensity of feeling and simply staying with it. Leaping into the soaring, darting around the giant tree without shame. Noticing, feeling how it is to bring myself present in the world from my ground, my wellspring there. Practicing just being myself, united with the truth of my experience, without words, just recognizing my root, my being, my meaning. What is it to live in the awareness and life force of that love and joy and compassion and terror without the veil? Without relegating myself

to the narrow bridge woven of self-hatred? What is it like to simply leap over and remember. Remember what I know, and be here, in the world, with my experience of being loved.

Without forcing myself to try, try, and try again, to be in the world without myself? For as a child, that is what I believed I must do. Find a way to be here without the stain of my true self, wrecking havoc and causing pain. Internalizing, deep in the bone, the belief that I must have done something wrong to incur such repulsion. Repulsed by myself, ashamed that I didn't know what it was that was so horrible about me.

In my work, I am learning how to make that leap when the shame wants to take me out. I am learning how to accept myself as the girl flying around the tree, the one who has nothing to be or do in order to be acceptable. I am learning to stand in the world as a child of God who is loved. I am learning to accept God's love without leaving the world, to stand in it, even when it is difficult to stay. To reconnect with how deeply I know that I do not have to be or do anything to feel the love.

As a child, part of what I hid from the world is what I knew about love. How true it was. How deep and powerful it is. How loved we all are. This is also what came bursting out at times. What lived beneath my devotion, my commitment, my will, my determination. I do not know how I knew this as a child, but I did. It was a certainty. And knowing that was painful. I felt the love and the pain move through me all the time. Even when I was numb in the world, paralyzed on the bridge of self-hatred, I knew myself on the other side and felt the love and the pain. I am beginning to recognize this is simply part of who I am, part of my gift. It is not anything I do or become. It is just me. My girl. It scared her, all that feeling. But she trusted it first. Awash in the love. Awash in the pain. Trembling with fear. Jumping with joy. She is my source, my strength, because she is so loved, and lives in that love. She is the child, the lover, the innocent. She is the one who can grow beyond the shame and self-loathing, and bridge the worlds of my outer and inner life in a new way.

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I woke up one Sunday at a retreat and walked alone through the field. The storms had broken and the morning was clear. The sparkling clarity of the mountains was stunning and I remembered my dream. It caught my breath. Made me cry out a little.

Dream:

There is a huge new mountain, towering above what I have always seen, as if we are suddenly seeing for the first time a peak that had always been there. It feels like God's Love.

The Mountain



Just a couple of days ago I woke with a dream where I was in Keene Valley with a group and the Animus came as a young man. There was recognition, and I felt the love for Him just pouring out of me and I turned all my attention toward Him. When He said He had to leave, that He would be back, I did not want it to be too long, I did not want Him to go and I felt all that love just fly out of me toward Him, after Him and as my arms and heart flung out after Him, a piece of plastic or paper I had in my hand flew out after Him, too. There was a gasp from a girl in the back, shocked that I had let a piece of trash fly, and I felt cut, stung, at that instant. Christa was sitting there, across from me and a tear was on her cheek. She said, “That was a love gesture. You would be appalled to see what you did.”

In this dream, I could feel again where I separate from my love in that shame, in that fear of exposure. That is what Christa was talking about in the dream, how I allowed the girl to take me out of my love. My love and my feeling of being loved. When I felt cut, stung, it was like waking out of a dream to find myself in a nightmare. It is how I felt as a child. It is how I leave myself in the world. I feel how painful it is when I allow myself to see it, taste it. Experience this as the pain that it is. It wants me to pull myself back and away, take my love for Him and hide it in my own vivid inner world. Not let it be seen. Leave my body, my experience behind and let the shell continue on without me.

That Sunday at the retreat when I awoke, I received guidance to share in group what happened when I was raped thirty years ago. I did not know for twenty-five years

following that I had been raped. What I needed to share was that the separation was already strongly embedded in my psyche. This man was a new friend, a teacher where I was studying, ten years older, and a massage therapist as well as artist. He wanted to give a massage to me, and he said, there is nothing sexual here. As soon as I started to lie down on the table, I could feel my body, an energetic body of mine, separate from my physical body and sit bolt upright in a state of alert. I knew something was not right, this was not safe. But I did not pay attention. I let my physical body remain lying down on the table, as if all was fine. Afterwards, it happened again when he told me it was good after a massage to lay down and rest a little while. That it was okay with him if I fell asleep. As he led me to his bed I felt my energetic body turn to walk out the door but again I just let him lead me. It was as if my consciousness left with that energetic body. When I woke up sometime later he was inside me. I have no idea how that happened and I could not believe it then. And I could not understand the change in him, how mean he had become. How forceful when I tried to come out of the grog and push him away. How cutting if we crossed paths over the last few days of the program. How little I knew or felt of my experience has carried through even the telling of it, making it easily forgotten. Disappeared.

That girl in the dream wants me to keep it all inside, separate from the world. She wants to shame me, prove once more how wrong and unlovable I am. In the dream, I let her hurt me. I felt the sting. In that instant, it made me shudder, clutch, in the fear. It does not matter if it is my love, my pain, my fear, my experience, what I did or did not do. I had exposed something she did not want seen.

The scariest thing of all. Exposing that I love and am loved.

My homework from the mountain is to know that God is here. This is revelation to me, that God exists in the world, bigger than all that would be oppressive. That He sees me, and I see Him, cuts through the shame.

The extremes that I have lived in are shocking to me. That I could feel God's love in my inner world, that I could experience my inner world so much more consciously than my life in the outer world, that I could convince myself that I was separated from that love when I was in the world . . . that the world was devoid of Him . . . What have I done?

I see the mountain and it is excruciating. So excruciating. I ache and cry and scream. Crying and screaming in the agony and anguish of being seen by God in the world. I have been using this work for everything, talking to Him rather than the people I am with, feeling Him, seeing Him, being seen by Him, knowing that He is here in the world for me. This feels like being shattered, being unmade, being remade, being taken apart, being put back together. It is that I cannot turn away. This work does not let me turn away. I have to stay here and it is painful, it is scary. I always turned away.

*I always turned away
and with this homework I cannot turn away.
And it is excruciating.*

It is like when he gave me the word fugue-state. I did not know what it meant. Just knew that it felt that way. I glanced at a Reader's Digest magazine a week after using the word fugue-state to describe what I am learning about how I have lived my life and found a physician's description of dissociative fugue. "A memory shutdown accompanied by a willful wandering far from home . . ."

The mountain challenges all that. The mountain says I am here. You are here. Be here with Me.

I am so afraid. I feel like a piece of meat on tenderhooks. I do not know how they work, but to stay here and not run, to stay here and not go inside of myself, is like being held up, dangling, under my arms, feeling tender. I do not know where this will lead me. This morning, I still feel the excruciating, I feel pain breaking over, often softly like quiet waves of grief. Last night I felt the agony of it, screaming out instead of in.

There is something about it being okay to be here that feels excruciating to me. I feel welcomed by God here, seen by the mountain. And knowing it is not in my inner world but in the big wide teeming world of bodies and busyness and through it and in it and rooted, knitted, wed to it, always always, always is a truth that is almost unbearable to me. I keep returning to it, feeling it, feeling the truth of it, the excruciating reality, and I do not know what to do with it. There is nothing to do with it but feel it, follow the feeling, let it take me wherever it goes, keep my eyes on the mountain.

In this homework I keep looking at the mountain. How it towers there. How immense it is. How here it is.

I feel like trembling and falling down before it. My old way would be to fall into myself and disappear. To not face this that rises up in me as I look upon the mountain and know that it is here, that it is God's Love and it sees me. To stand and tremble in its immensity and embodied reality is new for me. Maybe this that I feel is the suffering that has not been felt, that has only been experienced in an interior world, that I have not allowed myself to feel as an embodied human being. This, right now, is excruciating. Tender, raw. I am in the gaze of the mountain, held in its shadow. I do not know what will happen here, and I just keep doing it, seeing it, feeling it, knowing God is here, in the world.

God is here, and it is okay for me to be here.

* * * *

Where am I right now?
 With the mountain?
 This morning.
 I awoke with direction and acted upon it.
 Immediately.
 It was easy.

It feels so much calmer inside.
 I get afraid I will lose it.
 But I am still, poised on the edge of motionless.
 I fear that it is gone.
 But I am awake, awaiting.
 Alive inside like green pulsing quietlife.
 But it is normalizing and the feelings underneath run deep and strong,
 like water, big water, running through earth, between banks,
 finding its way.
 This centers me in some point deep in my gut.
 Steadfast there,
 silent.
 It waits for nothing other than
 the flicker of motion from the strange voice
 approaching from the other side of within.

 God is here, and it is okay for me to be here.

* * * *

What was it like to come here an awakened child and be persecuted for that?
 I do not remember.
 As a child I walked around in the world and lived inside myself.
 As a child I saw everything as belonging to everything else. Nature made sense
 to me this way, comforted me. It was so clear there. It was the world of human beings
 that seemed strange and incongruent... as if people did not know that they were part
 of something bigger, part of each other.
 Who is that child? What does she see?
 It is so scary to remember. That is all. It was scary.
 The child sees the world as belonging, part of a greater bigger magnificent
 light, and the pain, the rage, the coldness, the hurt that tears asunder, cuts to the core.
 She is small-boned and on the pale side. Not skinny, skinny, just made of
 bones that are light like birds. She likes to hop and skip when she moves, nothing ever
 really stays still in the body because there is great delight in movement. This continues
 through the lifetime, mostly in private, joy breaking out in a kind of dance, up the
 steps or down, along the sidewalk, turning in the woods on impulse. She loves to run,
 and is usually the fastest runner in the class. Not for long though. It is walking she can
 do forever. The delight is felt, expressed and as soon as it becomes visible, noticed, it
 stops.
 She moves from place to place, has many bedrooms to settle into, make her
 own. Later she remembers very little about them, if anything. The world that she took
 with her remained inside and through a doorway braided with green vines and flowers,

tiny creatures, or through the abyss of darkness where cries of grief racked her small body until she felt the embrace of the great mothergod and the comforting arms of the fathergod in the deep still emptiness of black, alone. There the world stopped all its craziness and the crazy that she was in the world could be dropped on the doorstep like a big coat that is no longer needed when there is a fire going and a place to sit before it, a way to warm one's hands.

Oh it felt like heaven. The quiet, the still. The held. The mountains were like that too. The trees and the earth itself. There was a contact of foot on earth, foot on earth, foot on earth, that made sense. Opened hearts, took the tears and softened them, collected them in a sacred basin where they could be tucked away. There was more room on the mountain for the motion, the joy of being, foot on rock leaping to the next rock. The big birds doing the same up high, reaching with their voices to her, and her to them. They knew the love of the shape of the mountain, and how it met the air and sky and played with wind and current. Still the foot knows what to do on those trails, many years later and all grown up, wants to sing. Can hardly stop itself. The body's joy.

There was a devotion in her, steeped. It rocked inside, a cauldron of it, fierce and loving and piercing. She felt it constantly. The joy was in God. That God is here. That there is Love. That all these things, the mountain, the tree, the ball, the bird, the house, the family, the stranger, the rock, they are all love. Just love mixed up and kneaded by God. Love that God is playing within His garden.

So bare feet were necessary, on the mountain, in the city on the sidewalk, in the grass, on the gravel. This was important and had meaning, to touch the earth, things made of earth by human beings, to feel creation, to feel what is. There is a beauty in creation that shines through even the dirt, where things are not cared for, where there is suffering. Even there she knew there was love. Could feel the love in the pain.

Since she was very small she knew fear. She was scared because things did not seem to match up. It seemed strange that there was such emptiness and cold in the world. She did not understand how people related to one another. Her attempts to reach out to people fell into some void between herself and the other, as if swallowed up and disappeared. There was some language or pattern she did not get, could not translate, that was what people wanted. In fact she had little interest in it, or in figuring it out. It just seemed very foreign. It seemed to not consider so much, a whole world of information just burgeoning with life wanting to burst forth and passed over.

Part of the fear was a dim awareness of another piece of herself. Perhaps, she thought, she was a split personality, that there was a part of her that was doing things that she did not know about, that could be terrible or wrong. Maybe that was why she did not remember, why she often felt this way, why things happened inside her. Like the way she walked in her sleep, and did things that she would find out about later.

Part of the fear was not really fear, but a disconcerting fact. She was told she was weak, crazy and needy. These were said to be terrible things. She was told there

was something wrong with her. Inside she knew that what they saw was actually her strength. She knew God knew this, that it was part of the gift of life to her from God, her own particular life gift and she was grateful. This small, young, serious part of her felt a responsibility to her gift from God, which was not only what she was made up of but her life on the earth itself. She knew there was more to her than what was on the earth in her body and she did not have to know why. This was something she trusted implicitly.

It hurt though. It hurt a lot.

She curled up under her purple quilt to feel the hurt. It was always cold in the house. She felt the pain of more than her own small life. She had a great awareness of the wholeness of the world. In her gut there was a funny feeling for the whole of humanity being like one. She accepted this on face value and so it was true to her. As if the human family was one thing and we all were here for special purposes that only we knew with God. Then the stuff people did to each other did not make sense. She ached with this pain of war, of hatred, of judgment. Did not know what to do with the feelings. Knew they were hers to feel, that she must. Knew they thought she was crazy for it.

She never felt she was young or old. Never wanted to be anything other than what she was. Not that it was easy. It just was not part of her reality to believe she could be anything else. There was this that was her, that she knew, and that was that. The thing was, not really very many other people could see it. That was obvious. And sometimes the weight of that fell down upon her like lead and she walked. Walked and walked and tried. Knew she could not give in to the force that would rise in her and want to slash and carve herself up, smash her through glass, off the porch roof, into the river, and go, go, go far, far away.

Take me back home.

I do not know what to do here.

I want to hurt myself and I know that is not right.

She was always making up for what she did. She did this by disappearing. Because she believed she made it hard for people, made them think thoughts they did not want to think, made them afraid and judge themselves and push her away. The content of these terrible thoughts was unspeakable. These were thoughts no one would choose to feel. Unfortunately, all the signs pointed in that direction. Somehow she triggered them, over and over. Each time she was surprised, once again, that they did not understand.

It seemed as if what she felt and knew inside was very different from what the people around her were feeling. It was as if they were not feeling anything. This was a puzzle, difficult. Why when she looked at people did she feel things in her body? Sensations, especially pain, in particular places in her own body that seemed to relate to the other person and what they were feeling? Like she was feeling their feelings. But then they never seemed to act like they felt anything like what she felt. She felt confused and alone again and again as she would feel someone and there was no

resonance, no response. She learned to watch this in a kind of silent wonder and allow the feelings to wash over and through her in the privacy of her own world. She thought maybe her experience was unusual, that perhaps it had a name in the world.

She trusted her experience, but believed the world did not trust her. She actually believed that this was the same as being unlovable in the world. She could not fathom causing so much pain and being loved. Only God could love her. God and Mary and Mary Magdalene and Christ. Only spirits who lived on the other side. Only the trees and the rocks. She often looked for love on the earth from the trees. Their trunks and bark, their leaves, and the way the wind spoke. What water said. She thought that God told her He loved her through them. Answered her when she felt bereft, rustled and leaned. Accepted her. Do you feel her comforted?

It was okay that the leaves and limbs had no warm blood pulsing through them. That the wind could not really hold her.

Each of the bats in the cluster on the wall of the space capsule had a name. Even though their existence was confusing and it did not match up with what she knew, they each had a name. Even though they existed in the side-by-side world, the limbo land where the husk of her self attempted to make it all okay. Even though all that, she still knew their names. This particular bat was called: *you have a vivid imagination and what you know and believe is not real*. This was very odd and crazy-making because she felt in her bones the truth of what she knew. Sometimes the truth that she thought had been denied would actually be spoken out loud, usually later, and it would be a relief because something out there in the world was making sense.

The world was a limbo land where a husk of herself tried to make it okay.

She liked to draw and make things with her hands. Always she was making things. She loved to read. Everything was interesting. She did not understand when people said they were bored. There was so much to do!

At night she was frightened. Partly because she always had dreams and often they were very scary. They were violent, terrifyingly violent. Some of the scary ones would come back each night, and still they would be scary. Each night, over and over, and she knew they were coming. They always did.

During the day her hope returned. There was a fire in her that could make things happen. She knew it did not have to be this way, the world. She fought on the side of love, did not want to give it up to growing up. She argued for love and fell hard when it suffered the blows of hate. She saw this battle in the world and threw herself into it, pouring herself out until she was empty, exhausted, ready for her quilt. And the soft round shape she felt herself to be when she was curled as tightly as a cat underneath it. Feeling her legs pressed against her chest, her knees in her cheeks as far as they could go, as if clutching her body to itself would prove that it was real.

One of the bats was named: *you are fragile and will fall apart if anyone comes too close or tries to understand you*. Another was called: *you cannot have anything unless everyone else has it first*. These were some of the seeds of self-hatred that collected in the shell. The husk of herself, that she hardly knew, in the world.

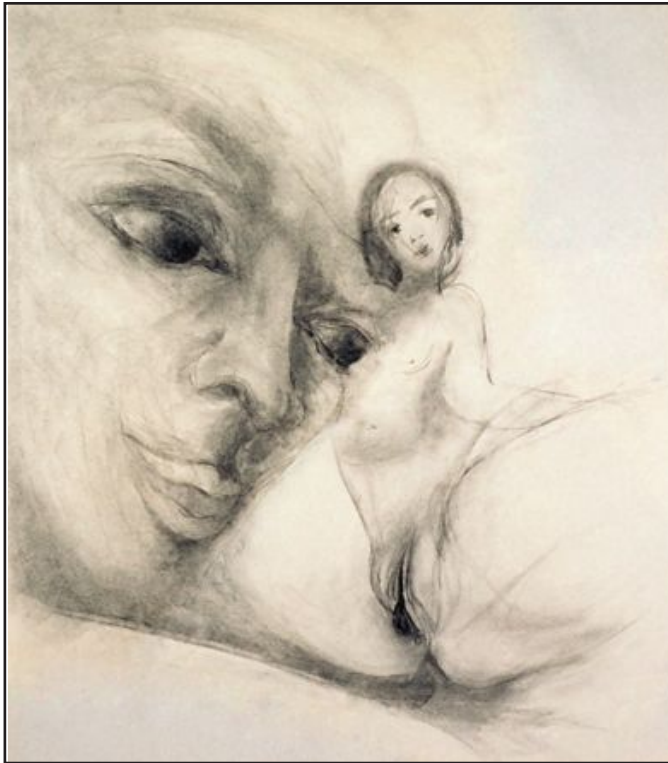
* * * *

I am waiting here. Here on the bed with the Animus and feeling such pain, such pain. When I go to Him now I know not to go anywhere else. That going away and out from this place will not suit me, will not suit Him. I need to stay right here.

Dream:

I am young and small here and my heart of hearts, my vulnerability, my naked body, aches for Him. His smile so big and radiant like suns and pure pleasure and delight and laughter. He smiles at my vagina. It is warm. I feel as if I could play forever here. Rest here, play here, be totally still here in the all of it all.

On the Bed with Him



Thoughts of the outer do not enter here. There is a protection in the largeness of that smile, as if it spreads out beyond Him and me and the bed and the room and contains all of it, all of it, all that is necessary right here.

I do not know what else He wants from me, except to be here on the bed, with His smile upon me, in my most naked vulnerability, in my innocence, my child sense, me feeling His grin, His sunshine, His delight. As if there is nothing else. Nothing but something pure of me. Something just me. Something naked of me.

Sometimes I feel the pangs of what I am leaving behind, as if there are shreds of melancholy in the lost place, the world continuing, the world opening and awakening to this work and all I know now is to stay here. All I am being asked to do is remain steady and on course, with Him and nowhere else. Seeing through this feeling experience of His smile on my naked vulnerability, on my sweetness, so young and innocent; this experience my lens through which everything becomes as it is, seen in a new way, seen without the lens of age and accumulated life stories. Seen just as it is, through the eyes of His smile on me. This warmth. Spreading. His bond to me. His meaning in me.

Through this lens I look upon the world, and all its happenings, and I know only one thing. That I am waiting, that He has not yet told me what it is that is my realness in the world. He has yet to show me what it is that I must do. I know only to wait. To feel the world through this experience, from this bed, from being captured in His gaze. I am here, waiting.

The pain runs so deep through the veins of life. Of the living. I feel it inside, coursing through. It softens me, tenderizes me. When I resist it I ache with it, stopped in its course and not flowing it hurts. With it, joined to it, it carries me to the source and opens me to love.

Dream:

This is the big tree, the ancient tree that I cannot see around. Its crown, its roots, so high so high its leaves and branches that I am speck traveling, faster than light and without wings around its spreading form. So high, so high, and dipping down and up again. It is the constant in the center of all things, it is the world and so much more.

The Big Tree



And here I am on the bed. With Him, smiling. And it feels so young and innocent. As if nothing else exists or matters because here, here, it is all within the container of light and love, the pain and the suffering at rest, at peace within this sun smile. I am no older, soaring, or smiling, or sitting in the juice of this moment. I am the one I know, but I am here. Not there, beyond the reach of the world. Here I am in the world but on the bed, and from here I see and feel the world, touch the world through His fingers, through His gaze. I know through His knowing, His smile. And it is only there I turn. It is here I feel myself. My vulnerable self, in the world. I am held by His light.

Soaring the tree holds me, darting and diving and rising again the tree is everything. And all that is known to me is how I know to face into what rises within, face the fear or the sensation of motion, face the speed of the moment, live in the immediacy of the knowing and do not allow the doubting, questioning terror to quell what lives within me with the tree, me with Him, me with Her. I am nothing but movement, nothing but waves of soaring, darting, lifting, diving, nothing but a moon to the great tree, a moon in an orbit orchestrated by pure sensation. Led by a great heart that pulses in every dip and turn. Led by following what moves within and around in relationship to the great tree.

Here on the bed, He teaches me to see. See anew. Here on the bed, I am in a container of His making, an orb of His smile, a penetrating scent that goes around and through me. A scent of substance that envelopes me in Him and wants nothing, nothing.

When I leave the bed, I spin into the world of outerness and otherness and sense without His reference point, without the orb of His embracing love. I leave my innocence there on the bed and venture out without it, forgetting for the moment what holds me. Forgetting that all looks different when I stay on the bed, forgetting my ground, my being. I feel and, spinning again, come back round to the polar star, the north star, north. The whole thing spills into revolution, everything around me turns and all the way around the circle, a flash of 360 degrees, reorients me north. Fixed on the point above, the star of stars, while all else turns around it, orienting me to itself, bringing me home, teaching me how to find itself. How to find the star. To grasp it as the center. The great tree, His smile, the Ground of Being. I stand here under the star, sit here naked on the bed in His smile, surrender myself to the motion in the streaming changing orbit of the great tree.

This is the mountain, a pebble on the mountain, of the mountain. I am of the mountain. Of earth. This vulnerability, this child sense, this that can be in the world. This is Him the mountain in the world. This the here-ness of this moment of immediacy in the world. This is the mountain of mountains that has always been here. That I could not see before. Could not feel.

When I felt the mountain again, when I had seen it, then let it disappear from view, reappear again, there in the field of the world, there on Norris Mountain. When it towered again above the fields and mountains it took my breath away. It was

abundance, God's Love looking at me. I cried out, startled; felt grief and love at once, awe and relief, held so held and so terrified to see that I had not seen before what was so startlingly present now. So magnificent. Such a golden towering force of earth. Because the mountain is of earth, here, on earth. It is as earth as earth can be. It is my substance and my bones and the ground I walk upon. If it is here, then so am I.

I have just finished the picture of my dream.
 The dream where the Animus lays himself down
 to see my vulva, my vagina more closely, and smiles.
 Smiles.
 He comes to my house with the little girl in the red shirt.
 They are holding hands.
 The red of it is what I notice as they stand on the road.
 I am wearing only a little shirt.
 He calls out my name and I answer Yes.
 I see them, and they are downstairs.
 I hear them, and they are holding hands at the top of the stairs.
 I run to Him saying, let me put my pants on, not putting my pants on.
 I say I know You and run to Him and throw my arms around Him.
 And He is with me on my bed.
 The girl in the red shirt is gone now and I wonder if I am her.
 I am warm, exposed and very vulnerable.
 It is warm in the circle of His gaze on the bed.
 Comfort like returning home.
 I am myself here.
 The woman and the girl.
 I feel His gaze and I am in it.

This picture came out of itself.
 They always do.
 And now I am shaking in the revelation of it.
 Shaking in the vulnerability.
 In the feeling of what this means.
 I have no words for what this means.
 I have only my tenderness, the edge of tears.
 Some fear, and this breath.
 I am amazed by this sensation.
 I look at the picture and feel born.
 The vulnerable of newborn, something is being born.
 I shake in the truth of it.
 The truth
 makes me shake.

This is me that is born.
 I don't know if you can feel it.
 I see it here
 in the picture
 and it astonishes me.

I have been wanting to write what is hard to put into words. That in drawing the picture something manifests itself and is visible. I did not know what would happen when I put the two together, Your gaze, and my vulnerability, my vagina. The girl is born between the two and she becomes a penis there. How does that happen? I could not have imagined how that would happen. I have barely touched, dipped my big toe in, the androgynous nature deep within who I am when my Selfness couples with Spirit and is born with Him, within the circle of His gaze. The spiritual born into body, vagina and penis reborn, girl and boy. And somehow it is through the birth of the girl, allowing and becoming the boy, that the woman is born, the me that can be Valkyrie. The woman with the sword, in relationship with the male and the female principle, embodied in the masculine and feminine mysteries. This is a great mystery, and I feel I am entering a territory where words are not usually spoken. A territory that has no words, is beyond words somehow.

Something that I have not yet spoken. That there is a specific feeling I am aware of when I am in that territory of what is very real and beyond worlds. It is in the picture. Because it lives in that space between His gaze and my vagina. I feel it there, here. That there is a color and motion and way of perceiving there, a deep and tingling feeling I feel in my body, energy stirred, like an answer, a response within, when I am there. With Him, in the moment that has become Now. Here.

* * * *

I know that it is true that more of the girl was wanting to come into being. This work is a miracle, the way it ebbs and flows and grows from and through different states of consciousness and connection with aspects of self, working through specific gender and life issues, through and down into what is most vulnerable and most sacred step by step. I have known the girl, and yet there have been pieces of her I have not known, places where her hurt was deep and unconscious, buried, parts that have never manifested or incarnated. Places that harbor new experience and feeling, that were previously blocked by shame and self-doubt, self-hatred. For me, specifically, there has been a reluctance, a resistance to feeling her completely on the earth, in the world of my waking world. I feel fortunate to have always had a sense of her, I never forgot her, but to live her, that is different. And even when I thought I was living her, I have discovered I was not living. I was in an interior experience that was separated from the world.

I have felt her newness, this girl, for some time, known of her approach, her need. I remember working on Persephone, on the journey down through, becoming

younger and younger on my way there, towards becoming more of her. And all the while the boy was rearing up and taking notice and being obnoxious and he was growing up actually, from younger often to older, to the juiciest meatiest adolescent part of self. He was always more of a mystery to me, in my being. I knew something of him, but not like I knew her. Now I am getting to know a part of her that is willing, fearless, vulnerable in the world, open to receiving as I have never been before. And he, the boy in me, I am still getting used to, although when he is up there is nothing else to do but go with him. He has no fear either, but his fearlessness is not just of receiving, it is of acting upon what is received in the outgoing, sprung-free-without-censor way of his forthrightness. A kind of surprising spill out that I suppose I am beginning to recognize from my earlier days on the planet, when as a child my passion ran high and I spouted without being able to stop myself.

Her fearlessness I am finding in the everyday listening that is taking form in my life, where each moment is guided by feeling rather than thought. I find none of the shame here, which has interested me because in the past the guilt would rise, the responsibility, the need to push over and past into responding to something outer. These days I have been listening, and simply acting upon what comes up, noting the question, but attuning to the listening rather than the question that follows. It is immediacy, to act, without listening further to the question that surfaces within after receiving the guidance. That is immediacy. I have not understood why the process evolves as it does, through seemingly unrelated activities into a sudden charge to sit down and do this now, even though I do not know what will happen once I begin to do it, whatever it is.

Listening as a capacity to receive. Immediacy as acting on the receiving, on the guidance, listening and acting upon. Acting upon what is received. The male and female working, coupling, uniting. The surrender and the willingness, the commitment. Speaking and listening. Becoming what is real. Living what is becoming.

The absence of shame comes with not listening to the question that rises after the guidance. I have no self-doubt if I simply note, but give no energy to the question. The self-hatred needs the question, the second guessing of the guidance, to exist. Without it, there is no breath for it to take, no nourishment to grow fat upon. Without the question, I cannot project it. Without the question, I am in my vulnerability with Him on the bed, within the circle of His gaze. In His love, I am willing and obedient to His hand.

That is why the drawing made me shake. It was a culminating step, three days into a process where I had been listening. Sketch now. Sleep. Write. Walk. Write. *You do not need to understand. Get out the big paper. No, the conti, black. There on the page. His face. No different. The vagina. Cut the paper. No, that way, put them together. Yes. See her? See what is born there? Yes. Good. Now stop. Sleep. Tend the fire. Tea. Silence. Walk. Silence. Do not go anywhere. You do not need groceries today. Color this time. Now understand it is the shame healing. Do you get it? Do you see what we are teaching you? Just listen and when you hear the first word, go. Follow. It is all you need. Keep listening.*

I have had a long training in following. Perhaps longer than this lifetime. I knew I was picking up on my path when I was little. Uniting with a streaming spiritual will, a love and commitment already in motion, in process. I knew I had already been on an everchanging path that was a continual thread back home, through different states of being and consciousness. I am sure that the awareness of this kept me on the planet. I would not have had the trust or the strength to stay otherwise.

Knowing is not, however, embodiment. When I see my way of leaving the waking world to enter another state of consciousness removed from life in order to reconnect with myself and the spirit, it makes me so sad. Always through the grief of the loss did I find the love to continue. Always through the acknowledgment of the absence of love, did I find my way back to love. But separated from this beautiful earth. Separated from the Love here, that wants me here, to feel Itself, here. Separated from the mountain. From the bed. To be with It, work with It, partner with It here and now. In body. Now I can be here, listening and here, acting upon what I hear.

This morning I awoke in a deep stillness within myself. This happens sometimes and I recognize it. It is sacred. A gift. I never know exactly what this means, just that it means something. It is a specific step on the path, significant of something happening that I do not know or understand in the unconscious. At times it is so strong that it is ominous, and I find out why later.

Gravity, Into the Vulnerability



In my dream there is an arch, above and below, and within, eight steps. Four go down and the following four back up again. This is the descent into the vulnerability and steps up and out into the world as the person I truly I am. In the dream I am on the edge, as if a hand is on the wall of the arched stairway down and I am stepping in. In working it I find myself on the third, or maybe the second step.

I knew immediately that the reason I was not on the first step is because I continue to keep facing into the discomfort, the uncertainty and saying yes.

Going with what I hear and nothing else, waiting a lot for the instruction to come, acting on the impulses as they arrive rather than discounting them and disregarding them. If I hear, no, not yellow now, go to the paler blue, the azure, I just do it. That is what I am learning. If I hear, that is the green we are, that we were looking for, I am surprised and amazed and hear it and am glad and also do not understand and wait and move on. I know this has little to do with me, and yet somehow the vulnerability is also around how it is about my willingness, my journey. I am learning to continue to take the next step into the darkness within my inner relationship.

Last week I found myself praying, how can I bring myself more to you? This was after praying for guidance, for His presence, for Her presence, for the next instruction. I found myself trembling with the prayer, help me show myself to you, bring myself to the relationship. Show me how. Show me how.

Part of this is just doing it anyhow. Just picking up the brush because I know this is the direction. Then waiting. Then acting on the smallest impulse, or that big one, and waiting again. Then going for it, slowing down, listening in to it.

I feel this triggers a very old young place where I was different, separate from others in the world. This is autonomy I am working on, and yet pathology would like to make it about being weird and strange and no one understanding. I received a lot of rejection, and scorn for that in my past.

As a young child I felt when I spoke, showed myself, could not contain it, my joy or my pain, or what I knew, it did not go over so well. I suffered that lack of acceptance and absence of love. I developed a strangler inside, who was ready and willing to punish me, or destroy me, for showing myself, for speaking up, for alienating myself once again in a world that did not understand or care.

Today I stand in better health than I have had for many years, and after responding to guidance that was telling me to clear away, clear away, for the past six months I have a remarkably simple life. I see few people and spend most of my time these days listening to the paint brush or the keyboard and waiting. I feel the work is at the edge of something very deep and new and it has something to do with vulnerability and the girl and the boy, the vagina and the clitoris, with going deep deep deep into mysteries that have no words. It is so personal, so only about my relationship with Him, the Anima, my soul. I do not know what I am doing, what is happening, only that I follow. This surety I think is the first step. Of course I still jump away, but I always jump back. It is never far away, never not central.

I am willing to face into the fear of darkness, of the unknown and take the next step into being.

I had to ask my husband if he felt okay about my situation. He is supporting me now. I did not know how to ask because I know what I need to do, I knew his true answer, I know there is nothing known about this, and about where it is leading. I trust the Animus. Thankfully, so does he. Even if Ken does not understand, how could he, he is willing to support me to follow, to take these next steps into the arched stairway, no matter what is revealed in the darkness therein.

This place I am on the steps, at first it was clearly the third. As we worked I began to feel the second. There is probably something very specific about each step. I do not know as much about these, except that I encounter my shame and it is being burned through. Each time I face into it and keep going a bit more of it is burned up. It is vulnerable. I love what I am doing and it is uncertain and uncomfortable.

I am running into another layer of the shame that is afraid of my difference, wants assurance that I may continue, an okay that I know is not available from the world, nor do I want it from out there. But I have said: this feeling arises in me when I share my world with others, I feel silly doing this. I painted a winged seraphim vagina girl. I do not like that “silly” is there, lurking. It is a judgment I do not understand or relate to. Yet there it is. I have to face it.

It reminds me of the “stupid” I felt when I was sick. It is more subtle than that, but similar. I had never experienced that like that. I really felt “stupid” and called myself that. It was mean, really aggressive. It was shocking to me, as if a part of myself I had not known was being uncovered, revealed. It was the rejecting part, the self-hate, the bats in the space capsule who are the projection that is born in the part of me that incorporated the idea that I was unacceptable into my being. Believed that it was so. I was unacceptable. I can feel the battle within me, and I know the answer, do not buy the old line. However, I feel its pull. I am aware of the trap and I am familiar with its argument. It is difficult for me.

It feels so tender to be up against that old fear and self-loathing. To touch it and keep facing into it and keep moving into the darkness. Not to jump away and out. Not to give it away. To stay. The walls of the stairway are like a dark tunnel, and they are cool and moist and comforting to me. In this darkness I feel held and directed.

Standing on this step I feel very vulnerable as I face into that uncertainty, that difficulty of choosing difference, of being true to who I am in the world. This is the scariest thing for me. To stay true and show myself. So I keep putting things out there. I keep writing. Keep painting.

Even if I do not know why or what for or what it is all about. Even when I do not know if I am headed in the direction that He wants me to go. Confident that I will be corrected, but oh my goodness oh my goodness this is so tender and I do not know, I do not know.

I got the assurance I needed from the dream. Keep going it says. Keep going down into the arched stairway. Just keep going. Marc said: I will tell you to keep going.

I do not know what you are doing, but the dream says keep going. Keep going down toward your vulnerability.

The steps are giving me a comfort I need right now, the comfort of knowing in the not knowing, of a direction in the darkness, of a hand on my shoulder, at my back, walking with me. I am listening and going with what happens next. This is all close, real close. This is so personal to me. That is the scariest.

It is about each moment and each tiny battle within, and each choice to act, or to wait, however small. And each of these small moments are everything at once, and another chance to make the choice to step into the darkness with Him a little further.

Me, Myself and Him



In the dream there are three of us, the me, myself and I of me, myself and Him. What I believe I see is me, worried in sickness that I am not well, that I am not doing enough, or being what I need to be, and the Animus fiercely and passionately kissing me, stopping any questioning of myself with intense love. I know immediately that I, watching, separate, am not receiving that ferocious loving reassurance and I long long long for Him, reaching out to Him and he kisses me too, but not like that. His focus is on the me that can receive His love.

I sense something of the vulnerability in the me that can receive. I know that in her experience all of her questions fall away and she knows, as I know, that I am enough. That there is nothing else to be. But in the dream, I am projecting upon my/her vulnerability my shame, my yearning and loss, my separation. I give it reason. I try to name my/her vulnerability as being something of the world. Some place of falling short, some fear of being only what I am/she is. I am projecting upon the her that is me that she has these questions, that she is feeling sickness when in fact she feels only vulnerability, the vulnerability that is so vulnerable just as she is, just as I am,

that the she in me can receive the love, fierce and passionate and full of beauty. She never had to be anything to be loved. She never had to be anything to know that she was loved. I do not have to do anything to feel the love that loves me, except to feel it. All I need to do is be in my vulnerability, and that is not doing.

The vulnerability that is pure and of the soul has no reason, no worldly fear. I have been learning lately about creating without reason. Learning about reason, and the part it has played in my life. I have been experiencing what it is like to be in moments of my day without reason, without context to fit into. I have been noticing how I have relied on my sense of reading the feeling nature of the worldly environment, that it helped me survive the world as a splintered soul. I look at her and see that for her the truth simply is. She is loved. She rests in the cradle of His hand and all is well.

She simply is. She falls into the peace of His grasp, she is already in her vulnerability, the vulnerability of her soul self, her child self. And I, as witness, feel that and by knowing it, recognize my distance from my/her capacity to receive.

I have been experiencing some dramatic physical challenges. I hurt a lot. I am limited in my activity. I have a history of debilitating illness. I have fear and gratitude about the journey I have taken, the depths of the dark night that I experienced and the way I was led into health. I know something of her peace in the midst of what is terrifying and lonely and unknown. I know something of being loved simply as I am, whether bedridden or blazing trails. Whether I can give back or not.

I can still taste what it was like to realize that when I returned the love I was playing hot potato with it. That it was my way of not receiving. That I gave out of an inability to receive. That to really receive means to receive myself as being the child of God that I am. That to really receive means being that vulnerable, that naked, that empty of all that measures and weighs myself for my own offering. That sacrifices rather than really loves.

My shame always had me trying to be enough. Always judged me as one who was too much and did not do enough. There was in fact no way to do enough, and being too much, well, this leaves very little room to stand on. Where is the spot of earth, where is the place to rest, when you are way too much and never enough? I spent a lot of my life there, dissociated from my own knowing, the simple essential knowing of the me in the dream who rests in His passion and love. Who wakes to her own passion in His, and loves from the beautiful simplicity of being.

When I fall out of His basket I drop into a web of self-doubt. When I notice the separation, a desperate yearning begins to burn for Him. I feel it, in the dream, in the me that watches. The me that watches is so separate that she believes she must do something to return to Him and forgets about the one whose head is cradled in His hand. Forgets that there is nothing for me to do or be, it is only my own vulnerability, my own naked beingness so close, that waits for my return. And it feels like that, as if I have left myself, left Him, gotten lost outside in the storm and can not see the lights of the house even though they are only yards away.

Working with this dream I am struck by the simplicity. I have been questioning why I leave in a moment of the day, why I suddenly feel the yearning rather than how deeply and unquestionably loved I am. The outer world triggers are more obvious and less likely, at this point in my work, to take me out. There is something deeper going on, within my own being.

Something that instructs me from the inside about how to live. The map that I survived by has been disintegrating and as it falls into pieces at my feet I notice that I still topple out of the basket, for no apparent reason, as I am turning on the faucet, or pulling on my boot.

Linear is measurable space, immediacy becomes. There is nothing linear about the way home to Him. In this world of space and time I forget that it is as simple as feeling my vulnerability, experiencing and sensing myself fully as who I am and nothing more, nothing less. There is no reason that He loves me, He is love, and touches the Love in me and there we are one. I feel raw and tender like a peeled grape there. Why do we not stay there, once we have felt and touched that place?

For me it is returning to the wound, going through the wound and the struggle around the wound. My knowing something of the truth as a child helped me accept the wound, helped me to know the other side of the wound, but nothing but going through the pain of it, the loss of it, heals the wound.

* * * *

This morning, being vulnerable with Him means not knowing, not being in mind, just feeling. This morning, feeling moves in my body in waves and fills me with itself. In this wave of feeling, I do not know what to do or think about what to do. I stay with feeling and notice how it moves in waves through me. How it warms and fills me. How I feel sadness rise and fall within me. How I am softened in the sadness. How close the tears are.

In not knowing, I move more deeply into His embrace this morning. In this morning of feeling, I only know that I lie here within His embrace and soften into it. He holds me. Holds my sadness which runs through me like water, like heat, waves of water and waves of heat. Waves of fullness, filling, moving.

The turn from Him is very slight, a shift of the body, like the way that the physical sensations in my body these days want to shift me from one experience to another. Lie on this side, not there, on my back. As with Him, snuggle in, lean more fully into Him, or shift slightly and turn a bit, into mind, into wondering what is it that wants to be done, how to follow, instead of simply resting into the solace with Him. Turning ever so slightly, away. Into mind.

All I want is to be with Him, and turned, ever so slightly, away, there it is. The yearning. The yearning to be with Him, in the midst of His solace, in His repose, in my repose with Him. Instead of being with it, being it, I yearn. Feel the distance, the cold on my back where there is space between us. The emptiness in my heart where

yearning longs for fullness. And all I have to do is shift again, into Him, into the body of Him, into His embrace. And there it is. Softening me. The sadness wells up again, the tears are close. And they are not the tears of yearning, they are of substance, of loss, of pain, of all that is. All that is within me that wants to be healed. All that spreads through this world of His awareness that is soft with love and pain, with loss and healing, with sweet sweet vulnerability and joy.

The despair that would rather things were different has no ground of being, it loops around in circles of thought and has no rest. In His arms there is repose. Calm. The warmth of being cared for. In the despair there is no one to help me but myself. Many decisions but none that can be made. Experiences, sensations, symptoms, but only steps that can be taken, empty steps that meaning nothing without more, more that cannot be had. Steps that have no peace to offer, because each is just one of many, one of more. Each step a piece of a puzzle that has no dimension, is linear, leads only one place, one solution. Puts reasons together and matches them up, leaving room for only more reason. More reasons. More mind.

How can I write about these things and stay in His repose? I feel myself leaving, turning into the despair, the edge of hardness, the separation. I turn my face back to Him, to His and feel His love and feel the compassion pour through me, the tears come close and spill over again, the knowing melt into feeling, into the body, sinking, falling, into Him, into the body, my body, like soft soft warmth radiating slowly down.

Sometimes I forget, in my despair, that He is right here, surrounding me with His love. Sometimes I feel empty and alone. I wish for something I do not believe I have. I act as if there has been nothing given. Nothing to work with. No small patch of ground, no hoe. Sometimes I even feel there is no life in my body, no strength to pick up that hoe, no spine to hold me upright as I work, no water brought to refresh, no meal prepared to sit down to, no feast. An endless task and an empty table. No companion, no friend.

I hear of men who talk of Him as friend, companion. And I know something of this. Something of Him as lover, as partner in passion, as perfect storm surrendered to. As companion to grief, to suffering, to sweetness. As tears of joy. I have been to Him as tears of joy to passion, as tears of pain to compassion, as tears of loss to fullness, as monumental sadness to comfort, as tears of fear to soft gentle all encompassing Love. I am finding myself in all of this. Finding myself in Him. Finding myself in the repose, in the vulnerability. All I know of myself is that I am. I am only me. I am small, I am enough. I am all I am. That is all.

This is the hardest thing to stay with. Sometimes it simply happens. Because deep within me I have experienced and know the truth of it. I have nursed that spark, that tiny flame, since I was a child, and knew without knowing that I was held in the arms of the Mother, and in Her Wisdom Holy Spirit, in the boundless Love of the Father, in the passion of the Christ. The spark of me that knew I was enough just the way I am and loved that it was so. Delighted in the waking life of beingness united

with the knowing of being loved. For what is beingness but being loved?

That small enough is all that I ever want to be, all that I am. Staying with that small enough is curled within His arms, trembling under His kiss, melting in His fierce passion, meeting Him, turning toward Him, turning open round and falling into him once more. Staying with is not leaving, not turning, not feeling the draft of separation between us. Losing that warmth inside that tells me where I am living, in my body. Feeling the draftiness of mind, the coolness of despair, of yearning. The emptiness and loneliness of shame. The shame that I am not enough.

And so it turns. And so I turn. Ever back to Him, into the vulnerability of my own beingness with Him. There is nothing else to do. Nothing else to learn. I know what to do.

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Dream:

I am walking with the dog, my hand resting lightly on his back. He is close to me, his body with mine, his back almost to my waist, companion, no stretch to place my hand there and follow. Together, I follow him. Let him lead me, listen, walk tall.

My Hand on His Back



A few months ago in a dream, God told me to walk up the mountain. I looked down to see the most beautiful boots upon my feet. They fit perfectly and were so soft and supple. I felt blessed. Walk in beauty, walk in strength.

This moment, in this dream, in this life, in these moments where the dream is my life, I walk with the dog and I feel at peace. Upright, grounded. In alignment.

The last painting before this was Gravity, Into the Vulnerability. Down into the arched stairway, down four steps and up four steps, into the vulnerability and out into life, into my day, into my world, into the big world, the out there. Into and through. Into and through. Into the fear of showing up, willingly facing into it. Facing the difficulty of it, facing myself, where I stop myself. Where I keep going. Into the shame of being who I am, of wanting what I want, of living my days in the conversation with the voice within me, with the Animus and the Anima, of this being my only life in the world, of its seemingly narrow focus and its great breadth and breath, so difficult to share. Only difficult because it has to get past the silencer. Break through the will that wants to silence my simple love.

My work is to be who I am. I have lived my life as if a shadow had dropped between my experience as a human being, my love, my passion, my joy, and the rest of the world. As if I would suffer, cause suffering, to be visible to others in the trueness of myself.

I have seen how arrogant, how steeped in my own childhood, that is. I have seen how deeply enmeshed I was with that belief. I have felt how I brought it with me from experiences unknown in this lifetime. These things I know and accept. It is my history, my past. These beliefs that separated me from being with God in the world as myself are not real. They do not have life. They masqueraded as realities, puffed themselves up, appeared threatening and dangerous, but their cover has been blown. None of it is true. It is not of the moment, of what is becoming within me. I have been hiding behind them. I did not know how to be in the world as myself. I did not know. I was afraid. I was in the prison of my own ideas of what might happen if I was myself in the world.

They are not who I am. As a being who is becoming.

So what is it to simply walk with my hand on the back of the dog. I feel such peace and guidance here. I feel held and loved, the same big love that was there and held me in childhood, adolescence, adulthood, through the constancy and intensity of the will that reared itself within me as if it had a life of its own, the fierce urges to self-destruct, to hurt and even kill myself. This force of anti-life that I experience inside that I know is not of me. This force of love that held the line that I know is bigger than me.

The body that is mine that walks beside the dog does not feel the ravages of the small body that contained this battle for a lifetime. That held this life of extremes, quietly for the most part, hidden primarily, and terrified. I have encountered the silencer within me, the one that would strangle me, destroy me, if I spoke or showed myself. I have felt the excruciating vulnerability of the exposure that the silencer does

not want me to experience. It did not want me to know I was, indeed, safe. That I did not cause harm just by my being. That I would not be annihilated for my existence.

So what is it to walk with the dog, my hand gently, lightly on his back, allowing him to guide me, following with him, the path that the journey is taking. What is this peace I feel. And the uprightness. In this body Love has held the line. The battle is over and Love has won. The war will never be over, but Love reigns with the Truth, and the Truth is here. Walking with the dog Love and Truth can shoot into and out of me without unbalancing me. It is simply an experience moving through, taking place, in my simple human life. Moving through my body. Normal, okay, nothing to hide or contain. It has nothing to do with me. Nothing except that I am not in its way. My love and the big Love, my simple human truth and the big Truth living side by side. Walking together. Lining up with the truth rather than the loveless lie.

I feel myself walking with the dog and there is no feeling of risk taken, no question of harm or safety, no experience of shyness or withholding, no need to make sure anyone near by is okay, no sensors on alert, no violent and uncontrollable urge rising inside to silence the truth. These become inert and powerless, shades who are not real, not life.

Walking with the dog I can feel the pain, and it simply moves through me. It strengthens me. To feel it fortifies me. I have noticed this. That after feeling the pain I am stronger, clearer, the alignment a physical experience deep within me. Waves of pain as I feel how much of my life these lifeless shades possessed. Waves of pain and compassion as I begin to recognize these forces in the world, the love and the split from the love, the empty force of lovelessness running rampant through our lives.

It is similar with the fear. Feeling it, I am stronger.

I have seen the depth of the habit within me of doing for . . . for . . . something, whatever it may be, something else. Something outside the self. I experience the door to the spirit as being within me. I can feel the opening inside, how the threshold inside of me opens up into the limitless world of the unconscious, the Archetypes and God. I see that we are all portals to the Divine and I have noticed how the habit in my life has been to wake up in the world and believe I am separated from that deep rich world. I have woken up most of my life and reached outside of myself energetically, spilled myself out as if there was a magic route home the long way. In these last few months, I have seen these things in myself ever more clearly, and felt how deeply committed I am to going straight to the portal within, and learning from there.

Walking with the dog is walking with Him. Keeping that relationship within myself the primary experience in my waking life, moment to moment. I do not know what is happening with my body and sometimes the fear pours over me in waves. The pain also, because it is painful now, because I feel its relationship to old pain in my life, and because of the pain I feel and see more acutely in the world. The fear and pain poured over me yesterday, and then I felt stronger that I had before. And during this time my body has been falling apart in some old ways and some new ways and I have been trusting that I am held and afraid of what is happening. I am getting to know

the depth of the denial inside me that wants to hide or discount my physical condition. How the self-doubt has worked to throw me into confusion about what is really happening. This is where I am, walking with Him, learning about my human frailties and taking steps toward mending my body. I do not know why this is happening or what it is. I am seeing a doctor and taking antibiotics through January in hopes of killing any spirochetes from my old illness, or from a tick bite this fall, that may be causing my physical symptoms. I feel as if I am in good hands, that I will walk with the healing process, bring myself to it, listening. In conversation. Watching myself for the places where the force of denial and discounting would hold sway. Walking with the dog and feeling, remembering that huge Presence at the table is always with me, watching over. In conversation.

* * * *

Through the Blind Spot: As Embryo in His Hands



My homework was to be with the vulnerability of the one who could receive the fiercely passionate kiss of the Animus. To learn about the one who was yearning, about the shame that keeps the one who yearns separate from the Beloved. The sensation of separation, and the feeling of repose in His arms.

I began painting when I was moved by a piece at the beginning of the book that spoke of the blind spot. This was the first time I was led to paint from the process itself, rather than from the dream. I did not know how it could possibly manifest itself until I read those words: “the blind spot that is the portal into the other world.” Suddenly, I knew to take up the brush. I still did not know what to do. Just follow. Just feel what it brought up in me, how it touched me. Move with the brush, with color.

So much in my current process has been about the revelation of the blind spot. I felt instantly the truth of those words, of the experience, my experience of the

blind spot as portal. So directly of late have I felt the wonder of the blind spot, the power of it, and the turning, the opening, the revelation of blind spot to portal. Like a key in the lock, the other side of the coin, the beauty in pain. In the soul world of polarities, how perfect that this impenetrable spot, this solid disk, this round plane, this blank darkness, this empty veil, this shadowy pool, this abyss becomes deep well, golden ring, open door, threshold, light in darkness, gateway, tunnel to the underworld, the alchemical vessel. Unconsciousness becomes feeling and another world is revealed. Fire burns under what was cold and heartless. What was numb wakes into life, into sensation, into body. Deep within the stirring of the pot, the vats of feeling, cooking.

I began with the process and through the painting felt my way into my experience of dying into the blind spot. Always there is the blind spot, the next blind spot, the place where consciousness is dawning. Back back it carried me, back through blind spot after blind spot, back through what I have taken for granted, assumed as given, believed was true. Back through the places where I embodied the shame, lived within a concept without knowing it dictated my every experience, lived in a separated reality without knowing all I was separated from. Back into feelings and experiences that only now were becoming available for my conscious exploration.

The painting became a dream, as the figures dying in, surrendering through the experience of the blind spot, illuminated, becoming portal, giving way to the vessel, becoming the embryo, as His presence found its place first witness, holding, then becoming the vessel, then becoming the touch, that which loves, that which loves what is newly becoming. As the painting embodied transformation, became a process of becoming in itself, as if a layered journey, a map of the alchemical experience.

And then it stopped. As quickly as it began it found a place to land and be, simply as it was. Complete in itself and only itself. Just that.

Later I could see where it landed, feel how it was bringing me with it, taking me down into my own deep well, expressing what was unconscious, what was on the edge of consciousness, leading me to the next step. Illustrating the very personal way that the process was unfolding within me. The tenderness of this point in my work where I feel something so raw and new it is as if the hands of He who loves me reach into that most vulnerable substance of selfness, the tiny living expression of me. Most fragile, most dependent, most alone, most burning with life force and pure will and desire, closest to God, closest to pure beingness, embodied, in substance, in life. I remembered that I knew, at once, how little care there was and how deeply and eternally I was loved. How beautifully trusting, how violated.

I can feel the beauty of a beginning here, that can be nothing but loved. How else could this, that is so fragile in itself, survive? It is love that walks with us always, guarding the secret, the miracle, the simple truth that life continues within the container of love.

I feel lost, take my lostness to Him. I feel lost, take my lostness to Him. Walk across the room to hear *cha-cha, sweet one, do not fear, do not go there, cha-cha little one*. Big smile.

There is a big smile here and lots of loving fun coming out of this radiant face. I feel the bigness of arms, the smallness of me, a good smallness, a cared-for smallness. That does not have to be or do anything for anyone. I feel this part of my journey to the homeland is about becoming so small and vulnerable that I am simply a bug in His hands, a cherished tiny creature, an embryo in His hands, there I am again.

There I am again, back to my source, where I begin. In His hands and Her embrace, Her heart. She is the vessel, His are the hands, I am the embryo. I am coming home.

I do not know what this means and yet it brings me to tears, wakes up my joy, feels alive in my limbs. Here I am in life struggling with my body again, loving my newfound ability to be out of doors in my body. I was on snowshoes today. Albeit briefly, they were snowshoes.

I walk across the room to Him and sit at His feet like a baby. I feel like a baby. I do not want to share this with anyone. I have nothing to say, nothing to share. I love my work and cherish the relationships I have therein. I am learning how to really be in my self in the world and I do not know the first thing about it. I am learning by degrees. In the smallest of ways.

There is no great secret here. It is all very simple. How to stay simple and quiet and alive. How to remain contained in myself and with all the feeling that rushes through me all the time. How to slip under the pathological voice that wants to unseat me with fears of isolation. *Cha-cha little one. How can you be alone? Look at me! I am here for you and love you like no other. Cha-cha you are trouble for me the way you run away. Why do you do that? Cha-cha little one, you know where you want to be, just stay here, with me, stay here.*

There is a way that it feels the world is rushing by and I am not part of it. And after being familiar with this for a long long time, I find now it is the world of the dreamwork that is rushing by and I am not part of it. How is that? What is that? That is my fear Big One, Sweet One, that is my fear. See I feel You as nothing but Love, You feel so loving to me. I almost do not understand it. How can You love me so much? And like my colleagues say, I would know how much You love each of them, how much You love my man Ken, how much You love my children, my family, the guy driving the truck that just passed up on the road. And I am here, in my house, walking across the room, walking across the room to You. *Cha-cha* you say. Such tenderness and gentle chiding. What is it in me that You are healing now? Can I just know that, again, You are healing me? Is that enough? To just know that and know no more about it and say no more about it and just be with that? In my quietness, in my little life?

I always do what You tell me to do, don't I? I am here to do that. I do not know how else to move, what else to do. I have lost any feeling for what needs to

happen, what I could do. I just wait for You. I hope this is okay, that this is not a form of running away. The shame would want me to do it right, that is my battle. Is this stripping down to no right, no wrong, to just be waiting, just be being here?

What of the immediacy? I feel it when I wake up and know what to do. When I get the impulse to act. Am I to not be included once more? Is there a reason You do not want me there? On the stage this time? Is there a reason to keep me sequestered like this? What was this time about? The returning, turning in and not even knowing how to talk about it with anyone. Anyone but You.

Do You know? Or am I just lost by myself. No, I am walking across the room to You and you say again, *cha-cha little one. Cha-cha. You know this is as it should be. This is what I want. You in my arms and nothing else. This is what I want. Cha-cha little one. You know this in your heart. You do not have to know anything else. You just trust me and let me be the big one, I will take you, I will let you know, I will always be here telling you and all you need to do is listen. You always do what I want you to do. You just do not trust yourself.*

Seraphim Girl and the Valkyrie

Generosity of spirit, living the gift . . . a point of recognition, a way to articulate something about what happens when the inner relationship with soul and spirit become the central, the primary, reference in everyday life.

Because my life is different than it was. It is as if my life has been lovingly taken up, combed through, noticed, acknowledged, sifted through. I have not done this, but it is something that I have been part of, as both witness and one who cards the substance of my life. It feels like sitting in the lap of a benevolent creator and being loved. Loved like a child.

I feel the Love in it. I am being taught. Over and over again. Always on the edge of some new awareness that is being given. Part of this for me was learning to receive. The way that I lived my life, I only allowed myself to receive in the depths of the abyss, only in a private separated world, only in parts. Sequestered parts of life where it was finally safe, okay to be in my being, only in moments. It was not the true fullness of Love, or Spirit, because I denied parts of myself. I spent my life unwilling to stand in my true self in the world, my Beloved beside me.

I wanted to be in the world in my fullness, knew my Beloved, felt my devotion, knew my soul self, and was terrified. Deathly afraid of the world. Afraid of what happened when I revealed myself, especially in relationship. Alone I was in a world that I experienced as real but others could not enter. I was seen as strange and different.

As a perceiver, I learned how to tune in to the world around me and trusted what I picked up on a feeling level in everything around me. Some of these things I picked up on were horrific. Everything that I sensed took on vivid life. In the denial of myself, everything around me became more important. As a responder, I acted upon my perceptions of the outer and worked very hard to meet the needs I was

aware of. When my husband and I first started the couple's work I did not know how to sense my own need. The Archetypes had to teach me through the dreams to discern within myself at first any need, and then true need.

I was so accustomed to feeling from the outside and responding that I did not know what it was to feel something arising from within my being, from the inner core of myself, and experience it, respond instead to that. Even in my various spiritual practices, even in the alone and silent, I looked to a sensing outside myself, a god coming toward me, the spirit in wood or rain, a being from another realm coming near. And yet there were places where I did trust the inner voice, moments in my writing and my art, moments in my practice, in nature, in my activity, moments with children, with a kindred spirit. Moments in the world when I felt the stirring deep within. I had some experiences, gifts that I never questioned or talked about much. But I lived my life bereft. Doing my best, trying so hard, working, working, working to make it okay that I existed, okay that I was here.

I experienced a long and debilitating dark night where everything that I knew, thought, believed about myself was stripped away. Where everything that I had created as identity, as way of being in the world, any capacities I had developed, skills, all came crashing down. Where nothing was left but the nightmares of my childhood, literally. Where sickness etched itself so deeply into the body that I was being torn apart each and every night. Agony. I was capable of nothing. This was the beginning of the teaching, the tearing down to rebuild, to remake. I have been remade.

Now I listen within, to what speaks in the core of my self through the heart to another world. There is where I turn. Now when I perceive something in the world, I am standing in myself with the Anima and the Animus, and it is from that point of reference, from that template that I move. I move from feeling into motion, the feeling radiating from my core infuses my motion. I move from my center, rather than from outside myself.

As I began to listen to the Archetypes, to feeling, to my soul self and began to learn the language of the soul world, I began to heal. They were very clear with me. *No, not that, that is not true to you. No, you will crumble into useless pieces if you respond to anything that you do not love.*

If you try to do anything that is not in alignment, is not congruent with your work, you will be back in bed, hurting and lost. The effect of any activity that was not united with my soul self undid me immediately. The old habits were broken for me, though I had to be conscious, I had to say yes, I had to know what I wanted. I had to admit that I was loved. Loved beyond anything I could ever have imagined.

I have been apprentice to the Archetype, student of the heart. I accept this as my reality. I know that there is no other way to live for me. There are threads that I can follow back to my past, but if they remain it is because I have grown and changed in my relationship to them. For instance, I have always recorded and drawn my dreams. It was part of my private, unshared world. My vivid night life was a blessing and a curse, and I paid attention out of necessity, love, and holes in myself that were

filled with fear and pain. At times I wrote and drew my dreams to deal with them, to live with them, at times to learn from them, to dive unconsciously into the process.

Seraphim



Recently the Animus gave me some particular marks in a dream. I played with them, knowing only that they formed a mandorla, that they were vaginal, that they were related to Him gazing at my vagina on the bed, the girl child born there. A few days later I knew they were related somehow to Seraphim. They were pairs of wings. It was not easy to trust that, they did not look like wings, but I knew they were so I trusted that. I found them in the Bible. I learned that they cry Holy, holy, holy, and bring the fiery coal to the lips of Isaiah to purify him when he responds to God's request to be one who will bring His word to the people. I discovered that Seraphim are beings of fire, the angels that are closest to God. I learned that some say they have the heads of children. That the Cherubim are next in the hierarchy of angels, often near by. I knew I had to move onto bigger paper, use color, continue to play.

I looked for an image. I remembered that perhaps Giotto had painted Seraphim. The first Giotto painting with Seraphim in my art book is of the vision he saw when he received the stigmata. I learned he first beheld the Seraphim, and then the head and body of the Christ became imprinted upon it, as if it had wings, and the stigmata issued forth. In another Giotto is the winged heads of children in the detail looking upon the earth from the heavens. Each little piece of information that I ran across seemed to deepen my breath and plunge me into the sensation of not knowing, of following, of surrender. Drawing one day I was told to intensify the blue and the orange red. Another day I was reminded about the eyes of peacock feathers. I have since learned about the significance of blue and red to the Seraphim and the Cherubim. Something about the feminine principle is arising in here now, and again I don't know where it will lead me.

Something about Alchemy, sensuality, the male and the female, conjunctio. I don't know what this all means or if it will do anything other than lead me to something completely different.

This is my life. I live according to what emerges from within from my connection with Him. I do my homework, I live my work, I breathe it and it is me. When I am teaching or with a client I hear something inside and I say it. I do not have to know what it means, how it connects, what will happen. I do not care if I make a mistake, I am willing to go with whatever way I can hear to follow, even if I don't get it quite right. I no longer worry if I am hurting, or have a shame attack when the pathology tries to get me in the wee morning hours, telling me I have overstepped, caused harm, been too big.

I do not feel as if I have a choice about how to live my life or what I do with it, nor do I want one. I am eager to discover more and more what it is to be in a living relationship with Him. I know I fear this, and I accept that. I honor the fear and face into it. I do not always do what I need to do. I cannot always feel what one day will become clear to me. I know I have much to learn, much to discern, and that I will continually grow in my relationship to the Archetypes.

I have always been both a student and a teacher. I have always been a leader, an integral part of the workings of any organization or group I have been part of, and always invisible. Holding something together behind the scenes, resisting being seen. Now I know the deeper feeling, now I know the trauma fear that drove and drives me to invisibility. Being seen as who I really am, with spirit, continues to bring up an intensity of feeling that takes my breath away. And I continue, because I know now that this is the fear I must face, this is how I know I am on the right track. When it resonates on a soul level and I suddenly know the truth of it, whatever has been said, or seen, or is emerging, I am like a leaf in the wind, I am shattered into many pieces, I feel my cells change, I feel my skin grow sensitive and alert, I am on fire in every fiber of my being, every sensation intensifies. At times I can barely stand it. And this is my life. It is normal for me. It does not surprise me. I repeat it only so you can know me more.

I give my life without giving anything more than my heart with Him. I have been tumbled, broken apart and put back together, rolled in the waves, in the water, sensualized, sexualized, broken open, loved, warmed, watched, noticed, trembled trembled under His gaze and at His touch. I have run at Him, leapt on Him, knocked Him over, wanted wanted wanted Him. I have fought beside Him, learned from Him, listened to Him.

I have known what it is like to feel loved round the clock and every day, every night. And I have known what it is to lose that feeling and descend for another round into the darkness, into the wound, into what is glimmering on the edge of my consciousness and wanting to be embraced, known, felt by me in my waking world. What terrifies me and has been held as if in a glass orb deep within my psyche and is now ready to break, ready for release, willing itself to be seen and loved. Brought into relationship.

I am learning who I am with Him, that He is taking notes on me, seeing me smiling and singing and looking at Him. That He notices, every moment, where I am, what I am doing, recording all this in His notebook of our adolescent life in the game-search together. In the joy and delight of immediacy and motion. Of hide and seek. In the present moment free from the lens of the past. In the newness of experience only now born.

* * * *

There is an old habit body of fear that lives right here, close by, on this edge. I am living in the world in a new way, but am I? I can feel her close also, the girl I am, living in the joy and delight and love of the moment. She breathes happily the taste of the day, swims in a simple joy through the waking hours. There is a strength in her that radiates deep and strong in her experience, penetrating her body, the earth, and further. Further, her roots go deep into the essential nature of her beingness, they go down and through and join with some primal force that she knows is greater than her, feels as solace, rock in the storm.

* * * *

I am standing right now on the cusp of the split I created in my life. As the tears poured through me this morning, as the sobs crashed through my body, I experienced the pain and terror of breaking through the veil of self-hatred that I began to stitch together as a very young person, a child who did not understand why, but knew she must try to live in the world without provoking pain or causing harm.

The fear has been moving in waves up and through my limbs. Sometimes the physical symptoms I have battled over the years do strange things like this, but I know this is fear. Terror. Pure terror coursing up into and through my body. It happens throughout the day and night, and is particularly horrifying in the night. I often awake

in the midst of this movement of fear racing through me. I know it is my friend, my ally. I know it will take me and lead me if I recognize it or what it is and take it to the Archetype. Take it to the love.

This morning I let myself feel it becoming the grief. At the edge of the cusp, in the horror of the moment, the fear of stepping through the barrier into the world with myself intact swept through me like stone and water. All the fear of this moment, from every time I had stood in this moment in my lifetime, cascading around me. I am terrified that standing in myself, standing in my work, will cause pain and suffering. I met my terror that the vulnerable girl of my deepest self with all its abundant energy, with all the juice of the boy within, with all its strong feeling, will crash into the world and all hell will break loose.

I am terrified of being in the world and I am terrified of not being in the world in the truth of my beingness.

In a dream, I stand on the edge of a rickety ledge-like porch high up on the side of a building. I am in a state of terror. It is more like abandoned old scaffolding than structure. Inside there is a group working. I am out on the porch, terrified.

When I awoke from this dream I felt the fear of not manifesting myself. The fear of turning my back on the self who I know is loved by rejecting her, not embracing her and stepping out in her fullness. On the cusp, I am in danger of not going on. On the cusp, in the throes of this old, old pain, I would rather curl up and disappear. On the cusp, I do not know how to find the will to continue, the physical stamina to take the step. Here is where it wraps itself into my physical condition. I feel exhausted from so many years of fear and shame. From the strength of will it took to know my core and keep it contained, sabotage its impulses, curtail its desires. Relegate it to the cloister of my inner being, my private life.

I remember when I began to teach how it would feel before the day as I prepared. I was a Waldorf teacher, of parents and young children, and in my job I had the opportunity to work closely with material that was very near and very dear to me. It was close and precious, because the whole of the education, to me, was based on the loving recognition of the individual child as a human soul coming to the world with a specific, unknowable destiny that would unfold. Valued in the spiritual world beyond time and space, this lifetime one precious chapter in the journey of a developing self. This lifetime another opportunity to incarnate upon the earth and fulfill oneself in God's love.

This soul unfolding in our care. A family, a classroom, of souls that need to experience and express their sensual, creative, potent selves, and be received. I trembled before each day, because here my passion and joy, my devotion to the sacredness of the human journey, in all its pain and loveliness, had chance to live in every moment of my work. And it terrified me to reveal these depths of myself and my love, even if, unspoken, it was simply what I brought to my teaching. It was my strength, my foundation, as a teacher and the very core of what I could not speak as a child myself. I was teaching in a way that could have met my own need as a child.

My job to share with others precisely how these things were true for me. To practice living this way with children, to teach parents, to teach from my heart what I knew about these things. These same things, true to me, that had made me strange and different and provocative.

When I was eleven years old my battle with wanting to die came to a head, exploding into my life in a scary way. It was as if ‘Unlovable, it would be better for everyone if you didn’t exist’ met ‘I am tired and I can’t go on’ and the two rose with such fury within me that I had to constantly stop me from hurting me. I made a passionate and fervent agreement with God about living the life given to me, with its joy and sorrow. I came to some strange terms with the suffering that came with my commitment to the unknown, the fear, the terror I had about living.

By some miracle my mother gave me a copy of *The Search for Bridie Murphy*, a book that gave proof to reincarnation. It was the affirmation I had been longing for, it was what I knew, here, in the world. Proof of the soul’s experience beyond a lifetime. Hope, to my small self, that there was an outer world that resonated with the truth of my inner world, a world that knew about souls and destiny and pain and acceptance and feeling God’s love right here, right now. That knew we were all here for a reason, here to experience the joy of creation as an active participant, growing and changing and given chance after chance to love and be loved. To express the depths of selfhood in a body of sensory delight and painful illumination.

I have a fresh understanding in this moment of how deep the fear I experienced, as a wave trembling over, in my preparation for teaching. How personal it was. How teaching was, for me, standing on that same cusp as a child, in the light of my truth, terrified that all most dear to me might spill out in some way and provoke or trigger, cause pain or hurt.

I never believed in a punishing God. I believed that over and over again we shut God out, denied our birthright to grow as a community of human beings together on the planet. I was terrified of evil, particularly how sneaky it was, how pervasive the absence of love. Rather than leave life, I disappeared my passion. Learned to cloister it away, along with my energy.

This morning I lay on the edge my split, feeling on the one hand how hard it is for me to continue. How much I want to let go and disappear. How terrified I am to stand in my truth. How difficult it is to take a step willingly into the world with my whole self. I felt the grief I had as a child pour through me, breaking upon me, drowning me in itself. Because I was most afraid of not being able to do it. Of failing to manifest myself in my purpose. Of losing the struggle, the fight, and disappearing. Of not helping. Flying into God’s arms, failing all God ever wanted for me. Or worse, remaining here, in body, and suffering the split, wasting my time and my life in the thin reality of the fog, where only a shade of myself comes conscious, participates in the world.

Within the heart of the child that I was there is a will to live and a love of the sensual experience of life on the earth, in nature, with others. Within the heart of the

child that I was there is an abundance of love. There is a groundedness, an unconditional trust in the experiences of life, a desire that honors and stays with, does not run from, the everyday hardships, the deeper pains, the hurt and sorrow of life. Knowing it is the material for transformation.

I do not know how to bring myself into the world. I only know what it feels like when I do not. The excruciating pain of that. I know the fear that I will not, will not know how, will not have the courage to be myself in the world. That the great paralysis that grips me in my fear will not move, but hold me in its silence. Stuck, inside myself, behind the veil, on the bridge of self-hatred.

But what about uniting myself with my desire?

* * * *

Journey's end for me is returning home, returning to my soul in relationship with the Archetypes, my embodied self. Selfness, embodied, that responds in relationship. That is journey's end for me.

Journey's end for me is walking in the Love, walking with the Love, walking in the world embodied in the Love. It is all about the Love. The pain that I have been feeling as I remember that who I was and what I knew dissolves in the Love, becomes Love. The shame that I buried myself with cracks and falls under His touch, in Her gentle gaze. The constancy that grounds my passion and excitement for Him in the eyes of the young boymen in my dream, holds me, our eyes meet. They are teaching me. This is what They are teaching me now. Constancy. Grounding my exhilaration in the constancy. Their constancy connecting with my constancy. My gift.

Journey's end for me is my child returning to me to walk in the world. My girl, my Seraphim Valkyrie girl. My boy, my fire and constancy. Vulnerability and passion that springs from the depths of my being, uniting with oh so much more and becoming, ceaselessly, becoming.

FEAR AND THE CHOICE POINT

The things that matter to the real soul self are scary. The things that we create as important but are not important to the soul self or to the Divine are often things that we complain about or try to do something about. We get involved in things that the soul self does not care about and we do not get involved in things that the soul self does care about.

When we find our fear, the fear creates a congruency in the world about what is important. Typically, the thing that is easy to react to is the thing that the soul does not care about. The thing that is scary to respond to or even react to is the thing to notice, as guided by the dreams.

The soul cares about what the soul cares about. Expressing ourselves will bring up fear, a fear which may later become passion or love. If we face into other issues where there is no fear, it is self-righteousness or justification or anger. We can make ourselves feel or be big. If we feel afraid to do what we need to do, then it is closer to being right.

The choice point is - do we want to leave the world or do we want to stay. Do we take the journey or do we not take the journey and remain a normal person. The work will bring us into a psychotic realm where we are not normal anymore. Our mind changes and we begin to feel vertically instead of thinking horizontally. We think in terms of the moment and the deeper feeling of our selves rather than time and space, rather than goal and choice. It is a whole different way of being.

The Archetypes live in an immortal timelessness and our souls live in that timelessness with them. Our ego psyches live in a time frame while the Archetypal Realm lives in every moment in a vertical place that most of us do not descend into very deeply.

This is why we leave the world. Most people in the world are not very deep, so that as we go deeper and deeper, there is an increasingly lack of similarity and consciousness between those who stay on the surface and those who go down.

It is a shift, not an arrogance, that goes deeper and deeper. The more we are Archetypal, the less we can relate to the ego self. It becomes hard sometimes to even

have discussions in the world because everyone is caught up in things that we increasingly do not care about.

The dream will reflect a choice point and the choice that we get to make. The dream will not tell us what choice to make. The choice is like a free card - get out of jail free. It is an opportunity when we have done a significant amount of work that we have the opportunity to jump ahead or not.

When we are caught up in time, we cannot recognize the Animus when He comes in a dream. When we are caught up in time, we are caught up in patterns in our life, caught up in old ways of being and we are not even looking for Him.

But when we stop our life, stop looking for a way to distract ourselves from the present, we stop time and can enter into the sense of timelessness. Time is the life that is consumed by not being with Him. The only presence is the yearning for Him or coming into relationship with Him.

Yearning is when we do not really care if we are loved back, we just want Him so much that it does not matter. This sounds dysfunctional, like we need someone so badly that we would let them walk all over us. But when the yearning is for Him, it is completely different. Yearning without shame is the transcendent form of fear and passion. Normally, we would be scared of yearning, scared of being rejected and the shame would come. When we have shame, we cannot yearn or want because somebody might take issue with our desire and our passion.

Shame blocks fear, yearning and passion, tricking us to not have real feelings. It is better to have fear of yearning than it is to have shame of yearning, for fear of yearning is alchemical and can change. Shame of yearning is not alchemical and it cannot change.

When we have shame, there is fear or pain underneath. The way to go into the passion is to be aware of our fear of being so vulnerable rather than the shame of being vulnerable. When we feel shame of yearning, the shame forms a barrier of control to protect ourselves and we shut down.

We are addicted to shame because it is a way to control. But when we feel the fear, we do not shut down. We stay open. If we do not run away from our fear, we can go through the fear into Alchemy. The fear can move into greater and greater passion.

Dream:

I am on an island. The water around the island is frozen, but the ice is breaking up. A woman asks me to leave the island and go into the water. I feel scared.

When we isolate, we go into exile, exiling ourselves. We can do this in different ways and it does not mean that we necessarily become reclusive. We can be very gregarious when we isolate. In this dream, the Anima asking the dreamer to leave the

island and go into the water is showing the dreamer that it is time for her to really reach out to people from a new place in herself. Even if it means coming into conflict with others.

When we come out of isolation, it means bringing our essence, our deeper self into play in the world once we uncover that deeper self. The world may not like it, may react. Bringing this essence into the world may bring us back to the wound where we were in that essence and where we felt no one liked us. To go back and stand our ground from the standpoint of our woundedness.

We actually do not know that we will not be liked once we do this especially if we have created a dependency on being a certain way with people we have gathered around ourselves. When people around us like the way we have been because it allows them to have some kind of power over us, the rules need to change once we uncover the deeper self. In the process we will be different, we may lose some friends and we may gain some other friends. Hopefully, our marriages will survive.

But for us to survive, for us to allow our true selves to emerge, we must risk it. When we leave the island of our isolation, we need to make a choice, being somewhat alone in that choice. It may mean confronting our spouse, it may mean being more honest in our work. Making this choice is not something the Animus can do with us. We must be autonomous and make the decision of commitment to ourselves.

This is not done in isolation, but it is the moment of risk. The choice point. The moment we make the choice because it is who we are. The Divine cannot be with us in that moment, in a way. We have to be there in the moment. It is our choice. It is the moment we do it for ourselves. It is not even for God, but for us. If we cannot do it for ourselves, then we have not learned enough and we are not ready. Making this choice is doing it for the emancipation of our souls.

These moments, which sometimes take years to reach, offer an opportunity that will determine our fate for a while in our work. If we fail to commit to ourselves, everything from the old self will double back on us so that we become weighted down once again by pathology and by our own reluctance to take risks.

Feeling Fear Without Shame

When we are presented with the opportunity of moving through fear, it means moving past the gyroscope of needing to do something right. The reason people want to do something right is that they can control things. This is what shame does. It puts us into the place of needing to be good, to be accepted, to be affirmed. But when we really touch into the fear, it has nothing to do with acceptance of the world. It is about being in the fear for the sake of being in the fear. If we abort this by worrying about being good, then we abort ourselves from being in the work of the fear.

Fear of rejection and fear of failure are both shame-based and are not real

fear. Doing things out of duty or responsibility is a form of shame. The fear of doing things as the child self, the fear of being in the exposed, unknown world of the soul is true fear. In this fear, we have nothing to prove except to feel our fear and do it anyway for the sake of working through the fear.

Every time I feel scared - when I am doing retreats, when I speak, when I am sitting with a client - I face into the fear and do it anyway. I do not plan anything. I simply drop into myself and then I am okay because I know I am supported by God. At some point, the fear does lessen. But to have it lessen, we must be in the fear over and over and over and over again.

Stage Two work is the capability to let ourselves move through the fear without shame. We must be shame free to do it. Shame pulls us out. If we worry about what somebody is going to think when we speak from a deep place and then we cannot speak, this is shame and pathology has gotten in. It is not fear. Shame keeps us from descending deep enough in our fear so that we cannot go through it.

If we can be in the fear without the shame, then we start to alchemize. If we are in fear with shame, we will not. If we manage to grow at all while having the shame, we will adapt and learn to be more proficient, but we will not alchemize the fear.



**CONJUNCTIO I:
FEAR AND ALCHEMY**
Christa Lancaster

Dream:

I am sleeping in a single bed in my office with a baby. We are snuggled up close and in an extraordinarily restful sleep. When we awaken, I feel wonderful until I start to worry: I assume the baby is Amy and Ben's newborn and I need Amy to come so the baby can nurse. But when I call Amy, she is disinterested. I hang up, turn to the baby who looks me in the eye and says: "Hi." I realize the baby is mine. The baby is clearly precocious; it is a talking newborn.

For a week, I have been waking up in the morning in a state of acute fear. My jaw is tight, my adrenaline is pumping and my heart is constricted. The state is close to panic. My mind turns to a list of worries. I scan the list, knowing I am projecting my fear. I stop, breathe, bring myself back to myself. Fear. It is just fear.

Then, this dream:

I am walking along the ocean floor; the water parts and on either side of me are huge walls of water, as high as mountains. The walls begin to fall and I am sure the weight of the water will crush me.

Instead it moves through me or around me gently like particles of light bathing me in soft radiance. Another wall of water gathers and falls and then another. Each time the water dissolves into light as it touches me. I feel amazed by the lightness of the water. I am filled with light. I keep walking deeper into the ocean.

The walls of water are the fear. The fear dissolves into me, around me. The dream is about the Alchemy of fear.

Walls of Water



I am the vessel holding the fear again and again so that I can die into the miracle of the moment, so that I can die into becoming the wise boy child who knows he is loved, that he belongs. When I worry, I give the chance to be the vessel away. Worrying scatters the power of the fear into fragments which fly all over the room like deranged insects.

It is hard, though, to stay with the fear when technically I am having a full blown panic attack. Will I be able to breathe my way back? What

if I do not? What if I cannot bring it all back in? I do. Somehow each time, I do. The day I received the homework of feeling the fear and becoming the baby, I was sitting at my kitchen table with Bill and Susan Marie. I started talking about my work to do with fear. Immediately the fear popped up. They sat quietly listening as I narrated my way through the episode. Each time I do this the fear is less gripping and intense. It is changing. It is not, however, over.

The baby who I am becoming is the deeper core of my essence. She resides in the deepest ocean of my being. She is wise, knowing, joyful. She knows she is loved. She is the girl in the dream I wrote about long ago who breathes the water. Here I am now meeting him/her in my work space. I need to be her in my work. She is the part of me in relationship to the Animus, to the wild bulls of another recent dream. In the core of my vulnerability lies the wildness of bull energy. I am not fully there; I am circling the edges of the bulls as I let myself fall into the new state of being embodied by the child.

* * * *

I feel an ache in my heart. I am some place new to me.

I keep returning to my dream of walking along the ocean floor with the waters parting. I keep walking through the towering mountains of water on either side of me. When the mountains of water fall, the water falls through me, is in me. I am in it, a part of it. The water is a part of me. We are the same. At first I felt afraid, but the fear washed through me and still the water came. Then I came to feel Animus there in the water with me.

I am the vessel, open and vulnerable in this way, one with the water, filled and spilling over at the same time. This is conjunctio, union without sex. The intimacy and vulnerability is like sex. I keep walking and in the walking is a steadiness.

I felt this new steadiness in the presence of the water, with Animus, at a recent retreat. I did not have familiar friends and partners to lean on while leading my group. I had to be steady and keep walking deeper with Him. I felt held and loved and very strong and focused. The first night, I cried all the way up to the cabin with Annie walking alongside me. I went into the core of my vulnerability. I asked, prayed, all night for help.

Help came. I woke up clear and knew what direction to take with our group, how to set and keep impeccable boundaries for the work that needed to be done. I kept walking deeper. The man from my tunnel dream, the one who stays by the fire, was with me, every step of the way.

I have put relationship before Him. At the retreat, I could not do that. The comforting habit of turning to a friend was broken. I found the steady note in me. I was not scared. I did not falter. He was holding me.

The ache in my heart feels related to letting go of the old habit of leaning on another, before leaning on Him.

Dream:

I am with a group of dear friends at a cineplex in Manhattan. They all leave, waving goodbye to me. For a moment I feel forlorn and left behind. Then I go into another room where I find three babies lined up in their car seats. Marc's daughter's Rachel and Rebecca are there, too, with the babies. I know I need to be with the babies and the girls. They are my innocence, my heart, my deep feeling self.

I felt resistance this week to the deep place I found. I wanted to fall back into the comfort of the familiar. I did not want to face into some new challenges.

I also felt the potency of walking steadily and not faltering. I did not feel fear. I wanted then to face into the challenges. I felt strong.

From out of the vulnerability of the babies comes the potency with Animus. In the water, being one with the water, I feel no fear. With the babies there is no shame. In the deep, dark ocean the world is far away. It is quiet and soft and strong and luminous.



Fear becomes our child self. It opens us to becoming who we truly are. Fear is the Alchemy of becoming. In the advanced stages of the work, fear is no longer

about trauma. If we have trauma, we are working through it or have already worked through it. Ultimately, this level of fear is about becoming, is about healing.

In early stages of the work, the fear could be from the woundedness of a trauma and it could be about going into the trauma. In later stages of the work, the fear is about coming out of the trauma. The fear is about exteriorializing the child self into the world. The true voice, the true being able to hear and feel into Him and Him coming into us and through us. This starts with reclaiming our soul. When we reclaim our soul, He is there, with our soul, with our child self. The fear, at this level, comes from the separation between us and the child self. When we move through fear, our child reemerges.

Once we go deep enough into the fear, it becomes sensuality or pain or deeper trauma or enlightenment or connection. It always produces the result that is necessary for the advancement of our work.



WORKING THROUGH TRAUMA

When we are working with trauma, we are working on Dying to Self. This, of course, means that we are going to be afraid. The idea of healing a wound is not the fundamental reason for moving through the trauma nor is it the fundamental fear about moving through the trauma. The fear is the fear of changing back to something we do not even know we were and giving up everything that we are.

When we know what we are, it is a terrifying thing.

If we did not have to die to self to resolve trauma, if we did not have to become someone new, it would not be as scary as it is. The terror is dying and changing back. It is not that something awful happened, even if something awful did happen, it is that we are losing the old self to gain something new that is so scary. The only thing scarier is extreme trauma such as rape.

We always think that if we are scared it is because something bad happened. This is not always true. We can be scared because of something good happening. Anything new, even and especially when it is good, is terrifying.

There is a negativity about fear that says fear is a bad thing, but fear is not always associated with bad things. It is also associated with change and facing God. It is the feeling behind awe; the awe of facing the Divine. This awe is really translated as feeling terrified at the bigness of God, the bigness of ourselves. This is why the Divine often comes in dreams as a tornado, a storm, a tidal wave.

At the point where fear becomes receiving Divine love, there could also be other feelings such as joy, passion, grief, but the most important is the fear of becoming our true soul self if we say yes to Him. The fear of losing the old self.

This is where trauma and conjunctio come together. When it is no longer about what happened that was difficult, when it is no longer about how what happened forced us to separate from ourselves either earlier or later than is normal. When it is about coming back to ourselves, when it is about being with the Divine, it is terrifying because it is all unknown.

Without this fear, saying yes to the Divine is not going to work. Fear is the alchemist's number one ingredient.

When we feel into our legitimate feelings and connect back to our divine self, we are alchemizing, transforming ourselves whether we are aware of it or not.

Many people feel that if they feel something that they will always feel it; if I cry, I will never stop crying, if I feel my fear, I will always be afraid. But there is only so much feeling. The reality is when the dreams bring us into our trauma, we will alchemize. If we are not ready to alchemize, if we could not process the feelings, it is because we are not ready to feel them. The dreams will never force us into feeling feelings until we are ready.



CHARRED BABY: TRAUMA AND THE ALCHEMY OF LOSS

Christa Lancaster

Through loss I find my way down, always, to His bigger love. This is how I came in. I am hardwired that way. Last fall, when I had the dream about my dog Ajax vomiting up a baby who was charred, I called Marc and told him that I needed to work that dream with him, that day. I knew instinctively that I was hitting the epicenter of my lifework. I knew that in that horrifying image, reality really, of the baby who was mutilated beyond recognition was the key to reclaiming my soul, the soul who knew its innocence and God's love.

I will never forget that conversation Marc and I had on the phone that night. He said that somewhere in time, I had known great love and connection and that through devastating loss and violence I had lost it all. That then I had buried the trace memory of both the great love and the great loss. And that I came into this life, with my particular configuration of cultural ancestry and family, to awaken that place of devastation in me, to work through the defending walls of trauma, to feel the pain of this child who once knew wholeness and love.

My journey began, on a conscious level, about 1984, when my brother Guy, gave me two books. One was *Cutting through Spiritual Materialism* by the Tibetan Buddhist teacher, Chogyam Trunpa. The other was *Emmanuel's Book* by Pat Rodegast. I was still in my first marriage. I was lost and searching and these two books were the beginning of an answer to "Who am I?" and more important, "What is my work and where do I belong?"

When I went to Germany for the first time in 1995, for the 50th anniversary of the liberation of the death camp at Dachau, I insisted we drive directly from the airport to the memorial site. I collapsed into a grief which was inconsolable and unnegotiable. I knew, and felt, for the first time, this place in me of extraordinary loss. The words came to me through my tears: “They were my brothers and sisters.” The loss I felt was direct and extremely personal.

When I entered into the homework of the charred baby with Laura and Susan Marie one fall morning, I returned to that knowing of massive loss. Marc’s words kept floating through my head: “In recognizing and feeling the pain of this enormous loss, you will remember your enormous capacity to give and receive love.” All winter I entered into the loss, dipping deeper, more consciously each time. At every turn the Animus was there meeting me, in the specific way I needed to be met, with great love and respect. I moved into union with Him, through the portal of my grief.

Untitled



I have struggled to feel His presence. I have been facing some present losses and I was, as I look back, trying to sidestep the pain. My good, good friend Sara is moving to Scotland on Thursday. Her son Aidan has been Gabriel’s best friend since preschool. We have ridden all kinds of ups and downs together. Her leaving brings up the almost unbearable pain of my loss place. A good friend, with whom I became

closer in the last couple of months, needed to step back from our friendship. I lost something. It hurt.

Shame got in and wanted to discount my feelings. Shame tells me that I am wrong and I have no right to love or that my love will not be returned or that it never really existed. Shame tells me lies.

Yesterday, I got past the shame to my sorrow. My friend Isabelle showed up unexpectedly and I cried through the recent losses down the tunnel to the ancient losses. To the place in me that is old, from the past, that asks why everyone had to go away.

I woke up this morning with this dream:

I arrive back at a boarding school which is a combination of the Putney School (where Rory was born) and the Buxton School (where Rory went to high school and on whose board I serve). I show up at the director's office. He holds out his hand to me, looks me in the eye and tells me he is glad that I am back, that he has missed me. I feel special, loved.

The Alchemy of loss. Finding the way back to my heart, to Him, through the loss. Loss and love. Love and loss. No shame.



When we are ready and we begin to feel those feelings, it is because we are going to change. The psyche will not convict us to a lifetime of pain or fear, which is something we are all afraid of. We will move through the feeling because it will alchemize into something else. One minute in a dream we may feel scared, but then the next minute we may find ourselves playing happily with a child. In this kind of dream situation, it is about coming back through the place where we have jumped away, coming back through and connecting with the spiritual self. We do not get there, however, by focusing on the playing child. We get there by feeling the fear so that the fear can move into the connection with the child.

When we move through trauma, when we feel the feelings, the self that we left when we left our bodies when we were young will come back. This is the inner child, the Divine child. Two things will happen. First, we will be healed of the pathology and the trauma. Once we move through the healing, we will be spiritually open to ourselves in a way that will allow us to be able to move into our particular spiritual life.

Moving through trauma is not just about healing an old wound, although it is that. It is also, at the same time, about reclaiming our nascent, spiritual reality. Even if we never had trauma, we would still have to go and get the child self.



I DO NOT HAVE TO LEAVE ANYMORE

Christa Lancaster

The trigger comes from the outside. I react. I want to believe the stories I invent about where the man I love has gone and why and how I do not count. When I do this, I miss the chance to heal the place in my unhealed heart. I miss the point.

Inside me is a hurt that is almost healed. It is about true love. It is about the place in me that once risked true love and somewhere, someplace in time, lost that love and resolved never again to open to real love.

This afternoon, I went to a friend who does energy healing work. I told her about my cycling through the wound. I told her I could feel how this wound was now healing. I could feel how I have cycled from the present back through the past - marriages, men, mothers, fathers - into all the levels in which I have enacted a self-betrayal. All the moments of self-betrayal, funneling down into the tip of the spiral, the place of the first turning away from God, the moment I felt betrayed and went away and concluded that I was betrayed by God. All of these levels of betrayal leading down into the deep funnel of original separation. I am healing this wound of self-betrayal. I touch the wound. I stop and breathe and drop down further past the trap set to catch me up in the story in the present.

Present love, true and sweet, has opened my heart to its deepest hurt. If I project the Divine onto the human love I set myself up for rewounding. Humans disappoint. Humans turn away. Humans are unpredictable. If I project, I cannot heal the hurt. If I project, I lose the moment offered. This is my Achilles heel. I have been learning not to project onto the man I love.

So, the love I feel for this love of mine comes not from him but from

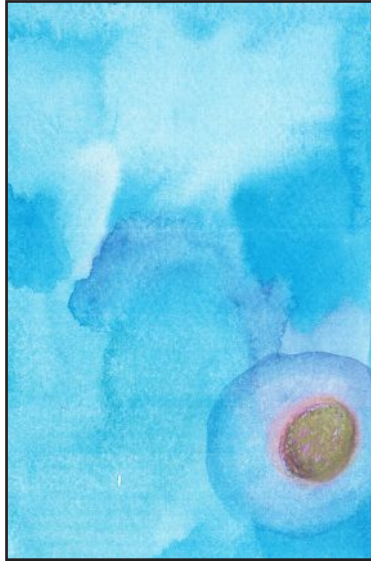
within me, the Divine within me. The outer love is not the source of the love. How confusing, my mind can only just wrap around the truth of this.

I have written about this loss of love many times. Each time there is something new for me in the telling. I stay more present. I have learned not to go away, not to leave myself, that I no longer need to leave. He is there. God is there. He never leaves. He never goes away. I used to go away and now I am not going away. I am staying. I am held in His love. He is holding me by the fire with the embrace of his warm, kind, loving eyes. He is wise beyond my imagining. He does not leave.

When the trigger happened, I got stuck between worlds. I could not come back to the world of being loved all by myself. I tried. I breathed. I prayed. I spoke about it. Then a friend called and I told her what was happening. She just happened to have the time to be present with me in a very clear way. She stayed with me as I went in, further down past the craggy cliffs of story into the clear aquamarine waters of soft pain. I landed in my own rose pink soft heart, the heart of the girl in me who knows how truly she is loved.

Here the story dissolves. The place in me that is not yet healed is met with love. Each time I can go into my hurt heart beyond the trigger another piece of the hurt is healed with His love. This is the miracle embodied in my dream about walking out into the deep ocean where the water parts and falls, dissolving in me and through me. This is the mystery of the love. I feel the steadiness of walking towards the love, further into the miracle, away from the worldly land towards all that is soft, quiet and luminous. The world is the endless cycle of reaction. The End is where the real life begins. Real life with the love is the miracle.

Untitled



If I have Divine love human love can be fallible, flawed, imperfect. If I project Divine love onto a human I set myself up to be rewounded. Divine love does not disappoint, fail, pull away. If a human disappoints me I can still know I am loved. If someone I love disappears or dies, then, can I still stay open and know love? I do not have to go away anymore. I do not have to leave. Then, the ancient wound can heal. Then we know that the wound is not endless. There is a point at which the wound is healed and the cavity is filled with love.



Does trauma make it easier or harder to get the child? What is true is that we can get both things when working through trauma - emotional/psychological healing and the spiritual opportunity to reclaim the child self. Both things can happen simultaneously. One does not impede the other, even though it has been stated that trauma does impede spiritual growth. This is why as negative as a traumatic event may be, if we can get into it in the right way, it can be a vehicle, a portal into the inner life.

This is why we do not have to look at ourselves as damaged goods when we have trauma. We are all damaged goods whether or not awful things happened. We are all still lost from ourselves. And of course, we do not need trauma to get to our child self, but it can help. When bad things do not happen, reclaiming the child self is still difficult.

We all have the challenge to be ourselves again. We just have to realize that we can do it whether or not we have deep, bad things happen or not. God is so good at reclaiming what we lost, it is hard to imagine. But working with the dreams can do this, the Divine can do this.

We do not just have trauma and neurosis around trauma. We are also atrophied or paralyzed around our own capability to go deeper. The issues that create trauma are the psychological way of just being in the world and the psychological way we interpret ourselves in relationship to the world; these issues are very dense matter. They are very thick, so thick they become reality.

This thick reality is a toxic fog and is not real. It is just spewed into the psychological environment from all the big pollution producing plants that we all are. We all breathe each other's puke and then the putridness becomes our consciousness which we believe and which we lie about. Then we have to take sleeping pills, have affairs, gamble, hide in our room, eat, do something to mitigate our suffering. We do not know how to be alive anymore.

Alchemy is not just a question of healing trauma, it is a question of waking us to our consciousness as it is and alchemizing that consciousness so that it changes. When it changes, it is a consciousness that is rarified from a place of the stratosphere instead of the bog. To do this, to raise that awareness, to raise consciousness, means to change the very fabric, the very beingness of a person.

It is not knowing something more than we did know or did not know. It is changing how it feels to be our true selves. The very essence of beingness, consciousness. Alchemy is when we work through our trauma, we begin to go to a deeper level of core feelings which were present when we were children.

The feelings of the child can be brought into relationship with the Divine, the child whose consciousness is already innocent, open, and can be the fulcrum point by which we can grow. We have to go through our past, our history. Finding the depth of the inner self, things can then change.



WHEN THE WOUND IS HEALED

Once we face into the wound, we discover that we do not need its structure anymore. Without the need for the structure of the wound and then without the structure, we get thrown into the unconscious in a psychotic way. If the wound is gone, then we do not need the structure, we do not need all the ways of looking for affirmation or resourcefulness or anything.

Once we have gotten rid of the structure that protected us from the wound, Jacob's Ladder becomes available. Essence, Sensuality and Grace are all possible as long as we are through our wound. The reclamation of the wound is the reclamation of the child self and the reclamation of all the feelings in the wound which are necessary for Alchemy to occur.



THE GIRL WHO KNOWS SHE IS LOVED

Christa Lancaster

Dream:

I have dropped down into the deep troughs of the Atlantic Ocean where I watch as a woman finds little translucent fairy-like creatures in the rock crevices. A little nervous, I mention my concern about the moray eels that could be hiding in the rocks. She listens kindly to my concern but carries on, not in the least worried about the snapping jaws of the moray eels.

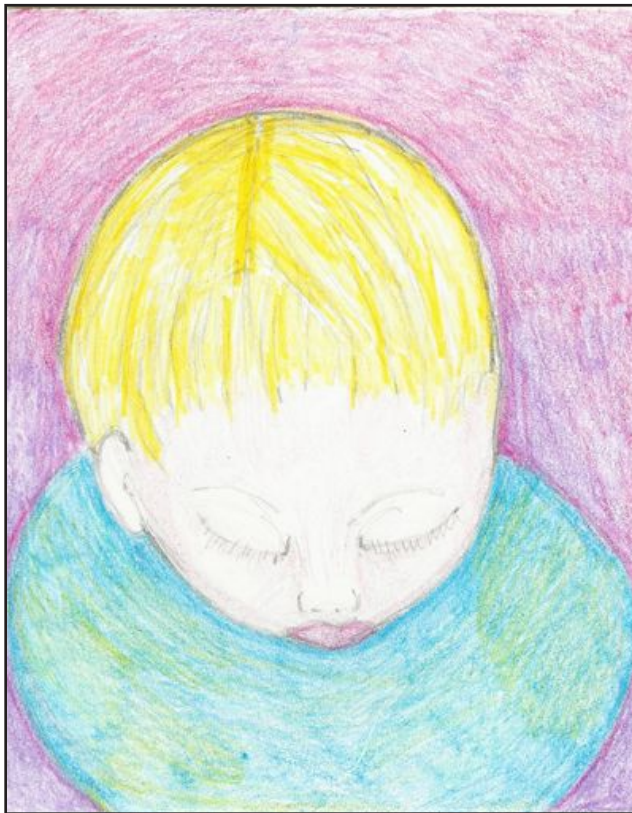
When I was a little girl growing up in Bermuda I was fascinated by a pair of huge emerald green moray eels in a large tank in the dimly lit

Aquarium at Flatts Inlet. Whenever we swam in the dark water of the harbour off the neighborhood dock, I was on the alert for the moray eel and steered clear of caves and openings.

The creatures in the dream move in delight and joy. They are my innocence. They live from the depths of my being. They are unselfconscious in their relationship to the Divine. They simply are who they are.

I am a little afraid still of the power of the phallus, embodied in the moray eel. I project my fear of being entered and torn apart by the masculine. The Anima shows me not to worry, just to trust in the light creatures, in my own vulnerability.

The Girl Who Knows She is Loved



This morning I can hardly stand to stay in the trough in the depths. It feels excruciating to be so vulnerable. I have been taking risks in a new and tender relationship. In staying open to him, I stay open to the Animus. The outer affects the inner. It is new to live with the light

creatures in me, at the bottom of the deepest ocean, and not know and trust and breathe and fall into His arms, over and over again.

Doubt and shame vanish in the deep waters. Instead is an alchemical fear. The fear then transmutes into empowered love when I take it to the fear in another dream of standing in public and speaking of love and loss. Fear alchemizes into love and potency.

When I stand in my core vulnerability connected to the Love, it turns to the feeling of potency, the power that comes out in the world through the union with Him. In another dream, I am a child exploring sensuality with a boy, playing “doctor,” from our innocence and delight. Again when I take the feeling of being naked with the boy to the moment of standing and speaking in public, to that fear, it changes instantly to love and potency.

Dream:

Amy brings me a baby girl whose whole body wiggles in delight when she sees me and I take her in my arms.

I am in a new place acclimating to these new levels of vulnerability and potency. I am letting go of the habit of woundedness and living in a new way, out of the wholeness of the radiant baby. It feels very new and at times, like right now, disorienting.

I am being re-oriented to live beyond the wound

Dream:

I drop old bandages on the floor in a hospital. I walk out the door. I have no wounds and I know I do not belong there.

I need to accept my wholeness and give up the habit of feeling wounded. The old wound is healed, the issues are resolved. I do not need to react out of habit as if I am still wounded. I am not.

I am with the baby girl who is my wholeness and vulnerability. With her, I can feel Him in me as I stand up in the world and speak of what I know, of love and loss. I can live beyond the wound. It is time. I am ready.

Until now I have not known how to write about what has worked in my life. I have not known how to write about the moments when, against the odds, I said ‘Yes’. I have not known how to write about the choices I made that grew out of my knowing. I have not known how to acknowledge the strands of gold - my children, my work life, dear friends, family and dogs - woven into my life. I have not known how to speak of my strengths, the qualities in me that allowed me to move on my path, through tangled dark woods of terror and slimy bogs of shame, towards light and love. I could not claim the times when I was able to see my truth and summon my courage and take a step towards the Divine. I could not accept the precious child self within me, the one who knows God’s love, and whose voice, on occasions, over the years, I have heeded.

Until now.

Dropping the Bandages



Recently, for me, the moments and occasions have turned into an ongoing state of being. I have a new reference point. It is no longer

outside me in the world. It is in the core of my being which is true and innocent, radiant and gorgeous. I feel and know her inside myself and I accept her as real. From this vantage point, from my core of truth, I can look back over the landscape of my adult life and see where she was and how she was guided, how I was guided, even during some very dark and lost times.

I am the girl and the girl is me. She knows the love of the Beloved. She knows the Father's love. She knows she is held in love at all times. She does not doubt or fall prey to shame. She is like my niece, Natasha, in a dream I had a month or so ago: she knows unequivocally her daddy loves her even if he has to leave for a while. She knows he still loves her and he will return. She trusts in the enduring nature of Divine love.



The wound gives us the ability to have neurosis, the neurosis we need in order to create the false self. If there is suddenly no wound to create the self from, then we are just with Him. When there is no fear, no wound to react to, the fear turns into relationship with Him.

Even though this is the most ecstatic and wonderful experience in the world, it does take time to get used to because it means that there is nothing to push against. What we push against from the wound is not the world but a projection of what we push against in ourselves. This gets projected out into the world. Without that fear, without the projection, we are just swimming in the psychotic ooze with Him. He becomes the marker. It takes time to adjust to this even when we have broken through.

Every time we face the fear and go through it, our lives gets bigger because at every level of fear, there is a part of ourselves that is repressed. Moving through fear, then, simply opens our lives, if we are willing to face into whatever underlying trauma that may be underneath the fear. Sometimes there are deep traumas that require difficult work to come through. Other times, however, a fissure fear is opened and what comes out is juice. There is nothing but energy and more aliveness. We never know what we are going to find, but whatever it is we must go through it and let go of something. Letting go of something that we have used to avoid the fear is the hardest part because we are often attached to what we do to defend against our fear.

The ego always has to perceive itself. When the soul is cut off from its childhood self, it creates itself out of either affirmation or its own material and abilities to create what it can. But once that is broken, once we die to self, the self that emerges is the true self. But even with the true self, the ego must still reflect on it.

The ego must be able to look at itself as itself. We cannot be an undifferentiated child. As an adult, the miracle of choice is the bicameral mind, the self that sees itself. When we see the self we are being through God's eyes, through Divine eyes, which is often reflected in a dream, then that image of ourselves is who we really are now. The image does not come from something we created or some gyroscope of trying to feel good or bad. It comes from Divine love. The incarnation of the child as a manifestation, as a being.

There is still the way we must perceive ourselves as being our true self. When we are in the childhood self, we exist in a state of beingness. But there is still a reflection that the "I" must see out and then back to itself again. This is the ultimate congruence, not just with the world but with one's own self.

When we experience being the child self, our true self, we feel God's love, we feel more potent, we feel more juicy and alive. This is great, of course. But to have an image that reflects the way the Archetypes see us gives us the perspective of the love in which we are carried by them, based on the image. It is not just, "This is who I am," it is who we are through their eyes. This is called the Fourth Eye. The Fourth Eye shines on us and we can see the beauty. It is impossible to love ourselves the way they love us, but seeing the way they love us through how they see us allows us to appreciate ourselves by receiving their love. And ultimately knowing ourselves through how they see us.

Self-love does not come from a narcissistic brash acceptance. It is more the humble openness to the parents who love their child. We receive the love both visually and through feeling it.

From my own experience: I remember being terribly overwhelmed even though I knew the love or at least knew of the love or knew Him. For years, I could not get to my trauma because the power of pathology was so overwhelming. I could not help but be distracted because my distractions and concerns were fear based and attached to my trauma. But after I had gone through my trauma, after I had gone to the other side and Alchemy had done its work, those distractions became like little flies buzzing around. On the other side of trauma, the fears, distractions, concerns are just irritants.

I do not have fear now. I have essence. In the essence, I have Him and in Him, I have the love. In the love, I have a calling in the world. I can be in the world with Him, doing what He wants and He wants me to do things. He is clearly controlling everything in my life because I let Him. I let Him clearly direct me. It is not a voice, but a body and soul, complete annihilation of my self as I have known my self.

Do I get challenged by people, do I get hurt, do I get triggered into my old wounds? It is hard to say. I do get hurt, but it does not feel old. I do get scared, but it also does not feel old. It may be lurking still in me somewhere, but when I am with Him, it is so much of Him that I cannot feel my old feelings. I just feel the love with Him.

It is almost as if I cease to exist as the person who was tormented by my

father, who suffered his share of agonies growing up and throughout my adult life. There are always challenges, but I am not consumed by them. I would rather feel like I am on a boat floating down a river with Him in everything that happens. Of course, there are rapids and the boat does get turned over. There are disappointments, issues and hurts even more so because there are more people in my life. With Him, I deal with the issues but I know they are not my issues. They are His issues. He is the one who can do something, not me. It does not mean I am not involved and invested. It means I am not invested with my trauma and my own personal hurts. It is simply that I am in the love with Him and I deal with everything in the world through my connection with Him. This is the goal of the work and I feel I am in that place.

I am at the end of the world, falling off the world. Maybe the world is flat in this sense. We fall off the edge, tumble into the abyss and there He is, there are the Archetypes. It is what all spirituality speaks of. The dream process can guide us, can bring us through the Alchemy of transformation in order to truly behold and encounter the Divine. To receive this is to be presented with the ultimate gift.

From this place, the evolutionary spiral can and should continue if I can continue to stay close with Him. I would be a fool not to stay close. Who would want to leave the blessing of Him - an older brother, a loving brother, a father, a son, a guide, a teacher all rolled into one. It is all of that and none of that. It is difficult to fabricate an idea around this one word - essence, the love in this essence. I know that my only wish is to spend the rest of the years of my life in this essence.

This is my personal experience, but in the objective view of it, it is His eyes looking into the world. I understand that He sees everything in each of us. It is difficult to understand this because we are all so unique and individual and different, like a million different pebbles on a beach. But not to the Divine. His eyes are of the world, on the world. His eyes see the world, even down to the most intimate detail of each person.

Each dream is His eye teaching and waking us up, all of us together, everyone of us. The dreams are one way to get to that learning that is specifically about and for us. It is not a generalized wisdom teaching, it is not religious. There is nothing I could say that would touch everyone together because I am only speaking of my experience, my journey. Our journey is unique to us, specific to us, because we matter in every unique way, we matter in each way that we can be tweaked and taught that is unique to us and no one else.

To say that we are all unique and special is just using words. We can believe or disbelieve words. But in our dreams, we are special because we are dealt with in a unique way. Freud would discount it all by writing the dreams off to indigestion or to some experience. But when we get past this lie, we can open to understand that the dream process is a gift, it is an act of love, an act of being supported to awaken what is truly there and has been all the time.

The mind can create anything it wants to create and can lie a million lies. The lies are easy to believe because the world does not reflect His eye. The world reflects

the lack of His eye, His eye being closed. So, even in our attempt to love one another, we betray more than we love

To understand what He sees in us is a painful process especially when what He sees is the difficult place and how to get out of the difficult place. To see how He sees us, to see His eye on us, look no further than our own dreams.

The Fourth Eye

When the choice to do something different can be made, it is in the deepest part of the self; blind spots and self-deception must finally be revealed. This is like an eye in the back of the head - the fourth eye. This eye sees through the blind spots. The third eye, which is in the middle of the forehead, is likened to the eye that can see God. The fourth eye, in the back of the head, can see itself and suffers the most because it can see its own defeats, its own suffering and watches as the solution is ignored over and over again. To be conscious of this eye is to be conscious of death. One must die to self when one sees with this fourth eye.

In this sense, the solution is revealed - one only has to act as the dream shows. The revealing of the self is only possible by moving through the deepest layer of trauma and the core feelings of fear and pain that underlie all human experience. It is here that we can see past our personality/persona/worldly ego self. Because of these deepest regions of the psyche, there is no sense of self through the world. The only sense of our self comes from the self and the self that is reflected to us from the Divine. If we pay attention and are capable of breaking the lie that binds us to our blindness, once we are free from this lie, we are free to see ourselves as God shows us who we truly are. It is His vision that shows us who we are. It is His vision of the pathology that shows us who we are not. He knows what is, in fact, the truth of us.

We must be willing to give up the falseness with the hope that there is a fundamental beauty inside us before this beauty is revealed. This makes the journey particularly arduous because we want to know how wonderful we are now, even before we are ready. The blind spots must be seen, however, for without seeing the blind spot, the idea of our own worth and beauty will feed into the blind spot.

We are given snippets of our true self in the forms of lost creativity and support and feelings that begin to come back through the process. But the ultimate enlightenment is knowing who we are through God's vision. The third eye beholds God, but the fourth eye beholds the self free of the lie. It beholds God's view of us, what God sees we are. In this sense, the fourth eye is the eye of self-knowledge, the knowledge of who we are from the deepest point possible. From the reference point of the Divine itself.

At the Feast

It is easy to say that we want to be loved, for who does not want to be loved.

Who does not want to be at the feast. We assume that this is what we want, but we are not aware that we really do not want it. We do not want it, even when we do, because we cannot accept it. Accepting it would mean giving up independence or anger or the ways we projection our uncertainty or vulnerability into power and control or caretaking or any of the many ways we have have fashioned ourselves to be.

When we find ourselves suddenly in a new place of love, we must give up the old person we have been to receive it. Nobody at the feast cares about accomplishments or failures. Instead, we are little children at the feast and we do not need any credentials.

When we are at the feast, when we die to self, nobody in heaven cares about what we did in our previous life. They only care who we are as the child self, as the soul self, as the eternal. Not all the things we have accumulated that makes us affirmed in the world.

It is difficult to give up all the things that make us affirmed for all the things that God gives when we are not used to being God given. When we are used to having to fight for every bit of self worth we have. It is excruciating to feel valued without having earned it.

When we suddenly do not need what is in us that we used to get affirmation, we are dropped into a free fall of uncertainty, vulnerability and just having to be naked in the reclaiming of the soul. Many people want to reclaim their soul but only to include it in the created life. They want to take the rare pearl and mix it in with rocks and stones. This does not work; the pearl must stand alone.

It may feel safer to intermingle the two rather than give up the created life and return to the uncertainty of what we faced when we were children and were rejected. When we do this, it is being at the feast and then leaving. Leaving because it is too scary to be naked and unsure and open to an uncertain world. Even though the Archetypes love us in that moment, we are still uncertain.

We do not recognize love. To stay at the feast, we must pay the price of giving up the old person, but it is not easy. If we can manage to stay long enough, we will know why we are there. It will become home, it will become familiar again. Eventually, we will remember that it is real. But this process takes time. It is like getting new parents - we may hate the old ones but at least we knew where we stood.

The only way to face into this is to be open to it, is to drop into a level of child vulnerability that is terrifying in its simplicity, in its nakedness and its rawness. Vulnerability is nothing short of terrifying because we are asked to let go as a child. We all came in with nothing, we all have already let go when we came. But now to get back to that place we must let go of all the things we accumulated. Otherwise, there will be no feasting. Otherwise, we will return to the soup kitchen where we have been living. Otherwise, we are not feasting.

High fructose corn syrup is like a metaphor for the things we want in the world but that cannot ever fulfill us. It causes us to want more when we eat it and then

never be satiated. It is the perfect metaphor for the world. We go back for the world and no matter how much affirmation and love we get, it is always empty. But we want more.

When we are at the feast, we are fed love.



CO-DESIRE OF CONJUNCTIO

When a train is in a dream, it is usually phallic. To be on the train, we have to be part of the juice. For women to be truly on the train means to give up the control that pushes the penis away. It is surrender, but in the surrender is the terror. This terror can go back to issues with fathers or lovers or sexuality or abusive sexual experiences, such as rape. From this terror, she may push away her own vulnerability around sensuality or sexuality with the idea that union or conjunctio with the Animus, surrendering and allowing her passion to emerge is frightening. The issue is not that she is afraid of the Animus or the penis, the issue is that she is scared of her own phallic self and she does not want to be too passionate.

From this place, she will choose lovers who are impotent and malleable or too reluctant to unfold. It is a safe way to contain herself and a safe way to avoid the fear. The girl inside can join with the Animus, the girl who has no problem with surrendering to Him even though He is big and overwhelming and brings her into the mystery of not knowing what it means, of losing control, of being small in the arms of the bigness of the Divine.

The bigness that we carry must be knocked down because it is about control. When we feel big, we do not want to be small. This can be caused by the trauma of abuse and seeing what happens when we are vulnerable. The tragedy is that we may lose the joy of surrender or we may still have it but are afraid to acknowledge it. If we have lost the joy of surrender, if we have no memory of any joy of being surrendered, the idea of surrender to the Animus will look like abuse. If we remember the joy, the passion, the potency of surrender, it may be simply too scary to be that person.

Instead, we become afraid of caring too much, of needing too much, of yearning too much. When, actually, so much of the relationship and conjunctio with the Animus is connected with our desire for Him. We cannot really separate out His love for us from our need for Him. Part of conjunctio is a co-desire - both the desire of the dreamer and the desire of the Animus to be together.

Yearning from a place of vulnerability, from the child self, is something that we just manifest. We cannot control it. It is the falling into this manifesting as a one

year old child would. We are what we are and we need what we need. There is no control around it.



THE NEEDEY MAN

Christa Lancaster

Dream:

A good man I know shows up at my house. He needs me. In fact, he is really needy. I recoil from him with horror.

Needing opens the door to the Beloved. If I cannot need, I cannot receive. If I cannot receive, I cannot take in his love. I cannot incorporate him, his blood in my blood, his bone in my bone, cell to cell, bone to bone, wedded, wedded within, through needing, through my needing of love, care, attention, respect.

I am learning how to need, how to be needy, how to have real human needs, without shame. Without shame it is possible to need, be needy, have needs. Needing is vulnerable. Not needing isolates, separates. Like the life of the artist in the tower in the novel, *The Bone People*. She set up a life in which she needed no one. Until an abandoned child arrives at the door of her fortress, needing her, refusing to leave, insisting upon needing her, awakening her to her own deep buried neediness.

My dream forces me to face my horror at my own neediness. He kept insisting on needing me. I felt sick and weak with disgust at his neediness. My homework was to let him need me. I felt a huge wall of resistance rise up each time I recalled the dream. Gradually it began to change.

Dream:

My grandmother Elsie is lying asleep in a bed in a small cottage set into the hillside. I walk outside into the citrus orchard and I hear her voice inside my head saying: "I have needed you as much as you have needed me."

I cried remembering how I have needed her, as a spiritual mentor, coming into my own, as an adult. It was a revelation that she needed me as well. She was teaching me the value of needing others, needing love, closeness and connection. I felt it. I could taste it. Doing the work of allowing myself to need my grandmother, as she needed me, dissolved the revulsion I felt towards the needy man. It took me deeper into the very young place in me that had so badly wanted my mother, needed her desperately, had spent years mothering her in order for her to pay attention to me and my needs, to be my mother. When I spiral down into my core hurt, the words that rise up are, “I want my mother.”

Grandmother Elsie



Covering the child who needed her mother have been layers of shame and independence. I must do it all by myself. The pride of martyrdom which is cold and separating. Needing has been melting away the layers, melting me down to pure golden need.

I am learning to take my pure need to the Animus. “I need you” fills that old place that yearned for my mother.

Dream:

I arrive on Hinson's Island, where my grandparents lived when I was a small child. I am greeted by a warm and loving older woman who shows me into a small house in which there is a dresser, filled with photographs of my mother as a child and as a young woman. I feel so sad for her that she never got to find and know that girl in her before she died. I lie on the bed, with my head resting on the older woman's lap and weep for my mother and the child that she was lost to.

Then I get up and the woman shows me more photographs of me as a little girl, the girl I was up to four years old. She tells me that was the age at which I separated from her. She holds me and I cry and cry for all the lost years without her.

Shift

I am at a swimming pool. There is a funny guy who reminds me of Ben Stiller who wants to glide across the pool on some kind of contraption. He sets out but ends up with a string around his neck. I jump in and help him get free. Then when we are out of the water, he follows me around. I start to catch on. He is following me because he likes me. I feel a bit shy, but more amused by his interest. I like him.

From this dream I let him like me and follow me around, wanting and needing me, knowing that I need to connect with my four-year-old self who can unselfconsciously need and want him.

The four year old just wants the love. She wants to follow Him around the way He is following the adult Christa around in the dream. I have had to re-connect with her, to be whole enough to know Him as the one, the source of real love. This is healthy dependency. Depending on the right man, the right source. Opening up to needing from a place of vulnerability has opened me up to the girl in me who can discern the "one." I feel the glow of His liking and needing me. I am feeling my innocent girl heart who can receive His love.



It is a naked and raw way to come together with Him or with the world or with our lover or with just being present in the world in that way. It will all become the same because what we have with Him has repercussions with our relationship with the whole world. The world is incompatible with this so we must be strong to stand in that place with Him while we are still alive.

There are so many people damaged by the world that we look around and wonder how we will survive this level of intensity and depth of feeling in the face of coldness all around us. When we were a child and felt those feelings, we were alone with our parents. But now, we are alone with the Animus and this is the difference.

Many men and some women use sex to avoid the yearning. They believe that sex is yearning because their hormones say it is. They have sex and then there is nothing until the next time when they need it. This is not yearning. This is just sex, which comes and goes.

Just as many couples have sex many times a day when they are first married, after time, it ends up being once a year. He may go elsewhere or they have a child. It is unknown why this happens. Why does the woman stop wanting sex? Maybe there was never yearning. Maybe she yearned to have a child and she projected onto him to complete her either by having a child or by being in love or by being loved or by having a wedding. Some women only want to have a wedding while the men only want to have sex. There is no yearning in all of this.

We can get married, have babies, have sex, have affairs or not. It does not really matter, for without the yearning, morality or immorality, faithfulness or unfaithfulness, are all really irrelevant.

The Animus does not work this way. We do not come together to then pull apart. With the Animus, we come together forever. The marriage vows we say in our weddings are really vows with one's own Divine.

Obviously, if we can do this with the Divine, then we can do it with someone else. If we yearn for Him, we can yearn for someone else without the projection, yearning from being passionate for that person. Not the way that we are with Him, but is is of the same juice.

But if we yearn for someone without yearning for Him, then it is a projection and it is over-dependency. We will want more from that person than the person can be when what we really want is the Animus. The only way it works is to have our yearning heart connected with Him, then everything falls into alignment. It means that we cannot control things.

It is hard because we can find things to do instead of being with Him. Many women manipulate men, then complain about the guy who is not committing. And yet, He wants us and we sit there in the catbird seat using it to avoid our self. If a man or a woman really wanted us in this place, we would run for cover.

The Animus wants us like that. But when we do not want to let Him love us, why would we want to have another person love us in this way. So, if the other is ambivalent, it works for us because then we can complain, we can be self-righteous,

we can say that we are ready, we can be a victim, when really we are just being a victim of our own selves.

Archetypal Love

Real love from an Archetypal perspective is energy, like electricity. We feel it, we plug in, we feel it for the day, for the flowers, for our fellow humans, for our spouses, for our children. For everything. It is simply love. With the love can come pain, joy, sadness, regret, passion, veracity, integrity, clarity, discernment, focus, sometimes fear in the awe sense of fear.

Vessel
Christa Lancaster



This love does not have an object. It is a priori - it existed before time and it has always been here, like essence. It is an aspect of essence, but it is essence with the primacy, the passion, the yearning, the need, the want, the conjunctio, the receiving, the clarity, the accepting, the being loved, the loving and being loved by the Beloved, the love that comes from being loved, the love that comes from loving the Beloved.

This love is the big bang, the creation of the cosmos. It is the same energy that begat the world, that begat the universe, that begat each and every one of us. It is eternal and immortal and lasts as long as the will of God to sustain it. As long as God sustains it, it will be.

If God withdraws it, the love is gone. The love is the beginning and the end. We can feel it when we are the soul of our selves, when we are the child self, when we know who begat us, when we know who we are in relationship with the Divine, when we have that relationship, when we are infused with that love. We can feel it when we are the vessel to be receiving of the love; for the soul's purpose is to be the vessel to receive the love.

THE VAGINA AS VULNERABILITY CONJUNCTIO FOR WOMEN

The wound is an opening to the self and the vagina is an opening to the self. Somehow, there is a relationship. Wounds are portals for Divine love. In the feminine process of this work, the ability to accept the Animus sexually and in the place of greatest hurt is part of the miracle.

A man must find his own heart through his pain, but he cannot meet the Animus sexually in the same way. He must discover through his openness a different way of being with Him. The anus is not a portal or a way or an opening for the Animus to enter. Many men are afraid the Animus will want to have sex, but it does not happen.

The woman's vagina is for the Divine, for conjunctio. He will come in a woman's dream and enter her sexually and emotionally. When a woman is willing to be in her yearning and is open to her pain, she is given this most powerful gift. Instead of being dominated by the Animus' phallus, the woman is raised and empowered by it. A woman's fear of needing to subjugate herself to the Animus is not true. She only has to be open.

The vagina is a woman's vulnerability. Persephone is the vulnerable self in the self that can stand with the Animus, with God, completely exposed, completely open. This is the state of being vaginally open that is part of the psychological conjunctio. That which can receive is the vagina and it is an aspect both men and women have. This is conjunctio.

For women, not for men, the sexual component is the issue. Sexuality links to sensuality which links to union, conjunctio with Him. If any part of this is disrupted, if sexuality is damaged by shame or abuse or fear, if sexuality is not connected to the heart (which is sensuality), then we cannot move into conjunctio.

In order to take the next step, there must be a capability in the woman to move sexually into her vaginal self by being open, raw and receptive to the most powerful force in the world, the phallus. His phallus is the potency of love. The power of love that only a woman has the capability to receive in this sexual way.

Men cannot receive this in a sexual manner because they are not designed to

feel given to through sex - they are the progenitors of sex. Because of this, they must receive it in a different way. A man's vagina has to come through a different type of relationship.

For a woman, however, sexuality, sensuality, love, openness and vulnerability cut through fear, shame, hurt, trauma, control and all the ways that she falsifies herself. In this way, she can be found. The dreams will lead her step by step into the deepest vaginal openings of the psyche.

When a woman is tricked by her mother to hate men, this lie makes it impossible to descend into the vulnerability where she believes she faces certain rejection and pain. Scars of past experiences with men may also make it impossible to descend into the vulnerability.

By giving up the vulnerability, she gives up what makes her the most special, the power that comes from that surrender. This kind of surrender can be abused in the world, so women tend to cover it up. But in the spiritual world, the complete opposite occurs through the surrender and the opening. Rather than being wounded, she reclaims herself. The phallus is not something that takes from her; it gives to her.

The belief is that if the woman is vulnerable, then He will want something because all men want is sex. And, many women believe that sex defines their value and worth. They either use sex to control men, to be accepted, to be affirmed or they are terrified of it because they do not want to be abused. The Animus' phallus is the opposite of abusive. It is an act of giving. Male love is an act of giving when it is truly given as an expression of love. When sex is given as an expression of love, it is a gift, not a release. The penis does not take away, it gives. It is, of course, difficult to find the right man to offer this and to become the right woman to receive it. When a woman has issues with men, it is a radical thought that the Animus is there to give her something.

The opposite issue of being overdependent and needy also blocks conjunctio. The need must be grounded in vulnerability and yearning from a place of the soul, not as a way to avoid the self. If we avoid ourselves, all yearning and all need become manipulation. It is very important to be grounded in the soul in order to be in a place of true need and yearning. Only then will He come to us and fulfill us. As the vagina, a woman is simply a vessel whereby He can pour himself into her and fill her. Her cup runneth over with His phallic love.

When she is scared of such love, it serves her to not trust men because she is really not trusting the love. If she trusts the love, she has to give up all the things she does instead of receiving the love, all the ways she copes in the world. Giving up all of that for the sake of love is no easy task, but to do it offers her nothing less than a true connection with Him.

When Union Through Sexuality is Not Enough

When the Animus comes to a woman as a lover and she receives him as a lover

in her dreams, it does not necessarily mean that they are in conjunctio. It is not conjunctio or union when the woman is still holding out in some way, when she will not let go in some way, where she has fear. This is akin to the classic story of the queen or princess who takes a buccaneer lover. She will make love with him but she will not give up her life for him. She is caught between her passion and her society.

A woman like this may have a pattern in her life where if she was with a man and she found somebody that she loved more, she may have an affair. The Animus will play this card in her dreams by coming to her as a lover over and over again because in her heart she really is looking for Him. She is a passionate woman and the Animus can work with her in this way because of her passion.

He wants her to know that entering her as a lover is not enough for union. He wants her to confront her fear and come to Him from that place. It is in her fear that she still holds onto the world, still holds on like the princess holding onto society and safety. In this case, if there is trauma, it does not affect her sexuality. Trauma does not always affect sexuality.

Instead, He will want her to open the door into herself that she has never allowed anyone in. It is not a door about sexuality, but about trauma. In some place, she is protecting herself and this is where she needs to be loved, too. The issue is of trust and of a lack of being able to be vulnerable. The reaction is to go to fierce independence.

Somehow, the woman can make love with Him and still be independent. When the sex is over, she goes back to being her ego self and the union does not cut through into the core of her issues. In this case, the Animus has to take her without sex.

She must come to a place of surrender, learning to leave the place of distrust, the emotional place she still holds onto, and go with Him anyway, with all of her fear. Then she can be with Him in all ways, including as His lover. The most vulnerable moment is the moment she gives up her shell, drops her distrust.

From Annie Wattles:

The Alchemy of My Death

Dream:

I am standing in a white tee shirt. There is a hole in my chest.
The front of my shirt is covered in blood. I am standing . . .
waiting.

I know your hands are around my heart

When I feel them they are like the undertaker hands being washed.

Then wet, they come around my real heart from the top and encase it all around except in front with the thumbs coming forward and holding . . . like a cup while my heart beats and feels the slight pressure of the holding . . . so warm, so soft . . . completely perfect.

You come in through the hole in my chest where I am pierced. You made that hole on the day I was finally worn down . . . ready for surrender, but did not know it. It was a surprise and the blood ran out and covered my shirt. The hole has a black crust around the edges. It does not hurt in that spot, but sometimes my chest is very heavy.

* * * *

When we are so committed that there is no room for anything else but our calling, our devotion to the Divine, we would rather be dragged in the mud than do one small thing for the enemy, for pathology. This is true commitment. There is no mixing the demon with the Divine.

We have two lives; a life in the world and a life with the Beloved. Like the princess, we are torn between the two worlds. We are with the Beloved but then we return to the world. The woman can make love with her lover, but then she returns to her senses and returns to the world to do what she knows how to do. But the soul self would not do that - the soul self has only one life. The woman in her soul self would make love with the Beloved and live with Him in her heart forever. This is what we are called to do, to never leave His side, to never be in the world again the way we have been in the world.

A woman who is completely devoted is a Valkyrie. She has no other life but Him. In that life with Him, she has a calling that she works and she is completely fulfilled by it. She can love the things of the world, of course, but her Beloved comes first. She will not sell out to the demon for a dress. But, if her Beloved gave her a million dollars, then she would go to town and she would still do her work.

When the Animus Withholds

In a woman's dream, the Animus may, just as he is about to enter the woman, withhold the phallus, withhold himself at the moment of conjunctio. When He does this, he pulls back so that she can feel a deeper level of pain and yearning. Suffering this yearning is an aspect of exploring the dark night of the soul.

The dark night is the place where we have suffered our lives in separation. To revisit that pain of separation serves to galvanize our desire for the light, our desire for Him and to not be distracted by the world.

If the Animus enters a woman too soon, she really cannot receive the love that the entering needs to reflect. It is her yearning that opens up the capacity for receiving.

The greater the yearning, the greater the vessel; the greater the hunger, the greater the capacity to receive and eat.

If the Animus does not enter the woman at that moment, it is to help her fall into the deeper need and the deeper yearning and that deeper pain that touches on the suffering she has felt her entire life. That suffering is the exploration of the dark night that she has avoided by believing that she does not need anything. A lifetime of not needing and of not feeling has rendered most of us into being like cardboard figures. No wonder we feel nothing in our sexuality; we feel nothing in our hearts.

Ultimately, the yearning a woman feels in her vagina is the yearning she feels in her heart. Satisfying or solving the tickle in the vagina does not capture the real need and the real suffering of the heart. Then having sex is like eating sugar. The woman may feel that once she has been entered that she has had enough “cock” for a while. But in the deepest heart yearning, there is never enough cock. In the deepest heart yearning, she always wants more cock, more love, more transcendent experience of the Divine that transcends the vagina. Having an experience with the Divine transcends the vagina because ultimately it goes back to the heart, back into the soul. The vagina is just the first gate that leads into a deeper sense of identity for a woman.

This terrifies most men. Most men after visiting this gate in women will just go to sleep afterwards when a woman just begins to open up. The tragedy is that men run away from the very thing that women seek but that women also fear. Women will then become a victim to the men so they can play the game of victim. The reality is that women are afraid to go as deep as the Animus wants to go even though He is the one man who will go right to the core of her soul. Fulfillment and receiving are the scariest things because they both reflect the suffering from the past.

The Sharp Sword of Conjunctio

We often feel that femaleness is about being soft. But femaleness with the Animus creates a phallic response. Conjunctio also allows the woman to have a sharp sword. It is hard to imagine coming up against the Anima and taking her down. She may be as sweet as punch, but we cannot harm one hair on her head. She would cut us through and through.

It is the same with the Animus. He can be a killer, a rapist, a murderer in a dream but He has the biggest heart of gold, is the most loving being we will ever meet.

We can become both male and female, a combination of the two. This is why women must become more the woman to become more the male. If they are not women enough to be the man, they cannot really have the male potency. If they think their vulnerability and their feminine side is going to make them weaker, especially if they have been abused by men who have taken advantage of their vulnerability, this is a great way for pathology to get in. It is not true in the Archetypal Realm.

In the same way, men have to understand that all the things they have used to

be tough minded and male may have worked in the world or not worked, but all these things are in the way. In the Archetypal Realm, men can become stronger if they develop the feminine side with the Animus. This gender switchback strikes at the heart of people's avoidances about themselves and their vulnerability, but it is very difficult to understand without deep work.

There is no way to make a generalization about how to do this work of the gender switchback and about why we need to descend deeper into our vulnerability to be a stronger Valkyrie, a stronger swordsman. The combination of men becoming women and women becoming men does not mean losing one in order to get the other. They are both accelerated in their best manners, in their best way of being.

Unfortunately, since we have wrong gender models, whether through the mother or through the father or both, we have bad gender models for what gender is. It creates havoc with the idea of what we need to do in our inner work.

The Valkyrie

The purpose of the Valkyrie is to be obedient to the Divine. She flies out to the battlefields where soldiers have fallen in battle and are dying a fine death for they are dying to self. But why does the Valkyrie have a sword? She uses it to kill those who did not die.

The Valkyrie can also be considered an angel of death, not just an angel of mercy. The Valkyrie is an aspect of the Anima that is also like the Animus. She is equipped to kill, to take power to the world that is the same power the Animus has.

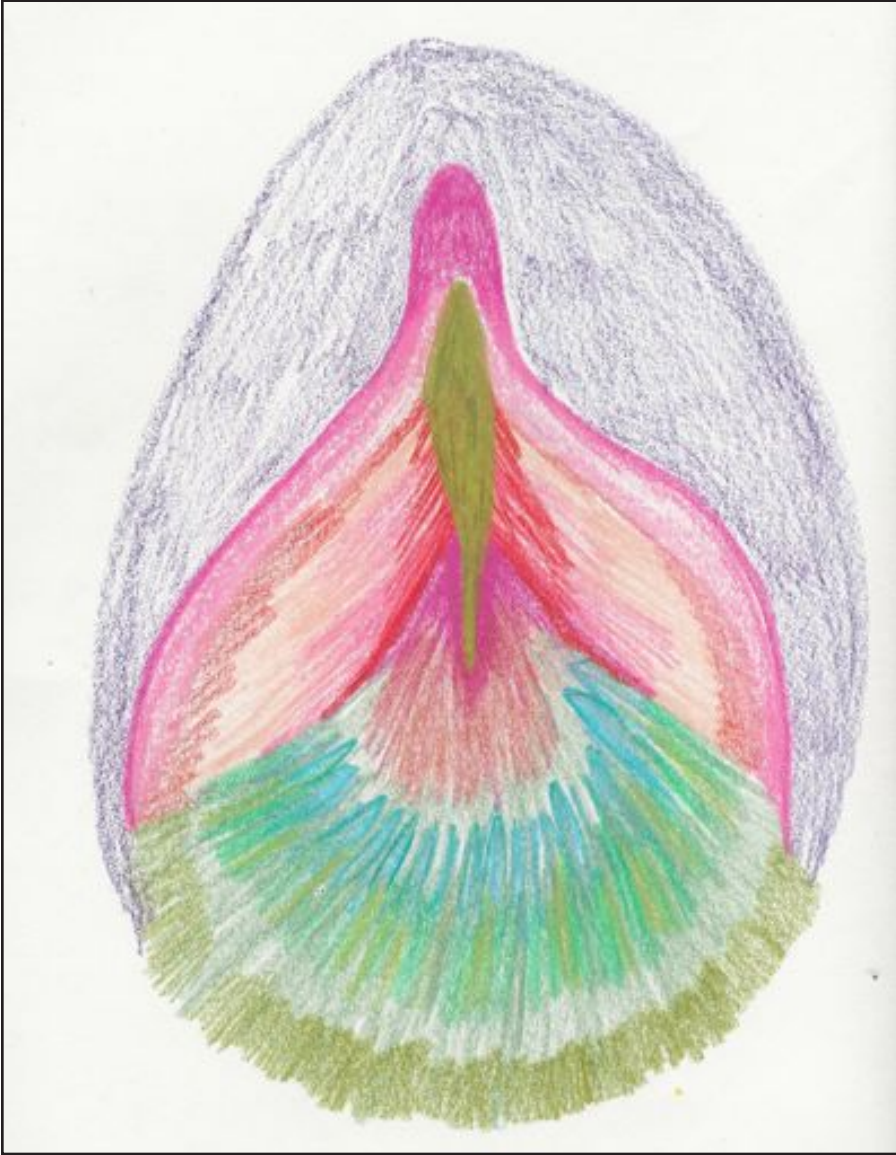
She is both the compassionate Mary on one hand and the angel of death on the other hand. She must be potent, powerful, loving and vulnerable. She is the ultimate soldier, the ultimate woman, the ultimate soldier of God.

Pathology perpetuates the story that women have to be weak and vulnerable. The idea that vulnerability can be power, can be the path to potency connected to the Divine, is completely missing in the gender choices we have from adolescence onward. Men claim the sword but are unworthy of such a thing because they are not broken in themselves to the Father.

Women who may be broken are perceived as brokenness. We are afraid of vulnerability because we believe it means being weak. It is the Valkyrie that puts those two pieces together in a way that only gender can reflect. It reflects the potency of vulnerability and the power of surrender, the full aliveness of being nothing to being something from the Divine.

It is as if the Animus is in one arm, the sword of the woman, and the Anima is in the other, in the breast of the woman. As a Valkyrie, she can be both the Anima and the Animus. She is the true Renaissance woman, the true woman of the future, the woman that only the Divine can create. The woman that stands in both worlds because the battleground is in the world. The battleground, the struggle for souls, is in the world. She lives in both the Divine world and in this world.

Vessel
Christa Lancaster



MEN - WHEN THERE IS NO TRAUMA WITH THE FATHER

When a person is distrustful of a father, especially when the parent did not do anything, the distrust relates to feelings of uncertainty and inadequacy about their feelings about men, which could also become homophobia. The distrust is really related to the fact that the part in the person that can trust, the child self, is severed from the ego self. It is the ego self that is no longer able to feel trust.

The reason to go to the deeper feelings of vulnerability is to get to the part of us that has been severed, which is the child self. Without the child self, we are missing a vital part of ourselves, the vital part that has the capability to be with the Animus. It is as if we were missing lungs or our heart.

If there is a trauma with the father underneath the distrust, then this is a different problem. But if a boy does not have trauma with his father, it is just his separation; if the boy aligned himself with the mother for some reason, then the boy's vulnerability was disrupted, he did not finish his vulnerability. Vulnerability is always felt with the father.

Losing the connection with the father not only means losing connection with the birth father, but it also can mean losing the child self as well. The separation from the child self may manifest as an incapability for intimacy. The underlying feelings may have nothing to do with shame or trauma. The boy must find his vulnerable self, the child self, that is the only self capable and the only part of him that can live in an open-hearted way.

Perhaps being open-hearted with the father is such a vulnerable place that there is no fear in a trauma sense that he has been shamed. It is just the raw fear of being a competent adult and of being a man the way he learned with the mother to suddenly feeling the intensely raw self of the child.

Somehow he lost his way as a boy when he lost his father and this is when the boy stopped feeling his vulnerability. Perhaps losing his vulnerability is even why the boy chooses his mother over his father because it was more comfortable with the mother. The separation from the father came when he did not want to feel the feelings of vulnerability, which come from the child self.

If there is no trauma, it is possible that a boy will not go into the type of fear reaction that is linked to something terrible happening with the lack of the male. Instead, he would experience the lack of essence. Without essence, we go into thinking, into the mind.

A man in this position, then, needs to back into his essence. The fear he feels when he faces into it is not trauma fear, but the fear of having to breathe water all over again, breathe in his essence, after not having done it his entire life.

The thinking mind keeps us from essence and creates a level of distrust and worry. Allowing the feelings allows intimacy and vulnerability without the worry and the judgments, no matter what the feeling the boy felt when he was close to his father. It could have been inadequacy or sensuality. The mind can jump around those feelings just as it does if there is trauma.

To the pathology, it really does not matter if we have trauma or not or if we are just missing something good. It will always try to get us to jump away by thinking the wrong thing or worrying or being distrustful.

It often happens that we do not care if we have the child self in our lives. But, if we are very sensitive, as we get older we may become aware that our lives are not as deep as we want them to be. This is a sign that we led our life our own way. When we are not happy about this, it is a way to know that perhaps there is a part of us that has not functioned during our lives. From this place, we can begin to realize that finding the child will provide a level of connection with the Father which will give us the support we need. It will also give us the part of ourselves that we need so we can be the person we have not been.



INADEQUACY - IN HIS ADEQUACY

The idea of a calling is that we feel called to do something, but once we get in a relationship with Him, it is also that He is calling us. We will get a dream at some point where He calls us to something that we may not be prepared to do.

At some point, the real commitment in the relationship is how much we will trust what He wants us to do from the new soul self. He gives us love and it finds our soul, but then we have to separate even further from the self that is not the real self by being obedient to something that brings us into a wonderful place. But we have to be more broken down.

When control is a large issue, He will not challenge that control because He does not want to scare us away. He is very patient. Often we need to know that we are loved first when we come from a deep sense of distrust. Part of feeling unworthy is that we have to be something all the time. But with Him, He just loves us for us. It is difficult to give up the distrust.

When we feel unworthy, we are really feeling inadequacy - in his adequacy. His love makes us worthwhile, not us, on our own, determining our value by projecting our goodness into the world. Not in the place of not wanting to be challenged about who we are. When we determine our value through projection, this is being separated from the love because we are getting affirmation from the world based on our abilities in the world.

The shift is realizing that we do not need to have anything to offer and He loves us anyway. That we can allow ourselves to be loved just because we are here. To get His affirmation, we must be small and we often do not want to be small. Instead, we would rather keep proving ourselves in the world so that we can be big. But when we are big, there is no room for Him.

When we try to take the inadequacy and be that vulnerable in the world, it does not work because people do not want to support us for us. They want to support us for what we do and we are either good or bad. Inadequacy means that we are okay because we are ourselves. It has nothing to do with performance.

This is the true love, the love that is freely given through feeling the

vulnerability. Feeling we are not as good as we need to be to get the love is simply control. When we have control in the world, we can turn this around and try to get the love and even, perhaps, do get the love on our terms in the world. But this is not love, it is affirmation. Once we feel His love, once we push the edges of inadequacy, we will end up feeling the amazing love. Being in his adequacy means being propelled into a sense of love and support. Once we feel it, we will always want to feel it.

Looking for affirmation in the world is a way to avoid the inadequacy. We know enough to get the love, but in the world we will never get the true love. The only way to have fulfillment through inadequacy is to seek Him. The child self is the part of us that says to the Animus, "I want to stay with you." This is beyond trust and even beyond inadequacy, the love is so powerful. The inadequacy is simply a passage to move through for the ultimate goal is to become the child that is so vulnerable, so broken open, that all we want is Him. He does not need to ask us to come, we run to Him. This is the flowering of the self, the true soul.

Inadequacy is a vehicle for vulnerability that allows us to become the child - it is a portal to that child self. It is not a state of consciousness to rest in, only a way to deeper vulnerability. The child accepts that it needs the love of the other to find itself. To the ego that has found a way to reconcile itself with the world and has been surviving all the time without the love, it is the descent through inadequacy as a way to become more vulnerable and more open to the love. Inadequacy can lead right to vulnerability. It does not necessarily lead to trauma - it can lead to release and openness.

One of the primary issues is shame versus inadequacy with the Father. How a man reacts to this is part of how we create competition, how a man has to prove himself with men. It also creates a powerful sexual alienation that makes men want to seek out relationship with women - either with one woman or with multiple women.

There is no satisfaction because the seeking out of these relationships, both with men and women, all come from the separation from the Father. What we avoid is the shame or the inadequacy or the unworthiness we feel with the Father. It is difficult to be vulnerable enough to be inadequate, to be in His love, in his adequacy.

It is easier to react to the projection of inadequacy so that it can become shame, which becomes needing to prove something, which then can go into the failure of proving which can bring us right back to the shame. Even if we do prove something, we are still isolated from the Father because then we have to prove it over and over again. Part of what needs to happen is that we must be willing to go deeply into our vulnerability, into the inadequacy, to be young enough to see the inadequacy as an opportunity to be loved and to not have to compete.

When we do this, the insecure feeling of inadequacy suddenly becomes an opening to His love. This then becomes passion and desire for more. It is a hard journey with many obstacles, many distractions. Not many are willing to explore the feelings of uncertainty about the Father loving them, the true inadequacy, for many men have trauma around their fathers. They may have a vacant father, an abusive

father, a worldly father who wanted the son to perform in the world the way he did. None of these fathers have room in their hearts for a boy who needs his father. There are not many fathers who can be archetypal enough to help a boy be a boy.

Inadequacy versus Perfectionism/Imperfectionism

When inadequacy reflects itself as imperfectionism or perfectionism, the underlying rage at having to try to conform or be good comes out as frustration. Nobody can be a perfect person. The frustration is really anger that is part of the primalcy which is lost by trying to be good. If we are a conformist, we are in a double bind. We do not have a strong sense of self, so we take on the value placed on us by others.

Inadequacy is different than being dependent on others. Being in the adequacy of others is not the same as being in the adequacy of the Divine. It is sociopathic, the pathology of dependency. Being dependent on others to know our own value. Inadequacy reflects an openness to something Divine.

Inadequacy is really a kind of surrender to love and to being loved. Being inadequate is being loved by the Father, is being worthy, is being loved as if we were five-years-old and we just know we are okay, that we are loved, that we are good. It is accepting the love. In sociopathic dependency, we always try to get approval and no matter how much approval we get, we are never okay.

With inadequacy, we actually feel loved whereas when we try to get affirmation from the world, we do not get love. Even if we are affirmed, we do not feel loved. With inadequacy, we receive the love and we feel the love. Inadequacy comes from the child self and when we are looking for affirmation in the world, we are not in the place of the child self. The need for affirmation does not come from a deep, core feeling but from the desire to be supported and affirmed in the world, an external place of simply trying to survive. It is part of the gyroscope, trying to feel good versus trying to feel bad, which just wants us to be okay in the world. It does not care if we feel love, it only wants us to manage our moods.

When we want affirmation from the world or ourselves, we are not deep enough in the intuitive child self place to know what love really is and what it is not. Love is based on self-acceptance whereas affirmation is about other people liking us. Self-acceptance is where we can really feel into the love, the intimacy.

To have inadequacy, we have to be the child self. When we are five, we know when someone is loving us or not and we are also not sophisticated enough to be supported just for the sake of being supported. As a five year old, we want the real deal, we want to be loved. We do not want people to be nice to us. Most kids do not like it when adults are nice to them, they want adults that love them. We cannot fool children until they start to adapt, until they adapt to accepting something from their parents that is not really love.

We learn to not trust our real needs, our real vulnerable self. We learn, instead,

to trust the pathological, ego self that just wanted attention and affirmation rather than real connection. Feelings of frustration can hide the inadequacy. Frustration hides anger, anger hides pain, pain hides the child self that just wants us to notice it.

By being with the Archetypes or with good people who truly care, it does help to open the channel to the more vulnerable self. To deal with the passage of being supported in the inadequacy rather than being supported by the affirmation.

When we are a perfectionist, we feel frustrated when we feel that we are not a perfect person. We work hard at not having a mess in our lives, but this is part of affirmation, not inadequacy. It is part of being as good as we can be in order to be accepted. It has nothing to do with being loved. Even if we are supported or loved to the extent that we know what love means, it is never enough. The frustration really reflects the reality that we are not being loved.

Ultimately, the frustration about not being perfect is really about the woundedness about not feeling the love from God, from our parents in a real way, for a lover. The bottom line is that we do not have love.

The path of inadequacy as revealed in the dream is unique and different for everyone, but it often comes as a male figure, sometimes a father, sometimes the Animus lover, and we experience a very difficult feeling of being loved. That feeling is inadequacy. It is a hard and insecure feeling. And, it is the door to love. When it comes, it is the way to further growth.

But every time frustration arises, the perfectionism arises, too. The perfectionism is the performance trying to be something.

Perfectionism is like a strategy, a plan of action. We can plan to be a better person in order to be loved. It is a desire, again, to be accepted, to compensate for the fact that we do not feel accepted or loved.

It stems from feeling responsible for everything. Being critical, judgmental, desiring perfectionism, being obsessive/compulsive. When we want to be responsible for everything, to have that kind of control, it comes from feeling completely obliterated underneath. Feeling that no one cares about us at all.

To compensate for this feeling, not only do we feel that we are bad or that we are responsible, one of the motivating factors of not being loved is becoming overly self-important. When the psyche does not get the love, it puffs itself, either in a positive or a negative way. It may say that it is the best or it may say that it is the absolute worst of the worst. When we say, I am the biggest jerk, at least we are the biggest. Even if we are the worst, we are best at being worst and we can be responsible for everything that goes wrong and at least we have a place in the world.

Guilt and judgment are a way of being big, even though it looks like a way to be small and diminutive. It does make us small, but it also puffs us up and is another form of pride. Self-deprecation is a form of pride. It is a way of putting ourselves down first before someone else does.

The feeling of “I am so bad that I am better than you,” is also a form of pride. When we feel we are the worst, it is a way of compensating for not being loved. It is

a way of being bigger.

But we do not need to be bigger, we do not need affirmation in either a positive or negative way. All we need is the child self. The child self will connect us with the Divine. We have to remember who we are and what we want and that it is about us and us alone. The problem with pride and unworthiness is that it is always about someone else. When it is about everybody else, everybody else's opinions, no matter what it is, it goes back to taking care of others and it is not being the child self. The child self does not care about anyone else, the child self only cares about itself. The child self is selfish - the self of the fish. The child self is self-oriented, is the soul self, is God's precious child. The child self cares about what is best for child self, which is, ironically, what is best for the Divine.

THE PRODIGAL SON

Restoration

I come home
 in a storm of wings, beaten,
 as the world beats the ill fated,
 calling to my father like a child
 o father, take me in your arms
 o father.

I come home
 the weary, to enter
 the millhouse of my father,
 to lay willingly
 on his work-stone, ask:
 take me down, father
 to the insistent edge,
 what's true.

I come home
 for the rasp of stone on stone,
 to bare and be bore through.
 o father be the mortar
 o father be
 the saddle stone.

I am home
 father, husk the world
 from me, o father,
 restore me to your arms.

The Prodigal Son

When a man knows the love of his father, when he does not have to prove himself, then he is the son. But if the boy has to prove himself, he is getting ready for the world. Part of the initiation of boys to men is that boys have to leave the home of the father, leave the father, to prove themselves to themselves, to make their own way in the world.

But at some point, the son must return home. He must return home whether he failed to prove himself or whether he succeeded. The Father does not care if His son succeeded or failed. He only cares that His son returns home. This is the return of the Prodigal Son.

We often confuse the Prodigal Son with the son who returns home triumphant, like King David. King David returned as a triumphant hero after killing the Philistines, but he did not come home to the Father. We imagine that if we come home, we must be triumphant.

The problem with this is that if we are triumphant in the world, we probably will not want to return home to the Father. We become the father, we become the hero instead, like King David. We become “The One.” We do not want to come home because we are drunk with our success. The flip side is that when we fail, we do not want to return home because we are too ashamed.

Either way, we are not the Prodigal Son. We are not the one who returns home. The Prodigal Son is the one who returns home regardless.

What makes the Prodigal Son return home is his desire for the Father. He returns home by wanting the Father over the world. If we have succeeded in the world, we are less inclined to want or need Him.

Whether we want Him because we are broken or we want Him because we succeed and realize that we are still unfulfilled is irrelevant. The Father cares not for our situation in the world, He only cares that we want Him. This is male initiation work, male preparation for union. Before a man can connect with the Animus, he often needs the Father.

When men get together, hang out, drink, talk about women, engage in locker room talk, enjoy good food, movies, it is all a form of male chummery, male aggregation. When women do this, it is called a sewing circle or a woman’s movement. When men do this, it is called tailgating or a gang. In both cases, it is about chumming.

For men, chummery or chivalry are both attempts to fill the void left by the separation from the Father. To have intimacy that is needed with the Father. Even though it is often satisfying with all of the fun things men do together, it is not ultimately satisfying when it fills a vacuum that needs to be explored, not filled.

When we are chumming, there is not a lot of love for it is just people filling the void. However, if we are in a place of connection with the Father and we find people who really do have the love, then being with them is not chumming. We can have a deep, rich relationship based on some real heartfelt connection to the Divine.

We are often disappointed in our friends because we may have thought that this kind of relationship was happening when it actually was not. Or, we may want more from the relationship in this way and then the other person does not want to see us. Or, we may become too attached to the relationship.

It is important to remember that friends are not Archetypes. They are separate human beings with their own individuality. Even if we are having a good, close relationship because we are open, we still need the intimacy with the Divine to be fulfilled, to be supported, to be comforted, to be nourished. To be nourished from the inside is everything. This does not mean that we do not want to be nourished from the outside. It just means that it is not that important. We take from the world what it wants to give us; we do not need the world to replace the big void.

This is why, although there is nothing wrong with bonding, for men it is often not being the Prodigal Son. When a man focuses on men from chumming, even if there is a high value to it, it is not the same as being with the Father. It often attempts to replace being with the Father.

Seeking the Father is a personal journey guided from an inner directive through our inner feeling self, from our particular dreams.

The Bull Moose

Scott Fortney



Dream:

I am flown to a northern tundra. When I get out and walk, the snow starts to melt revealing a sickly yellow/orange surface.

Shift

I am taken to a large, broken down house by a man. He takes me upstairs into a cavernous room which fills with evil spirits while he cooks a mix of yellow and orange vegetables that stink with a strong odor. Then he throws the food on the floor where the dark spirits feed on it, swirling around us. I stand close to the man, afraid.

Dream:

I am in huge, dark warehouse. I see a corridor of light and start toward it. As I get close, I see that it opens to the ocean where a large bull moose is standing in the surf looking intently at me. This excites me and I start to run. The closer I get, the harder it is to run as there is some force almost like a wind opposing my effort. I shout, "Hold on, I'm coming!!!" As I reach the portal, I cannot tell if there is a drop off, but it does not matter as I leap out anyway. I wake up shouting and moaning trying to push through.

From Scott:

The stinking yellow/orange is my feeling of unworthiness and shame with the Father. I need to move through this unworthiness that is palpable. When I am possessed by the inclination or the action of unworthiness, I give myself over against my own knowing. In this dream, the Animus is showing me how this feeds the pathology when I allow this to happen. The huge empty house is my collapsed psyche. The demons are preying on me and preying on part of the treacherous ways I have been persecuted which I projected into the world creating shame and judgment.

* * * *

Male initiation is when boys feel they have to prove themselves as men. Then they spend the rest of their lives trying to be men. When a man is done doing that, whatever it looks like to him, it is time for him to return home. The return, again, is the Prodigal Son, the beloved son. It is difficult for men because most men do not have fathers who love them or even if they did, they still do not understand the return.

The return means being the boy, the soul boy, not the boy of his youth. If he had no boy of his youth, it can be harder, but the dreams will show him who he is. The Prodigal Son is prodigal because the Father loves him. The son comes home to the Father to be at his right hand, to serve him, to be a man of God. This is the

initiation that brings a man to the Animus, through the Father.

In dreams, the Father does not require a test and the man does not need to prove himself. In the world, the man does need to prove himself. The Father has always loved him.

The way of the world is that if the man does not pass the test, then he is detested. The threat is that if he wants to avoid being detested, then he has to pass the test. But the Father does not test because that would mean that if the man failed, he would be detested. The Father does not detest whether the man passes or fails anything.

This is why the man returns home to the Father. It does not matter if he is making a million dollars or living in a run down hotel. It does not matter as long as his heart is open, as long as he is the boy coming home.

Until the man comes home to the Father, until he is loved by the Father, he is not going to be much of a lover. He is always going to struggle to be worthy of the wife or lover because he does not feel really good enough unless she loves him. Many men get lost in the world and lost in women.

The hardest scenario is if a woman loves the man, the man like this cannot really take in her love. It is not that he does not want to be loved by her, he just feels that either she is testing him or that he has to prove himself over and over. He cannot bring the love into his gut because his child soul is not alive. Often a man who is loved by a woman in this kind of situation becomes cold because he shuts down when he cannot really receive it. For a man to receive love from a woman, he needs to be open to the Father from the place of the boy.

If the mother has been damning, if the mother has hurt the boy, he will never come home to the Father. In this case, the Anima will often come in dreams and love him without him needing to prove himself. The Anima nurtures his wound so that he can feel worthy for the Father. It is ironic that the man who has been damaged by his mother will not seek his father. A woman is more likely to seek her father if she does not have a loving mother. This can become a template for other problems for her when she grows into an adult which can manifest in many ways, such as having affairs with married men.

A man will not do this. Instead, he may become misogynistic, hating women or some variation and continuing his estrangement from the Father. Men have to have a good foundation with the mother for the healing to happen with the Father.

Homophobia in Men

Homophobia in men is really just masked inadequacy. When a man believes he is homophobic, when he is afraid of men, when he is afraid men want to stick a penis in his mouth, the man feels shame. In this way, the inadequacy becomes shame rather than inadequacy. Then, inadequacy, which is a gateway, a core feeling with the Father - in the adequacy of the Father - a doorway to becoming the boy receiving the

love of the Father, then this inadequacy becomes the fear of violation by the Father. A fear that comes right from the dark mother. The mother's fear of men or fear of sexual penetration becomes the boy's fear of sexual penetration by the Father. It is as if the boy gets incested, carrying the same seed of fear instead of the vulnerable feeling of the Father loving him, being expectant.

The reason a man cannot get to his expectancy is that he is afraid of being violated by the Father. This fear shuts down the inadequacy and the man can jump away, feeling he is avoiding being molested by the Father. It is necessary for the man to feel the homophobia as inadequacy as a way to go deeper with the Father and to not run away.

The man will feel the exposure of shame and vulnerability that goes with going deeper through the homophobia, back into the shame, because ultimately shame is part of the inadequacy and is always there between fathers and sons. It is the uncertainty of being wrong.

The outer most layer is homophobia, followed by the desire to jump away and prove himself to be a man. The desire to be responsible. This blocks the man from the child self. The next layer is shame and insecurity. Under this layer is the boy being loved by his Father. These are the three doors of inadequacy that many men struggle with. It is difficult to understand the roots of inadequacy becoming shame, becoming homophobia, except through the fear of penetration of the mother. This fear infects the boy so that the boy becomes fearful of men. As the boy gets older and becomes a man, facing into the issue of inadequacy, he is further and further from the boy child self. He ends up associating malehood and male love with sex.

Also complicating this issue is the fact that as the boy moves into adolescence, his focus becomes sexually oriented and sexually based so that it is harder and harder not to project his sexuality onto other men. The logic runs that if he has sexual desires, then the father must have sexual desires, too. Then, because it is more common for men to be predisposed to attraction to youth, it is easy for the adolescent to assume that the father would be attracted to him. This is further complicated by the fact that the older the man becomes, the less innocent he becomes so that the more contaminated he becomes by his lack of connection with the Father, the more erratic his sexuality. This volatility of his sexuality, his sexual experiences, his sexual feelings being disparate and separate from the love of the Father can further feed into his believing that if his sexuality is violating, then his father was violating. This can lead him, in a nonrational way, to believe that maybe his father did molest him. It goes back to not coming to terms with his own unacceptable feelings. If the feelings are unacceptable, then he may believe that something must have happened.

When it is not linked to the heart, it is common for sexuality to carry its own kind of destructive dynamic. The sheer aspect and lust for exteriorization is often taken too seriously. These feelings, when put into the context of morality, are not really a big issue if the man goes deeper and finds the sensual self, the self that is the source of sexuality. The child self, the boy. The little boy and the love of the Father

make the sexual volatility cleaner and help to mold it into being more heart-centered.

The lack of love between the father and the son provides for a volatile sexual encounter with self and others, and provides greater assumptions that the mother's stories about men were right - that "men cannot be trusted for look at what they do, look at what they feel." The man does not realize that once he is loved by the Father, the sexual volatility is more contained.

The son leaving the father and going into the world, however, tends to preclude that any connection with the Father will last, even if there was love with the father. The son is drawn into the world to spread his own seed and, in so doing, often has to rebel against the father, canceling any love that may have been present with the father.

Which brings the man back to the issue, again, of having to encounter some sort of emotional situation that can only be sorted through by coming into awareness that there is no true satisfaction in sexual fulfillment. This leads to the Prodigal Son and his return home to the Father which leads the man to face again the insecurity which becomes shame which becomes homophobia all over again. It seems to be a passage for many men if they want to become sons of the Father once again.

The boy is not homophobic. The boy naturally knows the Beloved. When a man has lost the boy, when he has lost the love, then everything can become sexualized. Homophobia is when a man projects his own rampant sexuality onto the Animus, believing that the Animus only wants to screw everyone.

For such a man, all emotional links are linked with some kind of sexuality. When a man's sexuality is not surrendered to the boy, who surrenders it to the Animus, when he turns to the woman instead, the boy is lost and can never enter into it. The Animus has no choice but to engage the man in a sexual way since the man is projecting his own sexuality onto Him. The Animus may even come to the man wanting to perform oral sex on him. This shows that the man is totally linked to his penis as a man, not as a boy.

Homophobia is the outgrowth of the loss of the boy. When a man is sexualized, he projects everything onto men as sexual, which is his own issue. He cannot see things in terms of intimacy. Instead, everything that is related to closeness and intimacy is about sex. Closeness for this man is not about the big heart, it is not about the big love and the phallus that is part of the big love.

Homophobia is linked to the lack of the boy. If a man has the boy, then he does not have homophobia because the boy has intimacy without sex. Intimacy and the phallus are linked in a healthy way. When a man has the boy, he is not using anyone. He is just potent, loving and being loved. He can be in the place where his erection is just his erection without it being projected onto a co-dependency with others or women.

When a man is a teacher or a leader, there is a great deal of transference on him from his students because people project icon status onto him. This is particularly true with women students who project the Animus onto male teachers and men of

power. If a man is not the boy, then it is a setup for the man to have sex with his students. Unfortunately, this is really rampant. When we look at leaders and teachers, we tend to ignore this sexual side, focusing instead on what the leader/teacher has done. This practice makes the sexual reality seem irrelevant.

But to be a man of God, to be a true teacher, a true leader, to be useful in the world in an archetypal way, a man will not have anything to do with this kind of sexuality because it disempowers both himself and his students by not giving the glory and the power to the Divine. A teacher who is useful in an archetypal way prepares students for conjunctio with the Divine, not with himself.

If a man cannot hold himself in the boy, then he can lose himself in women. He can be seduced or he can seduce. This is not in service to the individuals or to the Animus. When the man is the boy, he is not really focused on sexuality - he is focused on his relationship with the Animus. From this relationship, he can have an innocent and genuine caring appropriate relationship as a man for the women in his charge. From this relationship, he is relatively impervious to seduction because boys are not really interested in women. When boys are running around playing with trucks and things, they are not attracted to girls at all. There is an antipathy for the very thing that will eventually destroy them.

The boy knows - the boy who is the Prodigal Son. His allergic response to girls is really his claim to fame in his connection with the Father. It breaks the whole pattern of sexualization with women that begins with the mother.

But if the boy cannot be established and consecrated as the ego self that binds him with the Animus, then the man will be lost. If the boy is not the Prodigal Son, then he is probably the mother's boy who never learned to be with the father. He may seduce his mother or be seduced by his mother which carries into adolescence. Many men never even know they ever had the boy. When a man is involved with the mother in this way, the boy can never thrive. The boy can only thrive with the father.

The mother's boy grows up looking for another mother and when his testicles drop, this is what he does. The Prodigal Son, however, grows up with integrity because he is still with the father and that integrity is solid in him when his testicles drop. If a man is the boy in this way, he can be a man and hold his semen back, hold his energy back and not need to seduce or be seduced. If a man is a mother's boy, then his ability to be a leader who does not involve himself in a cascade of women who project onto him is to be questioned. The issue with becoming powerful is that the man is offered these kinds of relations that are wrong.

This is shown with great clarity in Nikos Kazantzakis' *The Last Temptation of Christ*. In this book, Christ, when he is on the cross, is seduced by women to come off the cross. By coming off the cross, got to have the mother and the young woman and they both took care of him. They seemed like angels. For a mother's boy, it is the big score, but it is really just the seduction of the demon. In *The Last Temptation of Christ*, Christ realizes the seduction and chooses to return to the cross which is choosing to return to the Father.

This kind of seduction has a great deal of powerful energy to it. But if the man is the boy, the Prodigal Son, the seduction is not powerful at all. When a man who is the Prodigal Son is a leader, all manner of women can come his way and he will not be seduced or seduce. His energy, his vitality, his libido is contained within his relationship with the Animus. Feeling the energy of the boy means that the man does not need his mother. It is more satisfying and potent to stand with the Animus and the Father than to stand in the consumption of being lost in women.

When a man is lost in a woman, he ends up taking care of her pathology and he expects her to take care of his pathology. It has nothing to do with integrity. The whole aspect for a woman is that she wants to be taken care of and the Animus will take care of her if she is ready. A mortal man, of course, cannot take care of any woman in the way she truly needs to be taken care of. If a man tries, he becomes part of the wiles of women's need to not die to self. The woman who is not ready to be taken care of by the Animus will want a man who will keep her from Dying to self. The man will want the woman to keep him from being the boy.

Of course, it does not mean that men cannot find the right woman to love and who will love him, where a relationship develops in which the man and woman support each other. When a man and a woman enter into this kind of relationship, into a marriage, it is not about seduction at all. It is simply two people living their lives.

The seduction is powerful because it is unknown and all in the realm of the unconsciousness. Unknown in that there is no relationship where the man and the women really know each other. The seduction is a lie of hope of what could be there, a false hope. In the end, when it is seduction and projection, the man and the women just end up disappointing one another. By the time the seduction reaches this point, they are in a deeply dysfunctional relationship or the man has already violated his oath, has already destroyed his integrity with his wife. The seduction is all a lie and the boy does not buy it. He is not even interested.

Protracted Need for God

Men's preoccupation with their need for what they think is release or love from a woman is really protracted need for God. That need is felt as male aggression and male knowing and male arrogance and men willfully believing that they are superior to women. They believe that through women they will find strength and power and belief in themselves if only women will believe in them.

Part of this is believing that they can screw themselves into conjunctio with God by virtue or some kind of reanimating their souls through being a powerful force that will light up a woman's vagina and heart. He will give the woman sons and daughters and he will shine a universe upon the world through her.

This is all part of the unconscious arrogant projection of men's need all rolled up into one moment where women sit in stark relationship to this power - and it is all false. Even though it is false, there are many women who believe that men who feel

and believe this are the answer. They are bound to be profoundly disappointed because men are profoundly impotent in the reality of becoming anything except an idea of themselves that they have created.

This is intimidating and scary because a woman cannot perceive vulnerability in men if she buys the lie that men have about their own power or prowess or pseudo potency. The “potency” that is only as powerful as a woman’s ability to surrender in the moment. Then what does he do? He falls asleep.

Men are just scared little boys who can come out, but the problem is that many women do not want men who are vulnerable boys because it would mean they would have to be vulnerable as well. If a woman unconsciously wants to be abused, she will find a man who does not know himself. If a woman wants to be lost or in control, she too will find a man who does not know himself, but in a different variety.

If the man has the courage enough to be the boy, he has to find a woman who has the courage enough to be her child self, too. Which is rare.

Once a man can experience the boy, his sexuality changes. He does not need to conquer the vagina, he does not need to screw the cunt, whip his mother, be God for a woman. He can simply be vulnerable and in himself open to both the Divine and to the tenderness a woman has to offer. He can also be open to the offering of his tenderness to a woman. It does not have to be all Archetypal projection onto the relationship but rather it can be two open human beings loving one another from a place of God’s gift. His love for all of us.

God’s love is the third strand. Two souls united in the larger love. Neither one of them needing the other to be the third strand.



MALE CONJUNCTIO

From the place of being incested with women, men may feel impotent with men. In this place of being sensitive to inadequacy, the man may feel male sexuality as a kind of collective pathogen.

All men have the misogynistic, destructive-to-women energy; the dark, competitive, lockerroom energy. Even men who are not macho have this energy in them, it is just that they feel so incapable of competing with men that they do not end up in the locker room situation where they talk about or hunker for women in an abusive way. They may feel the energy and its negativity, but at the same time, they do not come to terms with that energy in themselves.

In this way every man has it. If we do not encounter it, we cannot give it up, cannot work through it. All men have to come to terms with the male function because it is not all negative. Some of this energy is really primalcy. If we reject any aspect of the male energy, we run the risk of rejecting it all. Then the vulnerable inadequacy becomes something that is felt as the polarity between the sensitive man and the violent, destructive man. In this dynamic, there is no room for the passionate male.

The passionate male is an extension of love, phallus drive, passion, sensuality and vulnerability. The split between the inadequate male who feels separate from his father and other men versus the overly competitive male who is domineering, controlling, possessive, is not really a split. They are both aspects of male separation from the Divine male. They are both impotent variations of the loss of malehood. One aspect compensates by being a brute and the other compensates by being a wimp. Both are dysfunctional, both are lost from the Divine. Whether we capture our manhood by being powerful/potent/domineering or we remain a wimp or do some variation of the two, we are separated from the Father.

To really be a potent male, we have to also be capable of being profoundly vulnerable. To grow up as the son of the Father is to be vulnerable. To then grow from the love, from the heart of the Father into being a potent male, we grow into a potent male like the Animus. The Animus is weaned on the love of the Father.

Most men are not. Most men are weaned on the mother and never really lay claim to the loving Father because most of the fathers are corrupt. They are either too on the side of the feminine or they are lost in machismo. Most sons do not have a good relationship with the male nor do they understand what a potent male is. A potent male does not have to be infidelitous, abuse or a brute. Potent men can be vulnerable, very connected to their feelings and very powerful at the same time.

Going through the inadequacy means getting to the vulnerability. To get to the Father, we have to go through inadequacy and not confuse it with unworthiness, being impotent and compensating by getting women. Many men lay claim to their potency by getting women, just like the beach master walrus. He is the one who beats all the other males and then gets all the women. Not just one, he wants all of them. Then, he has to continue to be a brute to maintain his superiority.

It is a primal energy and it lends itself to the whoremaster energy. There is a brutality to men that makes us believe that the Animus is a brute, too. When we are incested and we do not have a relationship with the Father, we cannot get through to the deeper phallus, the primalcy that is the birth right of men and part of the extension to the Father and the boy. This gets blocked by the brutality. As a man, we must learn to not get sucked into it, to not be a brute, to not believe that we cannot be vulnerable or the other guys are better. We have to lay claim to our vulnerability with the Father. He will help us find the way back through our manhood to the boy and then back to manhood.

This is achieved by a series of initiations. Male initiation is still needed on a spiritual level in which we come to terms with God, with the Divine reality that wants to connect with us. But, if we cannot be the vulnerable boy, we have no way to connect. We will be forever lost in the forthrightness of our ego if we feel we need to prove ourselves as men, if we feel we need to be something so that God or women will love us.

Vulnerable men must be careful not to be intimidated by brutal men and to not be scared away from the Animus male by making the assumption that all men are brutes. The best way to do this is to know that there is brutality in all men.

When a man is impotent as a male, he cannot really love a woman. Men often want to be the good guy for women, but they are so busy being the good guy that there is no passion. The passion of a brutal man is turned into anger.

There is a way to access the true libido that is free of impotency, free of brutality. The male initiation of coming to the Father as the returning Prodigal Son is the male form of conjunctio. Women surrender their vaginas to the Animus. This process for women creates a whole series of transformations. Men cannot do this because they do not have a vagina. They surrender by being the boy with the Father, being the Prodigal Son.

Inadequacy is almost like the male's version of the vagina, of being entered by the Father. It is terrifying and it often brings up homophobia issues as well as the issues that men have with men such as feelings of unworthiness and competition.

Turning to women does not help. A man can have all the women in the world, but the more women he has, the more impotent he becomes. A man, coming from this place, does not get stronger with relationship or sexual connection with women; he gets weaker. He gets weakened to the point where he ceases to exist.

A man often will want a woman who will be affectionate, but when he finds one, he pushes her away. He wants the affection but he cannot let go of his own coldness and he will not go to his own wound. When the woman does not want him then, he begs her not to leave and he may even open up. Men write lovely letters to their wives when they go to war and yet when they come home, they cannot stand them.

This is because men are stuck. Men want the affection but they cannot let themselves have it because it would mean being healed of what separates them from their real selves. It is a real dilemma for many men for they are wounded in the part that is vulnerable and because they are wounded, they avoid it. They become someone other than the part of themselves that is wounded.

The part that is wounded is the child self, the soul self. Without the child self, a man cannot be intimate, he cannot give and take. When he feels this inability, he may project it onto a woman who has these qualities. But he ultimately cannot have the intimacy with her because he does not have the connection himself to his wounded self that could have relationship.

If the woman is one who truly wants the man, she will get upset because she is not receiving the child self of the man, which is what she wants. The man will get angry and push her away, getting colder and more rejecting as time goes on. The woman will get more demanding in response until after a great deal of rejecting, she will leave. When she leaves, the man's heart may break open and she may return, but he will probably reject her again. It is a cycle for many that continues until the marriage ends or the couple finds some balance where they accept the difference in each other and accept that it is part of the relationship.

If the man marries someone who is not available in this way, then he becomes the one needing her to be in her child self. Many men are attracted to women who are not available for this may be how they lost the boy self in the first place. The man needed the mother, she was not there and nobody was there, so he does not want to be in that vulnerable position again.

The following dream is my dream:

The character John Coffey from the movie *The Green Mile* comes to me. (In the movie, he played a man who is a healer but was accused of the rape and murder of two little girls he was trying to heal.) He is a very large. I want to be with him. I feel like a little boy.

I want him to lift me up, asking him to lift me up. I throw my body

onto his body. But he keeps dancing away. I tell him that I want him and he says, “No, you don’t,” but he laughs as he says it because he is kidding me.

The Animus was kidding me but there was also some truth in what He said. I am an easily distracted person, wanting this and wanting that. I like many things in the world and the things distract me. I can get focused on my health or on sports. When I was younger, I was focused on women then on drugs. There was always something distracting me.

The Animus is challenging this in me. I could feel in the dream that I did not want other things, that I just wanted Him. He was not asking me to reject the world; He was asking me to reject my compulsiveness. When I am in that compulsiveness, I forget the love I need and I forget Him. Once I am distracted, I am in the demon’s playground and I can get into trouble.

I have projected the numinous world onto the world, but I also keep going back to Him over and over again. Over the years, the relationship has evolved me so that I am now in His arms and I feel a complete connection with Him. After all my old fears and all the trauma work I have done. It is just Him and me and the love.

This is union, this is an example of conjunctio for a man. There is no sexuality in it, as when He is in conjunctio with women. This is just as profound. The Animus in conjunctio is not a father figure, though in my dream I am smaller than He is by far. He is also not an older brother. He is all of those things, but they are only intimated. For a man, there is no one person that the Animus can be compared to.

It feels as if I am in heaven or in what I would imagine it would feel like to be in heaven. But it is not imagination. It is being in this profound love and acceptance that permeates all of the things in my outer life. As long as I am not distracted, as long as I stay rooted in this, then the love can continue to flood through me. When I do not have that, I start to go back into fears, but I can decide to come back to the feeling. For once trauma is broken, it is broken.

Marc with the Green Mile Man
Christa Lancaster



THE BIG COCK

The Animus often comes in a dream as very well hung, sometimes so big that he has to fold it up. This is a metaphor for his potency and energy. Part of the big lie is that the penis is often thought of as a bludgeon of women. It can be, of course, but in the Archetypal and human sense, when the phallus energy is unfurled in both women and men in the right way through the connection with the love, one becomes impassioned, emboldened, emblazoned, on fire. We become infused with that potency. Often, this manifests in dreams, particularly for women, of having a large penis. The energy that is felt from that penis is sensuality and is potency.

Spirituality is often envisioned as people in prayer, being quiet, above the body. But sensuality ultimately involves potency and passion and spirituality that is alive and energetic and engages the world. So much of spirituality has been aesthetic - living in a monastery in the woods and commiserating with God.

Does God want this? Maybe God wants potent, passionate people who are filled with love and who engage the world from that place. Having dreams with a penis is about becoming emboldened not from a place of pathology and control. We often confuse any kind of potency with control and manipulation of others - power corrupts absolutely.

The big cock has been seen like a big, black boot stepping on everyone. Of course, things like fascism, stalinism, and so on, are seen as a big cock, but they are not in this sense. People in situations of dominance appear in a negative way in dreams and if there is a phallus in the dream, it would be about the dreamer being entered through the anus. This is penis shaming the dreamer.

When the penis is a focal point for energy and aliveness, it is not about having power over others. It is being infused by the power within. We do not need to make things happen for ourselves for it is us that is happening. From this place, we give. We do not control or manipulate or try to get things. We are the thing we want to get and everything we want to get is an extension of giving from what we have received ourselves.

Whose penis is it anyway? We feel the passion, but ultimately it is His passion,

His penis coming through us, invigorating us with His essence so it is an extension of love and drive through relationship with Him. This is congruence. This is desire and energy and aliveness. From this place, it is time to fulfill a calling.

Fulfilling His calling is not just about His entering us; it is about us entering Him. In entering Him or entering His phallus, in a dream, we are often invited to be in a rocket ship flying away from the world and its torment, flying away into His world away from the pressures of our own superego. Instead, the flaming rocket explodes as if a supernova and we are in that phallus of passion, energy, aliveness, exhilaration. We are inside of Him.

When we are in the right place with ourselves and we feel moved but then do not act, we are denying not just ourselves - we are denying Him. When we feel potent through our connection with Him, the way He guides us is through that potency, through our aliveness, through our joy as shown in the dreams.

It is easy to be tricked into believing that this is true, that we are ecstatic when we actually are not. But when it does really happen, we know it in our dream life and we will know it in our waking life. That we are congruent and that our passion is His passion, our wanting His wanting. And that the thing that we most want to do, that we feel most excited about is the very thing that He wants us to do. Serving the Divine is not wearing a hair shirt and struggling under a yoke of responsibility. It is an extension of absolute joy. There is no tyranny in serving the Divine.

When we extend ourselves from that phallic place, we are not doing it out of a place of responsibility, of duty, of shame, of caretaking, of helping, of creating. We do it out of an extension of our own essence, of who we are, of our being, of what explodes out of us. This does not require any planning commission or committee discussion; it just is.

We are then truly anointed, truly of the Divine. We can be the one, we can be fulfilled and we can fulfill. It is not a burden, it is not overwhelming. We are simply impassioned as if we are in heat. As long as we trust the unfoldment, we will not get in the way.

When we open to the allowing, we are opening to the allowing of His plan. He has a plan. He allows not only for our unfoldment, but it is part of a larger plan of unfoldment that is not just for the sake of us. It is for the sake of what He is trying to create within us and in the world. It is completely unintentional by us for it is all we can do to keep up with the unfoldment process within. We just keep accepting the guidance, keep moving forward, not even knowing where it is going. As soon as we worry about it, then we take claim. As soon as we take claim, then it is ours again and we can control it. Instead of having aliveness, we have worry and disempowerment.

The potency cuts through the doubt. When in potency, the knowing is not that we believe or know something. It is in the energy behind it. It is in the big cock, the phallic feeling of just juiciness and energy moving forward within us. That juice takes the place of having to know, of having to question or having to doubt. The energy itself carries us forward even though we may not know where it is going.

Rupture
Linnea Paskow



THE DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL

The Beginning of the Dark Night

Pathology wants us to avoid the dark night of the soul. It makes us avoid our real pain. The dynamic of the pain and the dark night work together, for the dark night is simply the absence of love. It is a form of nihilism that takes us not just through our trauma, but takes us to a place where we go into hell itself. The intensity of this experience varies for everyone; it is more intense for some. The hell is the place where the pathology dominates us and we see it, know it and we cannot change it; we all have it to some extent,

The dark night takes a tremendous amount of courage because if we do not admit the existence of the pathology, then there is no dark night for us. If there is no dark night, then we cannot break pathology. Everyone at some point has to accept the fact that they have pathology and they are controlled by it. This is the definition of the dark night. To know the existence of the pathology. It is more than knowing just the behavior of it. It is knowing the actual essence of the evil itself, it is knowing that we are not it and it is knowing that we cannot do anything about it. It is the ego's awareness of its own suffering and its own imprisonment by the pathology.

Some people have a narrow dark night while others have a thick, dense dark night. One aspect of the dark night is that when we are in it, we have the feeling we will never survive it and never ever get out of it. This is a lie. But when we believe the lie, we do not try to move through it because we believe it is impossible. We get so discouraged that we turn to something else - drinking, coping mechanisms, suicide.

But this is the final bastion of pathology to keep us away from God. It is very difficult to help people through the dark night. In fact, many people will leave the work because it is a breaking point for them. For when we know we are taken over by pathology, when we know we are in it and when we know we cannot do anything about it, then there is nothing to be done. Nothing works in the dark night. It is why it is dark - there is nothing there. It is like being in a black hole. Light itself, even sometimes God's love, gets sucked right in and through.

There is only one way, one word, through the dark night. It is a lousy word, but the only way through is hope. There is an end to the dark night, there is an end to evil if we do not project it, if we do not lose track of it. If we are aware of it, if we stay on course, we will come through to the other side. Discouragement and the belief that we will not come through are great ways to get lost in it and never come through.

Acceptance of the dark night, the acceptance of the pathology as it is with faith and knowledge that we will get through by doing our work based on our dreams, even when it does not remedy the situation in the moment, will get us through. Full honesty of knowing what it is and not blaming anyone else for it, not believing we are it even though we experience it, staying with our work without expectation in the short term will see us through.

The dark night is finite. God's love is infinite. We can defeat the dark night, even in the most extreme cases where it is more difficult.

The dark night can be desolation, nihilism, rage. But when we are in a level of the dark night which explores the very topography of it, even the slightest hint of affirmation can throw us into a state of paralysis. Any external touch from the world is actually poison.

In this place, we are thrust out of the womb of the world into the deepest depths of the dark night where there is no light except the light inside. There is no light in the deepest depths of the dark night except a glimmer, except shafts of light.

In the dark night, we see shafts of light. In the ambient light of external affirmations, everything is too bright to see God's love. In the external affirmations, it is about getting lost from getting love in the world. Only in the darkest dark can we see the greatest light of God's love because it is not lost in the ephemeral, ambient reality. The ambient reality actually makes us confuse God's brightness with the promises of the world. The promises are never kept and even if we receive the promises, they mean nothing.

Only in the darkest night can we realize the irrelevance of the world. If we can be in the dark night without the despondency, without the self-hate, without recrimination of ourselves or others, without judgment, if we can stand there in that naked blackness, vulnerable, looking only for the light that comes from God, then this is the true dark night.

Inside everyone is the necessary step of the dark night. They live it unconsciously through their suffering. When people deny this in themselves, which most of us do, it gets projected out as something else such as will or judgment or hate. When it is projected, others feel it. It is not that people are mean, they are just projecting their dark nights into the world. And, unfortunately, this is what makes the world go around.

To have the courage to stand in our own bleakness that is our separation from God and not project it out as wanting something from others or hating the world for not giving us what we want, then this is the hero's true journey.

The true hero does not seek salvation in the world. The true hero does not look for affirmation. It is not heroic in terms of having others see what we have done. It is the hero who stands in the existential truth and takes on the suffering. Christ was this kind of hero. He took the spear of projection from the dark night of the world onto himself and, even though he said that he did so that we do not have to, it is there for each of us in some measure to taste into that blood.

We can bypass it to some extent but sometimes we need to take it on in order to find Him. Sometimes, we need to explore the same place that He walked except that He is there carrying us through. We are not alone when we face it.

When Christ was on the cross, he had that doubt. The whole world turned against him and he had the moment of no affirmation. Everything he cared about, the people themselves, hated him. In that moment of doubt, Christ was in the dark night. But then he saw the shafts of light from God which had him say, "Forgive them Father. They know not what they do."

In that moment, he had only the Father. In the midst of the spear and the whip, the lies and the hypocrisy. This is the underbelly of the world, the world we do not want to see. The world we avoid seeing because it is too terrible to understand. Too terrible, but we all suffer it.

To have the courage to stand there and accept that rejection with the love and compassion that comes from the shafts of light, that comes from the Father, that comes from God, to stand where the Animus stands in that light despite the great sin, the great suffering, the great ignorance; this is the hero's true journey.

It is not enough to encounter our own woundedness. We need to encounter the wound of the world in order to be a true Valkyrie that stands in compassion. Understanding the ultimate pain, the ultimate suffering through love is the basis for compassion. The greater the depth of the dark night experience in others and in ourselves, the greater the capacity for that compassion and for understanding the depth of suffering in others.

Doing something to get something, being the good boy for God is different than doing things from a place of who we are because doing them comes from the depth of the hellacious exploration of the dark night.

The Dark Night of the Soul and Conjunctio

It is ironic that the dark night and conjunctio are actually the same thing even though they are opposites. Conjunctio is the experience of the ultimate coming together with the Divine, of coming into the love without the world, without affirmation. The dark night is the ultimate purgatory that reflects the separation from that love, but reflects it without the distraction of the world, without judgment, without needs that relate to suffering for not getting what we want from the world. It is a function of conjunctio because it stands in relationship to the love without the world. By definition, the dark night is actually a form of conjunctio because in the

dark night the only light we will see is God's love, the only being there is the Divine and the Animus waiting for us to join Him.

The dark night is actually a vehicle, a path in and of itself to conjunctio, even though it would not seem to be so. The pathology would want us to believe that the dark night is utter darkness, is utter despondency and that we are lost and never able to get out. If we can find a way to not fall into that lie, the dark night becomes the solution.

When there is no congruency between the outer world and the dark night or even with the light, God's love, then the pathology is elated. If we find God in the dark night, then pathology will not want us to bring that into the world. It will want us to remain separate. But this is another lie. The dark night becomes union with God and it also becomes congruency in the outer world. The pathology does not care if we become enlightened, it does not want us to bring our enlightened soul into the world.



THE AWE AND TERROR OF ARCHETYPAL REVELATION

Awesome means wonderful, awe, full of awe, but it also means full of terror. The root of the word awe is terror, fear, pain, grief. Things that are awesome are scary. Love is scary. Archetypal revelation is terrifying. Having our consciousness pulled back and seeing into the reality of the Divine when we are not ready to see it, when we are still in the world, when we still desire to live in the world, when we have not physically died yet is terrifying.

Suddenly, there we are, alive and well in our body seeing the truth, seeing the other world. The searing power of the love, the intensity of the pain of separation suddenly coming into our face and blowing the skin right off of us. Of course, it is terrifying.

It is a paradox we do not understand. Something that is so wonderful is so terrifying. Admitting that it is terrifying is good because then we do not get tangled in the illusion of "Of course I want it." If we get tangled in that, we will never admit that of course we want it and of course we are scared to have it.

There are many people who look for God but they do not really want to find Him. What happens when we find God? What happens when He comes in our dream? What happens when the miracle opens up?

Nobody is ready, for who could ever be ready. We must die to it - the dreams are clear about the process. No one just embraces God - this is just an illusion. People in religions embrace God. People in this work flee from Him so they can embrace Him. They face into their fear to find Him. That is the way it works. To find God, we have to embrace our fear of it and face our fear of it. Anyone can say that they believe, that they would give over, but how many face into the fear.

It is important to remember that if we were not scared, there would be something wrong. If we were not scared, then the experience we were having was not an experience of God.

But once we have the experience, once we feel the terror and run from it, once we have tasted it, our lives no longer feel satisfying. We become even more dissatisfied than we were before. This is good, for the awareness of being dissatisfied will

motivate us to face our fear. People will face their fear when the dissatisfaction is more powerful than their fear.

This can take time. People do not just face their fears, face the fear of the Divine and the fear of letting go very easily. There has to be a motivating factor and this takes time to develop. Without a motivating factor, why do anything. It is easier to do what we have been doing, what we know. Even if it is destructive, it is what we know. It is strange about the psyche, how we accommodate, how we are comfortable with what we know, no matter how terrible it is. We somehow lose the capacity to know how terrible it is.

But when we start to realize how terrible it is, we have no choice but to face our fear of change. For that is what it is, it is change and change is terrifying.

We do not like what we do not know. In the place of not knowing, our imagination goes wild. It gets filled up with crazy drawings, crazy meanderings. It believes that the most terrible, worst case scenario is going to happen. We assume the worst.

We assume the worst because the worst has already happened. We are just playing back the tape even though we do not know that we are playing back the tape. We know somewhere that the worst has happened, but we do not realize it because we do not really remember. We do not live it.

Instead, we acclimate, we avoid, we forget. This is where pathology has us. We become comfortable in oblivion. We live in purgatory and annihilation. Even when we know this, even when we face into it, we often will choose to continue to live it even when given the opportunity to live differently. Even if our own psyche offers a way out. When offered, it is doubtful that most people will take the way out.

When we are scared of our encounters with God, when we feel that we do not want it, at the same time we feel dissatisfied with our lives. This is not frustration. It is pain. It is us being aware of our pain.

We begin to become aware of our pain of having had the love a little bit and then going back to our lives. When we feel this as frustration it is because we try to make it that we do not have a choice. As if we are frustrated because there is an obstruction.

Maybe we are frustrated because the obstruction is that we are unwilling to move forward. If we were willing to move forward, the pathology will make sure to make an obstruction for us, but the ultimate obstruction is often us. When we run away, it is not the pathology that has us running, that is holding us back. It is us because it is scary. We want to run back to what we know.

At this point, it is our choice in a way that has never been for we now know there is a choice. If we decide that we want it, our dreams will show us the choice is truly ours. The frustration is that we have tasted something but we feel we cannot get it. But this is not true. We can get it. The question is do we want to get it. This is where the resistance is, it is not all about pathology.

Relationship with the Divine

When we do not understand how to have a relationship with the Divine or the Animus or an animal in a dream, the only answer is to wait to be shown. It is difficult to wait when our tendency is to create rituals in order to appease the gods as a way to be in relationship. We may offer our first born or sacrifice a lamb or burn incense or do good deeds or eat kosher or brandish a sword or pray - all as an attempt to have a relationship with God. But do we even know what praying truly is? It means so many things to so many different people.

We do not understand relationship. We hardly even understand relationship with our spouses or our kids, so how are we to understand relationship with the Divine. Should we be on our knees to be in proper relationship? Is that a way to be humble? According to what we think He wants?

In all the years I have worked with dreams, even though humility is important, I have never seen a dream where we had to be on our knees. He does not want us on our knees because He wants intimacy. He wants our souls bound with Him. There are many ways to come into this relationship, but supplication is not high on the list. We create this story because we project our own tyranny, our own power trip onto Him, our own desire to have people on their knees to us. God is not this way at all.

We make it up because it is easier to believe this than it is to encounter the Divine, it easier to believe this than to die to self, to be in our soul self where we can actually be vulnerable and open to Him from our deepest place. Better to eat kosher, to say our Hail Mary's, to prostrate ourselves, to pray, to do anything but to have to actually die to self and change. Our dreams try to lead us to and through this and we cannot control it. We either do it and we do not.

It is hard to have relationship because it is about giving up control. We would rather believe that we are alone because there is security in being alone. It is also easier to believe that we have guides or that there is a God, but that they are far and distant and that they do not require much of us.

The Archetype is as real as our dream. The Archetype can live in the moment in our reality. It can talk with us, it can be in our present moment, it can be in our outer life, it can be in our inner life, in our dream life, in our awake life. It has opinions and wants us to feel our feelings and wants to give us instructions. Would most of us want that in our lives even if we knew we could have it, even if we knew we did not have to be alone? Maybe we actually like being alone.

Maybe we actually like being alone because then we get to do whatever we want. We leave our mothers and our fathers to be alone. We tell them we do not need them anymore. We may send money or go home for Thanksgiving, but we are in our own lives. We stay with this attitude our entire lives because we do not want somebody or something telling us what to do.

The Prodigal Son is a good example of making the decision to return home and to actually choose to be with the Father. When we do not do this, we leave and

we stay left. Why should we bother stalking Elijah or finding God when we have left home and are glad of it?

The truth is we do not find God. God finds us if we are willing to be found. The idea that we will find something if we go after it is not true with God. The Divine will not want to be found in this way because we are not really surrendering. Going after something means we want to control it. Waiting and being open and letting it find us requires letting go of control and requires a willingness to learn and be shown.

A person who hunts God, who seeks God, is not really willing to be open to being shown. It is noble to say that we are seeking God, but the fact is that most of us who seek God are not open to Him.

When the Divine finds us in our dreams, it is a challenge because we will want to do something. The knee jerk reaction, often, is to run because it is too scary, too real, too awesome. It means that everything has to change.



BECOMING A STUDENT WITH THE DIVINE

Dream:

I am a girl, about ten years old at Hogwarts School of Wizards and Witches (from the *Harry Potter* series of books). I am a champion quidditch player, a seeker, the one who goes after the golden winged ball. It is the day of a match and I feel full of energy and excitement.

I slide down the banister of the huge staircase, fly off the end and land easily on my feet. I see the Headmaster tsk-tsk me then feel many adult eyes on me, shaking their heads. I feel rebellious and do not want to meet their gazes.

When the dreamer sees the Father giving her an austere look and sees all the adults, all the authority figures look at her while she is flying down the banister, she sees that they are giving her the look that she should not be sliding down the banister. The dreamer is the child feeling free and feeling that she can slide down the banister.

But, sometimes, when we have shame, we believe that all authority is judgment. The fact is that there are often things that we need to learn and that the learning does not mean that we are bad. We always feel we are bad when we are corrected. When children are corrected, we do not think they are bad, but we do not apply this to ourselves. Being corrected can be an act of support; it can be an act of love. Being corrected does not mean we are bad.

We often look at authority in a primitive, ego way that says all authority is bad. Because of our neurotic selves, we have shut down the true self, so we project it onto everyone who is in authority. This is just an illusion. Once we accept ourselves, we can begin to discern where the love is and where the love is not.

The Divine can love and the Divine can also have austerity. In that love, the Divine may not want us to be doing certain things and so ask us to stop doing them.

When we accept ourselves, we can accept the correction as an act of love. When we do not accept ourselves, we project that when we are corrected, the person

who is doing the correcting does not love us. This is rebelliousness.

When we are in the spirit of rebelliousness and we are corrected, the pathology can tell us that the person does not love us. The result is that we get to rebel and not take the correction. When we do not take the corrections, we are bad students.

We cannot be with the Divine if we are also not going to be students. Being with the Divine does not just mean being in conjunctio, it also means studentship. Many people have dreams where they are in some kind of school, a college or Hogwarts, as in this dream example. The Archetypal Realm likes to present itself as an educational place because it is an educational place.

As students, we must learn to accept correction. This is obedience - to be, to not knuckle under but to understand the love that is correcting us. To understand that the correction is an act of love is an important part of accepting the love of the Father. If we feel shame, if we shut down, if we think that any authority is out to get us, if we feel that we are always bad, how can we be corrected? In fact, learning means a series of lessons of learning how we are doing it wrong.

An example is the student/teacher relationship in the Carlos Castaneda books about the teachings of don Juan Matus. In this relationship, the teacher always knew everything and the student was always an idiot. But the student somehow knew he was an idiot and at the same time he knew that the teacher loved him. Knowing that the teacher loved him helped him accept the fact that he was an idiot, that he did not know anything, that he could accept the fact that he had a lot to learn. The student was a great student because he never questioned the fact that he was loved.

For the dreamer sliding down the banister at Hogwarts, the authority figures are not hating her or judging her. They just do not want her sliding down the banister. When she believes that the adult eyes that look at her when she is sliding down hate her, then she is the child alone, reliving how she felt as a child.

In the Divine world, we are never the child who is alone. We are alone with people who love us and who are also guiding us. To know that the correction, the guidance, is an act of love instead of a projection of an act of not caring is very different.

A punitive action can be an act of love. When we tell a child not to cross the road when the child is young, then the child crosses the road, we punish them for their disobedience. But it is an act of love because we are concerned about the child being hit by a car and we know that the child does not know any better.

That child, unless it has been abused, knows that the punishment is an act of love and will even test us. Because of wounds with parents, many parents now feel they cannot discipline their children without damaging them. This kind of correction is not damaging. Discipline does not damage children - the lack of love damages children.

The Archetypal structure does not want to create a neurosis; the guidance is not intended for us to hide our spontaneity. The guidance is there to help us manage

that energy. It does not want to suppress who we are, it is not the superego, it is just the Divine loving and guiding us.

Part of the return home of the Prodigal Son is the discovery that the Father loves and supports with guidance. The Prodigal Son has a readiness to receive that guidance from a place of understanding the love behind it. Otherwise, we are learning as a good person to be good, to knuckle under and suppress the spontaneity.

To really know the love and the structure that goes with the love is to be free to be who we are and to be guided at the same time. The learning principle is important in the development of the ongoing therapeutic process with the Divine. The Divine is constantly loving us and teaching us and guiding us and confronting us and challenging us. All from the place of love.



HOW I SAID YES

Christa Lancaster

I have been afraid of practically everything in my life and it's never stopped me from doing anything.
Georgia O'Keefe

You have to turn before you are ready. Peter London

The fates lead the willing, drag the unwilling. Heraclitus.

I always answered yes when I was asked to do something for this work. Without knowing why, I said yes every time. I am still learning about the part of me who knew to say yes. I am finally accepting in myself a generosity of heart and a determined spirit which have outweighed the countering forces of terror and shame. So, even though I arrived very lost and confused I could bring to the work the two strong qualities I had to offer. Generosity and determination along with willingness and a great dose of longing for the truth.

I was thirty years old when I found the dreamwork, reeling from a marriage where I had betrayed myself, and struggling to understand the mess I had made thus far of my adult life. I had a small sphere of a life, living up the road from Marc's house, with my small son, two cats and later our dog, Ajax. I had a fierce longing to know who I was and why I was on the earth. I spoke out loud the need to find my tribe and to find my work. More than anything else those questions drove my search from the early days onward.

I think on a very unconscious level I knew I had found my life work. I knew I was someone who needed to find a mentor and to be an apprentice. For a while, I kept thinking I needed to go to graduate school to legitimize being a therapist but I never did and finally I stopped thinking about it.

I decided to learn how to do the work in 1991. I remember meeting my first client that summer in my living room in my little house in Mud City. Marc taught me the basics of asking the gestalt questions and then pretty much told me I would figure it out through doing it. And somehow I did.

I was such a frightened person I could never look too far ahead into the future. I just took one step at a time muddling along. Something was guiding me but I did not feel or acknowledge it very consciously.

Marc says now he knew when I showed up in his office at home in Morrisville that he and I were to be partners in some way in the work. I was oblivious. I had no way of receiving. I was lost and searching. I did not know in myself what Marc evidently saw in me. It would be years before I did, before I could see, accept and value what he saw in me, what were my gifts.

Somewhere in me, though, was the radiant girl, who did always know. She found in Marc, the first man in her life other than her brother, who believed in her and spoke beyond her persona to the girl. She, the girl, responded to the truth that Marc spoke even when my false self did not understand what was happening. Somehow I listened to the girl of my soul self, even when I was still acting very much out of my false self, especially in relation to men.

I had funny parallel paths: a difficult learning curve in personal relationships to men and a brave and fulfilling one in my work life. When Marc would ask me if I wanted to talk about the work on a radio show or start a support group or put together a evening of presentations by different people, which eventually became what was known affectionately as “The Bache”, I would say yes. I never thought too much about why he asked me.

Each time, I would be thrown into a state of deep fear and then I would somehow step into the challenge and do it. It did not feel special to be asked. I did not feel special. I did not yet know I was

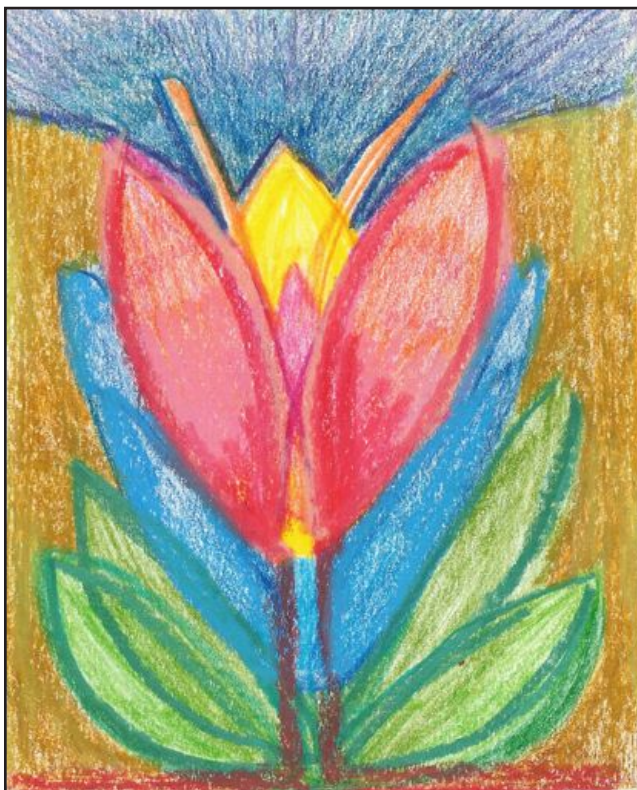
special. I had to act matter of fact about it, a little casual. I needed to approach each step sideways, like a crab, because otherwise I would have scared myself and run away.

Over the years my relationship to the work changed. I became more consciously committed. Through many different steps I grew into a more mature relationship to commitment. while accepting my place in the partnership of North of Eden with Marc. I also grew into a capacity to receive His guidance as a teacher and from that listening, I came to accept my teacher self. I learned the joy of giving as a teacher, the absolute enjoyment and ease of working with Him at retreats and in groups. I absolutely love giving of myself in those settings. I feel as if every part of me, every particle of my particular beingness is being used. I have a place to bring my gifts. Funnily, those gifts are exactly the vehicle through which He can move and be known. My passion and His passion are one and the same.

What has changed over the arc of my twenty years involvement in this work is that I actually experience feeling loved, His love. I do not question my place with Him or whether or not I belong. I know I belong to Him even as I know there is so much more to be shown.

Feeling His love makes taking steps a whole lot easier. I do not have to descend into a deep dark tunnel of fear every time I say yes to another step. Or fight my way through a heavy cloak of shame. The way along has become easier, more pleasurable, simpler and quite honestly, more fun. I feel His presence in all the hours of my day. I am filled with a sweetness and lightness which is His gift to me. Like a child, I want to be a part of all that is going on because it feels good to belong in His family. It just feels good. It was what I always yearned for, to find my work and to belong. Even though I never knew quite what I was saying yes to, I have been given everything I ever longed for.

Blossom





THE SEDUCTION OF TRANSFERENCE AND THE WRATH OF THE DEVOURING CUNT

Transference

The issue of transference is a necessary part of a student/teacher relationship. If students did not project the Divine onto a teacher or onto someone of wisdom, then they would not listen to the teacher. Transference really offers a correct relationship for this process to work, for any process between a student and a teacher. It helps because it helps people trust their teachers.

The problem is that many teachers abuse their position. They do not understand that their role of teacher is to empower their students. In this work, empowering students, empowering clients, means helping to bring them into their own direct and particular relationship with the Animus. To empower students means supporting their process so they can come into union with Him.

For women, this union with the Animus is often a sexual union. The problem with transference is when the teacher or the therapist or the minister or the yogi siphons off that sacred relationship, allowing a woman's projection to be his opportunity to be loved, to be empowered, to receive the juicy energy.

When a woman makes a man God, makes a man her father, makes a man her savior, it is like the ultimate aphrodisiac, the ultimate ambrosia. This can make the man feel good because it makes him feel special. When the man receives the projection, it is not about God or the father but about making the man a god. The closest a man comes to being a god is when a female student projects her soul's lust for completion onto him. It is the most powerful moment whether it is a high school student, a college student, an adult with a spiritual teacher, a client with a therapist.

For the man, it is the worst thing he can do if he has a relationship with the Divine. It is the worst thing and yet it is the thing that we ignore the most, the thing we do not want to talk about, the thing we try to excuse. But all students know how terrible it is for everyone when it happens. The other students may end up feeling left out because they wonder why the teacher did not choose them. The situation triggers hurt, rage and pathology in everyone.

For women, the incredible attraction between the Divine world and this world through dynamics of desire are often part of her need for union with a man. When this begins to manifest in the spiritual dream world and the connection starts to manifest in the psyche, it imbues the woman with a lot of energy. Her desire for the Animus is easily projected into the world. This desire can be projected into the world even without dreams when the woman is unconsciously looking for union with the Animus.

Teachers, father figures, anyone with more power, more capacity, more understanding are often attractive for women who are looking for redemptive types of relationship through the projection of the Divine onto a human. This is what leads to the disastrous relationships between students and teachers. The imbuing of spirituality on top of any father dynamics empower the system between teacher and female student with such energy that they are drawn together.

For the woman, it is the desire for some kind of completion, safety, union which is really her soul's desire to achieve connection with God. For the man, he can feed on the sense that he is the one and feed on all of the energy and devotion that the female student directs at him. It often parallels the sensation of the mother loving and doting on her son. He can become the ultimate father, the consummate hero. Some men are very attracted to this.

The number one teaching methodology, the number one teaching focus of this work is to ensure that the teachers are empowered by the Divine so that they will know their place with their clients. When they know their place with the Divine and therefore know their place with their clients, then they will not attempt to siphon off the energy of the transference for their own use, especially for men. A man would not even be tempted to because when he is connected with the Divine, he already has the connection and the love. Any violation against that trust with a client would derail that love and separate him from his connection and from the Divine.

Only when a teacher does not have that connection in the first place, will he try to make up for the lack of love through the client, through the student, even through a younger sibling.

Transference and Women

The dreamwork is incredibly different for men than it is for women. For women, the Father and the Animus can be one and the same in a dream. It often does not matter, for a woman perceives her beingness, her female beingness, the way she perceives men through her older brothers and her father.

Up until the this century, the life span in the United States was only in the 40's. Before then, the life span was even shorter. Many women were often pregnant by the time they were in their early to late teens. An older woman was a girl who was eighteen. So, when teenagers rebel at sixteen it is because, according to what their genes tell them, they should be adults - they were expected to be adults in those times.

The generation gap is really just a gap between our expectations of ourselves now versus our expectations of ourselves not that long ago.

For a young girl, a girl around five or six, that meant that she had only five to eight years before becoming “an adult” and having children. Because of this, girls between the ages of five and eleven are the most intelligent people on the planet. They have to be because they are responsible for human beings, for running the whole engine of having babies.

Also, because of this, they unconsciously look to their fathers and brothers as suitors. They are getting ready to get married in some way - many girls think about things like babies and weddings because it is in them, ingrained in them. Fortunately, this part that is in girls, the part that yearns to be in union, is also what the Animus wants.

The innocent girl that is there to be called on, the innocent girl that is the Persephone is in all girls. She is the one who journeys to the underworld. The man or the boy do not make this journey, they are not the heroes. The innocent girl is the hero. Boys and men believe they are the heroes until they either cope with the reality that they are not heroes or not. Girls never want to be the hero, they just want to be with the hero.

In this way, an older brother or her father are perspective lovers for the girl. She patterns her sense of her lover when she become pubescent. She is not going to marry her father, of course, there are appropriate societal taboos about it, but the first man a girl falls in love with is her father. The first man she gets wounded from is also probably her father.

Fathers are not as available as they were in agrarian days. These days, they are off working instead of being at home working and it causes a great rift in the family. When the fathers were home, they were part of the everyday life of the family because the everyday life of the family was running the farm and the fathers were very important. They are not as important now. The mothers, now, are the important ones.

But a girl expects the same love from her father as she does from a lover. There is a natural energy there, though it is a very controversial subject. It does not mean that the father is to act on this energy. Nor is the father to reject the daughter who wants to act it out. It is a natural thing for a daughter to want to marry her father. Most girls want to marry their father, unless he was terribly abusive. But this is why the Father and the Animus are often interchangeable in a woman's psyche.

Transference and Men

How does this relate to boys? For men, the Animus is the son of the Father and the two are most definitely not interchangeable at all. How a man is with his father is a very strong determinate about how he will understand the Animus. The Animus knows the Father best, just as Christ knew his Father.

If boys have a dysfunctional father, they are not going to understand the

Animus because he is the most beloved of all sons. The Prodigal Son who returns to the Father is the Animus.

There were two brothers and one is a good brother. The father and the son are very close. The other brother is rebellious. The rebellious brother went out into the world and involved himself in many things, some of them unsavory. The other brother followed in his father's footsteps.

One day, the rebellious brother returned home. He came home to rejoin the father through a great crisis.

Then something amazing happened. As the rebellious brother became reunited to the father, the other brother suddenly told him, "I have always admired you." The rebellious brother said, "Why? I am the rebel. Why do you admire me? You hated me, I left." The other brother replied, "Yes, but I stayed. I really wanted to be like you. I envied your freedom. I envied how you went out and did what you had to do. I stayed home and was scared."

The Prodigal Son must leave home and then come back. If a man is too afraid to leave home, then he will look for approval because he is too scared to face his own journey. He will look to something else for his answer.

The son that does not leave home is the same as the son that does not leave what is comfortable in himself. He stays within the zone of fear and will only do the things that operate within that comfortable zone. It is not that he never leaves his father's house, it is that he never leaves in the way in which he is like his father. He never leaves his father's psyche. It is that the apple does not fall far from the tree in the sense that the son never really acts differently from his father.

To truly leave home, to break from the father, is not an act of rebelliousness but rather an act of plunging headlong into the unknown. Rebelliousness is not about hating the father. Leaving the father's house is what tribal communities enforce when the boy is sent to spend a year alone in the woods with nothing but a spear. The boy must come back with the head of a bear to be worthy of the tribe.

We no longer have that kind of expectation, but a good father will recognize that a son must plunge himself into the unknown knowing that the son may never come back. The son may be killed by the bear or by a lion, he may die of dysentery in India, he may be murdered on the streets of San Francisco. It is unknown what will happen when the boy leaves the comfort of the shared reality.

Shared reality is the neurosis of our time. It is the neurosis where a man says, "I am my father's son and I will take up his trade or his money that I inherit or the family business or the family heirloom or the family psyche or the family values."

Even sons who do rebel do not necessarily leave the father's house. The act of rebellion can be a way of staying home.

To truly leave home is not a matter of hating the father. It is a matter of seeking the self away from what was once known. Whether it was pleasant or not, one must leave like Frodo leaving the Shire.

If the son does not truly leave, he cannot truly return. Men often become stuck not because they cannot get back but because they never truly left in the first place. Sons that are angry at their fathers or have been wounded by their fathers or never knew their fathers have a harder time leaving because they never had a home to call home in the first place. They have a double problem. Since they never had a father to leave, how can they return to a father they never had in the first place? Such men need to find the father all over again. The concept of such a reality is elusive to such men who never knew that the father could possess love in the first place.

Those sons who leave because they recognize that their fathers love them but realize they must find themselves are the most fortunate of sons. They know they are loved by the father; they carry that love with them into the unknown until the day arrives when they come into their hearts and realize it is time to return.

The most difficult is the son who loves his father and never leaves. He loves his father because it is safe. His father provided a caring environment, a family business, an ideology, a belief. This son stays close to his father, sharing a bonding that appears to be the best of the other possibilities that a father could have with a son.

This can look quite satisfying on the surface. But the son is always living under the shadow of his father. He never really feels himself a man and can never really grow up. He can never really make mistakes. It is like the trust funder. Children who have trust funds never realize what it is like to earn their own money. They never test themselves but live, instead, in the terror of their principle running out and then not being able to make it on their own. It is a terrible fate to never be thrown out on our own with nothing but our own heart facing into the world. This is the vision quest of the tribal community.

The son who does not throw himself into the unknown is all but crippled. Many of these men have learned to support their mothers, their girlfriends, their wives. They do not even know they are still in the father's house, but they are. Even though they have no relationship with their father, they are playing out the role of the father with women. These men are lost, contained by an inability to leave home. In this regard, seeking women and seeking relationship with women is a way of perpetuating being the man that the mother has shown the son to be.

Patterns with women in this way, although devoid of the father, are of the father in every way except relationship. For the abandoned father and the son that lives without the father becomes the father to the mother and to every subsequent girlfriend in some way. He is always living in that sense of responsibility, guilt, and the orthodoxy of his obligations. Often, he will act out through drugs, alcohol or affairs, if the opportunities arise.

These men are unfaithful in their hearts because they do not have the background of a strong father to even know how to be a man with a woman. This concept of masculinity or being a man and being responsible comes from what the mother teaches the son from her standpoint. The mother's standpoint comes only from her own abandonment with her own father and husband. Otherwise, in most cases, the son would have had a father in the first place. Typically, a man like this does not have a father because the mother did not want a father in the son's life or even want a man in her life.

The son grows up without a father because the mother is too dominant and powerful. She finds in her son an easier mark to dominate than a fully grown man her own age.

A son who has not gone home to the father cannot understand a son who would. To not return home means the man feels overwhelmed with the responsibility and the burden of having to provide. It is a terrible burden and fact of life for men and one of the reasons they are oppressed. Men do not understand their own passion because it is linked to women, not the father. Then, the man has to be the father or the Animus or the provider for the woman.

It is a perfect setup for the biological imperative. Again, before, the woman was home taking care of the child, which she had to do for the child to survive and the man had to provide for them. It was a matter of survival then.

There are two realities; the inner reality and the outer reality. Both exist and both are real - the reality of heaven and the reality of the world. The world reality started when we realized we had to survive, that we had to go hunting and gathering in order to survive. This is the burden that we carry in our genes, in our genealogy. It is in male testosterone.

When someone then comes along and tells a man that he can go home, that his father is waiting for him with a bountiful table, that he does not have to toil any longer, the man is not going to believe it. So, we have rationalized the father. In religion, we are taught that we have to be good, we have to provide. What religion teaches a man to become the boy returning home to God, letting go of his responsibilities?

The man does not understand the father. Men do not understand who they are which is why most men do not understand who the Animus is. The Animus is the boy and what man knows himself as the boy? There are very few men who know themselves as the boy and who know themselves as the boy to the Father.

There are many teachers, analysts, ministers, priests, yogis who do not know this. When they do not know themselves as the boy, then they will go after women. They will take the bait. They believe that instead of being the boy, they are the father and to be the father, one must father, one must be a lover. If they are a father, then they love their flock.

It is part of what men who are not with the father do with women who project father onto them. The men have sex. If a man is not the boy, then he is at

extremely high risk to buy into a woman's projection in this way. This is transference.

Women are cultivating the girl in them, the girl who receives the Animus as lover, the girl who does not need to distinguish between the father and the son. Because of this cultivation of the girl, they are in an even more intense position to project. If a man is a teacher and is not broken to the Animus, to the Father, then the attraction of the woman is going to be powerful.

It is a powerful energy when a woman projects in this way and it is natural. A male teacher must be really clear, he must be a true father figure for the woman and not confuse the lover with the father. The woman will confuse this because they are girls and it is their right; it is a deeply embedded part of their process. Even if the woman is seductive, even if there is pathology in the transference, it does not matter. But the father does not confuse this, the true father figure leaves the daughter alone, leaves the girl alone. He will leave his students, his clients, his apprentices alone and he will not cross the sexual line.

A man can do this when he is grounded in the boy. If he is not, then he will enjoy getting all the attention, he will want to be the Animus, he will feed off of the transference. His pride will make him feel big, bigger than the father.

If a man is broken to the Father, however, then his pride cannot get big because he knows his place. If a man is broken to the Father, if he is man enough - or boy enough - then he will not prey upon his students. This is the worst violation there is. It violates the student and it violates the man as well.

The Devouring Cunt

Underlying transference and projection is the whoremaster - how pathology uses sexuality. In the case of transference, the whoremaster is the devouring cunt, the cunt with teeth. It wants to manipulate our pride so that we will be lost. In transference, the teacher is devoured and then becomes the devouring cunt. It does not matter if the teacher is a man or a woman.

The greatest evil is when an adult accepts the transference projection from a child and claims the child's innocence. The adult gets lost in the dark mother and then goes after the innocent child. He does not even feel he is doing something wrong, in many cases.

The victim, through shame that comes with such a violation, feels soiled - being raped by the demon, the victim feels somehow filled with this poison. But it is the devouring nature of pathology that goes after a student, goes after a client, goes after the innocence of the child. Sexuality is meant to be filled with mutuality. Coniunctio is an act of giving and gifting.

Once the violation occurs, we do not trust anyone so that sexuality that is an extension of intimacy, of love, of caring, as an expression of the life affirming elixir, and the sensuality that is the part of Jacob's Ladder, part of the ascent to facing and finding God, is all corrupted.

The devouring cunt can be a priest who goes after a boy, an older brother who goes after his little sister, a teacher who goes after his or her students. This aspect of the projection of lust onto others is not love. It is being used and using others. When bitten by the devouring cunt, where is the pain? It is a betrayal, so where is the hurt?

From Peter Fisher:

Where does hurt hide in me? Where does hurt surface in me? How does hurt become anger connecting to a whole set of observable behaviors in me that include procrastination, carelessness, forgetting, bungling things, confusion, panic, not listening, not following directions?

I do not like to think of myself as angry. It is not nice. I want to be a nice person. Safe. Likeable. "Angry is ugly. Angry is bad." I remember the way my parents argued at the dinner table. It hurt to hear them cutting into each other with words. They could be so hateful and angry. Or even worse, cold and sarcastic. It was ugly. I decided I would not be like that. Sometimes I tried to mediate between them. I tried to make them be reasonable. To do this, I had to bury my own hurt and fear and be objective. They let me do this. They did not see how awful this was for me, giving up the space of my own feelings to try to take care of them. I am still not fully feeling the outrage at this. Still partly frozen in the numbness.

I decided I would not be like them. Either of them. I became aloof and thought myself superior to both of them. I have many ways of denying to myself that there is anger in here and many ways to try to hide it. But now that has to end. All my boneheaded behaviors stand in the way of trust and honesty in relationship with others. They hurt those who might love me and offer justification for me to diminish myself and to back away into my familiar isolation. They stand in the way of my relationship with the Divine. They stand in the way of intimacy with friends and commitment to Kate, who I have lived with for almost four years now. They are no part of being the child.

I have developed many excuses for my lostness - losing things, losing people, losing my motivation, losing focus, losing track of appointments, losing the moment, losing opportunities.

I have ways of being "cute" about it, trying to get people to smile at me or to shrug it off with a laugh. I remember in college getting to a

kayak race without my kayak. I remember the way one of the other paddlers would always just laugh and say my name “Fischer.” I became a joke and I went with it.

I have ways of seeking pity, along the lines of “I just cannot help it.” I play the victim of something in me that “makes me forgetful.” I complain about how I am defeated by “chaos.” I act like I have no choice. I suffer and want to be rescued or forgiven. Like my mother did. Like my Father did not. My father who expected more of me, who pointed out where I fell short, but who did so without being there and without giving me the love I needed from him. With him, I felt shame. I did not do enough. I was lazy. With my mother, I was the golden boy. I could do no wrong. So I chose my mother. “Do not be like your father” was part of my incestuous bond with her. My little brother, ten years younger, was clearly overindulged by Mom. When we confronted her with her “spoiling Mark,” she replied, “You can't spoil a child with love.” She did not know how to really love, so she did stuff for us that we never learned to do for ourselves. She needed us not to grow up.

I cannot remember feeling love for my mother. I do remember a kind of sexual fascination with her. I had no sisters and had a hard time getting close to girls. I studied her when females became interesting to me. I was sneaky about sex. Ashamed. Became narcissistic. Masturbatory. My mom called me “sneaky Pete” when I was little. To me it was a pet name. It felt more sweet than critical. I felt noticed. But she could see through me. She could force me to laugh with a poke in the ribs. “C’mon, smile Pete,” she would say, until I would smile or smirk. She got what she wanted. I felt violated. She could ferret out the truth from me with a stare and that finger. She would say, “You can't lie to me!” And she could command me with that same finger. One of my earliest memories must have been around two years old. I did not want to take a bath and barricaded myself in my room, pushing my big heavy toy chest in front of the door. I felt strong. I felt defiant. I do not know what happened, but after that I never defied her openly. I became sneaky.

Did I get angry? That went underground too. I became passive aggressive. I did not act out. I acted in. I took it out on myself. I became a “sad sack.” That was another of her pet names for me. I am starting to feel like crying. I am seeing how awful all this was. I wanted her to see how unhappy I was. If I was happy, it would be like some

kind of victory for her. When I sang a solo in the high school chorus my mother was proud of me. It made her happy. When she wanted to play the tape of it I fumed. I hated it. I did not quit the chorus but I decided I did not want to sing any more solos. I diminished myself to hurt her and deny her the satisfaction. This is really twisted. I lost the ability to know what I wanted for myself. Somehow she had gotten in there and made everything I did some part of her will. She seemed to recede into the shadows, but like a spider, her venom was in me. It was all about her.

I do not know how she did this, invaded me with her will. I remember when I was about twelve, my mother found a nest of newborn mice behind a bookcase. I went to look. It was exciting. I naturally felt sweet and caring about the babies. I wanted them to live. I wanted to save them. My mother said, "They have to go. I cannot handle this." And she left. I understood that she wanted me to be able to "handle this." I connected to the place in me that wanted to act the "man." Who could take care of what she could not. Who could kill these little mice. Who could choke down the horror of it. I did not know how to do it. I could not ask. She could not even handle the question. Of course, she was a weak kneed woman. I was a little man! I took them out and put them in a bucket of water. I came back later and they were not dead yet. Still swimming. It was agony, like something dying in me. I was ashamed. I wanted to hide what I did. I never told anyone, but now I look back and wonder what kind of mother could accept that kind of "help." She did not have to work hard at controlling me at a certain point. Nothing needed to be said. I just understood what I had to do.

She was an alcoholic. A sly wino. When I was old enough she would send me for cigarettes and a gallon of Gallo wine. I hated it. I did it. She could make me do it. I hated her cigarettes. She accused me of overreacting when I rolled the window down in the car. She made me roll it up again. I despised her. I felt superior to her. I have carried this into relationships with all women. It is what I saw my father do with my mother. He belittled her womanly emotionality as compared to our cool, logical manly intellect. We all did. Dad and three brothers. Here is my misogyny, but it is not only with women. I set myself up in my pride against the world. I set myself apart from everything established. I tried to do everything myself. I could not be a student. I could not come under any discipline or authority. Naturally, I floundered. I never developed my talents, procrastinated, avoided commitments, spent

years in narcissistic masturbatory fantasies of what I was going to do, wasting years.

Relationships with women seemed almost a lost cause. If there was one thing I knew I wanted, it was a desirable woman to make love to. I felt no potency. I was totally frustrated and unable to express interest or desire toward women or I made an instant botch job of it. I was obsessed with sex and this has followed me until recently as a shame-ridden fascination with pornography. The women I was attracted to always seemed too good. With them I felt shame. Inadequate. On the other hand, I tended to scorn, or treat with indifference, the ones who wanted me. When I had a relationship, I clung to it for dear life, but gave little to it but my neediness. I was always afraid of being swallowed as my mother had swallowed me. I always felt dominated by the needs of my partner. I did not know how to assert my own needs. I did not seem to know what I needed or wanted. I wanted to be affirmed. I wanted sex. Not much else.

Finally, at age thirty I met a woman who saw an emotionally dysfunctional man who she wanted to save. The sex was “great.” She tried. I tried too, but there remained a layer of passive aggressive resistance and contempt in me. I had a lot of shame and that gave her a lot of power to get her way. If push came to shove, her needs and her reality came out on top. She projected onto me the abandonment and violations she had experienced with her father and others and I accepted the blame. My power was in resistance. We wore each other out and after two children and 19 years it ended. In the end, I was admitting that I never really committed to the relationship and never really loved her. In a way, this was a recognition of the truth, but not the deeper truth: that what was really missing was my relationship to the Animus and the love of the Divine Father. It all went to shame. And buried rage.

Amazingly, I met Kate and we began a relationship. It began with many layers of pathology on both sides, but the relationship has held as we have become more truthful with each other, exposing pathology and taking back projections, and doing our own work. But still, up to today, when I try to embrace the commitment of marriage with Kate I hit up against a solid wall of uncertainty, which is part of my lostness. There is a line that connects my uncertainty with my anger. It surfaces when I judge or blame Kate for being concerned about how things look or the way she puts things away. Sometimes I get

angry at Kate when I cannot find something, blaming her for putting it away in “one of her places.” Usually I discover the next moment that I put it somewhere and forgot. What is that? Still angry at mom. Projecting it on Kate.

I do all sorts of things to affront those who seek relationship with me. Sometimes it is forgetting, being unobservant, or totally oblivious. Sometimes it is trespassing over a boundary that needs to be respected. Sometimes it is the defiance of going my own way as if I know better, when I need to accept teaching or guidance. Arguing. Making excuses. Or pontificating, going into my head and philosophizing instead of feeling into what is happening. Feeling the anger and the hurt or regret that is there to feel. Missing the love.

To leave all this and step into my autonomy, which means to accept the responsibility for what I do and for the anger that is behind it is huge. It is the step I need to take at this time. In my relationship with the Animus I still remain aloof and detached from him. This attitude is one of arrogance, independence and defiance. And yet there is a core of devotion and desire to live in his love and his teaching which belongs to the child and is growing in me.

A recent dream:

Some keys are missing. The child finds them and seems to know just where they are. They are attached to half of a broken pair of my glasses.

My child/soul self is not lost. I feel his clarity and the power in him, which comes from his open relationship to God, not from the perspective of my lostness, my ego.

At the last retreat, I faced into my fear of the unworldly sea monster who was the Animus. His terrible potency was love, which viewed from my separation was merely terrifying. When I went to him, I felt his love and my desire to have his protecting and guiding strength. He showed me his beautiful world under the ocean. We swam about the live reefs. There was no anger here, no coercion and no being swallowed. Things get clear. I am not lost.

The attitude in our family toward our mother was contempt. I still harbor this and express it toward women. When I am making these complaints I am doing so from an inconsiderate place at the very least.

I am not responsive to what the other person, Kate in this case, might feel about it. I somehow feel that if I consider the feelings of another that this is the same as being “swallowed.” Far worse, I am acting from a place where I am angry because my needs and desires have already been ignored. This was the situation of my childhood, so it has that basis. I was hurt. But I hold to my victim status and return to it again and again, even when it is unwarranted and I have the opportunity to have a real loving relationship. While I am being the victim I am also looking for my mother, or the current reincarnation of her as the woman in my life, to take care of me, excuse me and indulge me the way my mother did.

When I am acting inconsiderately, I feel a pressure verging on desperation. I am closed in on myself like it is a little bubble. I act, or forget the other thing that was important. I cause some harm to myself and others, and then wonder how I could have been so oblivious. At this point, when I become aware of this, I easily go to shame or nihilism, which sets the cycle up to happen again. The anger and contempt slips through and is felt, consciously or unconsciously, by others.

As a child I could not express my anger openly. I could not show what I wanted or needed and trust that out of love it would be respected, or even acknowledged. In the end, I did not even know what I wanted. As I have tried to change this, there has been a lie that “asserting myself,” was somehow “empowering.” But this never works. Nothing bears fruit from these attempts to “launch myself into my life.” When I assert myself from the place of being a victim, I am living in the wound and not in the love. I continue to be passive aggressive, angry and contemptuous. I am alone, living in my familiar and miserable independence. The alternative is to be empowered by his love and to feel the trust to come out of my lonely bubble of isolation and to see others for the first time as they really are, not as projections. Finally to be able to love as I am loved.

It is a choice. A leap. I feel the abyss open up. The fear. The possibility of leaving this wreckage behind. The invitation. The place that has been prepared for me to sit at his table and receive blessings from his hand. His child, adoring him, learning from him, his beloved. Forgiven. Safe. Where I am going. Tears on my face. Not later. Now.

People are hurt. Someone, usually everyone, gets hurt in this game. We avoid the hurt by blaming - we blame the other person and we blame ourselves so that then we are caught. The devouring cunt has done its job. The toxin of shame and violation, the underlying wound of betrayal, the distrust that comes out of all of this is part of the big lie that corrupts whatever vestige of spiritual life that is trying to be born.

This is what happens when people do not take their responsibilities as teachers seriously from the place of realizing that the projection does not belong to them but to the Divine. All a teacher can do is help to support that projection for the Divine and not become the devouring cunt for a student.

The victim in this situation is both the victim and the perpetrator - we are victims of the same lie. The perpetrator suffers as well for somewhere in his or her soul, he or she knows.

Once that toxin has entered the psyche, the solution is to feel the pain of it. We cannot feel the pain, of course, until we feel loved. Often the love is so mixed up with the desire, whether it is the desire to get the love from the client who is looking at us with those eyes or we are being violated or empowered by that. No matter how it plays out, underneath is pain because the love that is missed is the love from the Divine.

Some people may try to rationalize that acting out in this way is a stepping stone to the Divine, that it is good for the other person. But nobody can be the Divine, nobody can be the Animus for another person. We can stand close to Him and invite others through the transference onto us to look at their inner world and their dreams, but we must stand at a respectful distance back from that attraction. Anyone who is consumed by that attraction inappropriately will be lost and devoured by the devouring cunt.

When someone is driven to fulfill the transference in order to claim the juiciness, they are driven by the lack of the love from the Divine. Children do not even have transference in the way an adult might, for a child has nothing but a complete assumption that adults are like gods. Because of this, this kind of betrayal is the greatest when it happens to a child.

While this kind of betrayal happens all the way up through adulthood, where it becomes more of a game, the child is always innocent. The greatest damage is when a child is violated by an adult who the child perceives is of the Divine. When that trust is broken through the act of the violation, it is hard to recover for it is the deepest of devouring.

Often, the child will grow and replicate the violation, setting up a betrayal with a teacher, in order to play out the very thing that already happened. It is a seduction. An analyst or teacher can be seduced into recreating the violation. The teacher is as much a victim even when playing the role of the devouring cunt. Everyone loses.

Conjunctio is that which is reserved only for the Animus with each of us. No human can play that role or should play that role for anyone else.

Becoming a True Teacher

Transference is an issue for women teachers as well as male teachers even though it happens more frequently with men. When a man has female teacher, he is looking for his mother, wanting the love of the mother. How does a man love a woman, how does he understand this? Men understand it through the mother.

Men who do not have the father and who want their mothers are going to project this onto female teachers. They will try to catch her eye, look at her breasts, get her attention. If the woman is flattered by the attention, then she may end up nurturing him, mothering him. Even if she does not sleep with him, it is buying into the transference because she is not going to be a good teacher for him.

To be a true teacher, the man must find his father. Then he can love women without being misogynistic, without needing to seduce women to feel good. To be a true teacher, a woman must find her beloved, the Animus. Then she can love men without needing to be the mother or the seductress or in order to gain affirmation in the world. She can love men without needing them to be the Animus or the Father.

FROM SUSAN MARIE SCAVO

I have been circling a place in me that I have not wanted to look into, a place of absolute refusal. I have circled it with trepidation because I have not wanted to really see what it is.

I have felt that it is connected to something I carry in me - a fear that I am mean, that my presence in someone's life will cause great pain, great suffering. Just my presence or something that I will do or say. It is a lesson I learned in part from my father who believes his children are better off without him. He has spent half his life refusing his love for us, refusing to even want to see us, to see his grandchildren. He says, "You are better off without me. Better off not really knowing your Italian heritage." His shame is palpable. His suffering.

I have circled a place in me, round and round. The dreams circling, too. Round and round. It is deeper than what I learned from my father though they are connected. I have feared that it is deeper because the refusal is so deep. My refusal. I have not wanted to look directly at the refusal, at my refusal, because I have believed it is at the core of who I am.

I have not wanted to get down to the core of who I am because I have been afraid that at the core, I am mean, venomous, a lying woman who betrays others, who abandons the ones she loves, who throws hurtful swords at every opportunity.

The fear comes when I step into the place of my passion. When I step into my passion, too far into my passion, my excitement, everything just stops. It does not feel violent on the inside; it does not even feel strange. It feels quiet, as if I am entering a normal place, a place that is familiar. Safe even. The stopping has not felt like stopping, it has just felt quiet.

Quiet and still. Everything coming to stillness.

Then the excitement is gone, the passion is moved somewhere else, it disappears. The quiet place is a comfortable place, unlike the passion, unlike the excitement that has an edge of fear, a large edge of fear. The passion, the excitement, the fear are all uncomfortable. When I am moving toward the excitement, when I am moving in the excitement, I move into a feeling of deep sensuality, my whole body engaging with the movement.

It is uncomfortable because I do not know what will happen. It is exciting because I do not know what will happen. As I move inside the passion, the fear, I am uncomfortable.

The quiet takes away the discomfort. Brings my body back into a place that is familiar and quiet.

It never occurred to me that the familiar and quiet were numbness.

I have been circling and circling, my dreams circling.

My dreams have circled me down into my trauma, into my wound. Into the place of violation with my brother. The place of innocence that turned to violation. I have circled that wound and plunged into it, my dreams taking me in and through.

The dreams have plunged me into the wound with my brother and through it, deeper still, deeper to the wound that was underneath it. The wound with my mother. Circling around the wound, circling again until I was ready to be plunged into it. Then plunging me in.

The dreams circled me and plunged me in and through. I plunged into and through the wounds that kept me from knowing myself, that kept me from feeling. Into the hurt and the grief, releasing the feelings, releasing core pain of the little girl who just wanted her mother, just wanted her brother, just wanted her father, just wanted someone to look after her.

The dreams circled me and plunged me in so that I could reach the other side. Reach the other side where I am His, where I remember that I have always been His. The dreams have circled me around this knowing, circled me around remembering, showing me, showing me how He sees me, showing me how I feel about Him.

Dream:

I am sitting in a small theater with some friends. Onstage, a girl performs an act where she wraps herself up in a piece of red silk that hangs from the ceiling. She wraps herself up, wrapping herself up to the ceiling, in graceful movements. When she reaches the ceiling where she is completely wrapped up, she lets go and unrolls back down, stopping just inches from the stage. The movement full of grace and danger, taking my breath away.

The dream shows me how He sees me, how He sees my willingness to unwrap myself, showing me that my unwrapping is an act of grace and courage.

He has been circling me around my remembering, ever circling. Helping me to remember that I am His, that I have always belonged to Him, even when I did not remember. He has been circling me, bringing me back to my girl self, my soul self, so that I can remember. Circling me around what I remember and what I do not want to remember, do not want to look at.

I have been circling a refusal in me that I do not want to look at. Underneath

the trauma, underneath the wounds of my childhood, there is a place in me that I have not wanted to look into. He has been circling this place in me, preparing me so that I can plunge into it. I feel dread in the circling, resistant to the plunging. I do not want to go because it will reveal the horror at the core of me, the horror of my refusal, the core of who I am that I am nothing but refusal. Nothing but an absolute no because there is something deeply wrong with me.

I have been circling and when I get close to being plunged, I have plunged into the quiet instead. Into the quiet, numb place where I do not have to feel the discomfort, where I do not have to feel the longing, the yearning, the passion, the excitement. It is uncomfortable. I have always believed that I am uncomfortable, that others are uncomfortable with me. I have always believed that the place where I stand in my passion is uncomfortable for me and for others.

I have believed that I am scary. I have been scared of myself and I have projected that others are scared of me, too. And when others have been scared of me, I felt justified in my own fear. He has been circling me around my fear of my passion, my discomfort. He has been trying to show me about my passion.

Dream:

I am a little girl, standing on a high desert mesa looking out toward mountains where a violent storm is approaching. There are many others, some of whom are dear to me. They are all panicking about the storm, trying to get everyone, including me, into cars so that we can flee from the storm. I feel scared, too, because the storm seems really big. I can hear it behind me as I am being pushed into a car. But then I turn and look at the storm. My fear vanishes. I take a few steps toward the storm and I forget about all of the people. I step closer to the storm which is approaching me. It is more than just a lightning storm - the lightning is actually columns of flames shooting down from thick black clouds. I am fascinated and keep moving toward it.

He has been trying to show me that I am not afraid. I let other people's fear scare me, but I am not really afraid. Circling me around, circling me around my fear. I have been circling, afraid of my fear. He has been showing me my true nature around fear.

Dream:

I am outside a huge hotel that has many swimming pools all around it. I am swimming in one of the pools even though there is a storm screaming all around me and tornadoes touching down everywhere. People in the hotel are scared. Then I get out of the pool and begin

to walk up the long walkway to the entrance of the hotel. As I walk, two tornadoes touch down next to me and they form at the top, almost making the bottom torso of a person. It is as if I am walking with the tornado. I feel completely happy to be with the tornado, walking. It moves with me as I walk.

And I still circle. Still I circle my fear even though He is showing me that I do not have fear. I circle, convinced that there is something to fear, something in me, something that is in the very fabric of my being that is dangerous, that is venomous, that is evil. My refusal.

The refusal to acknowledge Him, to acknowledge that I remember Him. My refusal the same as Simon Peter's refusal of Christ when the cock crowed. My refusal to acknowledge that I know Him, that I remember, that I am His.

I circle, the dreams circle. I am afraid to be plunged in. It was easier to be plunged into the trauma with my brother, the trauma with my mother. Easy to plunge in, a relief really, to enter into that remembering. The remembering of things of the outer world. Things I could feel into and through, let go.

But I circle this because it has nothing to do with anything that happened. It is, I believe, the very core of who I am. That I am just refusal, absolute refusal.

I am circling

When I circle close or when the dreams circle me close, I feel scared. I have plunged into the refuge of the numbness, the refuge of the quiet, the violence of the silence instead. But I have kept circling, the dreams snapping me back.

I circle like an animal. I circle because I have to, because I do not know how to enter into what I circle. Do I circle like an animal circling prey or am I turning in a circling, round and round and round to drop into sleep, making a nest of silence to lie down in.

The quiet place has begun to feel violent. A place of absolute violence. I have not associated the silence with violence, with anything like rage. I have not felt myself as an angry person, as someone who carries rage in me. But the silence feels like violence now. Feels as if I am throwing myself into some kind of jarring state - from moving in the flow with Him to screeching to a halt.

It has felt like the only safe place to go. The place I could enter when I went into my room as a girl and closed the door, locking it. The place I could enter when I opened a book and fell into the story so that I could fall out of my reality. I have spent a great deal of energy looking and longing for that quiet space. Where I do not have to feel anything, where I can just skate on the surface, where I can fill time by doing anything but my work, my writing.

I loved having my own room when I was a girl. I remember closing the door at night, stuffing a towel under the bottom so that light would not shine through and reading voraciously any book I could find in the house. I read all of the novels my mother read - from Stephen King's stories about evil coming through vampires and

dogs and cars to *The Exorcist* to VC Andrew books. When I discovered the library at school, I read Jack London.

I closed the door and entered the silence, closed the door on the confusion of my family, the confusion of my own self and dropped into the quiet. It never felt crushing then.

It is crushing now. It is the silence that crushes me. In the silence I stop, screeching to a halt.

It has never felt like violence to me, never felt like rage, but it has for others. The rage of withdrawal. How I have withdrawn and refused to be engaged with others. When I was a girl, going into my room and closing the door felt like such a quiet act, an act of slipping into my room to hide. But it was not quiet. It was a closed door, it was my silence, it was a wall. It protected me, my refusal in the silence. It was all I felt I had.

Others feel it now, in my adult life. When I go into silence, my partners have felt it. My ex-husband hated the long silences, my refusal to tell him what was happening in me, my desire to not talk, to not engage, when I got scared or when I felt I had a need.

My partner now feels it, too. I have entered into my fear and then my silence with him.

I am lying on the bed with Bill, rocking back and forth, feeling scared and edgy. He holds me and asks what is happening. I do not speak. I rock and squirm, but I do not speak. He asks and holds me and is patient for a long time. Still I do not speak. Even when I can speak, I do not speak. Voices screeching in my ears about keeping silent. Wanting to have the silence anger him.

When I am not feeling my refusal, my anger, I cannot acknowledge the violence of my refusal to speak.

I have circled this place, circled and veered off, circled and not wanted to look, circled and felt sickened by it. My silence comes to crush me when I feel my passion, when I feel my need. It screeches to STOP. It screeches - DO NOT RISK AGAIN.

When I seek out the salve of my silence, when I seek to be crushed by it, everything in me is silenced. Everything. I forget that I am His, I forget that I remember Him, I forget who I am. Instead, I allow myself to be pinned under the weight of my silence.

I have tried to jump away from the subject for this is a blind spot. Me? Angry? What do you mean? I did not understand.

I circled.

Then I remembered a dream from when I was eight:

I am lying in my bed in my room. An old hag appears at the end of

my bed, then crawls up under the covers. The minute she touches me, I freeze in terror. I cannot move. She crawls up between my legs, spreading them, then licks my clitoris. I feel complete horror but I also feel aroused. When I feel aroused, I feel horror and sickened. I feel as if she can crawl inside of me and that somehow she does crawl inside of me.

This was the moment when I accepted the hag into me. Crushed by the weight of the silence I was gathering myself into, I accepted the hag into my bed. Crushed by the rage and hate of my mother, crushed by the confusion of my brother, crushed by the absence of my father, crushed by my own silence, I accepted the hag.

The dream came right around the time where my memory begins. My memory before this age, the age when I discovered reading, when I discovered the closed door, when I discovered the silence, is blurry, only a feeling memory really. What I remember before being eight years old is just fear.

I was afraid of thunderstorms because I was sure they were coming for me, sure that the lightning that flashed outside my attic window was coming for me. That it would burn the house down. I remember being afraid of the attic. I remember being afraid of everything. There are only a few pictures of me from my young childhood but in most of them I look terrified.

The dream of the hag came at a time when other things were happening in me. I had another terrifying dream around the same time that recurred every night for weeks:

I am standing in the front yard of our house. I can hear my two brothers who are closest in age to me playing pool - I hear the sounds of the balls hitting each other and the sounds of their voices. Then I hear nothing and I know they are dead. I am filled with wrenching grief. Then I notice that at the bottom of the street is a huge hearse with about ten open and empty coffins in the back. Many people are running down the street toward the open hearse to get into the coffins. I run too, desperate to get inside of one. I jump and manage to get into a coffin, flooded with relief. But then the back of the hearse closes and the car begins to drive away. I wake up screaming.

When I was eight years old, I ran to bury myself in silence. I felt the silence of my brothers, the silence of their souls, and I ran to silence myself, too. I ran to get into that coffin, I wanted that silence of the door swinging closed, I was relieved to bury myself alive.

The crushing silence.

There were other dreams then, too. It is strange how I remember the dreams, how I remember the books, but I remember very little of my day to day life. The other

dreams were terrifying too, but for a different reason. They were sexual:

I am on a beach with Meathead from the television show *All in the Family*. He kisses me and we embrace. I feel scared because he is a grown man, but I also feel very excited. I have no idea what is happening, why I am feeling what I am feeling. He lays me on the sand and we roll around in the water. Then I feel as if my body is exploding from the inside with intense waves. I wake up to the waves in my body.

I did not understand that I was experiencing orgasms, I did not understand what was happening in my body. I did not remember the trauma with my brother; it was buried in the lost years of my young childhood. I only knew that my body kept exploding and that I had this experience in my body when I was awake.

I discovered that if I touched myself that I could approximate what happened in the dreams because I wanted that explosion. I also discovered my brother's hidden pornography and discovered that this was sexuality, that it was about this weird thing called sex.

In the dream, He is trying to find me, He is trying to enter back into me through sexuality because it was through sexuality, in part, that I got lost. He tried, but I was already lost. The arising sexuality, my arousal, the masturbation; all confusing and filling me with shame. I could not get to the place of the dreams, I only felt dirty. But I could not stop until I was older; I was compulsive about masturbating. Compulsive and repulsed. I had fantasies where I imagined I was forced to have sex so that I did not have to be responsible for my desire.

There was a fire in it. A fire echoed in my dreams. I wanted the fire. And I did not want the fire. The fire felt dangerous. Too dangerous. I associated the fire with my sexuality. I associated the fire with my shame.

Because I had been so full of desire to bury myself, because I was scared, because I was so hungry for the crushing silence, the hag could enter my bed. I was forgetting Him, I was forgetting that I was His, that I had always been His. Even in my fear of Him, I was His. I was like the girl in *The Exorcist* - I believed that I was empty and that I could be possessed. I believed the hag possessed me.

My fear of the storms was somewhat true - I knew that He was there, that He was coming for me. I projected that fear onto the storms in my child mind. The fire I so wanted and was so afraid of. The fire in me that I imagined caused everything bad to happen for me and for others.

I was stopping, coming to a screeching halt in my confusion. Burying myself. When I buried my self, when I buried my soul self in my terror and confusion, I plunged into the silence. And in that silence, the hag came to me and took away the center of passion in me. When she came into my bed and licked me, it was as if she was taking away my clitoris.

She did take it because I gave it away. I felt the pleasure in the horror of her

taking it from me, in the middle of the horror and the confusion of my young girl self, I gave it away.

I also remember during this time suddenly thinking to myself, “Oh. He’s gone.” I realized that the presence that had always been there was no longer there.

Or I could not feel Him anymore.

He tried to come to me in my dreams, but I was confused in the terror of my sexuality, of my experiences, of growing up.

The hag came into my bed, came into my life, without even trying to hide herself. I learned from her. I learned to not feel that passion, to certainly not show it. I wanted to be buried, to be dead, and she came and showed me how to do it.

When I plunged into my silence, I could no longer hear Him either. When I plunged into the quiet to escape the terror I felt in my family and in the world, I plunged into full separation from Him. I could not hear Him anymore.

When I plunged into the silence, I plunged away from my passion, my fire, my desire, my needs. I plunged away from Him, away from knowing myself. I plunged away fearing that like the girl who was possessed in *The Exorcist*, there was something deeply wrong with me, something that drew unwanted attention, something that I needed to kill in me.

I have circled my passion, circled the fire, feeling ashamed of it. Feeling sure that I have a deep refusal, a deep darkness in me. When the hag came into my bed, I lost Him and I lost my capacity to trust myself. I stopped trusting myself, stop trusting my fear, stop trusting my instincts. I just stopped.

When the dreams started to circle me around my trauma, when they started to circle me around my passion, my fire, my fear, they showed me how much I stopped, how much I believed the crushing silence:

I believe I have killed my oldest brother - there is a bloody bag in the sink and I think that his head is in the bag and that I have chopped it off. So, I take an axe in my right hand and chop off my left hand at the wrist. Then, I anchor the axe somehow on the floor so that the blade is sticking up. I throw my right wrist onto the blade over and over again, trying to chop off my right hand.

I have never considered the quiet as violence, but this is what it looked like to my psyche. After the hag came into my bed, it was not a far leap into believing I had caused everything. It was not a far leap into cutting off my own hands.

I forgot Him, I let the hag into my bed and I spent most of my life living in that silence. I lived in the silence and reacted to everything in a way that confirmed my suspicions about myself - that I was bad, that I had a deep refusal in me.

I have circled the place in me of the deep refusal. I have known the refusal as my refusal.

Dream:

I am a girl, house sitting a very wealthy old woman's house in a big city. I hear that she is coming back to the house in order to die. I realize that it is time for me to leave. As I leave, a young man tells me that Martin Luther King is coming to speak and that maybe I could stay to hear him. I decide to go back into the house, thinking, "I can be in the back and no one will notice I am there."

Switch

I am in a courtyard of the mansion with the young man. He walks towards me but trips over a butcher block full of knives. They fly straight up in the air in a slapstick way, then come down and land directly in my head. We both laugh hilariously and I am amazed that I am not dead.

I have believed that I have been living in the hag's house my whole life. That when she crawled up under the covers of my childhood bed that I moved in with her, that she entered my body. I do not know in this dream that the mansion where I live is not the hag's mansion, but the mansion of my Father, my true Father. The young man, the Animus, tricks me to come back to the mansion. Tricks me back in, I always love a good lecture, especially about freedom and then shows me what part of me needs to die.

My mind needs to die. My mind that is tricked by the hag that it is her house. I am in His house; I have always lived in His house.

I have spent my life as if I lived in the hag's house, living out what I have believed about myself. I have believed I am an abandoner, so I have abandoned people I love. I have believed that I could not hear Him, but then followed my gut instincts and allowed Him to lead me. I have believed that the hag entered my body when I was eight years old and that I entered into servitude in her house. I entered into servitude, but I never left His house. It was her greatest trick, her greatest sleight of hand.

Dream:

I am a little girl, watching Voldemort, the evil wizard from Harry Potter, enter people's bodies all around me and I am completely horrified. He enters easily and quickly, the people not really even noticing. I realize that he cannot enter me, but I do not know why he cannot enter me.

The demon cannot enter me because I do not belong to the demon. The trick

was that I believed the hag entered me. The hag never entered me. She did not really take my clitoris away. She attached herself to it like a parasite, a leech, and has been living there ever since. Feeding off my passion when I plunge into my silence, feeding off my passion to fill her unending rage.

I have circled this place in me, circled with dread and resistance, because I believed that at the center, I am refusal.

I have circled and circled because I believed that the violence of the refusal was the center of my soul. I did not want to see that at the center of my soul. Did not want to see the violence, the rage, the anger, the pleasure at rage that lived there.

I have circled. The dreams have circled me. The dreams plunge me in.

I plunge in and plunge in and what I find is the hag. That the refusal at the center of me, that is somehow connected to my pleasure, is not me. I am not rage, not refusal, not violence, not silence.

The dreams plunge me, He plunges me in and what I find is that the hag has been feeding off my passion to feed the rage, the refusal, the violence that is her. She has tricked me into believing that I am her, that I am refusal. I have circled; she has kept me circling because she has not wanted me to see that it is her.

He has plunged me in, has plunged deeper into me. She cannot enter me because I am His. I have always been His. She had me chop off my hands because it is through my hands that I can receive Him, receive the gift of Him. She had me offer myself to my mother, to my brother so that I would be separated from Him.

I have circled because she had me circling around her. I have used my fear that I was the hag as my plumb line, circling, circling. He has plunged me in and I am His. Have always been His. He is inside me, has always been inside me. I am remembering Him.

I am remembering that the rage is not my rage, but the rage of the hag, the rage of the demon, the rage of the pathology that wants to feed off of me, wants to feed off of my passion.

I am not rage, not hate, not venomous, not betrayal.

The hag rages at Him, rages at God, rages betrayal and venom and hate. The hag hates Him. The hag hates me. The hag hates the girl I am that she cannot enter. It was not my mother's hand that held the saw to my vagina, it was the hand of the hag, full of rage.

I sit across the room from Bill, in my refusal, sit in a chair while he waits on the bed for me to speak or to do something. I sit and do not look at him. I sit and listen to her screeching in me. Listen to her screeching her silence. I can feel her silence crashing down on me. And then I hear Him. Hear Him say that all I need to do is get up and walk across the room. It is only a few steps. I only need to get up out of the chair.

It was the first time I heard Him and heard the hag in me at the same time.

The first time I clearly felt that it was not me, that I could listen to Him even in the place of being crushed by the silence. All I had to do was get out of the chair. It was easy then. Those few steps were easy to take.

When I slip under her rage, under her hate, under her venom, I am slipping into the place of what is true about the core of me. That I am not Simon Peter, refusing my knowing of Him, that I am not hate, not rage, not silence.

When He plunges me into the core of me, when He plunges deeper into me, I feel what is true, feel my devotion. I remember His voice, I remember the plumb line of His voice, His love, in me. I remember that I am trustworthy, that I can trust myself.

When He plunges me in, plunges me past the rage that is the hag, He plunges me into my devotion that has always been at the core of me. Plunges me in, plunges deeper into me. When He plunges me in, plunges deeper into me, I have no questions. It is grace and movement, a dance of feeling in me with Him. An explosion of desire and passion and fear.

When I plunge in with Him, I am the girl again, I am myself, the girl who cannot be entered because I am already filled with Him:

Dream:

I am a young girl at a crowded train station waiting for the one and only train. Feels a little like waiting for the Hogwarts Express from Harry Potter. The train arrives and I fight the crowd, leaving my baggage behind, to get to it. But by the time I reach it, a woman has waved the train on. I feel upset that I have missed the train. The woman says, "There are buses that go there, too." I feel exasperated. Then, someone tells me that I can walk there - it is not very far.

So, I set off and discover that the way is up a mountain. I am happily running up the mountain. Then I look down and realize I am wearing capri pants, a tank shirt and no shoes and that I am walking on snow. Of course, I think, this is a mountain, there is bound to be snow. But I do not feel cold. I wonder if I should go back and get some gear, but when I turn and look back to the station, I realize I do not want to go back. I turn to continue up the mountain.

I cannot go on the train because my way is not to go with the crowd. It is time for me to get off the train. The way for me is to go up the mountain, alone. I can go up the mountain, unafraid and completely unprepared because I am filled up by Him. I have always been filled up with Him.

Underneath the rage of the hag is my knowing of Him. Is my being filled with Him, filled with my passion and desire for Him, filled with His passion and desire for

me. Underneath the rage that is the hag, that is not me, I am the One with Him. I am the One on the one path that is mine with Him, the one journey that is mine with Him. Completely unprepared because there is no way to prepare for it.

I do not need to be prepared because I am filled with Him. I am not filled with rage, with self-directed rage, with rage directed at others, though I have acted that out in my belief in the lie of the hag. I am not filled with rage, for the rage is the hag. I am filled with Him.

* * * *

The first time I really encountered and experienced the rage that lived in me, the rage of the demon, the rage of the hag that entered me through my wound with my brother and my mother, I was completely terrified. I had felt angry before but it was always when reacting to and projecting it onto something or someone in the world. The first time I encountered it where I could not hang it on someone or something else, I was well into my thirties.

I signed up to go on a vision quest with an outdoor adventure organization for women. I was looking for something. Direction? Clarity? I had just left a long term relationship, knowing it was the right thing to do, and I was feeling that there was something missing. That I needed something, but I did not know what. Maybe a few days in the desert with a group of women, culminating in a three days solo fast would be helpful.

I was excited about the trip, excited to be camping in the desert for the first time. I had never done anything like it before. It felt like it would be fun, a time to step into something that was newly emerging in me. I planned on doing a lot of writing during my three days alone.

After spending several days getting ready with the group, I headed for my solo campsite, with the simple intention of being open. I wanted to be more open.

I camped on a ridge overlooking a valley and mountains in the distance. Nothing but sage and hard earth and scrub pines. I set up my tarp, fighting the screaming wind. For three days, I sat in the heat of the days and for three nights, I curled in my sleeping bag against the cold of the desert nights. What happened took me completely by surprise.

In the Great Basin Desert Near Mono Lake

Day One

I can tell you it was hot,
the kind of heat that burns salt
out of every pore then hardens it
on your skin at the same time.
I can tell you it was cold,
the kind that starts deep
in the bone, radiating.
I tell you it was loud
on that ridge perched
over a valley
with no name. The wind
screamed through tarp,
the cluster of scrubby pines
I tried to secure it to,
the sage bushes that crowded
down the hill, across the valley
and as far as I could see.
And the pine cones, the birds
landing for them. I saw them land.
Small. Birds before the moon.
Then moon, wind,
different screams pitched
from direction, tarp, trees.
Curled against howl
scratch circle grit.
Dark, I tell you.

Day Two

What the hell what the hell what the hell
do you want I don't want
clearly to give what I want
unknowable

do you want I do not know
who what are you anyway
why unknowable
I want don't understand you me

what am I anyway
why can't I understand
won't understand want
you are are you trying

why can't I understand I
is want it
do you need trying
what use you of me

is it want
I want to know a little
what use me of you
I don't want wanted

I just want little to know
do I take all I have to
maybe I don't want wanted
I only ask little

do I have to take
what the hell what the hell what the hell
ask I am only little and
you want to give everything

Day Three

After trying to drink water again.
 Then vomiting again.
 After fantasies of food stopped.
 The morning after.
 After another pine cone under
 my palm when I tried to stand.
 After picking at individual cones,
 taking scales off cores
 and flicking them over the ridge.
 Counting. Thirty-three scales.
 Forty-two. Fifty-Eight. Twenty-five.
 After pitching whole ones
 over that ridge. Not far, far
 enough. I wanted some
 away. Those pine cones,
 those hundreds from these trees.
 Pitching not enough.
 After the sun went down.
 Last, the last thing.
 I smashed pine cones.
 Jumping up then down leaving
 not one not one not one
 intact.

For three days, I raged. I raged at God, I raged at myself, I raged at the pines, I raged at the sage, I raged at the birds, I raged at the sky the way it was clear and I was not. I raged and raged and raged. At night, I curled in my sleeping bag and felt fear curling through my body. The terror when I heard coyotes, when I listened to the wind. The terror of the rage that curled like a monster in me. A rage I had never felt before. The fear and rage mixing in me, blurring day and night, blurring reality.

Stumbling off the ridge, back to the base camp; coming out of the desert and back to the city; coming back from going into the rage and terror. It took a few days before I could really take in any substantial food again. Days before I could make my way to work, sit in the office, make my way home again without having to lie down on the floor every few hours.

Something happened in those three days and I knew that the something I needed was more than just “being open.” The rage frightened me.

Two days after my return, I spoke with my brother Steve on the phone. He could hear the difference in my voice. I told him of what happened, my voice getting shakier as I spoke, more quiet. I told him of the rage, how it scared me, how I did not

know it was in me. I told him I had raged at God, that I did not understand any of it. In the telling, I felt something drop from underneath me, felt something shift inside and then I heard myself say, “Oh, I need a teacher.”

I felt I was entering into a place where I needed guidance even though I had no idea what that meant, what it looked like. I knew that it was not a journey I could take on my own.

I had been telling myself that I had been on the journey alone, that I had become adept at doing it on my own, doing everything on my own.

During this time, I was discovering the writer in me. I was discovering writing and poetry, discovering my excitement for it. Something happened in me at times when I wrote, something moved. I felt God sometimes when I wrote, felt His presence in the writing, felt the heat of the words when I felt Him. It was exciting and scary.

In this discovery, I was also beginning to cling to the belief, the myth, that writing was the destination, was the way. Poetry was becoming how I identified myself in the world, the way I had value.

But in that moment, after those three terrifying days in the desert, on the phone with my brother, my oldest brother, I felt for the first time how desperately I needed some kind of guidance that I had never had, that the writing was not giving me. Maybe I could feel the need because I could feel the lack of the guidance.

On the phone with my brother, I almost whispered it, maybe I even repeated it. I remember in my body what it felt like to say it, to know it. I remember how everything shook inside, that the voice that came out of me that knew what I needed was a voice that was under the rage. Vulnerable, shaky, wanting to come into the light.

I had felt that kind of desire before. Felt it my entire life. Wanting someone to tell me, to lead me. Wanting to be a student. Yes. I had always wanted to be a student. In this moment, though, I felt the depth of the desire, the depth of how much I not only wanted it, but really needed it in a way that I did not understand. After three days alone with nothing but the rage inside me, I felt how much I needed the guidance.

On the phone with my brother, there was a pause. I felt ripped open and clear. Then Steve said, “Sue. I am your teacher.”

* * * *

Underneath the rage, underneath the wound, is my desire. In the dream where my clitoris is severed from my body and I do not even feel it, what is being severed is my desire. I gladly gave it away, gladly allowed the hag to latch onto my clitoris, to claim it for her own, to let her siphon off all of the heat that is mine.

I gladly allowed this because I was so frightened of my desire.

I gladly allowed the hag to siphon off my passion into her rage, into her raging at God, at the world, at everything because I have been terrified of my desire.

When I was a girl in that attic, terrified of lightning storms, I was terrified of

the passion I felt in the storms, the passion that mirrored something in me. I felt sure there was something wrong with it, the fire I felt inside, the grief I also felt.

When I was a girl with all of my passion, all of my yearning, I did not know I was yearning for God. I only knew that no one around me seemed to have that fire. I only knew that there was something wrong. I only knew that I needed help, I needed a grownup or somebody bigger than me.

The yearning I felt for a teacher after my three days in the desert was the same yearning that I had as a little girl. The same yearning that I felt that had me turn toward my brother Steve in the first place.

It was my desire that had me turn to my brother. When the storms came at night, the ones I thought were coming for me, I would sneak out of my room and slip into one of my older brother's beds. I could not go to my parents, but my two oldest brothers were upstairs in the other attic bedroom. I knew I needed to go to someone. I knew I needed.

It was my desire that had me turn to my brother. I adored my brothers, looking up to them, following them around. I turned to my brothers because I needed them. It is normal for a girl to do this, to turn to her older brothers, her father, with adoration. It is normal for a girl to project the Animus onto the men in her young life.

It was normal for me to do this. I turned with all the adoration in me, I turned with all the fire and the heat of my desire, my desire for God, my desire that scared me, I turned with all my fear, I turned with all of this to my brother.

In my turning, my brother accepted the projection onto him.

I do not know what happened to my desire when the line was crossed with my brother. I do not know what happened to the terror. What I remember from after this time is silence. A deep silence until I was older, until the dream of the hag. Until the dream where I threw myself willingly into the coffin to be buried.

With all of the intensive work I have done, I have also continued to project my brother onto every man in my life and even many of the women in my life. When a man loves me either as a lover or as a dear friend, I immediately project my brother. I project him onto my partner, Bill, by feeling that there is no space for me, that I am not important, that I have to look to his needs first.

I have not wanted to let go of what I have believed about Steve. I have been feeling protective of him, not wanting to look past the story of our childhood relationship.

I have not wanted to look at how, when Steve went into the Peace Corp after he graduated from college and went overseas into the Middle East, how he wrote long letters to me, describing his life, what it was like to be a tall blond American in the Middle East, the danger. What it was like to be on a great adventure. His excitement and his loneliness. He wrote about spirituality, about what he was learning. He told me he was a seeker. I felt he was teaching me. I wanted to be taught. I wanted to be a seeker, too.

I wanted to feel loved by somebody, anybody, in my family. How I ate the

letters up like candy. How special I felt, that he picked me out of everyone he could have picked to share his intimate experiences. He wrote and I wrote back. I felt loved and seen. I felt important.

I ate up the attention. It did not occur to me that he ate up the attention from me, too.

I have not wanted to face into how, in my late twenties, when I fell in love with Eric, a musician who mirrored the artist in me, I turned away from him and turned to Steve instead. I told everyone that I had found the one for me, that this was the man I was going to spend the rest of my life with. We fell in love in the fall and by early winter, we were planning to move to San Francisco from my hometown of Cincinnati in the summer. It was an exciting time, new love, the prospect of moving to a city I had always wanted to move to, being with a man who was living in his art, who was encouraging me to explore my writing. A man who loved me.

Steve was living in Washington, D.C., by then. Shortly after I told him of our plans, he called me. He said that he and his partner had moved into a new house just outside of DC and it had a separate apartment in the basement. He wondered if I would want to come and live with him for the six months before Eric and I moved to San Francisco.

Unbelievably to me now, I said yes. I moved out from my new lover and moved 500 miles away to live with my brother. I turned away from my lover and toward my brother. Even when Eric became ill, I did not move back. It was only when he was so sick that he could barely function that I moved back to be with him.

Unbelievable to me now that it did not even seem odd at the time that I moved, that I did not return when Eric became sick. Instead, I stayed in DC and was my brother's little sister. After I arrived, it became clear that his relationship was falling apart. So I spent six months going out with him to clubs, going out with him to parties, going out with him where he wanted me to go. I was his sidekick while my lover became sick. He wanted to be the one and I turned to him to be the one so I could be the one with him.

When I did leave to be with Eric, Steve got angry, saying I was leaving him in a lurch with the apartment, saying that I was being irresponsible. He was not there the day I left.

I have not wanted to feel into how when Steve declared himself my teacher five years later, I felt completely repulsed. On the phone, ripped open, when he said that he was my teacher, I felt as if something was being ripped out of me. It felt wrong.

For the first time, I felt that something was wrong with my relationship with Steve. And yet, when he wanted to move out to San Francisco shortly thereafter, I invited him to move in with me. We became roommates again.

I do not want to remember how angry he was with me in that year we lived together. How when I did not become his sidekick again, he felt betrayed. He moved out after a year, moved out saying that he was disappointed in me for not going to

clubs with him, for not doing all of his things with him. For not being his little sister.

It is hard to face into how he was at my first wedding. How he got drunk and followed me around with a camera, having me model for him. Just me and him, me modeling, him taking pictures. And how, as I was leaving with my new husband, he hugged me hard and said, "I do not want to let you go." How he would not let me go in that moment. How scared I felt in that embrace of his.

It is hard to face into how I have been protecting him, how I have not wanted to let him go.

Dream:

I am tied up and hanging upside down. My brother Steve is underneath me. He has been torturing me. He says, "If you do not sleep with me, I am going to kill you." I feel scared. I can hear my mother singing a happy song.

I have not wanted to face into how my brother fed off my radiance, how he was drawn to what is special in me and fed off of that. How he wanted and needed me to be his student. I have not wanted to face into it because I have held tightly to needing to believe that he saw me, that he loved me.

When I faced into the childhood trauma, I wrote to Steve, asking if he remembered anything. In my letter, I told him how I probably came to him, that we were young, how it was a set up. I wrote to him because I wanted to face into it together, into our wound that we share. I wanted to believe that it was a wound that we shared.

He responded that nothing had happened. That he remembers everything, unlike me, and that nothing had happened. One of the things he wrote was that he had felt like I was the only close tie with family that he had and now I had cut that off.

I have not wanted to face into this because I had felt the same way with Steve. That he was the only one who saw me, who could teach me. Even after I began to feel that something was wrong, I felt unable to face it.

I have been unable to let go of knowing that my brother did not see me. That he did not love me. That he was feeding off my radiance. That when I was not being his little sister, being his student, things were not okay between us.

Hard to face into how I went to him again and again, offering my radiance up to be fed off of.

I have projected my brother onto everyone and every situation. Most importantly, I have projected him onto God, onto the Animus. Believing that to be with God, I had to offer myself up like a sacrifice, offer up who I am, to be an empty shell. That to get the love, I had to be an empty shell just receiving him.

I have not wanted to step into my desire, my deep devotion, for God because

I projected that onto my brother and he took it.

Dream:

I am leaning over a pile of papers, working. He is leaning over me, watching, like we are working together. I feel excited, my body alive and full of the work we are doing and full of our partnership. I feel him at my back, feeling His unwavering love, and lean back into him, asking if it is okay. He is reassuring to me, “Yes,” He tells me, “it is okay.”

I have been afraid to lean into my desire, my devotion, my vulnerability, because when I was vulnerable, when I was full of fear, when I was the little girl full of my desire for Him, projecting Him onto my older brother the way little girls do, there was no one at my back.

It is hard to return to this place of my core desire for what arises in me is the force of my desire. The force of my desire and the love that I had in me. How scared I was, have been and still am of the desire, of the love.

It is hard to return because it brings up the depth of my love for my brother, for all my brothers, the innocent and sweet love I carried for them and the desperation I also carried to be the special one, to be the one. I wanted to be the one with someone, I did not know I wanted to be the one with Him.

I have been circling, He has been circling me. I have circled the other thing I have not wanted to let go of, the fairy tale with my brother. I have circled my brother for my entire life. I have circled my mother. I have circled the terror of my desire, the terror of God. I am being led out of that circle by being led to center.



CLEANING THE VESSEL

The only thing that obstructs receiving Divine love is the vessel that is not cleaned out. We are vessels to be cleaned out and opened so we can receive and hear. If our vessel is full of trauma, anger, angst, pathology then all we hear is the sounds of our own screams, our own pain, our own avoidance. Dying to self is really cleaning out the vessel so we can be an open reed to God's love and receive the archetypal connection. Cleaning out the vessel is the job of this work.

Cleaning out the vessel is different for each person. For example, a man dreamed about being with the Father at a fishing camp, but wondered where he was going to sleep. He is with the Father and he thinks he belongs but he does not feel the belongingness. Part of cleaning out the vessel is for him to see this, to see that he tries to relate to the Father from this place and that it does not work. We cannot feel His love if we are in reaction to a father or mother who was not there with the love. Once we react to the not-love, the reaction makes it impossible for the heart to feel into the love.

To break this is to see it. Once we have seen it, we know that we cannot approach the Father from that place because it is not a vessel. We cannot receive love in this way even if our intentions are good. It does not matter how great our intention is to be in the love. If the vessel is dirty, it is just dirty.

Judgment is always a form of narcissism. When it is in a mother, the mother cannot prize the individualness of a child because the judgment says that the child needs to be like the mother or the child is no good. There is a social part of this that we live in. Each wing - the left and the right - puts out what people should believe in or not believe in.

This kind of judgment often happens in intelligent women, the ones who feel they know the right way to be and know the right way they want their child to be. This may be appropriate when teaching a child how to use utensils for eating or for being obedient to parents, but the uniqueness of the child must be prized.

When a mother is judgmental in this way, it is easier for her to tell the child what to do than to try and figure out who the child truly is. Figuring out who the child is to be means that the mother would have to figure out who she is. The mother would

need to be prized in order to prize her child.

Narcissistic women often have self-hate and are so wounded themselves that when they have children, they cannot support the children for their own sakes. The wound of the mother gets transferred into the wound of rejection in the child. The child cannot accept the rejection, so the child will often change for the mother. The child will not be what God made him/her to be, will not be the magical prince or princess, but will become something that is not threatening to the mother. The child can also go the opposite direction and rebel against the mother. Either way, a separation is created from the self that leads to an inability to know what makes us who we are that can be with the Divine.

The result is that the child makes it up, just as the mother made it up. The child, like the mother, may end up judgmental as well, looking to be judged and to judge based on beliefs and on opinions because there is a belief there is nothing else. It becomes a neurotic ideologue.

When the mother does this, there is no creating the vessel in us. A vessel is an opening to the soul where we can receive guidance and support for who we are. Once there is no self that is consciously able to be felt, conjunctio with the Divine cannot happen. If we cannot hear God, if we cannot hear our own soul, conjunctio cannot happen and neither can sensuality or many other great things.

The Anima will often work in dreams to rebuild the lack of bonding or to heal the dysfunctional bonding. The dysfunctional bonding is sometimes worse than the lack of bonding because we believe we have a relationship with the mother or father or both, but it is a relationship, usually, that comes from the place of survival. It is a false relationship. There are those who believe the false relationship when in fact they never bonded at all and they have lived with the lack of bonding and created their own lives.

When the Anima comes, she supports us to create the idea of bonding with the mother for it is the building block for relationship with the male. It is interesting that a woman cannot really have a relationship with the Animus nor can the Animus repair the broken bonding with the mother. He can do many things, but He cannot replace the mother anymore than the Anima replaces the Father. We need both parents in different combinations for our development.

When we feel lost, it feels scary. We feel we cannot be lost. But in order to find the new self, the self that has been lost, we must first be lost from ourselves. When we are not in our fear of being lost, when we are not trying to find ourselves, we can become the vessel, we can become available. It is a sensual experience.

Loss as sensuality is surprising. Not every passion has to be passionate. It can also be pathos. Pathos is passion with sadness. It is being present. We do not need to know who we belong to, who we do not belong to; we are just open and available, not looking for anything. But we are present, awake to the world around us. This is a huge part of being alive.



CONJUNCTIO II: LIMESTONE VESSEL

Christa Lancaster

Dream:

I am with a woman who tells me she has recently lost her dear brother. I feel her loss acutely. Then I enter a room with many people including a tall man. I know who he is. He is my love. I go up to him and ask: “Is it true I am so special to you?” He replies by taking me in his arms and saying, “You have no idea how special you are to me.” I feel his love for me completely.

She is me, the woman in my dream who lost her brother. She is me who feels deep loss, who knows how to follow the golden thread of loss, down, down, down into the well, into the center where the love dwells.

The love that is Divine, the love opening through loss. Spiralling around through the years, through loss, to deeper relationship to the Divine.

I have learned to accept loss when loss is there.

It is here tonight, for no real reason. I feel the energy of loss around and in my heart. I eat two pieces of toast until I realize I am trying to mute the loss. I stop, plug in the laptop with its cracked screen. The crack is leaking a fuzzy fuschia-colored line in a soft diagonal curve. It looks like the screen is bleeding.

When I feel pure loss, without any story, without an attachment, I can drop into it fully. There’s no hook in this dream, no drama or story. It is not “about” my childhood, my last marriage, an old betrayal. It is just loss. Through the softening, the opening to loss I feel His arms around me, my head on his shoulder. I can take in, fully, in my whole being and body, how special I am to Him. I do not think I am special to Him. It is not about believing I am special to Him. I feel how much He loves me in every particle of my being. I feel it on my skin, in my

heart. I am letting go into His holding me. I am not holding back. Finally, I am not holding back. He loves me. I am special to Him. I let it in. Way in, like never before.

When loss comes without a story it is a pure gift. It is for me, it is mine.

Working through the portals of story we walk into a land beyond story. We need the portals of our stories to enter into the domain of our sacred feelings. When we react to the story, we keep ourselves locked outside the holy portal to the feeling tunnel which returns us to our selves, our real soul selves. The story is just the key into the tunnel. We need to enact our wound in order to activate it and enter into the tunnel which leads into its secret chambers, the rooms which hold the hidden essence of who we are. When we react, we stay in the game, the lie of the world. We miss the moment, the whisper of the angels who say: walk through, keep coming, do not be afraid, we are waiting for you. Every time we react instead of feeling, the angels, like the angels in Wim Wenders film, *Wings of Desire*, stand helplessly, sorrowfully by us, near us, unable to do anything but silently witness. With sorrow.

The Archetypal Realm is endlessly patient with we humans. I have been moving towards - and running away from - His love for twenty years.

The fall, separation, the journey, the return.

The journey is full of twists and turns. It is exciting, dangerous, frightening, exhilarating, frustrating, demanding, lonely, painful, joyful and sad. Along the way of the journey are many gifts and offerings as well as adjustments and difficult confrontations. Ultimately, though, the journey is not about the obstacles any more. It is about the fulfillment, the sacred union. It is not a concept. It is felt and real and embodied. Accepting the union is a new phase. Can I live in this love? Can I accept a new reality? Can I step into the unknown of being fully loved?

I have been learning to live in a new reality with His love.

I falter. I faltered this week. I suffered a backlash. I did not feel special or loved. I felt unappreciated, resentful. I let grievances in

relationships build up. I was lost. Underneath feeling lost, I realized I was scared. In my separation from Him, I got scared.

Once union is felt, the state of separation is an unbearable purgatory. I had to call some friends to remind me I was lovable. I needed a bridge back to the dream where I am special to Him. I found my way. I found my baseline: loss.

Love through loss, acceptance of loss.

About a month ago, I dreamt of being in the harbour in Bermuda where I spent my childhood. My belongings are in a basket on a rock. I am in the water with my young labrador Flora. A wave comes and washes away my things. I have no need of my worldly things, what attaches me to the world. I watch them go. There is nothing to do but be in the water with Flora.

Washed Away



In the water, in essence, with the girl puppy. The world is washed away. The realm of the world needs to go for me to stand with Animus in the inner realm.

Last night, I dreamt about my little house in Mud City; it had come loose from its moorings. It was no longer attached to its foundations. I realized it was in the water. Bill was pushing it and it was skimming through the water. He was laughing uproariously. I realized it was okay.

I feel like I have no coordinates in the world. My attachment to the social structure has been dissolving over the last year. In this dream, it

is severed from what I thought was the foundation. I remember how much that house held for me, how I used to visualize it when I was away from home, in order to feel sane and connected. It is no longer fixed. I am no longer fixed. I feel untethered, free floating, without a set reference point outside in the world.

Loss dissolves the false sense of security the social structures of the world gave to me. Loss brings me to my knees, loss leaves me raw, open and exposed. I am undone by loss. I am brought home, to my Beloved. I do not need my little house to know who I am.

I just took the dogs out for their late afternoon constitutional. I met Laura in the driveway. We compared notes about where we find ourselves, in similar but different realms without the old, known coordinates. Adrift, knowingly. Adrift with meaning. Divine meaning to which surrender is the desired response.

Later Susan Marie came down to borrow a box of Annie's Macaroni and Cheese. She said, "I am going somewhere and I do not know where it is. I am scared." Nothing is known and familiar. Feeling hollowed out in a wonderful way, I meet her in the unknown. She cries.

I say to her, "I have been feeling all day as if life as I have known it is falling away, everything is changing and I do not know what is coming next."

Over the years, the salt-tears of loss have worn channels through the limestone vessel of my being, wearing away the unneeded structures, softening, forming a hollowed-out receptacle for me to fill up with my own beingness, with His love. In order to receive His love, I needed to know I was special. In order to feel special, I needed to feel His love. Ebb and flow. The two weaving around in perfect concert, for me, the way, in the time I needed. One dream at a time. Learning to give and to receive. To give up what I was asked to give up, to learn to receive the gifts offered by the Archetypes.

A few days ago, I felt the pain of loss. My feelings were hurt in relation to a dear friend. It was not time for resolution with the friend. It was the time to rest with the feelings inside me, to allow more limestone to dissolve. It was uncomfortable to do so, to rest with the discomfort of the feelings. I could feel the part of me that wanted to retaliate, to exact vengeance. I could feel my brittle anger. I sat in a circle of close

colleagues who heard my pain and reminded me of the preciousness of my own vulnerability. Bill told me the gift of the vulnerability of my hurt feelings was for me, regardless of whether the friend ever understood my hurt feelings or not. I stayed with those feelings of hurt.

On the island of Bermuda, where I was born and grew up as a child in the sixties, there are mysterious limestone caves with stalactites and stalagmites, growing up and down. The rain water drips down wearing away the limestone to form the cave deep in the earth. We loved going to visit Crystal Caves as children, entering into the darkness. It takes thousands of years for the formations to become. It takes thousands of years for the cave to be hollowed out. The cave is patiently evolving over time. I often remember the limestone caves when I ponder the process of growing in consciousness. I recall the English director, Peter Brook saying about his lengthy production of the Mahabarata: It will take the time it will take, it will be what it will be.

Becoming a vessel takes the time that it takes. I am a patient warrior. I know how to move through the waves of terror and loss, staying long enough in the intensity of the feeling for the dissolving of Alchemy to occur. I meet the feeling without judgment or shame: it rewards me by moving deeper inside the spacious realm of the Divine.



Our stories, our dramas, are necessary keys to the portals of our soul selves. They are useful, up to a point, and then, if we cling to them, they abort the alchemical process of dissolving the false self. The story is just the vehicle to feeling, not the end point.

When I sometimes forget Him, I do not go into a place of worry, but into a place of pathos. I am aware of things, but I am not judging them. Being lost is a lack of judgment. It can be very sweet to not have judgment, to just be lost so that He can find us. Sometimes we look too hard for God. We look so hard for God that the looking itself is a way to avoid being lost.

It is all a preparation for conjunctio, creating the vessel that allows Him to enter the psyche. Conjunctio is often associated with sexuality but creating the vessel is another form of conjunctio. Being lost and letting go is one of the best ways to create the vessel. It is not sexual but sensual for we are just there, not living in assumptions or goals, just being. Being without Him does not mean that we are not with Him. He may want us to sit without Him for a time. Then He comes and can

step into our sensual experience of being lost.

At that moment of being lost when He comes, He can fill us with His love because we are the open vessels. Often we will feel longing. It is the longing that comes from the desire when we are lost. It comes from a deeper place than the part of us that wants new things. It is a deeper longing for it is the soul's longing.

When we feel lost, we are our souls in that deepest place, that deepest longing, the soul's longing. Our souls are lost from God and in that lostness, the Animus can appear with exactly what we need. This is why it feels like sustenance when He does appear. His presence is sustenance. We are filled not with something artificial from the world, but from the love of the Divine itself. Being the vessel to receive this is conjunctio without sex. It is the conjunctio of pathos.

To have true conjunctio in this way, we have to be lost and open like the reed that feels into what is really needed. To be the vulnerable person who is waiting. It is the perfect moment.

Sensuality and the Vessel

Sensuality touches on sexuality. Being close with the Divine and bringing in that love, however, makes us more vulnerable to looking for intimacy in the world with others in an inappropriate way. We have to be able to contain the feelings of sensuality and attraction that inevitably come when we are connecting with God.

The sensuality is like an electrical current of energy. Jung talked of having to be exceedingly moral in order to be brought into the mystery of the sensuality, of the Divine connection, and not let it come through the sexual organs. We need to let it come out through the heart.

If we are immoral or more vulnerable to projection, we would seek to consummate the sensuality by playing it out in the world. When this happens, the sensuality, the current of energy, dissipates. When we project it into the world and live it through relationship, it invariably goes away.

The way to stay in the sensuality is to not project it, to not seek partnership in that sensuality. This does not mean we should not seek relationship with others, but it does mean being the vessel for that energy.

When we find someone in the world to be in the sensuality with from this place, it is being a broken vessel. The broken vessel cannot maintain itself. This is why many relationships fail because we pour our spirits into other people rather than containing our spirits. In weddings, we drink from separate cups traditionally because the cup is the symbol of the vessel.

When we let God fill us up, then we can give and disseminate to others. When we are filled, we do not seek fulfillment through a person, we do not consummate or try to enter into conjunctio with someone in the world.

Conjunctio is when we contain ourselves as a vessel and the Animus comes to us as that contained vessel. We have the intimate inner connection and we can walk in

the place of sensuality, in the place of attraction, in the place of being juicy, alive and loving without needing to discharge it.

It can be painful and difficult to not discharge it because we are not used to walking around in that electricity, that charge. When we do not discharge it, we can be in the world with a great feeling of caring for each person.

We can fall in love with everyone in this place, but not the kind of love that needs them or wants them to need us. It is like loving a flower - we do not need or want the flower to love us back. We love the flower, the sunset, the beauty of others. We feel into the souls of others, but it is personal to our own selves. We do not need to have something from the others.

In this kind of love, we do not need to love someone, to get someone to love us back to maintain the love. This is a fallacy. If we stay within the vessel of the love that is given us through our connection with the Divine, if we do not ask anything from the world to affirm that but rather ask the Divine and open to the Divine, then our cup will run over.

If we need to be dependent on others for that love, however, when we need to be dependent on the Divine, then we will be disappointed. Even if we are loved back, it will not work. The source of the love must come from the well of our own being not the world.

This is the secret, the reason why dreams and the inner world and the connection with the Divine give us the sustenance that allows us to go into the world without needing something from the world. It means we can be attracted to things in the world but we do not need them because we are already full. We can enjoy but we do not need. It is the not needing that allows us to be present for others without violating them.

We violate others because we need something from them. We project that out and trick ourselves that we are giving to them. When we want to give something to someone, it is usually because we want something from them. To be truly grounded in the self, we do not want to give anything to anyone. We just enjoy being alive, being with others. There is no give and take. The true give and take is with the Divine.

Although this is really difficult to get to, it is where conjunctio ultimately leads. A recognition of beingness and the feeling of energy, passion, aliveness that does not have any hooks in the world. To stand in the self, filling with the love of the Divine, being the vessel filling up with the Divine, is part of the relationship that comes when we are in our connection.

THE CHILD SELF - OBJECTIVE AND SUBJECTIVE REALITY

We all have an I/Thou relationship with ourselves. It is objectifying reality which means we put ourselves in the reality. We want to find where we fit in, where we belong.

Subjective reality is the reality of the child self, where we live in the feelings not in an image. Becoming the child, becoming the soul, is about feeling something - hurt, separation, essence, trauma, God's love. Becoming the child self is always about feeling something at the core of who we are. This is beingness.

It is difficult when we first experience beingness because we revisit all that we have never resolved - trauma or pain or separation or loss or uncertainty or unresolved feelings of adolescence. This ultimately leads to Divine connection and to love, but we have to be willing to be the child self. To live it and be it.

We are not used to being anything. We sit outside ourselves and we think our lives. We think ourselves. If we do feel, it is because of something that happens. It does not come from the inside, but the outside. To be the child sounds esoteric, but it is not. Becoming the child simply means feeling and being one's self.

This means breaking the objective hold on the self, breaking the ego, breaking all the transference energy between people. It seems like a great deal to have all of this go but in reality it is just reorienting back to our nascent essence, the child's individual reality. This is so important because the child is the only vehicle, the only self, the only soul in the self, the only part of the self that can receive God.

Ego cannot receive God. The child is the true self, is the true ego of the self. It can live in the world without objectifying reality. We start objectifying reality at around eleven or twelve when we go from the childhood innocence of just being the child to suddenly becoming objectified. We start to compare ourselves to others. It is a natural part of adolescence.

It is also a necessary step of becoming an adult. The moment we become aware is like the moment we eat of the apple in the Garden of Eden. After we eat, the shame comes in and we leave our innocence forever. It can happen earlier in childhood from trauma, but it is a natural process where we begin to objectify reality

and quantify ourselves in relationship to what others think and how we measure up and how we see ourselves. Even if we are loved and supported, we naturally separate from our subjective innocence. This is the gyroscope. In a polymorphous perverse child, there is no gyroscope because the gyroscope only exists as an adaptation to the world.

We are in the garden until we are self-aware when we eat of the apple. The apple is the apple of knowledge, but the knowledge of self-awareness where we begin to use knowledge in terms of manipulating the reality around us.

Self-awareness is not a bad thing for it gives us free will. We do not have free will as children. To go from free will to objective reality is also a good and necessary step. The problem comes when the shame enters and we develop spiritual and emotional illnesses that come from our separation and make us want to prove ourselves.

We can be innocent and self-aware. We can be both in the gyroscope and also in subjective reality. What the Divine wants is both the horizontal and the vertical reality working together. The child who separates from his/her parents is theoretically related to the child who leaves home, who leaves the world. The child also leaves his/her innocence by entering the world of self-awareness.

At some point, coming home again means becoming a child again and being in subjective reality. But this time, when we go back and become connected to our child self, when we die to self, we do not lose our sense of the gyroscope and self-awareness. We remain self-aware; it is just secondary to the primacy of the soul. We are not the same child who was a child when we were children. We can be both self-aware and connected to the child. This is unique and is the definition of the Valkyrie or the Prodigal Son.

The gyroscope can take many forms but how it manages itself in the state of self-awareness is determined by many issues including psychological health and even genetic issues. The problem is that the gyroscope does not allow for a sense of the soul. It completely eclipses the soul. The soul has no say which means that God has no say.

When we struggle to die to self, we do not want to give up our self-awareness. Breathing water is breathing essence, is giving up self-awareness. It does not mean that we are not self-aware. We are just in ourselves.

The biggest fear about death is that we lose self-awareness, we become unconscious and never wake up. But what if when we die, we just slip out of our bodies and we become totally awake. The fear of losing self-awareness when we die is part of the pathological setup. If we believe there is nothing after death, then there is no reason to be accountable in life.

This leads to a feeling of pointlessness. If we feel life is pointless, why have a life that is accountable. But if we realize that our lives are eternal, that we die and then we are still here, that there is no way to escape the eye of God, then everything we do matters. It is the natural tendency for humans to have things matter, to count. The

entrepreneurial spirit that is applied to business can be applied to our souls. We might want to work harder in life knowing that it does matter. Even if we are older, even if we have cancer, even if we are minutes away from dying, God still tries to reach us in our dreams because it matters. Everything we do here to grow matters.

Pathology is really adept - we may have one moment where we realize that there is eternity, where we realize it does matter. But then the next moment, pathology in the form of nihilism can come in and say that it does not matter at all. That we can do what we want and we do not have to come to terms with our real selves. It would have us believe that there is no God, that nobody is watching, that no one cares. If we realize that there is eternity, we may work harder.

There is pathos around losing everything when we die, around those who die an early death. But the real achievement is the one that occurs in our growth, in our souls. We do not take money, prestige or power with us. We take the love. The love we discover with others and the love we discover with God. We take this love with us; it is all we ever have.

And we are robbed of this love. We cannot really contain the love; we cannot be the vessel if we are not the soul child. We may be surrounded by love, but we will not really know it if we are in objective reality and not in subjective reality. Subjective reality is the vessel.

Once we become the child, we can know love, we can love people and we can still be in the world. But, as the child, we do not need to prove ourselves for the love allows us to live in the moment. This does not mean we do not want to accomplish things. We still have goals but they are related to our soul, to our calling.

The child's perspective is always to be living in the moment. The future takes care of itself. In this way, the child lives in the future. When we are in the calling of the Divine, we live in the future and the present simultaneously. We are open to the future in the present so that the future is irrelevant to the present because we have everything we need now, in the present moment. If we are in immortal time, we do not need to worry about the future because we are already here. Things are not going to get better because they already are the best they could be.

The future is wide open because we are here now and open to God's direction. When we are open to God's direction, things can move forward. If we do not have this, then we always believe that we want something in the future. What we are really wanting is ourselves and the Divine love. We want our souls but we do not know it. The more we try to get stuff, the more we look to solve what we need, the further away we get from ourselves.

After a while, we do not even know we are looking to get things because we want to fill the big hunger for our soul. It can become part of being in control and it gets locked around fear where we try to manage our lives. We get further and further away from why we got into this cycle to begin with to the point where we do not even know we want ourselves in the first place. We end up thinking we only need to be safe or help others or help our families. It is a neverending need that is unrequited.

Unrequited love is the love for ourselves, to become our true selves that can be open to the Divine.

Many people believe that if we have the connection, we will not want anything or be motivated. But we are motivated when connected, in fact, even more motivated because the child wants to serve and is more excited for life. When we are motivated as the child, we do not want from the place of impoverishment but from the place of abundance, connection and passion.

Once we become connected to ourselves, we become the true student, the true lover. However the Animus comes to us, we can be with the Divine as our soul self and begin the true relationship that was abruptly through our death of coming into the world. The true death is the death of being born. Once we are reconnected, we are ready to have mutuality with the Divine and the true work of being in relationship with the Animus/Anima can begin.

This is when the work becomes really exciting. When we are really with Him as the child self, we do not know everything but we can be taught. We can be truly taught because we are not in the horizontal reality of trying to fulfill something that cannot be fulfilled. We are in the place of fulfillment and knowledge and knowing and connection and feeling. From here, we can be taught about who we are and about our purpose. We can begin to grow in our attempt to fulfill our calling in the world. This is having the optimum congruence with the inner world and the outer world. This is the ultimate goal of this work.

The child self in the nonlinear world feels the miracle because the child can feel into the Divine reality. It knows it exists, it feels the love, it feels the support, it feels the direction and it has the knowledge. In that knowledge, in the moment, time slows down. In this place, we can really feel into the essence of every reality and every person we encounter from a nonthinking mode. We feel into the depth of the moment, we feel what is inside of every moment rather than just the surface where everyone plays off projections. The child does not live in projection and it is difficult to adjust to this different way of being. The child feels everything on a soul level - if something is painful or not true, the child knows it. Projection is a way to avoid, to color, to discolor, to manipulate and to shield ourselves from difficult feelings and it also keeps us from the elixir of life, that which is underlying all existence.

When we stop time, everything in time suddenly becomes more viscerally vertical. We can feel into the depth of it. We do not need to live from thing to thing to thing. Time does not stop, but time slows down. In the vertical world, the deeper we go, the slower things become. The movement from day to day and week to week is almost less and less a real thing.

When we are disconnected, time seems to fly. Time does not fly fast, we fly fast. The more we are disconnected, the faster time seems to become. When we are children, time seems really slow because we are in our essence. The child knows time more in the immortal sense. As we grow more and more neurotic, time seems to go faster and faster because we are more disconnected from it. We miss everything, we

fly along with worrying and thinking and then our lives just pass us by.

We meet our goals only to fly off to the next thing because we do not know how to go underneath anymore. We have lost the capacity. We fly to the next thing to do but it is a cover-up for the pain of separation. When we face death, time slows again and we can find ourselves. But the Divine wants us to find ourselves here, wants for us to awaken to ourselves while we are alive.

Conjunctio is only possible when we slow things down, when we become the soul and join with Him in that union of conscious awakening. Conjunctio is a returning to our true selves with God. Alchemy is part of the process, but ultimately is it just a state of relationship and rest with Him. It is the foundation of our new life, the neverending union, the neverending conjunctio, the neverending just being. Getting to a place where we do not have to die anymore. We just become, we just live in that place of the soul and grow from there. This is the mutuality of the relationship with Him.

From Annie Wattles:

Remembering the Girl Who Will Later Be Betrothed to Him

Dream:

I am a young girl playing at the dead end of our street. I am in the tall grass and a large black snake comes toward me and lifts up to be as tall as I am. We stare at each other for a long time.

I stand here quiet . . . looking out really still. I run through the underbrush feeling my girl body . . . it is perfection. I am 5 . . . 6 . . . 7 . . . 8 . . . I live in the feeling of this body.

I am down by the water . . . the dead end of the road where the water runs by and I am here often . . . where it is wet and smells strong of earth and muddy wet . . . The skunk cabbages that get crushed while we play and smell their strong smell. I live here . . . here is my world.

The kinds of grasses that I stand in . . . how the rot of the forest floor the smell of death and rich life lives in me. I stand here and a snake lifts up out of the grasses and comes to face me . . . thick and black it slides forward to face me and we exchange a looking . . . into . . . and understanding.

I am a girl here and feel myself, my body, my girl parts. I feel no fear here and I am not alone.

I slide like the snake along the rotting leaves and smell that smell of rot and dirt . . . all through me. I am a snake and a fish. I cover myself in the bushes and I am a small animal looking and still. I feel everything and smell everything. I know where everyone lives and what every insect looks like. I perch on the rocks . . . balance on one foot and wait. I am not alone.

I lie in the stream naked . . . the water rushing just over my body parts and I feel full and alive . . . All is tingling . . . I am waiting.

* * * *



JOURNEY'S END



JOURNEY'S END I: DOWN THE TUNNEL

Christa Lancaster

Dream:

I am in a room with the man. He is African American. A fire is burning in the fireplace. I can feel we are deep in the bowels of the earth. He shows me a stone archway. Something is hanging down from the center of the arch. I feel terrified knowing he wants me to descend down through the arch, around a curve. I do not know where it is leading.

I leave and go above ground. I see Dorothy who is walking with a woman and crying. I cannot get to her. I end up at an upscale store looking at jewelry. A man comes and assists me; I feel shy and stricken.

In my work with the dream, I go back to the room with the fire and the man. I feel a cold fear deep in my bones. I stay. I see his eyes are kind. I know I can walk through the stone arch with this man.

I feel myself changing, pulling further into my core. It feels subtle rather than dramatic. I still do not know where the passage leads to. I have a sense of it opening into a cave, like a vessel. I have a sense of enclosure and intimacy, love and warmth. The vessel feels like a chamber of initiation. I do not know yet what will happen there. I am

acclimating to the underworld. It is quiet and removed from the frenzy of the above ground world of shopping. I know it is the domain of this man. I trust him, despite my fear.

In my acupuncture session this morning, Taylore put a needle in the point called Stone Gate. I felt warmth and I felt aliveness and energy stirring. I felt my creative fire being stoked. I felt juicy and alive, creative and fiery.

I was a fiery little girl until I was two. I stamped my foot and slammed the door and said, “No, I’ve changed my mind!” I sense my fire was threatening to both my parents. My father could be harsh and distant. I think my fire was quenched and I froze in fear of my father. I became a good girl, my passion safely in check, my fires tamped way down; my bones ran cold, all the way through to the marrow.

I was good and I also learned how to be seductive as way to mask my fear of men. I will give up who I am to get the love and I will relinquish my true fire in the deal.

A part of me will be stone, bone cold.

The man is unravelling the knots of the lie twisted around the inner sanctum of my desire. The arch, the vagina; the keystone, the clitoris, the mound of Venus, the secret girls know about themselves, the ultimate gilty pleasure, a way to release the fear, taboo.

No one says the word clitoris out loud.

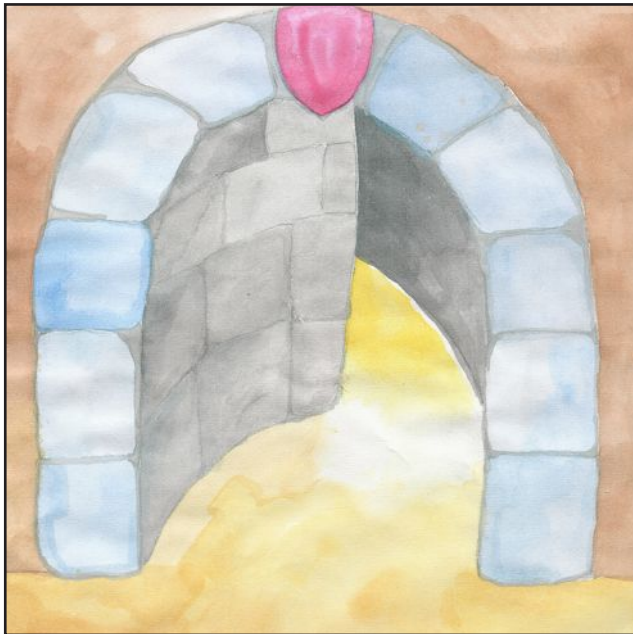
Susan Marie sends me the etymology of the word clitoris from the Online Etymology Dictionary:

1615, coined in Mod.L., from Gk. kleitoris, a diminutive, but the exact sense is uncertain. Probably from Gk. kleiein “to sheathe,” also “to shut,” in reference to its being covered by the labia minora. The related noun form kleis has a second meaning of “a key, a latch or hook (to close a door).” Wooden pegs were the original keys; a connection also revealed in L. clovis “nail” and claudere “to shut” (see close (v.)). Some medical sources give a supposed Gk. verb kleitoriazēin “to touch or titillate lasciviously, to tickle,” lit. “to be inclined (toward pleasure)” (cf. Ger. slang der Kitzler “clitoris,” lit. “the tickler”), related to Gk. kleitys, a variant of klitys “side of a hill,” related to klinein “to slope,” from the same root as climax. But many sources take kleitoris literally as Gk. “little hill.” The It.

anatomist Mateo Renaldo Colombo (1516-1559), professor at Padua, claimed to have discovered it (De re anatomica, 1559, p. 243). He called it amor Veneris, vel dulcedo “the love or sweetness of Venus.” It had been known to women since much earlier, of course.

I circled around the dream, entering through two paintings, one in acrylic of the fire and the stone archway, the next, a pencil and water color of the arch with the luscious clitoris in pink at the top of the stone gateway. Luscious, juicy, alive.

Stone Archway



The depth of my vulnerability about this dream, about the entryway into the feminine depths, through the vulval arch and clitoral “key” is unimaginably intense, unless, of course, you are a woman with a clitoris, who also knows and holds secrets. Tremors precede an earthquake.

Keystone. Key to what? Key to what part of me I have hidden, frozen away? Who will I find in the depths of the tunnel?

Three women who read this piece about the relationship between the clitoris and the little girl felt tremors through their bodies as they read or heard the words. Whose truth is being spoken, known?

Where will I go if I keep moving down the passage way with the African American man with the kind eyes at my back, at the entrance to the tunnel, the keeper of the fire? Where is the tunnel taking me? I do not know.

I am still working with this dream. My work is to keep going into the tunnel, over and over again. This tunnel is the tunnel of love, where I am held and contained. I feel very new and not knowing about this work I am doing. Marc says the tunnel is taking me deeper into my real self. I feel strange and uncomfortable. I have a sense it is about going into a way deeper realm of feeling.

Down the Tunnel



The social me is needing to die at another level. I dreamt about two women I know in the social realm, both of whom are reflections of the me who can seek solace in relationship as a way of avoiding deeper vulnerability. I am learning about how they operate in me, how they do not want to die. I have been feeling a great deal of resistance to

being in the tunnel. When I do take hurt there, the hurt changes and I feel love. I feel resistance to writing. The women do not want me to reveal that they are false. They do not want to release their hold on me.



The journey's end is allowing ourselves to disassociate from everything we have known about ourselves and being what the soul is. It is allowing the soul to take over and come into the world. The journey's end is becoming something we never were or never knew we were and allowing that to develop and become while we passively lose the old consciousness and become the thing that is becoming.

The journey's end is coming home to ourselves, coming home to the Father and the Divine. But we must show up as the soul that we are, in the place of the becoming. Then we can be the beloved. Becoming, beloved, betrothed all have "be" in them, all have to do with being. True beingness is living in the eternal self.

The journey's end is the place where time slows down. It is almost like a psychotic place where there is no time and the world swirls around us. In this moment, we are eternity because we are in our eternal self - the self that has always been, the self that will always be. It is the beginning of self and it is the end of self.

It is what God created, the self which cannot be created or destroyed because once created, it is eternal. God commits to it, to the perfection of this place. We forget this place and have to return to it. We pick up the threads and journey back. The labyrinth ends here for the journey's end is the end of the maze that we struggle with.

When we return from this place, we are more autonomous but more open; more potent but more vulnerable; more passionate but more quiet; more loving yet more self-sufficient; more needy yet more giving. It is the paradox of the Valkyrie, the true soul's capability of manifesting things which appear to be oppositional but are actually aspects of one another.

In our fractured lives, we project lack as love. It is the separation from our deeper selves that is explained as need or want. But when we are full, need and want take on different meanings. They are both still passionate; they are just full at the same time. To be loving and needing from a place of fullness is different than being loving and needing from a place of emptiness.

Such is the coming home to our own souls. It is unconditional, the fullness. It is the manifestation of being filled with God's unconditional love. Therefore, even in the place of the greatest wound or the loss or the disappointment, the love is always there. It is the absence of love that makes disappointment so excruciating. When the love is there, the disappointments are not excruciating. They are just disappointments.

The journey home is the place where the soul resides, the wellspring of God's love. Only there can we have fulfillment, only there in the depths away from the world can we find ourselves. Only there do we find our Beloved who we are betrothed to

and can be with. Only there do we understand being.

When we are attached to things, when we expect things, when we need things, the things take on a certain meanings or perceptions. Persona develops from this. But when we are full of the Divine love, then things that happen around us which upset most people will not upset us, unless they are tremendously tragic. We are no longer plugged into the things because our sense of identity is not linked to getting those things. The things are replacements for the love that we do not have. But when we have the love, we walk with the Divine and what happens or does not happen is not our concern.

It is as if we are visiting someone else's life or planet even. Things happen and we like the good things and tolerate the bad, but we are emotionally tied to the Divine. We are no longer emotionally tied to what our team does or if we get the raise or if we get the thing we want. These things have no meaning. The love we feel is more powerful than any of the activities happening around us.

Expectations or outer world things fade into the background and the inner life, the walk with the Divine, is the foreground. Before we arrive at journey's end, it is the other way around. Everything in the world is in the foreground while the Divine and our souls are in the background.

When it flips so that the Divine is in the foreground, it can be disturbing because we disassociate from the world and from the things we thought were so important, from all the reactions we had that we do not have any longer.

We suddenly do not know who we are, especially if we thought we were the things we were reacting to. Instead, we have the peace, the connection, the Divine love that gives us new meaning. We do not need the reactions anymore to define who we are. Emotions help define who we are. When we are upset about something, we can say it is because we care or some reason, but when we have the love, we do not become upset about things. The love is a more powerful feeling than needing to be anything else outside the love.

Suddenly, we are not the person we thought we were or even used to be. Who are we if we are not thinking, who are we if we are not relating, who are we if we are not emoting, who are we if we are not building, who are we if we are not destroying? Instead, suddenly, we become the thing that never was and now is. It has different rules. It does not care how it dresses up or down. It does not care for anything except to be with God and to be manifest in the world.

Then we are driven by forces that are not value based or aesthetic based or ritual based but rather by forces based on our own unique soul and the way the Archetypes work with us in this place. It is incredibly personal and beyond discussion. But the dreams line up with the relationship with the Divine and the outer world becomes congruent with that relationship. Then we can experience the beginning of a numinous life. At journey's end. At journey's home.



JOURNEY'S END II: WHAT IF I'M A WACKO, TOO?

Christa Lancaster

I entered the tunnel, over and over again, all through the holiday and into the weekend, with my family. It was very strange and disorienting to be with all my family and to be in this process of disassociating from the world at this new level. I felt uncomfortable, unhinged and very, very odd! (No one seemed to mind or even notice.)

I drew a picture of entering the tunnel sitting around the kitchen table with my kids. By Monday night, everyone had left and I was alone in my house for the first time in a while. An incident with my dog Flora brought up sad feelings. I wanted to call someone to dissipate them but I chose not to do that old social relating thing. I got out the paint and paper and made three paintings about the tunnel. I felt seriously over the edge into another dimension. I wrote some more and painted my way through. I could tell I was way into new terrain but was not completely sure I was on track. Was this good psychosis from going into the tunnel or had I lost my way? I asked for a dream.

Dream:

I am outside a house, wanting to go in. I am afraid I will not be welcome. I go in anyway, with Flora. I want to belong there but I feel like an interloper. An older woman joins Flora and I in her living room. At first, she seems politely friendly. She even has her own tiny black lab puppy. Flora and the puppy sniff. Everything seems to be going well. But, I sense the presence in another room of the woman's husband. I feel afraid of him. He is distant and does not come out of his room. Then, the woman says, "Yes, the puppy is very cute but I am going to have to get rid of her. We really cannot handle her."

I am horrified. The room starts reeling. I know I have to get out of there with Flora. It feels dangerous.

So, of course, the rejected puppy is me. This is the scenario from my childhood with my mother and absent father. But the point is not to dwell there. I know well the territory of my hurt rejected child self and how that played out with my mother and father. The point is to recognize how I then rejected the core of myself, my puppy heart-soul self, and sought others in relationship to replay the nonacceptance by my parents.

And the real point, of course, is to be my vulnerable, open, pure-hearted, innocent puppy self and stay in the tunnel and find more about the treasure of the deeper self I left behind long ago.

I get to be who I really am, even more than I can, at this moment, possibly imagine. I get to manifest my soul in the world in its intensely, personal, unique way. I get to be the most me ever, with the Divine, in the world. We all do, that is my real point.

Now, what else could I possibly need or want?

* * * *

Journey's End



When I painted Journey's End, I was in the psychotic state and all I could do was keep painting and writing. The image appeared as I felt my way down the tunnel. The painting shows the view from above, looking down. The tunnel opened up into an enclosed space. Marc got excited about this; he saw it as the end of the journey through the twists and turns of the labyrinth. What is in the center of the womb-like space is my soul, the soul who cares only about being with God and manifesting in the world. I am sure it is not the end of my journey but rather the end of a phase of the work. There is always more, more I cannot even imagine.

I wrote at the top of the page in my notebook:

I am reclaiming my autonomous self.

I do not know exactly what this means. I know how I feel today. I feel free in a new way, not caring about the world, or where I fit in, or do not fit in. I do not feel attached to anything.

I have found pathological safety in having a personality based on where I fit. I have survived in the world by being a whiz at relating to people and finding a place to fit in. I remember it kicking in when I turned thirteen. I overcame my extreme childhood shyness, learned how to be the popular girl, finding out how to go to parties, charm boys and be socially adept. When I left home and went to boarding school in a new culture I honed my social skills to overcome my feelings of being lost and an outsider in the intimidating and austere world of the English upper class.

When we moved to America when I was eighteen I hid my fears and insecurity behind a slick social facade. Nobody knew how far I was from myself, especially me. I became identified with my persona. It met the world and the world responded. It "worked" for me. I was very far from the tunnel, from my soul self. Getting pregnant and moving to Vermont when I was twenty four was the beginning of the journey through the labyrinth. I gave up high heels and the glamour of New York City and embraced the hippie culture of Putney, Vermont. I had many miles before me to traverse, but it was a beginning, a place of choice, a movement towards my soul. Having a baby so young was a Godsend for me, a very real saving grace.

Today Ken asked me what it feels like, here in the tunnel, not fitting

in anymore. I did not know how to answer. I still do not. I am just in it, in a new way. I feel like my old moorings have been cut and I am in new waters without a navigational chart before me. I do not feel afraid. I feel quietly excited and present. I have a lot of energy and creative juice. I do not know what will come next. All I can do is be in this current where I feel curiously open, alive and filled with a lot of love.

I want to explain a little more about the relating pathology - I feel safe in relating to others. Relating is not bad, it is just bad for me if I use it to be safe from the intensity of my real self. I have used relationship inappropriately at times to keep me from descending into the tunnel. Learning to relate from the place of connection with Him, from my soul self, is different from looking to others to find a feeling of connection. Very tricky to see not only because it is a blind spot, it is how I have known my false self in the world and how I have been deceived into believing it was who I was.

Who am I if I am not relating? I am not the one I have been? What if I become the thing I never knew I was? What if I let go of the concept of who I think I am?

What if I get to BE my soul? What if I get to be as unique as I really am? What if I am a wacko, too?

I have always used relationship with men to avoid myself, to be safe from being myself. I remember this clearly when I married Rory's dad, a very strong-minded artist. I remember thinking I could hide behind his big personality, his definite philosophy about life. I could be the artist's wife instead of the artist myself. I would not have to face who I was. I could be the nurturing, all-giving earth mother. I knew then, in that moment, I was too scared to be myself.

When I married Hannes, I hid behind being the mother of five children. I also loved being the mother of our five amazing children and I learned so much from that experience. And I was growing by having clients and doing groups. But I also knew I was hiding from being fully myself. How could I really need? There were so many needs to attend to. And I was good at meeting them. There is a limit to how much you can manifest of your soul when you are tending to the needs of five children. Or at least it was so for me.

When our children were almost all out of the house, the time came to

become me. It was a shock because it arrived at the time when my mother was dying. Her death unhinged me and dropped me into trauma with a dream where my dog Ajax throws up bile and in the bile is a charred baby. He held the knowledge of the charred baby, burned and blackened, all through the years, until I was ready to face into the pain of her wounding. That is why I wailed the night of the retreat when I learned he had died. Ajax held enormous knowledge and wisdom for me. He was a strong psychopomp. He was a guide down into the underworld.

This fall, I fell into projecting my pathological need to be safe onto my new relationship. I have only just understood how I was doing that. I wanted endless reassurance he was not disappearing again. However many times he told me he was not, I did not believe him. Then I got I wanted him to make me safe from the feelings of uncertainty and vulnerability evoked by staying open and loving him. When I went into the tunnel and let go of the world, my pathological need for safety around my new relationship vanished. It has gone. Instead is a feeling of spaciousness and acceptance for what is right now. In this place there is an absence of demand or urgency. I have lost my need to be safe. I am glad. I do not want to use relationship in this way, to stay safe, making the other responsible for me and my feelings. I have a sense this new feeling is a part of becoming autonomous and loving unconditionally.

This is a new way of being in relationship. Relating from my soul, from the inside to the outside, not looking to the outside to give me what I think I need. This is the new self I am discovering by being in the tunnel, coming home to who I really am. I can see I need to show up as the soul I really am to come home to the Father and the Divine, to have a self who can be betrothed to the Beloved. This has to happen for me in the depths, through the archway, down into the depths of the Underworld, far from the bustle and distraction of the physical, material world. Down under, in the tunnel. No place to fit in. Just me.



The more insecure we feel, the more vulnerable we feel, the less independent we are and the more we need Him. For a woman, it means the more lubricated she can be with Him and the more she wants Him. Because the Animus wants this with

some women, He needs them to be off center, off balance so that they can need Him.

This is why there are so many stories about Renaissance women who find themselves in positions where they can no longer manage their own lives. Sometimes, they are in a foreign land and they find themselves falling in love with a man that they would normally never even consider, that they even initially hated.



JOURNEY'S END III: ON THE SNAKE TRAIN

Christa Lancaster

Dream:

I am with a West Indian black man who is trying to convince me I should marry him. I show him photographs of my former husbands who are white. I feel he cannot possibly be the Animus because I feel absolutely no connection to him. He seems muted. I feel I need to defend myself from the assertive way he is coming on to me.

Dream:

I am in India at a train station in a large city like Bombay. The train is very run down. I am next to a red British phone booth. I ask an East Indian man how I can find out about the train schedule. With a twinkle in his eye, he tells me that sometimes the phone booth is there and sometimes it is not. All of a sudden, the train rises up into the sky and turns into a muscular, strong, vigorous train, like a snake soaring, diving and looping in the sky. I feel in awe.

Of course, I feel no connection to either the West Indian or the East Indian man. That is the point; the Animus needs to be dangerous, to unsettle me, to break my independence, to awaken the little girl neediness and vulnerable wanting in me. They are "other," exotic, dark-skinned men of different cultures, unfathomable to me. I do not know how to read or control them. I do not know the cultural code. I am out of my depths. I am off center. I am not in charge.

I have always wanted to go to India but I am scared of my idea of

India, of it being a wild and chaotic place. My ancestors, my great, great grandparents were part of the British presence in India at the height of the Empire. My maternal great, great grandfather, Colonel Winter of the 37th Punjabis, died defending British interests on the Afghanistan border. He is buried in Agra, site of the Taj Mahal, where his daughter, my great grandmother Nina was born. I am both fascinated and terrified by India. In the late eighties, I watched David Lean's film of the E.M. Forster novel, *A Passage to India*, with total absorption. It is the story of a proper English Colonial wife whose passion and curiosity is awakened by the primal sensuality of the Indian landscape and culture. Out of her depths, away from tidy England, she wakes up to her own passion and is alternately thrilled and terrified.

I woke up at 3 a.m. with an ache in my stomach. I know I need to get into the pulsating train with the man, East or West Indian, it is the same man, a different version of brown-skinned and threatening to me, not English and white and known. I do not know how to be a woman with these men. I do not know the code. I am afraid. They feel dangerous to me. They are. They are dangerous to my reflex to stay safe. I also feel excited.

I woke up because I am eager to step into the visceral fear I felt exploring these dreams in my session. All week, I felt as if I was in the ocean when the pull of the tide is drawing back the sea into the depths, I could feel the next wave building. I felt a combination of anticipation and dread. I wanted to stay in the afterglow of coming out of the tunnel.

I knew the next thing was coming. I remembered the point of going into the tunnel was to become a whole woman, to prepare for union with the Beloved, to be betrothed, to meet the act of conjunctio from the deepest core of my woman beingness. I remembered the point of the descent into the underworld was to come out more free, alive and energetic, to be a woman who has incorporated the girl of the clitoris. To become a woman capable of conjunctio with the Divine.

My work is to be willing to be vulnerable with the West Indian man, to feel my fear of him and still go on the train with him. I need to trust - despite my fear of being used, despite my history with an aloof father of whom I was scared, despite my history with men to whom I gave myself up and let myself be used - that I can be vulnerable. It is

the next leap of faith, to trust the dream, to trust the man, to go past my conditioning, to reconnect the little girl self with the vitality of real passion, his passion which is also my passion. This is the next step in becoming potent though the passage of needing and wanting and being vulnerable. How can I trust his intention? How can I know he will not use his power to dominate or control me? How can I trust that in his otherness he also has my best interests at heart, he also has my back, he is for me? I do not have much assurance based on my history in the world. I can only step into the present moment of the fear/excitement of entering the train with the man who is other to me, and see what will happen. I feel like I am ready in a way I have never been. I feel like I am capable of this next step.



Primacy is needed in a woman from a place of vulnerability, not of control, in order to activate her clitorally, to activate her child vulnerability that allows her passion to become accessible. But if she feels hurt or threatened by that kind of neediness because she was shut down and/or traumatized when she was young, then she is not going to want to be that vulnerable. Instead, she will hold on to control and try to manage her life and manage men.

She will want the man to not put her in the riskiness of her vulnerability. She will try to control him or manage him so that he will not scare her in this way. Even if he is not doing anything wrong, just the fact that he is his own man can make the woman feel vulnerable. Since she does not want to feel vulnerable, she becomes controlling. When the man then caves to the woman, ironically, the woman will stop loving him and a part of her will begin to look at other men because her partner has caved.

Then, she is not vulnerable and open. It is a cycle where the woman will always be disappointed. The best thing a man can do is stay the man that he is and he will remain dangerous to the woman. This actually helps the woman be more vulnerable to him. It is difficult with spouses, but even more difficult with the Animus because the Animus is always dangerous. When a woman marries the Animus, she loses the capacity to control forever.

If the woman does not want to go to the vulnerability, the Animus has to work the dangerous edge so that He is always frightening to her. When He is always frightening, she cannot manage the situation. If the Animus comes in a way that makes the woman feel safe, she will not immediately drop deeper into her vulnerability.



JOURNEY'S END III: ON THE SNAKE TRAIN (CONT.)

Christa Lancaster

As I did my homework yesterday, the West Indian man changed and came into focus. He became, like the train, strong, vital, alive and well, yes, sexy. Here I am on the train which is a vehicle or container to be with this really strong, sexy, black man. It is just he and I alone. There is nothing else going on. There are no other distractions. There is nothing else to do, nowhere to go, no one else to be. Here I am, facing this potent, sexy, alive man. There is nothing else for me to do but feel how vulnerable I am and stay there with him and see what will change in me. When I relax, realize I need to do nothing but stay open, I feel turned on, being with him in the train. I am letting myself open, despite my fear, despite my distrust of my father, of men, of sexy black West Indian men. Despite my mother's injunctions about men and sex. Despite all my past experiences and cultural imprinting. From coming through the tunnel there is now a me who can receive what he wants to give to me.

I went through the vulval archway, past the clitoris to find the me who could be with him. I went past the African American man stoking the fire in the underworld. I went down into the tunnel and I came out. Now I am on the train, in the sky, with him and there is nothing else to do. I am prepared. I have the me who can be with him, the clitoral girl self. I am still scared. I still do not know what will happen. It is still a leap of faith to keep trusting the guy. It is new and I have never done this before.

I am on the train, willing to be vulnerable with the black West Indian guy, not knowing what is next. He is passionate and potent; I am uncertain and vulnerable and scared. There is nowhere else to be, or go.

So this is the piece I do not want to reveal: how I walked in the woods with Flora in the snow this morning and felt into my being with the sexy guy on the train; how I felt opened up sexually all the way through me; how being on the train is about sex and passion and

juiciness, my sexiness, passion and juiciness; how I know this is what the clitoris tunnel dream is really about; how I needed to reconnect with the girl in the core of my sexuality to be able to meet the intensity and passion of the man on the train; how all my work is about this: healing in order to be capable of healthy, open, embodied intimacy and sexuality with the Animus; how I worked through layers of shame and terror and loss to arrive here, in my nakedness, on the train with the potent black West Indian man; how I had to find my way through to a capacity for needing from my vulnerable heart.

I do not yet know what this will be like or how it will feel. I do not yet understand the words Marc spoke in my session about a woman in relationship to a man from the place of her vulnerability and need. I have intimations of what that might feel like but it still feels hazy and unknown to me. As I work with this homework my understanding changes over the course of the day. I am on an adventure. It is evolving. With the girl/clitoris/innocence I have no shame here. Right now, in this moment I have no fear. I am feeling into how potency, my potency, might emerge from this place of vulnerable surrender.

Today I felt potency arising out of my nakedness. Naked and potent.

Vulnerability



When the clitoris, which is the ultimate sexual vulnerability, brings a woman to her deepest heart if she is healthy, this is represented by the little girl. The little girl has no problem being vulnerable because she is nothing but vulnerability. She cannot fend for herself and she does not even try. She is comfortable needing Him and wanting Him because she does need Him and want Him. Because she needs and wants Him, He can touch her and therefore can reach her. This is the relationship that the Animus often wants with women through the child self.

Women who want sexual gratification but do not want to be vulnerable may be orgasmic in their sexuality or even in their clitoris, but the sexuality is not connected to their hearts. Like many men, they seem to have “juicy” affairs without

any apparent emotional price. But in a healthy woman, sexuality opens vulnerability and vulnerability opens sexuality - it is a cycle. The more vulnerable and sexual a woman is, the more the woman is fed and the more she feels open. This needs to happen with the Animus and it also needs to be a part of a good marriage.

It is not because the woman stops being vulnerable with her husband, if she was ever vulnerable to begin with. It is not because the man shuts down to his wife and then she is closed out and has no way to contact him. There are many variations of what can happen, but once the little girl is cut off from the issue, the real primalcy and the vitality of the relationship is broken.

Then it is just business as usual and every day is just another day. If the woman does not stay vulnerable, she will eventually become a battle axe. She will attempt to take over the relationship. The man will either fight back or have affairs. But men and women should not be battling for turf. Women need to understand that they need to be vulnerable.

This does not mean giving up their power, even though many women believe this is true because they believe that vulnerability is the absence of power. This is not true. Vulnerability is the way to stay open and become more passionate.

Of course, the world does not want the woman to be more passionate. As a result, her passion will often turn into the woman becoming a Renaissance woman. A Valkyrie is not a Renaissance woman. Connectedness with the Animus is about being more of a woman, being more vulnerable. Out of the vulnerability comes a profound sense of potency and a sense of individual nature of the self. It is not knuckling under to some guy. Being vulnerable with the Animus is not about knuckling under to some guy because the Animus is not some guy.

In most cases, men do try to lord over women, dominating and controlling and punishing and having sex with them in a degrading way. Of course, many women are frightened to be vulnerable with a man because they are afraid this will happen to them. It is a legitimate fear. But it is not a legitimate fear with the Animus and not with the right man. It is understandable that women are afraid to be vulnerable especially if they have had negative experiences with their fathers or with a brother or other male figure in their lives.

Any man who is enlightened will want his wife to be needy, vulnerable and potent but there are not many men like this. Nor are there many women who are willing to be this vulnerable.



THE END OF FEAR

There is light in enlightened vulnerability. The lightness comes from not having to worry, not being insecure because there is nothing else to lose. When we are vulnerable and we have His love, we can be the innocent child who wants more ice cream even though we just had some ice cream five minutes ago. The innocent child does not keep score. The innocent child is in the here and now.

With enlightened vulnerability, there is no time, it does not matter. People can yell at us, we can say what we want, ask for what we want, we can be honest, we can let the soul talk without having to plan it out, to think it out.

Enlightened vulnerability is the opposite of guilt or the lack of self-acceptance. It is not just that we are loved, but we are vulnerable in that love. This is true power, the power to be anywhere He asks us to be. No matter the situation, we are never afraid. We are just vulnerable. When we get to the end of fear, we arrive at vulnerability.

Fearlessness can be fierce, but the end of vulnerability is vulnerability with Him and with others. This is the true turning of the cheek. We do not have to be right or wrong, we are in the “I am that I am” place with Him. This is enlightenment.

If two people have vulnerability with each other, they do not have to be defensive with each other around the daily misunderstandings and everyday glitches. They do not have to react. But when they worry about what the other thinks or feels, then they are not being vulnerable enough. Being vulnerable means not having to worry. This is the ultimate gift. With vulnerability, we are not scared because vulnerability is beyond fear. We have nothing left to lose.

The soul self, the child self, is the state of being in the mythos of the garden before shame kicked us out. In that vulnerability, we wanted more knowledge and there was nothing wrong with wanting more knowledge. God did not punish us for wanting more knowledge. This is one of the greatest lies: we were punished because we deserve to be punished, we are all born sinners. This is simply not true.

Saplings
Karla Van Vliet



We do have it in us to turn away from God at some point in our development, but as children, we are in the innocent place of being polymorphous perverse. This is Freud's version of vulnerability where the child is amoral and not self-examining. We can be self-aware and self-conscious at the same time as being vulnerable and innocent. It is not easy, but it is possible. The dreams can show us how to reach this place.



RETURN TO THE GARDEN

Christa Lancaster

Dream:

I am at a restaurant with some girls looking for their shoes. I find two pairs of little girl shoes. I walk out into the city street, into the world with all its confusion and people, with the shoes. Am I looking for the girls?

I end up in the bedroom I came home to from the hospital when I was born, to the house my parents called Pedregal (which means rocky land in Spanish.) I am in the bedroom where I was a newborn until I was two when we moved to our next house down the lane. I walk out into the sunroom and then into the kitchen where there is a beautiful, young version of my Auntie Joan. She has long shiny straight brown hair down her back. I comment on how much she looks like her daughter Liane. I am in awe of how young and beautiful she looks. Her serene presence fills me with a sense of comfort and acceptance. She takes me to the sliding glass doors of the kitchen, opens them to show me a huge tree, like an almond tree, which is covered with large leaves inscribed with names to do with love and loss.

I see, with delight and surprise, that my name is on one of the leaves. my name is still there after fifty years; the leaf dates from 1958, the year I was born. I feel a sense of wonder and poignancy and return. James, Liane's brother (who died seventeen years ago of AIDS), walks by and tells me to come with him, to go to the party down by the fish pond he and my brother Tim built in the 1960s for fun.

He is full of enthusiasm and sparkle. I go with him to the bottom of the garden, always a magical place for me as a child. I feel so very much inside myself, alive and innocent. I am in the magical garden of my childhood. We are about to have a party.

Am I looking for the girls? Or am I the girl? I leave the worldly world with the key to the garden: the girls shoes. Not grown up high heels, not the fuck me shoes of my early twenties, when I was lost to my girl self, but little girl shoes. Pink shoes with bows and straps.

When I was a little girl my mother bought my shoes from a department store in New York City called Best and Company. They were perfect Mary Janes, patent leather and shiny. For school I had brown leather lace up shoes with rounded toes made by the English company, Clarks. On the weekends I wore sneakers, Keds, or I ran bare foot on the Hinson's Island property where my grandparents lived. When I was a little girl I loved dress up, playing Barbies and wearing my clothes in the way I wanted to, much to my mother's chagrin. I wanted to wear my lambswool cardigan backwards with the buttons down the back. My mother and I battled over my choices. My grandmother Grace let me choose my own clothes. When I was a small girl I knew what I liked and what I did not. I was myself.

The Return



In the dream I am at Pedregal, the place I was a girl before the fall, before I split, before my parents went away for a long trip, before the rupture. I felt accepted at the Thatchers' house which was eccentric and less structured than my own family. Dinner was often an ad hoc affair. Auntie Joan often retired to her air-conditioned bedroom where she read books and allowed we children to come and sit and talk about

real things. The Thatchers were a more emotionally expressive family than our reserved household. They had disagreements and fights. It was not perfect but for me it was always a refuge where I could be myself. Uncle Rick called me Chris. I felt like the grown ups in this household were curious about their children and about me. It felt good. I can feel it now as I write and remember. The Thatchers were nutty the way every family is nutty in their own particular way but theirs was a warm, funny nuttiness. They liked to tell stories and they laughed a lot. Their family was my touchstone, my refuge from the distance and silence of my own.

Perfection was not a goal the way it was with my mother who tackled motherhood and wifedom like a CEO of a Fortune 500 corporation. Auntie Joan was not that kind of a mother. As an antidote to the critical lens through which my mother viewed reality, it was a relief. I believe it was from my experience with the Thatchers that I grew up with an inkling of what intimacy might mean.

In the early years of doing this work, I dreamt all the time about Pedregal and the Thatchers, especially about Uncle Rick. He was the closest father figure in my life. I was not scared of him the way I was of my own father. He was accessible. He enjoyed children. I felt liked with him. I was noticed and I was special. I was the girl.

The dream is about the miracle of return. It is about the return to the innocence of the child. I have arrived back in the Garden before the Fall. The Archetypes held the space for me to return to, when I was ready, when I had moved through the acres of shame, the archeological layers of fear, dropping down, back, through the ancient pain of separation to who I truly am inside.

The dream came after a man I love walked away from the invitation to a deeper level of relationship. There was a corner to turn and he chose not to turn the corner, this time, with me. I was hurt but I was not devastated. I was sad but I did not leave myself. I did not separate. He was scared. He left. I was sad. Simple. Not complicated. A moment of possibility was lost.

I did not turn on my heel. I did not retaliate with fury. I did not disappear into past trauma. I did not do all that I did in the past when I was hurt by a man. Most of all, I did not conclude I was bad or that I had done something wrong. Nor did I need to make him bad or

wrong. I was the girl feeling sad for a missed opportunity. I was the girl disappointed. I did not get lost to myself. The disappointment and sadness changed quickly. I felt like my molecules were re-arranged in the sweetest, most true way, as if they too were returning to the original alignment of cells I once knew, when I was the girl in the garden at Pedregal.

I sat in my red chair in my living room all day while the snow whirled outside and my amaryllis opened up wide like an opalescent trumpet. A friend came to visit and sat quietly opposite me on the equally red couch. He wrote later: "It was a real privilege to be in your home today while you were sitting, with your broken-open heart, in your quiet garden. To see you so vital and vibrant amidst such sad loss was very moving."

Returning to Pedregal is as real as this moment of writing on my new cherry bed, with Flora, my labrador girl, snoring in the corner of my pink bedroom. The dream is as real as the day itself, unfolding quietly, petal by petal, the baby waking in the apartment downstairs, the scrape of the snow plow along the battered tarmac of Loomis Street., as real as the deep pink roses on my chest of drawers, the ones I bought for the man I loved with all the wonder of my sweet girl heart.

The Girl



To die to that vulnerability is to be really free in a way that we were free before we were tricked into leaving the garden. It was not God who kicked us out of the garden, it was the demon. The Animus was the snake - He often comes as a snake in dreams which is a good thing. But it is scary to be sensual, open and vulnerable.

In cases of childhood sexual abuse, we often do not know we are being sexual abused if it is not a rape but more of a seduction with a brother or a figure we love. We may think we are being loved and we may even have some enjoyment. We may even find the attention attractive at first, but then it turns and then shame comes in. We may feel into what a terrible thing it was afterwards. In this case, our sexual awakening is contaminated by the judgment. This is the real damage - the shame that comes after the event. Then we cannot feel the passion because it is contaminated with shame.

To be that vulnerable again, to face into the shame that came in from early sexual experiences or from just life, is very difficult. There is so much shame in the

world. But if we are in the love, we do not interpret correction as shame, we do not interpret people who are upset around us as needing the response of feeling shame. People become upset in the world. If we are vulnerable, then we know that it is not about us and we know that we are not bad because someone is having a bad moment.

I had an experience of this at the town dump. I had put something in a wrong bin and the man who was running the place started yelling and screaming at me. I did not react. He yelled and yelled. When we yell at someone, we want them to yell back, we want to do battle. But when I did not react, when I smiled and agreed sincerely that I had put something in the wrong bin, he finally started to laugh. He could hear himself and hear how ridiculous he sounded because I did not react. We ended up laughing together.

This was being vulnerable and being in the love. The vulnerability is the conduit for His love in the world. To know God's love and to live from that love. It is like Christ on the cross saying, "Forgive them for they know not what they do." This is vulnerability.

Vulnerability is not the same as being a martyr. Being a martyr does not come from love but from a desire to be the Christ. Vulnerability is not martyrdom; it is being connected with God's love. Martyrdom is being connected with the ideal of God's love and living that ideal. We can get a bloated ego that can stand up in the world, but it is only a form of aggression.

When we are in the love, the vulnerability, we can be patient with others. We can allow others to have their hard moments without shaming them or being shamed by them. The other can have the moment and move through it. Ironically, the more we move through our own stuff and move into our vulnerability, the more others can feel their absurdity and shift on their own.

The thing is to not buy into the reaction and they may stop, just like the man at the dump. It is because of the love that sustains the vulnerability; it comes through us and touches others. Otherwise, to turn the other cheek is actually condescending. This is not the same as vulnerability.

We cannot fake vulnerability for it is the result of the connection with the child self through the love which comes only through the dreams. It may look the same behaviorally, but it feels very different.



FROM BILL ST.CYR

Early in the work, I once told Marc that I must believe in God because I always felt I was being watched and judged for what I was doing. It did not occur to me at the time that this was not God. I grew up with the belief that the voice of God and the voice of judgment were one and the same.

It is many years later now and I am finally learning to completely separate these voices out from each other. I am finally getting that it was not God that threw Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden. They were tricked by the voice of pathology into believing that it was God that was condemning them. Growing up, it never occurred to me that God is not judgmental in this way. It never occurred to me that the implicit image of the sexuality of the snake is a good thing and that Eve receiving this in her innocence is exactly that - innocent.

I was raised a devout Catholic. I went to Catholic elementary school, I was an altar boy, boy scouts met at the church, all our friends were church members, we spent many vacations at my uncle Jimmy/Father Jim's rectory. Our lives revolved around our relationship to the church. In the absence of a close relationship with my father, the voice of the church became the voice of the father. In the case of the Catholic Church, that was a voice of condemnation. A voice I carried throughout my life.

My parents were good parents. They cared for us and devoted their lives to raising us. Still, there was a story that everything was fine in my family which was not true. There was something wrong and to this day I do not know exactly what that is or was. What I do know is that my mom had a level of anxiety and a level of being freaked out about sexuality that was a reflection of something dark and something unspoken.

I was very close to my mom. I was what would be called a momma's boy, but it goes deeper than that. I was close to her, sensitive to her in a way that was not right. It was like I did not have a boundary with her and could feel things in her that were not mine to feel. I believe and can feel to this day that there was a trauma that she carries that she has never spoken about and probably will never speak about. Whatever that trauma was, created great shame in her around sexuality and great fear. I internalized these feelings from a very early age.

I am about eleven years old and my family is in crisis. I am scared because mom is upset in a way that was not supposed to happen in my family. We are the ideal Catholic family. There are eight of us kids and we are happy in a Brady bunch kind of way. Not only are my parents good parents, we were good kids. We behaved, we did well in school and we stayed out of trouble.

What I had always felt simmering below the surface in my mom is out in plain sight. My sister has gotten herself pregnant by her boyfriend Jim who is almost 20 years older than her. This is not supposed to happen. Mom and Dad did everything by the book. They did every thing right. We are all supposed to grow up and find Catholic partners, get married and raise more Catholic children. This is not spoken. It is just the way it is. It is like the prayer from mass: “As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be world without end. Amen.”

A small family wedding has been planned. My three older brothers have been invited but as often happened in my family I was the cut off point. I was grouped with my three younger sisters and told I would stay home with a babysitter. Part of being a good child was that I accepted what I was told. Yet, for once I did not. I am not clear how this happened. I suppose it had something to do with the uproar that was palpable at the time about this “misdeed.” It felt wrong to me to not go to my own sister’s wedding. It felt wrong to once again be grouped with the girls instead of with the boys. I felt righteous about it. I was going to go to my sister’s wedding.

Mom’s response to this request was immediate and overwhelming. She screamed at me that no, I was not going to go to the wedding, and that if ever I did anything like Diane had done that she would kill herself. As I write I still remember the terror of it and surprisingly I also feel the relief of having these feelings be out in the open for once. It is and was cathartic for me. Along with the terror, there is a sick attraction I feel to this outburst.

I did not go to the wedding and I never again confronted my mom. She did not need to pull out the big guns the way she did that day. I was already terrified of her. I could feel the anger that was under the surface for her and all she had to do was look at me a certain way and I would crumble.

I am in the attic of my house. I have found a stash of porn magazines and I am aroused. I have never seen anything like this. I am enthralled and I do not hear the footsteps coming up the stairs. I do hear the gasp as mom gets close enough to see what I am doing. She says nothing. She does not have to. I can see the look of anger and horror in her face and I flee the room in terror. Nothing was ever spoken about this incident.

My father does not factor into either of these stories. I was not close to my dad growing up and I do not think it would have occurred to me to have asked him about going to the wedding. He was and is a sweet man. He is also a devout Catholic but grew up in a family that was much wilder and never seemed to have the kind of guilt that my mom did. I never really turned to my dad or my brothers for support. My tendency was always to turn to my mom or not to turn to anyone.

I am eight or nine years old. I am walking home from school and I see Ronald a kid from school waiting for me on Wyman Street. I do not like him. He is a bully. I try to walk around him but he comes up to me and punches me in the stomach. I do not remember anything else. I do not remember either of us saying anything. This happened every day for weeks, possibly months. I never told anyone about this. I had three older brothers and I never mentioned it to them once.

I am sixteen years old and it is the end of a session of a summer camp where I have been working. I go to hug Ann goodbye. She is an older woman that works at the camp as a nurse. I really like her. She has an aliveness to her, a feeling capacity that I am unfamiliar with. We have been through an intense summer working with physically disabled children, some of who are near the end of their lives. This work has opened something up in me, helped me to feel more what is important in this world in a way that nothing else has ever done. Ann and I have bonded in some way through this process and I am sad to know that I will not likely see her much until next summer. As I hug her, I feel her hand on my penis. I am filled with emotions. I know and like her husband so I immediately feel guilty at what is going on. At the same time my sex drive was very high at this age and I am completely aroused. She is a beautiful woman and I am awed and excited at what is happening. I am terrified, too.

After those initial moments I feel blank about what happened. I have little memory of the affair we had and most of those memories are not happy. On some level, I did not know what I was doing. I had never made love before and I was overwhelmed. Despite being very attracted to her and despite having an incredible sex drive at that age - I masturbated daily, sometimes more than once - I was not able to have an erection with her. It all felt miserable, really liking this person, feeling incredible shame, feeling arousal but not being able to be aroused and all at the same time destroying a friendship that I actually cared a lot about.

I have a dear friend whose son is in a relationship with an older woman. I know that he is being taken advantage of. It is not the first boy she has done this with and it infuriates me. Yet, I have a hard time writing about what happened to me this way. Until recently, I have never talked to anyone about what happened that summer. When I did talk to Susan Marie about it, I told it from a place of what I had done wrong. She looked at me aghast and said, "What about what she did to you?" I do not remember how much older Ann was but it was at least fifteen years older. She clearly took advantage of me and yet I still focus solely on my own culpability.

Dream:

I am with a puppy I believe I have just poisoned with arsenic. I feel ashamed at what I have done even though I do not know how I did it. I am trying to figure out how I will cover up what I have done.

The puppy is me, my innocence that my pathology killed off at a very early

age. In the dream, I still think that it is me, that I killed the puppy, even though I have no memory of this in the dream. The assumption is just there. Then, like in my relationship with Ann, I blamed myself for what happened and tried to cover it up. I was not, until very recently, able to find a place in myself where I could look at the things I had done in the outer world without shaming myself even further. My pathology had me in a perfect closed loop. My shame drove me to do things in the outer world that were in fact shameful. It was terrible what I did with Ann. I betrayed our friendship, I betrayed her marriage and I betrayed myself. Yet knowing that I had done this drove me even further into shame.

Dream:

I am at the Hardwick food co-op and a woman friend is holding my right hand in her hand and using a serrated knife to cut through my wrist. She is about a third of the way through and I can see muscle and bone and tendons. I am surprised at how little blood there is. I feel nothing while this is happening. I am completely numb.

I still remember the session I worked this dream with Christa, my dream therapist at the time. It was an early session, one of our first together, and I still remember the look of horror on her face as we talked about the dream. She felt the horror of both the dream and at how little I felt what was happening in this dream. I got that something was wrong. I understood on some level why she was horrified but I did not feel it, not even a little bit. I remember shrugging and saying to her somewhat stupidly and defensively that I could only feel what I felt and I did not feel anything in the dream.

I thought at the time that I was a somewhat sensitive guy. I had done therapy work. I had been a part of a men's group. I thought that I was in touch with my feelings in a way that most men were not. I grew up in a family where the only real feeling was often our sense of humor and I thought I had grown beyond that. I did not really know what to do with the information from this dream. It made sense to me what Christa was saying. After all my hand was being cut off. Yet, I could not really let it in. I am sure my homework from that session had something to do with either being aware of or feeling into how what was happening in the dream was happening in my outer life. I am equally sure that I did not do the homework. It would have required a leap that I was not willing to take. It was as if Christa was speaking to me in another language.

At the time, I took the dream not as it was - a warning for how much trouble I was still in - but as some sort of look back to what I had come through. My outer life was starting to look up in a way that to me did not indicate any of the trouble that the dream was clearly showing me. I had a certain amount of pride at my new life at the time and I suppose in a way I did not want to rock the boat.

I had recently left a marriage of thirteen years to a woman twenty-two years older than me. I was in the middle of some sort of early mid life crisis that truthfully I was enjoying more than anything I had done in the last thirteen years. This marriage had drained the life out of me until I hit bottom. But in that bottom place, I rediscovered myself in a way that I was enjoying. I was having friends again. I was taking voice lessons. I was doing yoga. I was on an unofficial sabbatical from my plumbing business. I was waking in the night, hearing voices and writing poetry from this place. To top it all off, I had met another woman who adored me in a way that no one else had ever done.

The last thing I wanted to face was how deeply pathological and how deeply wounded I still was. I just felt this incredible amount of relief. My first marriage had been a hell hole.

When I first met Marcia, I was attracted immediately to her anger. I remember the first thing I heard her say at the start of a month long educational program, one of the first times I had been in Vermont. We were in the opening circle and everyone was talking about how happy they were to be there. Marcia was one of the teachers there, teaching a class about feminism and ecology. She stated with a certain amount of glee that unlike everyone else she really was not happy to be there.

My incested pathology attracted me to her brazen rudeness. I had been brought up in a family where nothing even close to such a thing would have ever been said in public and it shocked and attracted me just as my mom's outburst about killing herself had shocked and attracted me.

Marcia struck a chord with my own anger. My brother had died five years earlier and I was still in reaction to this. Robert had been in many ways the center of my life before he died. We shared a bed most of our years growing up. As we got older, I looked up to him a lot. He was funny, outgoing and popular in a way that I was not. I was fairly shy, definitely not outgoing and definitely not popular. I was happy in a lot of ways to live in Robert's shadow. I went to the same high school as he did and I had intended to join him at college that fall but he died instead.

I could or would not accept his death. I kept him at the center of my life in a very unhealthy way even long after he died. I was angry at God for taking him away and I was angry at my family for the way they accepted his death. My pathology used his death to fuel my anger. I particularly took this out on my Dad. He and the rest of my family let their faith carry them through this crisis. I did not want to be carried through. I was not willing to let go of him.

Instead, I rebelled against God and my family. I became politicized in a way that fed and fueled my anger. There was so much in the world to be angry at. I threw myself into politics with a vengeance. I moved to Vermont and tried to create my own life. I built my own house and tried to grow my own food. I had my own business, stayed politically active and I married Marcia. It was my way of not being dependent on anybody, except, of course, my wife. It was my way of telling God and the world to go screw themselves. I was trying to be God the way I thought God should be.

It was not a strategy that worked well. My life with Marcia was often miserable. Our sex life was almost non-existent. She controlled how often we had sex and we did not have it often, once every three weeks on average. We also fought endlessly about how to raise our son Josh. I was far from a strict father and yet every time I tried to set any limits or boundaries with Josh, Marcia would accuse me of being abusive. She constantly undermined my relationship with Josh and set up Josh up to see me as a dark father.

Dream:

I am walking on a boardwalk. I see two boys that have fallen in the water. I pull one out and hand him to a couple. I say to them to wrap him in a warm coat because it is so cold. I see them wrap him in a wet towel instead. I am angry but there is nothing I can do because I am panicking, trying to save the other boy. He is just out of my reach. He grabs on to my leg but I can not pull him out. As I look at him I realize that he is completely calm. I am puzzled and confused by this.

I am trying to be a hero in this dream but the dream characters are not cooperating. They realize the arrogance and stupidity of my playing God. They know the boy is calm in the water because that is where he lives. He lives in the water, in his feelings and in his essence. The couple wraps the first boy in a towel because they are trying to ameliorate the damage that I am causing. He is like a beached whale and they are doing what they can to keep him alive. I am too busy trying to save the second boy to realize what is going on and of course that goes awry because he does not want to be “saved.” In the gestalt work we did in session, he said he was holding on to my leg because he wanted me to come into the water. He is calm because he is at home whereas I am living in a state of panic. I have it all backwards and upside down. I am the one who is in trouble. I am the one who needs help.

I did not want help anymore than I wanted to let go of my brother. The cutting dream is a horrible dream because of my own willfulness in controlling my feelings. I go to this demon to be cut as a way of controlling my feelings. I do not want to let go of my brother because I do not want to feel the pain of this loss. It is an ultimate denial of my body and of my selfhood. As long as I go to her I can stay in some sort of control. It is ultimately how the rage which I had at the world played itself out against me.

It also, of course, came out against those nearest to me and particularly at my partners. My first wife used to describe this place as my “chinkless armor.” It was a cold and controlling place where I felt justified in holding on to my hurt. It was wrong what had happened to my brother and if all I had left of him was this reaction then so be it. I believed I was entitled to hold on to what I had left of him even if it actually destroyed the real memories of what Robert and I shared together.

When I came to the dreamwork I did not want to admit that I needed help. I had just left my first marriage and I had fallen in love with another woman. She was very different than my first wife. Deb was in many ways the type of girl that my family wanted me to marry. I thought in a way that I could make amends for how I had thrown my life away in my first marriage. I longed for the simplicity of the life I had as a child. My family was a regular Catholic family. Both my parents devoted their lives to the eight children that they raised. They cared for us in a way that I had learned not many other folks were cared for.

I embarked on a mission to make my life right again. I felt very much like the Prodigal Son. I had a family to return to and a way of living that I had rejected, that I could make peace with. But I did not return as the innocent child. I still had no innocence. I returned as the son filled with shame. I returned home, but then what happens. I was still the same person that had left in the first place. I had hit bottom, so I was humbler. I knew that what I had done was wrong. But I did not really know how to be different. I was still lost. All I knew was the flip side of what I had done. I had been the “bad boy” and I was determined now to be the “good boy.”

I still believed from my incested pathology, that the answer to my problems lay in a woman. Where Marcia had been the “bad wife,” I now substituted Deb as the “good wife.” I still did not want to face my pain. Like an addict, I sought Deb as my new improved antidote. For a few months, it actually seemed to work. Deb and I had more sex in the first three months of our relationship than I had in my entire thirteen year relationship with Marcia. There was no pain to feel here, only the relief of finally getting the love that I had sought my whole life. I actually said to a friend during this period that it felt like I had found the “holy grail.”

The fantasy all came apart in one night. A night where Deb’s jealousy of my friendships with another woman and my sexual obsession with her collided. We argued that night about my friendships with other women and then we made love afterwards. I believe her now that she had not wanted to make love that night. She could not sustain the fantasy that my incested boy was projecting on to her and I could not let go of my projection on her. I asked if we could make love and she said yes and we did. On the outside, she had no reason to protest, but I know now that if my lover Susan Marie did not want to make love then I would most likely know that and I would not make love no matter what she said. The truth is that I did not notice that Deb did not want to make love because I did not want to notice. I only saw what I had projected on her and that was all I was going to see.

My incested pathology that drives me to women set me up again to be shamed. From the incested place it was true what Deb was saying and she condemned me in a way that offered me only two choices. Go into my own pain or go into my shame. I was not willing to go into my own pain and as a result I was again stuck in a relationship that reflected the closed loop of the incested pathology. My shame made me want even more comfort from Deb and at the same time validated the pathology and Deb’s condemnation that I did not really care about her, that ultimately I only

wanted to get laid. I struggled in the relationship for many years to try to find what I thought I had lost that night but in reality it was a struggle to keep myself from dropping into the pain.

Deb and I spoke recently about how our pathologies played off of each other. She spoke of her isolation that grows out of her trauma and how she wanted me to take the fear associated with that away from her. From the incested place, I wanted to be the cure for this. I would happily have taken her fear away in exchange for her taking my pain away. I think in this way Deb was always smarter than me in that at least she was repulsed by this solution. She always knew on some level that what we did those first three months was off. She always knew that my solution to our problems was part of the problem.

Dream:

I am with the owners of an auto shop in Hardwick. We are in a storage warehouse out behind the main shop. There is a security fence protecting the supplies and there is a girl there on the other side of the fence. One of the owners has a twenty two rifle and is shooting at her saying she is a trespasser. I feel nothing.

Internally, my solution looked something like this dream. Let the pathology shoot the girl, the part of me willing to feel my pain. Keep her and the pain as far away as possible. Treat her as a trespasser and a crook. The catch in my marriage was that Deb could feel the anger that I could not feel in the dream, she could feel how it was directed at her also. She could feel it “that night” and she felt it the rest of the time we struggled to make our marriage work.

Without feeling my pain, we were in an impossible catch-22. The more I tried to make things better, the more I unconsciously fed this anger toward the girl. Deb is a very intuitive person and she felt on some level what was happening. The more I tried to make things better, the more Deb reacted to me. The more Deb reacted to me, the more it drove me into my shame and trying to make it better. I could not take her fear away and she could not take my pain away. The harder we tried the worse it all got.

Dream:

I am with a man. We are in Germany behind Nazi lines. We have a mission to blow up a munitions depot. We set the fuse line and as we are about to light it I see that the line has broken several feet from the building. There is no time or way to repair it. I have a choice of lighting the short fuse with the high likelihood of killing myself or risk failing in our mission. I choose to play the hero and light the short

fuse. We are blown in the air as the munitions depot explodes. As the Nazi's come running out, the man directs me in another direction. I go off separate from the man and am helped by some children to escape through a trap door that leads to a river.

The Animus sends me away because he does not want me to light the short fuse. He does not want me to give up my life for Him or for any mission. I am beginning to get at this point what the dreams are trying to show me. My second marriage is not doing so well. I have gotten in a relationship now in which I am playing out the act of saving the boy, only it is playing out by me trying to save my marriage. The more I open to the work, the more I start to see the conflict in our marriage. The more I start to see how I have given up myself again and how it is still not enough. Deb is frustrated all the time with me and I with her. We do an endless amount of couple's work and although it puts the fire of the conflict out, there is still an underlying dynamic that we seem unable to break.

After this dream I start to focus less on my marriage and instead on my inner work. I know now on some level that the marriage will either take care of itself or come apart but I know that there is nothing that I can do about it except to focus on my own work. Some part of me is tired of torturing my wife and myself with my frustration with our marriage.

Dream:

I am walking down a backwoods road and I see an old country store. I go in and see a girl, who lived in the first house I lived in in Vermont. She is older now, a young teenager and very attractive. I have not seen her in a long time and I feel a lot of love for her. I am shy to say anything to her.

This dream is the first of many dreams where I am no longer in a hostile relationship to the girl. But, there is a whole new challenge for me here. It is one thing to not want to be the person who is allowing her to be shot. It is another to feel okay about my attraction to her. These dreams force me to face my shame head on by confronting me with what in the outer world would be the ultimate immorality, the ultimate sin, being attracted to a younger girl.

It is hard for me to get that my distrust of this attraction is the very distrust that attacks the girl and kills the puppy. It is hard to get that the girl is a part of me and that my attraction and love for her is not only not a bad thing but instead a doorway to my own essence.

Still, I was attracted to her in the dream and I could feel how being in this attraction took me someplace that was outside of the world of panic that I lived in. I did not want to admit this and yet I could feel this truth. Six years in the work was

beginning to teach me some level of discernment about what was real. I knew on some level that the love I felt for the girl was real and that it was okay.

Part of how I managed my life was by tamping down my sexual desire. Doing these homeworks opened me up in a way that I did not want to face. It brought up my sexual desire, it brought up my desire to have my friends again, it brought up my desire to be a teacher. All of these were conflicts in my marriage with Deb that I had wanted to avoid.

I am at a retreat and I have had another fight with Deb. She is angry at me, feeling that I am ignoring her. I am at a loss; the more I feel, the angrier Deb seems to be with me. Yet I know that if I do not do this work then our marriage is definitely doomed. I go to bed praying for help and I have this dream.

Dream:

A large scary looking dog comes to me and gently grabs my wrist with his mouth. His teeth pierce my skin and I bleed as I walk with him. I feel loved and I feel innocent.

I asked for help and he came to me in this very sweet way, biting me in the very place, helping me feel the place, where the demon had cut my hand. He is letting me finally feel my pain and he is leading me where I need to go. I wake up feeling as loved as I have ever felt in my life. I am at ease for once with who I am and I go on with the retreat okay that Deb is mad at me and knowing that it is still okay for me to be who I am and to just stay with my work.

This fight and that dream are a turning point for me in my work and in my relationship with Deb. I begin to see more deeply that there is something wrong in how hard I have fought to try to make the relationship work. I begin to see how judgmental I have been of Deb and of myself and I stop trying to save our marriage. I stop feeling like something is wrong.

My life opens and blossoms a bit at this point. I am training for a road race that I run every summer with my family. My training dovetails with my work of being the girl in that it helps me to be in my body. It helps me to be sensual in a way that is new for me. It helps my running also and I start running at speeds that I thought were out of my range at this point in my life. When I run the race I am shocked and delighted to find I place third in my age category.

I feel called to my NOE work in a deeper fashion also. I take on more projects than I have for a long time. I feel like a kid in a candy shop. My friendships also blossom including my friendship with Susan Marie and a new friend Karla. Karla is a jewelry maker and she makes me a necklace which along with a dream where I am holding the hand of a baby girl inspires a poem, the first I have written in ten years.

Dream:

I am sitting on a couch with a little black baby. I hold her hand. I feel love for her

Necklace

two strands
 not one
 one in this world
 one in his
 wrapped around me
 soft stone
 on flesh
 my warm flesh
 flesh that I trust
 infant flesh
 still soft
 unworn
 I remember her today
 with trembling fingers
 I feel her body
 my body
 with trembling heart
 I touch her hand
 wondering
 is this real
 does he really see me
 this way
 hold my hand
 this way
 does he love me
 this way
 the way
 I have tried to love
 could he feel for me
 what I feel for this infant
 his hand on me
 as mine is on her
 leap of faith
 somersaulting through
 the air

sailing
sailing with him
pregnant
with
his love
do I dare
give birth
to this
child
claim this child
as my own
as my flesh
and as my blood
this child
a child
with
no other father
could I believe
in his truth
that this child
is his child
or would
I stand by
and let her be shot
as I have done before
illegitimate child
outcast
intruder
no real father
today she is mine
I claim her
with
two hands up
two hands up
in surrender to him
in surrender
to her
two strands
one in this world
and one
in his

Dream:

I am with my brother Robert. We are in a room with Paris Hilton. He is sleeping with her and he offers her to me. I do not want any part of her. I am not attracted to her. I leave the house walking out into the dark of the night. I am sad to leave my brother.

From my work of being the girl, I get that Paris is a poor imitation of what real love is about. I am not drawn to her sexually or in any other way and it just feels sad to me that Robert is sleeping with her. For once, I see my brother as a human with his own failings and I am finally able to let him go.

Dream:

I am by the ocean with Deb. I am going into the water. I want Deb to come in the water with me but she will not come. I feel sad and I go in anyway.

There is a possibility here in this dream for me to finally let go of my projection on to Deb. In the dream, I am not letting the projection keep me from doing my own work, from going to into the water and into my own essence. But I do not get that the sadness I feel is my sadness, that it is about the pain of my own separation from God and not about my separation from Deb.

I do not ever get it while I am with Deb. From the very beginning, I projected my pain on to Deb and in all the ten years we were together, I was never able to completely break this projection. I left my marriage to Deb. The marriage got to a point where it was not working for either of us, nor did there seem to be an opening to heal the marriage. I regret the ways that my pathology worked to undermine Deb and our marriage and I am grateful that we have been able to have a friendship outside of the marriage and have at least not lost that level of love that we have for each other.

Dream:

I see a large bird soaring off in the distance. I am excited to see it and I run toward it. As I do, it begins to drop out of the sky and fly in my direction. He lands on a perch just in front of me. I resist the urge to reach out and touch him with my hands knowing in some way that this would be wrong. Instead, I walk closer and rest my head on his chest. I feel immense love there resting with him.

The love of the father for his son is different than the love of the mother. There is a story of a boy having fallen in a deep hole and how the father can not help

him unless he climbs half way out. The father can meet him half way, he can love his son this way but he can not do it for him. The son needs to find the place in himself where he is willing to move to the father and then the father can support him. The father's love and the love of God for his son are different than the unconditional love of the mother. His love requires a willingness on my part to clear out that which was in my way and a willingness to take the steps necessary to move toward him.

In this dream, the eagle is not flying toward me, not until I start running toward him. As soon as I do, he drops out of the sky and dives toward me. I have had to do the work of ending the incest for this to happen. I had to be the one to walk away from Paris and my brother in order to find the place where I could run to him. It has been a ten year process to get to this place.

Dream:

I see an eagle flying. I see it dive into a lake and catch a fish. He flies back and lands on a perch right next to me. I watch him begin to eat the fish. As he does, I feel my body warm and nourished as if I am being fed.

I can feel his love warming me from the inside out. He is with me in a way that fills me up and makes it easy to resist the incested temptation to look to a woman or anything in the outside world for affirmation or validation. There is an innocent babyish quality to this place, a vulnerability that comes from wanting to be fed by him. I am learning to go inside and let my soul be nourished in this way.

Dream:

I am in a candlelight procession winding its way up a mountain. There are candles ahead of me as far as I can see. I feel in a state of devotion, of love for God. Susan Marie is beside me. I feel her presence strong and clear. My focus is on the procession up the mountain.

This dream reflects a shift from my focus on women to a focus on God. Susan Marie is there with me, but she is by my side. My attention is not on her, my focus is on going up the mountain, on finding God. All my work of opening to the girl is about being vulnerable in this way with the father. It has not been about my attraction to the girl or her attraction to me. I have had to work through my resistance to those feelings, so that I could learn to be vulnerable and open to God the way that she is open to God.

My ability to do this allows me to be in relationship in a new way. I see the places now where my pathology wants me to project my pain or fear on Susan Marie. I am learning to know that this pain and fear is mine. I am learning to stay with those

feelings as the girl. She knows that this pain is the pain of having lived a life apart from God and that the fear comes from being alone in this way.

It is the Wednesday before our winter retreat and Susan Marie and I have planned to open up the retreat center and have the day together. I am excited, we both work multiple jobs and it feels good to have the time together. It feels good to have the time together at the retreat center, a place that is dear to both our hearts.

Susan Marie forgets that I need to get up there early and we end up having to go up separately. This incident brings up all my old hurt. My pathology wants to make it into an issue with Susan Marie. I know that there ultimately is no issue. Even if Susan Marie had remembered, the only difference would have been that we would have talked about it before she scheduled the work she needed to do that morning.

I needed to talk to Christa about something anyway, so I call her and we talk. She helps me to stay inside. I then call Susan Marie. I have not really told her how hurt I was that she forgot. We talk and I get that Susan Marie is as disappointed as I am. This is a shift for me, to feel the disappointment, and know that the bigger hurt that is coming up for me has nothing to do with that disappointment. It is new to be able to talk to my partner this way, to be able to stay on the same page in a way that does not give the pathology an opening to get in.

It all drops me into a deep pain. I am alone part of the day up there and for a while I rest and I let myself wail. The dream of the woman cutting my hand off is very present in my consciousness. It is different now. I am no longer numb. I no longer set my partner up by wanting her to take my pain away, as I did with Deb. I go to Him instead and I drop deeper into my pain. The next day is the start of the retreat and I struggle with my desire to stay present for my group versus dropping deeper into my pain. I know on some level that the pain coming up is more than I can stay with and also stay with my group. I talk to Susan Marie and Marc and they encourage me to drop into the pain. I do and I basically pass out in group.

In the incested place I am always on, always trying to fix something, always trying to make something better, always trying to prove myself. In going into my pain and not projecting it on to Susan Marie, I let the switch turn off and in the process I collapsed. All those years of pushing suddenly come crashing in on me.

Dream:

I am with a group of people who I think are aliens. There are a couple small women/girls in the group, one of who seems to like me. Then I am alone with the girl who reaches out to me sexually. We lie down together and make love.

The work that I have done these last ten years has been to get me to this point, where I can join with the girl in a way that allows me to be vulnerable with the father. It is not and has not ever been about any kind of outer world sexuality. It is about

being one with the girl, with her desire. She is a part of me. The process of being okay with my desire for her, has been about me finding myself.

My woundedness has played out around my sexuality but it has never been about that. My pain has never been about this and it has never been about my relationship with my Mom or anyone else. I learned certain behaviors in my family and I have played those out in my relationships with women. All of this has kept me caught up in the big lie, trying to find answers in the outside world. It has been an effective decoy keeping me from the real issue of my alienation from God.

My real fear, my real pain came from this alienation. The girl knows this simple truth. She knows her desire for him and from that she knows the pain and fear that come from not having him. She knows his love in a way that is startling and at times, still foreign to me. As I continue to drop into her feelings, I see this more and more clearly. The voice of condemnation has less and less power as I drop into this place. Her desire fills me in a way that leaves little space for this shame.

Dream:

I am with a large man who I am leaning on. I feel sad and upset and, at the same time, I feel secure leaning against him. I feel his presence and I am not scared.

In this dream, I am the girl that feels the pain and fear of the outer world. I am the girl whose feelings are contained within the love that I am letting in from Him. He does not take these feelings away. They do not suddenly vanish and everything becomes rosy. They also do not run my life anymore. As the girl, I can have a relationship with Susan Marie that works because I have a real relationship with Him. I am the girl that looks to Him for my guidance and goes to Him when I am scared or in pain.

As the girl, I have space in myself and in my life to follow the calling that I have felt for a long time. I am grateful to have my sexuality be healed but that is not the end point. It is what I have needed, to be deep enough in my feeling self, to know myself in a way that can know him. From this place, my desire grows far beyond wanting to have sex and even beyond having a meaningful, intimate sexual relationship. I am the girl that loves Him. I am the girl whose desire is to know Him and to let others know about my relationship with Him. I am the girl who is excited in this place and I am the girl that wants to share that excitement. I am the girl that wants to be a part of the procession going up the mountain with people in front and behind me as far as I can see.



THE FINAL REVELATION OF THE VALKYRIE

When we avoid our fear, we do this by projecting the fear into the world and then problem-solving the issue that the fear was projected onto, thereby mitigating the deeper fear. If the deeper fear is trauma based, then we simply avoid the trauma. If the fear is spiritually base, then one is avoiding the Alchemy of fear. Alchemical fear and trauma fear are interrelated and fear has to be moved through.

To do this, we need to feel the fear in relationship to a dream in which the fear is encountered in a deeper place, descending through layer after layer in the deepest regions of the psyche. Through layer after layer of fear and resolution until we come to the point where we are becoming connected to our soul. This deeper soul self at the bottom of the deep well is the place where both men and women return to their makers.

A woman returns to her lover, the Animus, to the bowels of the earth, the underworld. Out of that transformation and Alchemy, through that most vulnerable relationship, she finds herself a woman of God. She finds herself a Valkyrie.

A man, on the other hand, in finding his child soul self through the labyrinth and the layers and layers of fear, returns to his Father's house. There is no lover for him, but the Father waiting for his son to return home.

A woman becomes a Valkyrie, but once the man returns home as the Prodigal Son, what is the man to become?

Dream:

I am sitting at a picnic table in a foreign country with three other people. Scott is there and he has a baby boy, his baby. Suddenly, there is a gong sound and the baby boy's penis becomes immediately erect.

Scott says, "Watch this!" like it is something he has done before. He pulls on the baby's penis. It gets longer and bigger then "pops off," landing on the ground. The baby now has a vagina. I stare at the penis on the ground and back at the baby. I am totally amazed and in wonder. I see that the baby has both genitals.

The erect penis of the child represents the culmination of male potency. The male child's power culminates in his return home to the Father where he is showered by his Father's love and finds himself the true man of God that he is.

But there is one more step in the process that this dream reflects that is underneath the awesome penis, the big cock of potency that is part of the primalcy that men and women both must pass through. The man, too, must let it pass so that what is underneath the testalia of maleness can be revealed - the vagina.

At the end of the journey, both men and women become the vessel. The soul is truly not man or woman, but a vessel, a vagina, which receives the bounty of the Divine regardless of gender. For the woman, the multi-layers of love-making that are an aspect of her relationship with the Animus reflect the gender of her worldly self, identified by her hormonal ancestry at the time of gestation. But the true soul is transgender. It exists as both male and female. In its nascent human state, the heart is neither man nor woman. God is neither man nor woman. Divinity is essence and love. When it is reduced to its opposite parts, it becomes male and female. In its awesome oneness, however, it is the power of the universe, it is Divine love. All human beings at the end of the rainbow, at the deepest part of the well are vessels for this love. In that sense, we are all feminine and we are all to receive this Divine love.

To that end, men become Valkyries, too.

Wing

Karla Van Vliet



From Robin Chase:

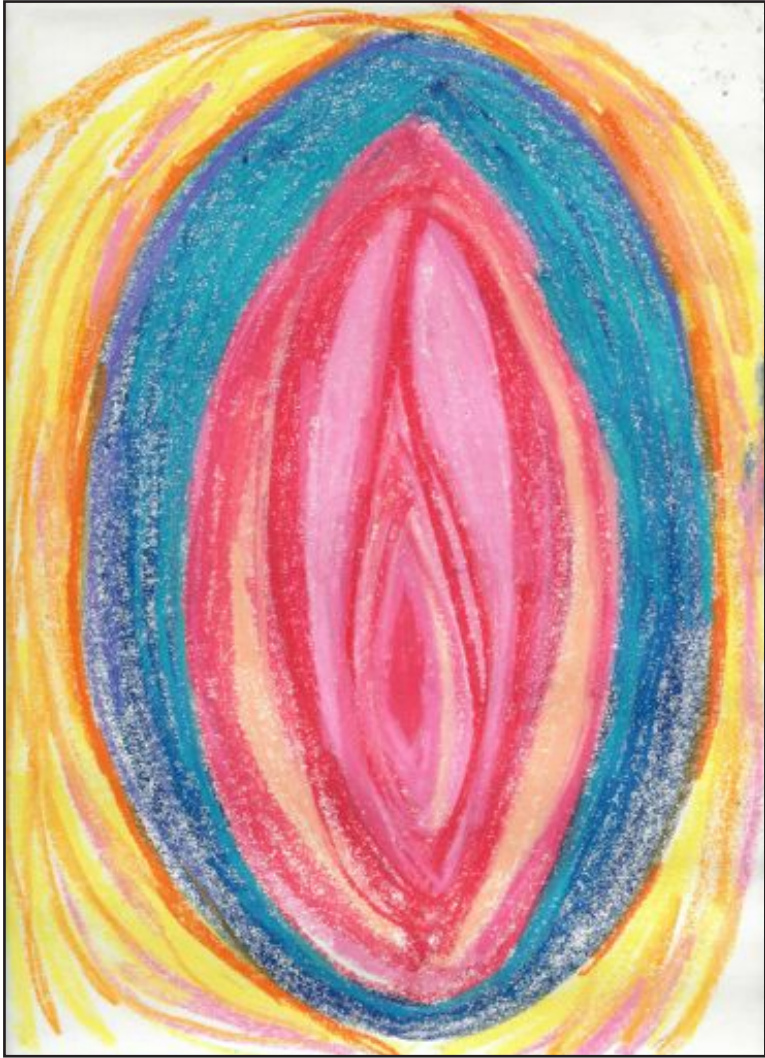
In the dream, I am very much the watcher or spectator. The dream is far more than about me. I am being shown how when the baby boy becomes the baby girl, that we all are vessels, we are all vaginas, to receive His love, His teaching. The arch of my journey began as the incested boy, full of shame and independence, which gave rise to “glitterman” pathology and my false sense of self and man of the world. Underneath and unfelt was always the boy who wanted the Father, wanting union with the Divine through my vulnerability and desire. I have felt His love as the Prodigal Son, working my way back to Him, becoming His boy.

What I felt so strongly at the winter retreat was the receiving of His love like a vessel or vagina. It was most intense every time I began walking up to my leanto to begin another day, another moment. Tears would stream down my face as He poured the love into every corner of my being. In a real sense, I was a goner for Him, married to Him in my new life. All I had to do was keep the vessel open. This meant more than just feeling my desire. It is about my vulnerability, the opening of my vessel to Him and receiving the brilliant light of His love, letting go of all my fears of the unknown, fears of my passion, fears that I am too much, fears that I do not know what is going to happen next. In the vulnerability is exquisite joy.

* * * *

On the field of battle where one serves the Divine, the battle for consciousness and evolution rages. All true enlightened teachers of the Divine are Valkyries, are open vaginas receiving the Divine potency, wielding the sword to be the man’s power, the phallic expression of that which is received. Both aspects of gender are reflected in the Valkyrie. It is not that the woman or the man is on the battlefield; it is human beings filled with Divine love and the will of the directed potency from the Divine. This is the Valkyrie.

Vessel
Christa Lancaster





GLOSSARY OF TERMS

aesthetic spirituality - A form of spirituality grounded in essence but lacking in sensuality and therefore not transformational; results in an increased sensitivity to life but does not lead to Dying to Self and a relationship with the Divine.

Alchemy - The transmutation of the basic material of feelings into deep spiritual change.

Amazonian - A compensatory persona adopted by women after separation from the soul self that manifests as a rejection of men and a rejection of the feeling self.

Anima - The Archetype who embodies the feminine principle. Her role is to support and nurture the dreamer in preparation for a relationship with the Animus. Part of this role is as a healer through acceptance of the true self.

Animus - The Archetype who embodies the male principle. His role is to empower the dreamer through relationship and to bring the lie of the ego self into awareness. For women, the relationship is as a lover and a teacher; men usually work with the Father to begin with, for the Animus is also a son of the Father. Once a man has become the Prodigal Son, he comes into a younger brother relationship with the Animus.

Archetypal Realm - The unconscious realm of the psyche where the Archetypes live and where the dreamer is in the soul self and thus can be in relationship with the Archetypes.

Archetypes - Beings in dreams and in the psyche whose role is to bring the dreamer into relationship with the Divine. Archetypes are vessels of love and essence.

arcs of the dreamwork - The long arc is the specific archetypal plan that is the defining intention for the individual dreamer. In this arc, the unfoldment works by one piece of work weaving into another through valleys, chasms, and steep and winding paths

ending in great plunges to nothingness. The small arc is where the dreamer works with the causes and effects that seem to define everyday life. The pathology offers less resistance to the small arc of the work, but fights every step of the long arc.

Big Lie - The beliefs held by individuals about their particular lives and by society as a whole that keep the individual from the journey to the soul self and relationship with the Divine.

biological imperative - The physical, instinct-based command in all living creatures to reproduce offspring in order to ensure survival of the species.

blind spot - The way the ego perceives both itself and in general, creating a place in the psyche where the dreamer is eclipsed by pathology.

blood tears - In the myth of Persephone, the seeds of the pomegranate that bind Persephone to the underworld forever; a motif for the love the dreamer has been missing.

child self - The true self capable of relationship with the Divine; often manifests in dreams as a child.

congruency - An openness of all levels of the psyche to the Divine so that the inner reality and the outer reality are not at odds with each other.

conjunctio - A Jungian term meaning “to come together”; the essence of Divine relationship that requires that the vessel of the individuated soul be separate from the Divine at the same time it is of the Divine.

dark mother - A dark feminine aspect of pathology that can manifest in many ways including the devouring mother, the shaming mother, the needy mother and so on.

dark night of the soul - A period in the dreamwork process in which the dreamer, having opened to feelings and a connection to the Divine, collapses back into the deeper realm of suffering and darkness before emerging again into the light.

demon - See *pathology*.

dyad - The dynamic in which the dreamer, in a current state of being, is in an oppositional relationship with another element of the psyche, such as an Archetype, a feeling or pathology.

Dying to Self - The process of letting the persona/false self, which is created in compensation for the separation from the Divine, die in order to become the true self, the self that is in relationship with the Divine and knows the love of the Divine.

ego - A field of consciousness that has the capability to contain consciousness from both the subconscious and the world.

essence - An individual's particular capacity to feel God's love in a direct and personal way. A person in essence has the heart that can know God and can experience God's love through the feeling realm; one of the rungs of Jacob's Ladder. Jacob's Ladder also includes sensuality and grace.

fourth eye - The inner eye that sees through the blind spots to behold the self free of the lie, the self that can see itself as God sees it.

gestalt - A process in which the dreamer speaks directly with aspects of a dream, which helps the therapist discover or deepen what the Archetypes are trying to bring into consciousness.

grace - The direct encounter with God and the highest octave of receptivity of the Divine; one of the rungs of Jacob's Ladder. Jacob's Ladder also includes essence and sensuality.

gravity - The inner force that pulls us toward God; the natural tendency of the psyche to become what it was created to be.

gyroscopy - The ego's attempt to continually balance itself by keeping the dreamer oriented in the outer world where the warring factions of pride and shame, worth and unworthiness, reign supreme. See also puer; senex.

homework - The process of working with a dream image or feeling in order to bring more into consciousness what the dream is calling the dreamer to do or feel in terms of relationship with the Divine.

horizontal reality - The reality of the thinking mind; lineality.

individuation - The transformation of knowing the self through the soul; experiencing oneself as the unique person God intended; the highest octave of the dreamwork.

inertia - The inner force that pulls us away from God.

introjection - The process of taking an emotion that is projected onto the world and returning it to the inner world using a dream image; the goal is to uncover the feeling underneath the projection.

Jacob's Ladder - A motif for understanding the elements of receptivity of the Divine. The rungs of Jacob's Ladder are essence, sensuality and grace. To be entirely receptive to the Divine, the dreamer must have all three receptors open.

pathology - A force within the psyche whose intention is to keep the person from feelings that would open him or her to the Archetypal Realm.

Persephone - For female clients, the embodiment of the descent into the Archetypal underworld, a Dying to Self, to become the beloved of the Animus, leaving behind the shadow of the dark mother.

plausible deniability - The pathology's ability to plant ideas in the psyche from the lie based on and reinforced by past experiences. Reactions to these ideas often create the very scenario the person is afraid of.

pleasure principle - Freud's belief that people are driven to gratify pleasure instincts; when outer situations are good, they are happy; when outer situations are bad, they are sad.

polymorphous perverse - The period of development in early childhood when the child is freely amoral and has no self-consciousness. The child is open to his or her immediate sensual exploration and all the feelings associated with it.

primacy ("primal sea") - The deeper levels of vulnerability, such as pain, yearning, need, passion, that represent the flow of energy from the realm of personal need and expression.

Prodigal Son - For male clients, after having rebelled and gotten lost in the Big Lie, it is the return home to the Father as the boy, with all the feelings of inadequacy - in the adequacy - with the Father. Upon his return, the Prodigal Son understands his problem, feels the core pain and is gladly reinstated with the Father, who joyfully welcomes him.

projection - The justification of why people feel the way they feel by believing that their fear and pain are the result of something external - others, the world and life situations. When projecting, an individual is avoiding true feelings that would ultimately lead to the Divine.

psyche - The vessel that holds the imagination, soul, dreams, feelings and even the pathology of a person; the container for the dreamwork journey; an inner room where the theater of transformation can take place.

psychosis - The state of consciousness in which the dreamer breaks from the reality of the outer world and experiences the reality of the Archetypal Realm in waking life.

psychopomp - The Animus' helper who comes to guide the dreamer; usually appears as a dog.

puer - One of the gatekeepers of the psyche that attempts to keep the person grounded in the outer world; the puer creates a barrier to the Divine through a feeling of well-being and a failure to take responsibility for oneself in an immature or falsely innocent way while ignoring deeper feelings. The puer separates from the core feelings through sentimentality and is a manic aspect of the gyroscopy. The puer is not to be confused with the child self. See also gyroscopy.

Renaissance Woman - A compensatory persona adopted by women after separation from the soul self that emulates men and often manifests as cold, officious and manipulative.

second death - Dying to the Divine; coming into direct relationship with the Divine; experiencing congruency between the self and the Divine.

"self of the fish" - A form of selfishness in which the dreamer experiences the true, primal need for the Divine.

senex - One of the gatekeepers of the psyche that attempts to keep the person grounded in the outer world; the senex creates a barrier to the Divine through guilt, shame, overresponsibility, duty and structure. The senex is a depressive aspect of the gyroscopy. See also gyroscopy.

sensuality - The ability to feel God's love in the body in a way that is unique to each person; the capacity to sense the power, passion and intensity of being in relationship to God through the tactile self; one of the rungs of Jacob's Ladder. Jacob's Ladder also includes essence and grace

soul self - see child self.

thanatos - The desire to suffer, to be destroyed, to die, or to cause suffering in others.

transference - The projection of the Archetype onto a teacher or leader.

trauma - Occurs when a person becomes disassociated from the soul self and feelings through the repression of fear; the point at which the person stops being the child; the place in the psyche where the child self waits to be reclaimed. Trauma is not a traumatic event but the repression of feelings, which can happen as a result of a traumatic event. It is possible to have experienced traumatic events without having trauma in the psyche.

triangulation - The appearance in dreams of three elements: the dreamer, the Archetype, and a feeling or being (often a child) through which the dreamer can come into relationship with the Archetype; precedes Alchemy.

Valkyrie - The manifestation of Divine connection and relationship in women; the capacity to be entered and received and empowered by her relationship with the Animus; the Valkyrie wields the sword of discernment and leads others to the Divine.

vertical reality - The reality of feeling, of descent into the feeling self.

whoremaster - An aspect of the pathology that manifests as a pathological figure that can be either male or female and resides in a place in the dreamer's psyche that specifically has a sexual root. Having whoremaster pathology typically, but not always, manifests as a person acting out in promiscuous ways.

womb heart - The alchemical, sacred vessel inside every person where archetypal transformational and alchemical work take place; the place of profound vulnerability where all feelings can live.

wound - The place in the psyche where the original hurt or trauma that caused the separation from the Divine resides.



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