

## DREAMS FROM INTENSIVE JUNGIAN ANALYSIS

1987-1991

June 30, 1987

**Dream:** I am threading my way through the hilly streets of the city on a hot summer day. I seem to sometimes be in a car and sometimes on a bicycle. Mother and elderly friend Aunt Mabel are in the back seat. I take some side streets to expedite the journey. As I go down a hill, I sense my passengers are concerned about the brakes, but I am not. As I turn left and head up a steep hill, the climb is too much (I am now on a bicycle), so I walk it up. Then I go back down and park the car (it is now a car), back it up, head into the street and stop beside a refrigerator. Mother and Mabel must crawl from back to front of the refrigerator through the freezing compartment. I open the refrigerator door. Mother is too slow in emerging and in my impatience I slam the door shut to show her. Then I reopen and ask if she needs help, reach out and hold both her arms/shoulders and pull. She falls out head down and does a hand spring, landing on her feet. Wonderful!

### *Processing the Dream:*

Threading = feminine activity. Intricacy, challenge.

Take side streets to expedite - "Get it over with."

Mother and Mabel taking a back seat. Both are strong and feisty Ones, godly and literal-minded, independent, long-time friends.

Ups and downs in first part of dream.

Transformation in mother image in me.

Image of birthing in pulling Mother through door.

Possible title: Birthing Mother's Death. Leave Her to Heaven. Individuation.

Feeling tone: I am in charge, working hard, busy about a task in which I am being guided by destiny. I am there to be part of something that "has" to happen.

Bicycle = maneuver alone, no passengers. Simple uncomplicated vehicle.

Refrigerator = function of preservation. Massive, simple. Freezing compartment is a special place within the whole.

Action of slamming door shut enables me to reach out and offer support.

Mother comes out pretty much on her own power with minor assistance from me. When she begins to fall, she is definitely operating on her own power, going into a handspring. Delightful.

But *it is the Mother in me that is being birthed*. I did slam the door shut on the mother in me, for a long time. But now I am more open to her in me.

July 8

**Dream:** I am in Washington, D.C. with a varied group of women, not sure for what reason. But I go to visit Sojourners' headquarters on a day and mingle there with the staff, which is also a motley assortment of people. There I am welcomed and hostessed. There is excitement brewing because Sojourners' founder Jim Wallis' wedding is to occur and people are making preparations. One person (blond) is hostessing me and I ask her if she knows who the bride is, but it is a secret and she doesn't know.

As I browse around the office, it seems that things are in some disarray. Someone opens a large shallow drawer in a table and shows me the many rulers in it, not much

else, indicating it's been that way for years.

One dark-haired Joan Baez-like woman comes in with her gift for the bride and groom. It's a dome of maroon suede-like finish over metal. The base is supposedly an electric razor which also makes gravy, which she demonstrates by shaving little bits rapidly, like a food processor.

At a point I leave. I am outside. It seems rainy whenever I am outside. I see some of the women from my group and they are going back to our living quarters in *childhood nemesis* June's car. I ask if there's room for me because the car is small but as I enter, I remember there is room in the very back (it's actually a six passenger with a sort of hallway behind the back seat).

As we drive, at one point, ahead of us are a lot of women going to the wedding. They are Sojourners women. I get out of the car. It is rainy. All the women are lying on a sort of float raft structure, covered conveniently with a tarp made of camouflage material. I am impressed by their ingenuity. The limousine pulls up, and a brunette dressed in white, with red carnations clustered on one side of her hair, gets out.

I arrive at a building where an ensemble of musicians are going to play and are in place in a small cubby hole space. I suddenly realize I have arrived, by accident, so to speak, at the wedding, but am not invited. I decide to stay, since I came unintentionally and my staying would seem only natural.

Someone comes and tells the ensemble to go downstairs. They are on the wrong floor. I descend by a very narrow steep staircase into a lower room full of people, tables for food and gifts, carpeted, with windows (like a garden apartment height). I am very excited to find out who the bride is.

I mingle with the variety of guests, noting each one, and have various observations and reactions. I find a place where there is a table and people are set around it eating. Betty Gardner (close friend) is among them and she says some things that make her appear unhip, foolish, childish. Someone else picks up on this. One woman (a Wheaton graduate) who looks Greek—olive-skinned, dark brown eyes, graying hair—again seems to be named Claudia, and looks a bit like Joan Baez. She turns with scorn at Betty's remarks. "Jesus Christ!" she says, implying, "How could you be so dumb!" Betty is talking about some "Tracey stamps" she saves.

Then the bride comes downstairs (same figure as before) and starts giving special gifts, one to each guest, apparently chosen with that person in mind. I begin to be aware that as an uninvited person, I may become more conspicuous than I'd like and begin to shrink into the background, although I also know that if Jim knew I were here, it would be O.K. since I come from such a distance and didn't try to crash the wedding but arrived there by accident.

I fade back into the other room where I entered initially. A couple of women are passing out penny candy favors. One I take, the other I refuse, aware there may not be enough for everyone.

Then I have the sense that all are ready for the wedding and I find a little printed brochure on the table which tells the story of how Jim met his bride in a rural setting, when he went for a conference. It seems that the setting was Greek, and the name of the bride is Subbu (pronounced SooBoo). It is at this point that I awaken and begin to recall the dream.

*Thoughts:* I know the groom. I don't know the bride. I feel anticipation and hope/joy. There is a sense of richness and depth, color, vitality. It is mostly women, mostly brunettes, "the dark side." The men are in ensemble, and Jim. Others are here and there, but not significant in this dream. Even when it is raining, it is light out.

July 10

In the night, it is wonderful to have images, dreams, realizations, through reading.

But I want the direct experience of God, of resting in the arms of Jesus, lover of my soul.

My instant response: "How do I do this?" I know better, but I am used to feeling my responsibility to act.

I shift my body in bed, and a word "drops down" into consciousness. "Wait."

I know this to be true. And I am grateful. But even this word has come from outside and finds its way initially into my consciousness at the head level, though it resonates throughout my being.

How will I experience from within the waiting? Somehow, from deep inside, the awareness rises up, that it is already occurring and I can rest in that.

I am already filled. "You are already clean through the word spoken to you."

A realization occurred: I am being prevented from actively pursuing activities. I have been "fogged in" to my more primitive feminine intuition and receptivity. I have been kept in a cloud of unknowing, so that the Lord might do the work.

This suddenly accords with the strange dream of yesterday when three persons kept delaying me from my pursuit of a place to act out sexual fantasy alone. I am being saved to be the bride, to be the one to whom the groom comes, for consummation of the marriage, not to try to do it myself. My Lover would come to me.

Oh, the sweet strangeness of these days.

From Erich Neumann's essay on "*Matriarchal Consciousness*."

In woman's primal mysteries, in boiling, baking, fermenting and roasting, the ripening and "getting done," the transformation is always connected with a period of waiting. The ego of matriarchal consciousness is used to keeping still until the time is favorable, until the process is complete, that is, until comprehension has been born out of the unconscious.

. . . Understanding [for matriarchal consciousness] is not an act of the intellect, . . . [but] "conception." Whatever is to be understood must first "enter" matriarchal consciousness in the full, sexual, symbolic meaning of a fructification.

. . . [Then] that which has entered must "come forth." [This is] the double aspect of matriarchal consciousness, which experiences the light of consciousness like seed that has sprouted. But when something enters and then even comes forth again, this "something" involves the whole psyche, which is now permeated through and through with the full grown perception that it must realize, must make real, with its full self. This means that the conceiving and understanding have brought about a personality change. The new content has seized and stirred the whole being. . . A matriarchal consciousness finds it difficult to understand without first "realizing." And here, to realize means to "bear," to bring to birth; it means submitting to a mutual relation and interaction like that of the mother and the embryo in pregnancy.

. . .Matriarchal consciousness [is] in the heart, not the head.

. . .The moment of conception is veiled and mysterious, often submitted to by the ego of matriarchal consciousness without any awareness on the part of the head-ego. But a deeper introspection, taking dreams, images, and fantasies into account, will show that in the matriarchal consciousness the moment and the event have been registered, and have by no means passed without a consciousness participating.

There is much meaning in the veiling of these moments of conception. . .Growth needs stillness and invisibility, not loudness and light. . .The moist night time is the time of sleep, but also of healing and recovery.

To "carry" a knowledge and allow it to ripen means, at the same time, to "accept" it; and acceptance, which here includes the idea of "assimilation," is a typically feminine form of activity, not to be confused with passive submission or drifting. The comparative passivity of matriarchal consciousness is not due to any incapacity for action, but rather to an awareness of subjection to a process in which it can "do" nothing, but can only "let happen." In all decisive life situations, the feminine, in a far greater degree than the nothing-but masculine, is subjected to the numinous elements in nature, or, still better, has these "brought home" to it. Therefore, its relation to nature and to God is more familiar and intimate, and its tie to an anonymous transpersonal allegiance forms earlier and goes deeper than its personal tie to a man.

[This matriarchal consciousness]. . .is more concerned with awareness and attentiveness than with directed thought or judgment. . ."a kind of total realization in which the whole psyche participates, and in which the ego has the task of turning toward a particular psychic event and intensifying its effect, rather than using the experience as a basis for abstract conclusions and an expression of consciousness. The typical activity of this observing consciousness is contemplation. In contemplation, energies are directed toward an emotionally colored content, event, or center, with which the ego establishes a relation and by which it allows itself to be filled and permeated; from this it never withdraws or abstracts, as in an extremely patriarchal consciousness.

The "knowledge" (received by the matriarchal consciousness) cannot be imparted, accounted for, or proved. It is an inner possession, realized and assimilated by the personality but not easily discussed, for the inner experience behind it is scarcely capable of adequate verbal expression and can hardly be transmitted to anyone who has not undergone the same experience.

**Dream:** We are in Chicago on the South Side in an apartment. It is evening, the rich glow of lamp light in a small room casts shadows and illumination of five of us: Don and I, and three women: Cara, Penny, Grethe.

We are talking, opening gifts and showing treasures. One of the women is taking about having moved to Chichester, which is due west of the city and five blocks from 24th Street. She has bought a place there. I am much interested in the exact location and ask about it in order to pinpoint it in my mind.

We travel together now, in the car, to go north to Porter Square. Cara must go to a meeting at her church and will be taking the L, which is not out of our way, so we tell her she can ride with us and make just as good time. Then we forget to drop her off, but since

her church is in Porter Square, we figure she might as well come with us anyway.

On the way, we stop at a large church building and go inside. There appear to be a Missions Conference going on. People are sitting around on the floor in small groups, wearing name tags.

I go upstairs, then come back down after a time. I walk over to one group where Sam and Joe (friends from Life/Work Direction) are talking together.

Then we all go on together.

**Then this dream:**

Somehow Don and I have gotten separated. It is night time and we are in Oak Park. I have "lost my beloved." And I sought him. I have driven down a number of streets and lose my way. I meet a group of children and ask them directions to Myrtle Street, for that is a street I know. They point down over a hill to a lighted street below.

"Oh, yes," I say. For I recognize it. I must make my way down over a steep hill on foot, finding my way, and avoiding the precipice parts.

The scene fades.

On awaking, a name occurs to me, Scott, someone I realize represents to me a good marriage of male and female within himself and that he is on his way to an "external" wedding with his fiancée in another week.

*Thoughts:* Three attractive vibrant women (Cara, Penny, Grethe) with intensity of experience.

Song of Songs. By night I sought him whom my soul loved.

July 11

So my growth is occurring through dreams, principally, this week. As always, they take matters out of my conscious control but this time, knowing better how to receive their message, I am finding the experience doubly enriching.

I am hearing the many inner voices of my life speak, and finding in them, the Lord. I am often amazed and that is delightful.

I am carefully facing a basic question as to my genuine desire to know God directly. On one level, I am sure I do desire that, but I also have this other sense in me that I do not know what it really means for me to desire the Lord in this way.

From *The Cloud of Unknowing*:

He wishes only that you *turn your attention to Him*, and then let Him alone.

When you begin [this work] you will find that there is at the start but a darkness; there is, as it were, a cloud of unknowing.

You know now what it is except that you feel in your will a *naked intent toward God*.

By [knowledge], God is incomprehensible. By [loving power], God may be comprehended fully.

Pay close attention to time, . . . and consider how you spend it; for nothing is more precious than time.

When [this work] has been truly conceived, it comes merely as a *sudden stirring*

with no forewarning, instantly springing toward God as a spark from a coal.

[This work] cannot be achieved by working with [your mind or imagination.]

When I speak of darkness, I speak of a lack of knowing, . . . a cloud of unknowing that is between you and your God.

Through grace a man can have great knowledge of all other creatures and their works, and even of the works of God Himself, and he can think of them all;

*but of God Himself no man can think.*

I would therefore leave all those things of which I can think and choose for my love that thing of which I cannot think.

And therefore, even though it is good occasionally to think of the kindness and the great worth of God in particular aspects. . . nevertheless in this work it should be cast down and covered with a cloud of forgetting.

You are to strike that thick cloud of unknowing with a sharp dart of longing love and you are not to retreat no matter what comes to pass.

Whenever you feel yourself drawn to devote yourself to this work, and whenever you feel by grace that you have been called by God to do it, lift up your heart toward God with a meek stirring of love. . . the God who made you and formed you. . . and graciously called you.

but. . . a naked intent direct to God is sufficient without anything else.

Lift up your love to that cloud, or rather. . . let God draw your love up to that cloud and then strive with the help of God's grace to forget every other thing.

I am beginning to understand why I've sought sleep so much this week. It's not simply that I am tired, or that it's hot (both of which are true), but it is that I want desperately to sink into this oblivion. I love the cloud, the not knowing, the out-of-controlness. I can't explain anything, but I know this is deeply true. I want to be lost in this fog, this cloud.

July 12

Merton's notion of journey as metaphor for the Christian life is a going from the known to the unknown, from the secure to the insecure.

So we are strangers and exiles. Not at home here on earth. Our companionship with fellow sojourners is based on the idea that we are all lonely and there is no way of consoling ourselves from this "radical loneliness." We're not fully happy on earth.

We're looking for the city that has foundations (note dream below).

We, like Jesus, go "outside the camp" — willing victims, as "worthless" — in poverty, not wanting honor in the eyes of the world.

Death is a liberation. An achievement. The end of our journey. We see the face of God at last.

We are called to see God, called to the wedding feast.

Re: the two ways — narrow and broad:

The broad way is the way of anxiety about my life.

Jesus is the way. We come to Jesus and he takes us on our journey. We abide in Christ. Contentment.

July 13

"Short prayer pierces heaven" (Cloud of Unknowing)

Whereas in the past, after reading a book like this, I might try to experience what is talked about, I now find that such books are most helpful in describing experiences I have recently had, or am having currently. So they are descriptions, not proscriptions. In this way, I am assured of being led by God, not by a human author or method.

Rilke: "Patience is everything."

I have pondered this idea of "naked intent" this week. Clearly, it has been forming in me.

July 14

**Dream:** (1) I find myself in a Chinese restaurant, standing by a high counter, looking at two women preparing food, moving quickly, deftly. One is older, the other younger. Someone has ordered "clam soup" and I am surprised to observe their method of preparation. The older woman spoons out ice cream-scoop-sized globs of green jellied stuff (color and consistency of split pea soup) onto a large flat pan on the grill, where it begins to melt, as she moves it around with a pancake turner. When it is melted and ready, I move to carry the three soup bowls to a nearby table for the customer.

I then move to the other side of the room to another high counter behind which the male owner (woman's husband) is standing. A male customer has ordered food. I take the prerogative on myself of delivering his food to a nearby table on that side of the restaurant. In the process of doing this, I am questioned by the owner. He berates me. I begin to feel angry, guilty, embarrassed and defensive, afraid I am spoiling his business.

The patron then comes up and is angry. My feelings are even more pronounced and I can feel myself getting into some kind of defensive rationalization for what I am doing. His fellow patron with whom he is eating comes up now and tells him that their places are already set in another place, which turns out to be in the middle of the restaurant. So I stand there, realizing the situation, and know I have a choice as to how I respond. I decide to call my actions good—to be positive—and I can feel within me the calling up of strength to carry this off well, to change my way of perceiving what I am doing. And I transfer the food to the other table. By the time I get to the table and set the food down, the appearance of the food and place setting is transformed—the china and silver.

*Thoughts:* When I take the food to the table, under order of the females, all is ordered and I am helpful though more childish.

When I cross to the male arena, I am taking prerogatives, I am berated, and I get into the angry, defensive mode and up comes deceit and rationalization.

But I come to the realization of choice and then comes transformation. The final site is midway between the female and male areas, though decidedly in the section facing the female counter.

The male influence is both negative and positive. Negative: it challenges and berates when I am being helpful. Positive: it recognizes when I am taking over, rather than moving out of my feminine center. Negative: it evokes my deceitful rationalizing side. Positive: it is there in that side that I realize I have a choice and can move back into the feminine in a transformed way. I receive the new orders from the second more

"unknown" patron, not from either of the two restaurant proprietors. Moving from male/female parent figure to another objective source and my own choice.

This related to the gospel yesterday, the part the homilist didn't really touch. I have come to bring life, set the father against the son, the daughter against the mother, the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law."

*The issues:*

Father and Son                      authority, power, competition

Mother and Daughter            attachment, dependence, identification, overprotection

Mo-in-law vs dau-in-law    bonds to same man from two perspectives—birth and commitment by choice (mother/wife)

In the dream, the parent figures are enclosed in boxes. In the female box, there are two women, though the older one is dominant in the action of the dream. I roam free in the restaurant.

The wedding within is symbolized at the table (3).

Dare I title the dream, "The Wedding"?

So many of my dream experiences this week, plus my reading, have centered around the relationship of the masculine and feminine within me—the inner wedding, the animus/anima, sexuality.

I ask the question today of how these themes relate to the parallel experiences of the week spiritually, the cloud of unknowing, the surround of fog, the knowledge of exile and sojourn, alienation from the world.

I think these themes come together in the images from Song of Songs, seeking the Beloved in the night, and the desire becoming intensified by the delay.

I don't fully grasp the full depths of it, and feel I can't grasp it through cognitive understanding, but only through the direct experience of love.

From *The Cloud of Unknowing*: ". . .the entire life of a good Christian. . .is nothing else but holy desire."

Pray the Shadow side.

My Three-ness would seek to put on a good appearance before God. My most humorous sin is my attempt to deceive God. How Adamic! Have I really fully accepted the way God is leading me? which may differ from certain "approved" examples?

The place of the Spirit. Merton: "The Holy Spirit is given to us to be our spirit. We become our true selves as we love. This is the work of the Spirit."

"He who wishes to hurt you is armed with your life, that is with truth. For the life of your soul is truth. And he wounds you with your life, because you are protecting yourself with a lie." (quoting Guigo)

"The truth is our life." The truth can't hurt itself. if we accept the truth, we can't be



hurt. Truth is always life.

Submit to truth, instead of trying to submit the truth to ourselves.

The human soul is tortured as long as it loves something besides God. . .because this means we are relying on a false happiness, that could be destroyed. The suffering comes from refusing to see and face the truth. The real sin—"fornication"—is infidelity to God.

August 5

Awakened in the night and aware of the need to pray, I begin to list qualities I need: wisdom, patience—conscious of having been too verbally active with Janet and Jasmin last evening in counseling sessions.

Then, aware of the poverty of asking for qualities, when what I need/want is "to be filled in all my being with God himself."

What would that mean?

It seems I'm at a watershed, that I've focused on gifts, not the Giver, that the ability of receiving life's true meaning, and to look forward to heaven rests on this movement—toward being filled with God. I can feel the inner resistance to this, giving up possession of the inner being, the citadel of the spirit, to God. I can't imagine it. It feels foreign.

. . .a little akin to the feeling of forever settling on foreign soil, speaking another language than my native tongue. Can I live life as an exile to my Self?

In the dawn, I awaken and read several chapters from the manuscript "Going Up to God"—the part about Dad's conversion. Then I lie there quietly crying, feeling the "long shadow" his life has cast over mine. Why such great effect—so much power? I feel ready to give it up. It may be part of what stands between me and being "filled through all my being with God himself."

There's something here in all of this. I'm encased in fog, though and I'm glad, for only God can show me truth in this.

August 12

**Dream:** I was being coached by Lily Tomlin. Another woman was there, perhaps others. It was a class. We were to improvise, each adopting a different approach or attitude. Mine was to be dramatic. So I used a British accent. Got right into it I go on and on line after line.

Afterwards, I ask for evaluation. Was I too dramatic?

I get the impression I have talent and possibility.

The drama has a title: "The King has come"

I feel a little fakey. Wonder if I was true enough.

August 26 At Russell Pond—reading Jung's *Memories, Dreams, and Reflections*

**Dream:** I approach a place where nature stops and there is a place carved out that is of stone, an amphitheater in shape, but fairly small. An old man is on a throne at the top, to my right as I look. I am aware that he is a king and that "the king is blind."

At the base of the arena is a young woman (looks like the Spanish beauty Rose in *Bye Bye Birdie*, a play we saw Monday evening. She is looking up, is wearing a sarong with bare midriff. I identify with her and am both the observer and the woman. I am aware that

a kind of contest will occur. The man will try to grasp her but she must elude him. Although I see clearly that he has a handicap in his blindness, I am also aware that the space is limited in the arena, and rather small, and that as he moves about, he may be able to reach her. I picture him descending on the left, and think that possibly she can then arise on the right and sit on his throne.

*Thoughts:* They came swiftly in the night. I can't remember them now. There was an over-all sense of energy, vitality, and mystery. Eros, Logos. Intuition, cognition. Right and Left. Female, male. young woman, old man. Jung's reference to old man/young girl myth, p. 182. Anima, animus.

What is this contest? Why do I have a king enthroned?

**Dream:** I rise in the night to record it: I am inside some place with Alan (my therapist) and we're having a session which is a combination of personal and professional. He is my therapist and we are also friends.

I have been talking and then I look at him (and realize I hadn't been). His face has a distinct character, a dimple in the chin. I recall the eyes, the hair, mouth, complexion, crinkles. (It does not look like the real person Alan.) It is a fine, safe, warm face, yet definitely strong and masculine.

He tells me or acknowledges that we "fit" each other. I can't remember how he indicates this in words or looks, but I am aware I feel good about this.

Then he suggests we go out for a walk. It is light outside, yet there is the sense of raininess. I take his left arm but he deftly releases it to walk around in the other side of me and then lets his arms hang down but I know I am not to take it for the sake of my own independence.

We walk and come to an opening, a sort of park. There is water nearby (possibly the ocean or a large lake?). He turns and faces me. We stop. He talks. He faces me with the "two-ness" within. Says again, "You know, I said we were a 'touch' for each other," but goes on to ask, "Can you hold that inside you and still also be strong?" (Those were not his exact words but the idea clearly was to feel the connectedness to him as a man and also not act on it. He even said something to the effect that he could take me into his arms, and I could feel the pull between us which was not so much sexual desire as being riveted by his eyes.)

I absolutely knew I could hold that twoness though I felt trembly too. There was an air of mystery.

(I feel like crying as I write this.)

It is also to record here a prior dream, a very strong one, of several days before. The image has persisted strongly.

I am in a river, the water a definite aquamarine color (like in a swimming pool). The waves are turbulent, water is warm (or not cold). I swim upstream to a point where there's a sense of an end (as in a pool) and I touch the end, then turn around, pause for a moment to contemplate my fear, then plunge in deliberately, going with the waves. I awaken with that sense of having decided to entrust myself to this flow. The image of water *stays and stays*.

*(Second half of life is what it feels like.)*

September 21

After completing *An Interrupted Life*, Etty Hilsum's diaries, a Jewess in Holland in 1941-43, I was profoundly moved by this account of psychological and spiritual maturing in the midst of a rapidly worsening situation politically. I cannot put into words the depth of feeling evoked by her experiences.

I awoke this morning with the consciousness "God enter me and bring myself to birth."

The book enabled me to feel my life and death as one, to be present now and in relation to God not objectively but in the inner "uninterrupted dialogue" of wordlessness.

More and more I'm having to ask God to frame the words, to pray for me, for I must stay in the wordlessness of awareness.

October 4

Before going to bed, Don and I had talked about Jung's four functions—sensation, intuition, thinking and feeling—and that my inferior function was thinking.

**Dream:** I am in an enclosed, yet open, pen in an urban setting (Chicago?), yet with grass about and miscellaneous structures and junk. I am with others.

Ahead of us is an el track going across. A train goes by from right to left and I see that the last car has derailed and is hanging. It is only a matter of time till the inevitable will occur and I wait for the crash.

It comes and I see the contents of the car hanging off spill out. It appears to be paper, and some from the group with me go out to gather some of it. I think it is taking advantage of another's tragedy. I also see a man closer to the el, who is closing his shop for the day. He quickly assesses the situation and throws trash onto the heap that has fallen from the el and quickly escapes so that no one will notice that he too has taken advantage of the situation.

We all turn around in our semi-enclosure and face the other way.

*Thoughts:* To me this represents the thinking function in me which gets off track and has an element of treachery or manipulation or deception in it and can cause disaster and involves others in deceitful ways. I use thinking in order to deceive myself and others and it's because it gets off track.

"New ideas which are forming in the depths of the mind can actually be destroyed or crippled by being shared too soon. It is like dragging a baby from the womb before it is ready to be born. . ."

"A valuable idea which is pushing its way through the dark in a woman's mind, may be utterly withered and destroyed if an arc lamp of focused consciousness is thrown upon it. . .(on the importance of woman's diffused awareness)."

How shall I begin to write the brook brewing in the subterranean levels of my consciousness? Are there elements in my unconscious which will prove to be of more

help?

### October 10

**Dream:** I appear to be going to a wedding. The bride is Thea. I enter the church, go down the aisle half way to a place where there is more space between the pews than elsewhere. She comes up to that place to see me and talk. Her headdress is a pink plush hat-like affair, gathered and framing her face. I note that it seems strange. The gown is a little off-color white too. She is very excited at my being there.

Then we are in a downstairs room (but still ground level) where people are seated in rows of chairs. I go into a row with Thea and we are in animated conversation. I wonder if others notice our intimacy and wonder about it. I move to a row farther up by myself.

I leave by myself, a deliberate move to go home. I walk along a sidewalk at the edge of a road. There are woods, a stream, trees nearby. I am not afraid. But soon Thea comes out after me and calls me back. We approach each other and embrace. Slowly I begin to walk back, aware of the possible dangers of having gone on. The dream ends here.

*Thoughts:* It is after the wedding. I am aware that there has been some integration in me of the masculine (Thea) and feminine sides.

I'm cathected to that more assertive, self-confident but "colder" side, yet I also am deciding to get away from that as it has been dysfunctional for me recently. I like the embracing of each other and walking part way back. I think that is the way to go, not to leave off that part entirely, but embrace (relate to) it, then go part way with it. This helps me see how to deal with this in my life. A good dream.

### October 17

**Dream:** I seem to be on a break from work in an office. A group of us are in a Friendly's or Donut Shop. We're at a counter and I can see the trays and donuts. I know they aren't good for me. But I take one when passed, and keep tasting them.

I watch a woman behind the counter intently as she wraps a donut with yellow icing in waxed paper. It runs out that no one has ordered it so she hands it to our party of people. I take part of it.

Eventually we all head out. At some point I went over to a counter with my purse, preparing to leave. I go out the door. I am aware of the place where we work is a large building on a hill there.

Now we are out on the road in a car. I realize suddenly that I don't have my purse. The man driving the car has lost his wallet previously and miraculously had had it returned to him but I am not so sure I will be that lucky.

I get out of the car to walk back. Somehow I retrieved my purse, though there was no money in the wallet inside.

I am now being driven by a man to return to the people I was with. It is the same man whose wallet was taken. It had been picked up by a young boy. On a whim, as we come to the crossroad which leads to the boy's house, we decide to turn down the road and find him, thinking he may also have been the one to find the purse. At any rate, what he did in returning the wallet was unusual.

I remember the drive, passing houses of all descriptions, each one quite specific, different colors, sizes, shapes, angles. I am a little anxious about keeping my own party

of people waiting for me, but we continue.

Then we come to a hill. At the top I see a cemetery. A large weathered stone mausoleum dominates the scene. There are iron gates and fence, and large pines at the edge. It is a solid looking place, and not depressing.

The driver asks, "Why would a boy live here?" I am aware that the answer is, "To come inside and play." I think, "Oh, yes." And just then a young boy does go over the fence, his mother nearby.

As we stand there, inside the fence now, or at the edge, I see a small VW bug drive up, forcing its nose and body through a gap in the iron fence. An older couple are inside and I am aware there may be a third person in the back. Though it is difficult to do, the woman driving the VW manages to do it and squeeze through.

Then we are talking with another person, a woman, who appears to have gotten in the same way. She is talking about her short stature and how it helps in getting a job. She wants to work in "sound."

I awaken. It is hard to breathe.

*Thoughts:* I do some things that aren't good for me—"empty calories" and crossword puzzles.

"I am being driven by a man." This part of me is behind some of the aggressive behavior in groups, cutting people off or down, which I have been aware of recently.

I don't clearly see the relation between "the boy" and "the man."

The cemetery is a beckoning death, not ominous. I await my mother's death.

Then I think of my friend's sister and brother-in-law being killed in a small car, and the baby living. They "squeezed" through the gates into death.

I am sure there's more to this, but I don't know what it is yet.

Later, after working on this dream with Russell Holmes, he suggested the boy might be my nephew Ted, who committed a rash suicide, and who needs my attention.

Later (2003) I am less sure now of that interpretation. . .

October 25

**Dream:** I have come to a rustic house set in a clearing in the woods. Outside I stop by a kind of barrier of logs. I am talking to a rector across this barrier while he works.

From the house, Brian Murdoch comes out and I am pleased to be able to introduce him (I know Brian is very politically oriented and likes connections with other clergy). So I say, "This is Brian Murdoch; he is at St. John's in Charlestown." And then, "This is John Fillmore, my rector." (John is actually pastor of a Baptist-oriented charismatic fellowship.)

I am aware, however, that Brian doesn't respond at all and that he is distracted, apparently by something he is presently involved in within the house, which turns out to be a counseling session. I notice an elaborate earring dangling from one ear, and then a hair ornament pinned to his brunette hair, and realize he has decided to come out fully as gay.

He begins talking about the counselee, and during this time, the house suddenly breaks open and I see into the study, lit by a lamp, where a young girl sits on a couch, clearly in distress.

Then we are inside, all of us, in a room adjoining, the woman somewhere about.

Brian is trying to obtain referrals for her. When he had first seen me and begun talking about the woman, when I was still outside, and at the time the house broke open and revealed the woman inside, he had meaningfully said, "Oh, it's good Eunice is here." The implication was that I would be able to help in a way he could not.

Anyway, inside he began frantically thumbing through the phone directory, looking for addresses and phone numbers of various agencies. He said at one point, "The Woman's Center, that's the place she needs." And began talking about it being on Pleasant Street in Belmont, or Summer Street and there was some question about Summer or Sumner.

I began to realize, by the nature of the referrals, that the issue of the young woman must relate to woman problems, possibly pregnancy or abortion. At one point, as he thumbed through, Brian talked directly to the woman saying, "You're going to be getting ready for a whole different kind of life, and went on to say things implicitly or explicitly indicating the arrival of a baby.

It was then that I suggested with some urgency that they get in touch with the Crisis Pregnancy Center and talk with Cheryl had of a Crisis Pregnancy Center. I asked for the phone number even as I started dialing from memory and had the numbers right.

A man answered and I asked to speak to Cheryl or a counselor. He said he was a counselor and I said I wanted to talk to a woman, not a man. There was a pause, then another man answered. I repeated my message and after a long wait, a very warm voice answered, "I'm Big Faye, honey, you can talk to me." So I told her I had someone who wanted to talk to her and handed the phone to the young woman whose name seemed to also be Faye, or Faith.

I then left from another side of the house—the front—to go out onto the street to a waiting car, and as I went, I began crying, for I realized how much I cared that the contact be made and the woman get help.

*Thoughts in January 1988:* I now see this dream quite differently than I might have in October. I see the whole thing as indicative of my journey to be in touch with my shadow, the animus and anima and my beginning to study and work in counseling very intentionally.

Brian definitely represents a part of me, the hurry up, efficient, external-conscious, operator part.

There's so many odd connections: the Baptist pastor, the name Faith (I was almost named Faith), Charlestown (Mother born in Charleston, Maine).

November 11

**Dream:** I am at a kind of alumni gathering, where people are mingling. I am aware of our popular class president JP being there, and that we have a date to eat out together. I am feeling confident and outgoing and look forward to being with him (so different from the way it was in high school and college, when he never saw me in a romantic light).

We make our way through the crowd, to the place he usually sits. I don't like the place, so crowded and at an angle, lots of people nearby, and am relieved that it is not available.

We go back to a more dimly lit section with more ambiance. A small table for four is there. I begin to sit in one chair, but note that J's coat is over it, so I sit at another place at

right angles to it. There is some sense of another man nearby. A man and his mother are invited to join us, but I intervene, "But I want to see *you* (Jay)." I like being able to express my attraction and desire directly.

We talk. I am telling Jay my story with animation and energy. After a time the scene changes. We are outside walking to another location, and in the process cross over a bridge. I am dancing ahead alone a lot of the time, in and out.

Someone tells me to be sure and see what's over on the side of the bridge so I point this out to Jay and those he is with. I had seen it before. I recall looking over and seeing these large rubber hose/pipe things and water spouting out.

There was a long single file of people walking to a low lying building where we were all going. I glanced back and saw burly Bob Chapman wheeling a disabled guy. I was glad he was doing this and not me. I turned aside not wanting to be seen.

The scene changed again. I was aware of moving in and out with Jay and others, mingling in the crowd. Jay's wife was in the scene somewhere too. I don't recall all that occurred.

But at one point we were on a couch. Jay's wife was on his left and he was explaining things to her. Another male figure, again was somewhere in the background.

Someone announced a song we were to sing, "I am happy in him." I immediately jumped up and volunteered to accompany on the piano. I started playing and people sang, but then I became aware that a woman, a rival, was also playing an organ at the other end of the room but in a different key maybe four notes lower. Someone commented that I was playing too high, but I knew I was playing in the right key. I continued playing and somehow it coincided with the organ though I was not aware of changing keys.

I came back to the couch. The male figure was in my place yet there was a small space between him and Jay. I just impulsively plopped down in that space, squeezing in and saying, "You are two of my favorite guys."

I was aware at different points in the evening, in talking with Jay, that he had changed radically, from conservative to radical. I saw something in writing identifying him as a member of the National AIDS Industrial Army.

*Thoughts:* Russell mentioned that AIDS is a symbol of healing in a radical way, the facing of death. Also I learned at one point that Russell plays the organ.

November 18

I have had a series of night experiences, not dreams, but fragments or middle-of-the-night jolts. All of them appear to be connected to my tiredness and pressure in working and the need to stop.

I will wake up suddenly with a jolt and be aware of a word or phrase: "Stop" or "Blow up." Always there is the notion of danger, of alarm, of warning.

A few nights ago there was a brief dream attached.

**Dream:** I was in a vehicle and suddenly the idiot light went on, only it printed out a word something like "Watch it!" The scene then changed and I was on top of a slope in Maine. There was snow about. A bus was there and it was apparently mine, and disabled. I had it on a kind of leash and was letting it go down hill while I held the controls.

Two friends there told me to be careful because soon the bus would be out of sight

(implication: out of control) so I moved slightly but continued to guide the bus by this tail.

It went on down the road and when an oncoming car drew near, there was no collision. Eventually the bus came to a stop by the side of the road.

*Thoughts:* I interpret the bus to represent the party planned for Saturday night involving lots of people. I have gone through a period of having a lot of concern about this, wanting things to go well, and not sure the persons in charge could carry it off so I have stepped in and taken responsibility at various points.

I have also repeatedly spoken about my weariness and concern to Don and Dick, also how busy we seem to suddenly be at work. Plus I came down with a cold and the usual after-effects of phlegm and asthma attack. I got very sick Saturday and Sunday and have had to be extremely careful. Staying home Sunday evening and just listening to music was helpful.

Then Monday I made some decisions to make specific requests of Dick and Don to cut back, and Tuesday we did talk and took some concrete measures to control the work load.

Now, last night, I awoke again, not with so much of a start, but a word came to me and it was "Martha." I instantly knew what that meant. "Martha, Martha, you are anxious and troubled about many things. . ."

Then, a bit later, as I ruminated on this, I thought about how I would act on the insight of sitting at Jesus' feet like Mary. I thought about spending time in the Poustinia, journaling, reading, praying, listening, and as I thought I became aware that spending quiet time in this way was actually essential to me.

Then I suddenly realized for the first time the force of the comment of Jesus about Mary, "the one thing needful." It was necessary, essential. Not just a better choice. But essential. Better to sit at Jesus' feet because it is absolutely necessary, rather than because it is what I "ought" to do.

November 30

**Dream:** I was in a big house where some sort of a party was going on. I think all women. Two figures stand out—Jeanne and Char.

At one point—I can't recall the building—I shouted down a wide staircase at Char and had it out with her, told her off.

Afterwards, when I went downstairs and was leaving I sensed people were talking about me, explaining my outburst.

Two women had come to the affair expressly to see how Char and I made our home together. I felt badly about their possible misunderstanding of Char's and my relationship, so I went back upstairs to them where they were preparing to leave and began explaining that "before, Char and I had had an idyllic relationship." I also commented to them that I appreciated their courage in coming to see how a home was conducted, only in the dream, there was some confusion between the word *home* and *work*.

*Thoughts:* Jeanne and Char are both counselors, and represent male and female images, respectively.

I haven't been doing my *home work*, and have been mingling the two to the exclusion



of inner soul preparation for my work and I can feel that gap. I've been "shouting down" the receptive feminine part.

(Later, 2003: I now see both Jeanne and Char as representing rather complete identification with their work, mingling personal and professional to a sometimes dangerous point. I too have such a tendency.)

December 1

**Dream:** A dream fragment upon awaking. I am just over the edge of a high steep sandy cliff at ocean's edge. Betty Gardner starts to dive down, presumably to get something a short distance from the edge.

With alarm, I see that she may fall all the way down, or slide, though there is a large elbow of tree branch protruding three quarters of the way down and I hope she can grab it.

But she quickly descends all the way and into the water. It is clear and I see her slide easily and slowly down into its depths.

There is nothing I can do (I can't?) but I trust she will remain calm and not panic.

She does. She rises easily to the surface and I see how she may be able to grasp the branch. I awaken.

*Thoughts:* It feels a little like my descent to the unconscious and letting go of frantic activity. Going deeper. Betty has remained a true friend through our different ways of holding our faith.

December 5

**Dream Series:** I am walking down a corridor at an airport. Don is a few steps behind me and we decide to joke casually about being "gun runners" to deflect suspicion when we go through customs because we *are* running guns.

I become aware of a man behind me carrying a large box and I try out the joke on me but realize it's too hard to carry it off and raises the whole idea in others' minds unnecessarily, so I want to get to Don and tell him not to use it. I then realize the man is carrying a box which belongs to me and I am surprised and grateful.

As we come into the lobby area—spacious and not crowded—light and airy, a clerk leaps to a counter to serve us. Don brings up our large suitcase which has come unfastened and I whisper to him about the gun running and not to use it.

The space now seems to be part of the plane and it is dark like in the lobby of a restaurant or even a train. A waiter comes to ask us if we want to eat. There are several settings and he goes to check when tables are available. But Don and I are not hungry, having eaten recently.

Now I am in a small dark room, an eating space, with three round tables. Everyone there (the room is crowded) has been to the same convention.

A young woman (whose identity changes later to a man resembling the best man at last night's wedding, who is deaf) gets the attention of the group and points her remarks at a person at another table across the room. Both she and the other person are similar and

their gender is not certain to me. She says, "I liked the whole convention, except for the leading speaker, the Wesley man," at which the crowd roars, feeling the same.

After the tumult subsides, she speaks again. I am identifying strongly with her as she speaks (it is the same feeling I have when I speak up in my supervision group at Campion). Again the crowd responds with enthusiasm and affirmation.

The third time she tries to get the attention of the group, she does not succeed. There is too much hubbub.

### **Dream of Awakening Kundalini Energy:**

Now I am in a bedroom with bunk beds in it. There are three others there — a young girl, lying somewhat limply on a bunk and I have a sense of color around her, perhaps clothing — in bright pink and aqua. Then there is a young woman — dark-haired and short of stature (resembling the dancer in the recital I attended last night). The third person is a woman, the mother of the young girl and I am only aware that she is there. I have no visual image.

'The issue seems to be the young girl being initiated into sexual knowledge. This is to be done by the young woman (I am not sure if the mother may have urged this, or not.) And an argument for going ahead with it is made, "See, she's even wearing the kundalini."

(That seemed important. . .) It had something to do with colors too.

I am feeling tremendous empathy for the girl combined with fear. It has to do with one's first experience of being opened up. It is an intense feeling, with a lot of confusion.

Then I see that the young woman is going ahead and moving over by the bed where I have been sitting with the young girl lying there. As the young woman begins, I quickly jump up by the mother and procure some Vaseline and give it to the young woman who proceeds to apply it to the girl's buttocks and genital area. I have a vivid image of that — the girl's body turned away and that area exposed. As I begin to see/feel the gentle stroking —

The scene changed. I am in a darkened bedroom and the orientation is different. I am leaning against one post of a bunk bed and am in a limber position, as though preparing for penetration by a penis. Don seems to be in the dimly lit room in the same relationship in space as the mother figure was.

I have now "given in:" to the experience the young girl is to have an am prepared to experience it (vicariously?) with her. I anticipate the pleasure.

At this point I become aware of a ruckus outside. There seem to be hordes of college boys whooping through the area Indian style. I am a little nervous that the window blinds have not been turned right and others could see inside where clearly what is going on is private.

The young woman stops (this is a jolt to me, as I am "into" the anticipation of pleasure) and asks if there is a bathroom near. I am irritated at the interruption. She goes past me to go out to the hall and go to find the bathroom, and as she does so, she remarks about the open blinds. I slip over and pull down the shades, one at a time, being careful to conceal myself from exposure to view. The activity outside is continuing, but no one seems concerned to look in the windows anyway. I am again aware of Don's presence there.

And I awaken.

*Thoughts:* As I awaken, it occurs to me that I had no sense in the dream that it was strange to think that a young woman could initiate another female sexually by penetration — which was the kind of initiation I was expecting.

From the beginning of thinking about this dream, I've been convinced that it had to do with something other than just sexual initiation.

I looked up Kundalini in various texts and finally found a key reference in June Singer's *Androgyny*. It is indeed related to the seat of sexual/spiritual energy, some blend of the two, which is at the base of the spine, near the sex organs.

I am reminded of my own transformational experience at 37, when I felt energy course through me. It was not orgasmic, yet it did seem related to sexuality more broadly.

My thoughts and images tumble about in confusion. I am not so much interested in analyzing the dream, its symbols and images, as the entire sense or feeling of it all.

The events surrounding the dream seem significant and related too.

On Friday, my first experience was at Campion where I am always very active in the group. I always "find my voice" and can make myself heard like the young woman in the restaurant. There is a certain power there with people, in a public setting. (Interesting, that in the dream she became confused or merged with the deaf best man.)

That day, we drove to a wedding, probably one of the more bizarre experiences of my life. Jim's mother died Wednesday, the matron of honor got stuck in Everett with a broken down car, the best man was deaf and had to be shepherded about, the preacher was a cripple and hunchbacked woman, Sharon, whom we drove up there, is legally blind, and the arrangements of the wedding in general were very helter-skelter. Jim was wearing a cotton turtle neck and he put it on just after coming from the shower, so it stretched out of shape and he had to have it safety pinned, and so on.

We left early in order to make it to Chris Waugh's recital in Allston, a happening-drama-dance-song event which was skillfully choreographed, timed to the millisecond, everything the wedding was not.

I was deeply affected by the recital — Chris's stark girl-like figure. He was wearing

tights. The dancer working with him, with her shapely buttocks. The deeply mysterious element linking sacred texts and sexual imagery and references. It was very powerful. The dream picks up a great deal from the recital, whose title was Vision of Echo-Narcissus myth theme, in part, as a motif. There was a huge mirror up front too. It just had so much "material" in it for the issues I am currently dealing with.

After the dream, in the night, Don turned to me and the experience of loving had a new element in it which, again, was not orgasmic, but larger, and had something in it I can't describe.

December 6

**Dream:** A fragment of a dream last night had me in a group where I was forced to only speak English, though the situation seemed to call for Spanish. I remember being disappointed, put down, limited.

*Thoughts:* Upon awaking, the thought occurred to me "Eunice, you are not to go into the esoteric."

I had been somewhat awestruck by reading the bit on Kundalini and was getting grandiose notions about my specialness and this dream fragment was given to me to put me in my place. I am to speak plain English!

Interesting, too, when a friend came over Saturday afternoon, I found myself telling my story—the part about the transformation. I think that must have been in my subliminal consciousness.

*Such a rich life I am leading. I hear my Dad's voice reading his poetry on a disc. I turn in the night to be enfolded by Don. Women come to see me and talk. I take the wafer at Eucharist. I hear the tapes of choir music. Our house is warm and I have flowers on the kitchen table.*

December 8

**Dream:** On the spur of the moment, a friend and I flew to Germany and as a result of the sudden decision, I wonder about my schedule and Don notifying my clients.

But as we fly over the land, I am struck by the exquisite beauty of the landscape which is quite breathtaking. The colors, the variety, the plots of land—trees, grass. Then we are flying low enough to see people—a boy and girl flying a kite-like object, fragile delicate crafts, mobile-like things to hang in the wind, translucent, pink, diaphanous.

The woman I am with impulsively, though meaningfully, decides we'll alight here and we do.

We are in a village and do not know the language, but we seem to be able to manage in English.

We ascend a small knoll and enter a restaurant into a large dimly lit room. We are seated at a large round table, where a couple other people are seated. Immediately a waiter brings us a large tray of bread and lingonberry jam and sets it down. I am handed bread but have to ask for the jam (which I call linguini).

Then we seem to be seated on the other side of that table when turkey is brought to us, and two other delicacies—large flat objects which the waiter flips on to each other as he serves us. There are huge windows on all sides of the room with drapes drawn shut, except for the one window behind me. So I reach back to also draw those drapes shut.

I don't remember the dream coming to an end.

December 29 at Campion Renewal Center on retreat for the weekend

Why is it I long to write, yet am reluctant to do so? I have this urge to express, but by the time I put pen to paper, the words come out in mundane aridity, skim over the surface of the deeper sense underneath. I imagine myself to be a writer; I lie in bed or sit thinking the words, but to actually write is quite another matter.

I sometimes think that the tumble of thoughts in my mind is there to prevent me from premature attempts to do a magnum opus. At other times, I think this is just an excuse for not trying, for not consistently working at it.

But still I don't entirely understand the urgency I feel inside to tell my story, to chronicle my experience and growth, to express to others what I am learning.

I read one of May Sarton's journals (*Recovering*, 1978-79), read it avidly last night and this morning, hungry for the story beneath the words and also savoring her descriptions of nature or perhaps more accurately, feeling the experience beneath the words.

I think I also experience nature that way—in words—and always have, yet I do not write the words down.

All of this points to a two-edged conclusion—on the one hand, the disciplined life of ritual, of exercising mind and body, and on the other, and related to it, the ability to savor the moment.

I am ashamed at the way I wolf down a meal, throw a meal together on the table unceremoniously, careless about appearance and niceties, not using the time for the grace of conversation. I live like an animal.

Time, a tyrant. I use it to avoid living.

How can I experience *fundamental change* in the way I live my life?

Honesty in my prayer life requires that I admit I may not want a disciplined life, but only the results without effort.

I believe that there is always going on in me (and others) a process of growth and that dreams are a record of that process.

This speaks to me of the importance of the word "Direction" in the title of our organization and that the work to which I feel called now is acknowledging this more explicitly—the process whereby people get in touch with this inner directedness, and allow it to lead them to transformative experience.

This seems important to me.

From Progoff, *The Symbolic and the Real*::

The basic step in solving personal psychological problems is to avoid attacking them head-on. The best progress is made indirectly, by shifting the attention away from the specific problem or symptom, to the depth level of the psyche. There, by permitting the elemental symbol to unfold, a new quality of awareness is achieved by which the original problem is placed in a new perspective that restructures it so

that it can be resolved.

December 30

**Dream:** I am in a third floor apartment with three young coeds, one is blonde, one is brunette. They seem naive, nonchalant, adolescent. The doorbell rings and they are instantly alarmed. They look at each other, knowing there are two guys outside whose presence spells danger to them. They plan not to answer the door, hoping that will mean safety for them.

But I look out through the back and see the two fellows are at the back door. Everything is open back there. Their appearance is like punk.

I also see that the brunette young woman is outside the house, sidling along a narrow protruding ridge, coming from front to back of the building. I am also aware how high and shaky the third floor feels as though the building had a narrow base.

Each of the two fellows has an odd weapon. One has the bow of a bow and arrow.

The guys are now inside in the kitchen and we are all sitting around talking. I am aware that they are rapists and a third fellow there dressed in a vivid color is a psychopath.

It seems to me that I know the ending, as though I am re-enacting a movie, and everything is inevitable. Yet we play it out. I say something to the psychopath, then immediately worry that it will make my torture worse, so I apologize and restate what I said. He is impassive and seems to be a bit stupid. All three guys are adolescent, maybe 17-18.

Now I am down on a city street, bustling with people and noise and color. A train is there, with its steam engine. There are several black young men draped over the engine or atop it, hitching a free ride. The men are attractive and well-groomed, jovial and confident, though it seems to me that they may be taking a chance. But the police car behind me in the traffic takes no notice of them, as the train begins to pull out, moving very slowly.

I am now walking on a small path where the terrain is both rocky and grassy, an interesting and more solitary path. There are a couple others in my party, trailing behind me a bit as I forge ahead a little separately. I have a vague notion that we are all heading toward a restaurant.

As I climb up a short slope, I am aware that Phyllis C. is at the top of the rise, as I hear her laugh. She and a Ph.D doctor colleague are returning from lunch. She is wearing professional clothes, dark in color, as is he. As I approach the top of the rise, I am wondering if I can get by without being seen by her, and without having to acknowledge her. It almost seems that I can. I reach the top and start to go left and for a moment the drama heightens, slows down, and she is turned in my direction. I wave my hand toward her non-committally, and without really looking at her. Though she is facing me, she does not see me.

I continue on into a sort of alleyway. On my left are back yards of peoples' houses. At one I see a table. There are two small black sculptures on it which seem to bear some relationship to each other. There is a sense of roundness, like a miniature Buddha, and of sexuality, a penis? It seems that there is a moveable part on one that moves toward the

other.

At that moment, my awareness goes directly and suddenly back to the juncture on the path where Phyllis was and I am jolted awake with that somewhat terrifying awareness.

*Thoughts:* Last night I came to the deep realization that I want to work in depth with people. This dream tells me that such a decision has implications for my facing frightening and difficult parts of myself and especially my shadow. I think Phyllis has long represented my shadow side.

Later: rereading this, I am struck at the way the two parts of me did not acknowledge one another or didn't see each other, or was terrified by the other.

January 3, **1988**

**Dream:** Just this dominant image or prolonged moment from a dream, the rest of which I do not recall, but this one part stays with me powerfully.

I am in a large high-ceilinged room of an old house. It is full of people coming and going and mingling, moving, talking. I come before the place where the fireplace is but there is instead an enormous mirror, maybe as long as twelve feet and as high as eight feet. And in it, as though it were a movie screen, I see myself moving, talking.

I am caught by this and at first am afraid the image will disappear (out of some subliminal awareness that this is a dream) but the image remains and I watch myself as I move and talk and change.

I do this for some time, fascinated, charmed.

January 4

Awaking in the night. "I am to keep my sword in its sheath."

This has to do with patience in my work with people, not unleashing my advice and insights right away because I think I see clearly their situation and have a perspective on it which I know is helpful.

Such a temptation.

January 9

**Dream:** The dream had Jim Wallis in it as a primary figure relating to me and he was exceptionally kind to me. I didn't understand it.

I don't recall the events of the dream, just that I was in the community.

When I awoke, the phrase that came to me was: "constant surprises." This relates to the continual surprise that occurs as I work with people. I learn so much from each person. I truly feel they are my teachers and not the reverse.

January 22

I continue to learn so much from others. I keep wanting to tell people who help me.

Dear People,

You who come to sit at my feet.

I am sitting at yours.

January 24

**Dream:** I seem to be in England and by myself. I frequent a pub and am known there.

It is time for me to leave and I get up and walk to the pub early in the morning while it is yet dark. As I go, I pass through an area that seems desolate and decrepit, shadowy, and covered with snow like dust with dim lighting.

I come to consciousness as I approach the pub and suddenly am aware that I have been unconscious as I walked, and wonder if I'd been oblivious to danger. I decide that my comfort level is good and had there been danger I would have been alert enough for my safety.

I have brought no money with me, but I enter the pub, thinking I'll just pretend to use the phone. Someone is at the phone, so I take the phone book cover to a corner as if to look at it.

I am outside now and am aware (in my mind, not so clearly visually) of the complexity of the landscape, including distant mountains, rural stone cottages, and industrial type situations.

Two young women are ahead of me on the path and when I ask them a question, misunderstand and tell me their address where they are going next (they are also American student tourists). It is some place like Corkney (Cottswold, Cockswold, Cork?) and Surrey Street.

Now I am going back to my lodgings by the tunnel. This is the way to go. The tunnel is an immense area, entered by an array of doors and seems to correspond to our subways.

I am preceded by two enormous truck-like contraptions, more like giant cement mixers (quite intimidating) and they seem to be picked up by an invisible conveyor belt and moved painstakingly around a large cement pillar, then out into the valley (where the tunnel goes—the tunnel appears to actually be a huge valley excavated out).

Then I get picked up and without the visible support of any vehicle or structure, but holding onto a pipe tube attached to the side of the excavated valley, I begin to be carried forward.

As I hold onto the pipe, it moves slowly to curl around me and appears to form a seat for me as I am carried along.

There is a brief moment of catching my breath, wondering if I am going to sail out over space, but it seems to also be acceptable to maneuver my way along the valley staying rather close to the edge.

Now I am aware that others are taking trains in the tunnel, which are submerged under the surface. I picture the subway platforms and the trains. But I am riding high, a little uncertain, yet exhilarated.

The landscape is awesome, not beautiful. Just very big.

Another short segment of the dream contains the notion of a man on trial who gets off because a fool confesses for him. It seems to be in a book, and it is open to a page with the fool's picture. He almost seems to have a fool's mask on, and the caption says he is now "Away Sanitation 3707" meaning he has been permanently assigned to do sanitation work in a labor camp. (He was a Sanitation Engineer in life.) This is all taking place in Russia.



*Thoughts:* This all seems to be about my journey through the unconscious.

The tunnel part is related to what I am reading about falling anxiety, I think.

I am in another country, starting with the more familiar (England) but hinting at the less familiar (Russia).

I am growing comfortable with that shadowy world.

But is my understanding still too mechanical (trucks)? How am I being borne through it all? Am I too high still, to really experience my own unfinished business? As I sat thinking and reading last night, I was appalled to remind myself that I can lead others no farther than I have grown and I have such grandiose (Ah! the dream!) ideas of what is possible, e.g., for Janice, but I have no idea how to help her achieve fuller growth, in part, because her anxiety may be mine! And I have not dealt with mine.

January 28

After the Wednesday Supervision session with Russell, so much occurred. I feel full.

My back pain eased, I felt happy, buoyant again. I realize that the therapeutic hour is indeed "to be crazy in". I cast all my anxieties on him without regard to his needs and WOW! I felt better.

And again, I am reminded, as Russell said, I am simply called to be there. Not to be in control, or to know a lot, or to help people understand by the use of a cognitive structure, but to be with them.

I suddenly see what Ken Larson was telling me in 1984, to come to terms with "the mother" in me. I never could see this apart from my mother. I am mother. Mother is being with, in close contact, touching, being touched ("with the feeling of our [other's] infirmities."

It was clear this week in holding one woman while she cried, in massaging another's headache, in being with another nonjudgmentally when she cries, in bearing with another as she very slowly comes to life.

February 2

**Dream:** I am in a bare room. It is Life/Work Direction. The three of us are there around a table with Isabella (as we actually were last night).

We are trying to explain coping skill and motivational patterns, getting to the core energy, so to speak. Each of the three of us tried to explain it in his/her way.

Dick is doing well, but, as sometimes happens, goes too far in his cognitive theorizing. I get up and walk around behind him. We are all struggling, working at explaining it. Then Don gets in there (he's on my right now as I stand behind Dick in the seat I'd normally be in). He's all wrong, and I hit him to stop him. "No!"

We begin fighting with each other and I think, "Oh, too bad. This is the last session and it's ending like this!"

At about this point Judie S. walks in and starts to interrupt (divert) but we give her no heed and she sits down in the background.

And now I seem to be in a big bed very like ours at home. I get up on one elbow and am suddenly eager to explain by means of an example. This seems to be the only way to make it clear. (It's as if I wish I were more clever at doing it abstractly, but can only offer experience.)

I begin by saying, "My energy rises at a time when I go on to talk about how I am

motivated and use my core energy. . .like I'm doing now." At which point I realize I am naked and say this, but then immediately realize that's perfectly all right.; I'm under the covers. So I continue on, and it is clear for Isabella as well.

*Thoughts:* I am aware upon awaking that we had three terrific sessions in a row last night and that there are some clear reasons. (1) We worked off of each other's strengths better (we know each others' weaknesses all too well), (2) I'm deepening the vocational work in the same way as when I am working with individuals alone by casting aside the paper work and structure and getting to the real issue, and (3) we're all allowing more "air"—breathing room—in the sessions.

Also as this dream indicates, I am bringing the vocational work into my dreams as well.

**Dream 2:** I am in a processional on the platform of a church built in Congregational architectural style, not Episcopal. At one point, I lay a large cotton skirt across a "holy box" of some sort, meaning to get it later. The Bishop is in the processional and asks about the skirt. I kind of gulp, but then reply assertively, knowing it may not be "kosher" to have placed it there.

At one point, as I walk across the platform, I am aware that the sun dress I am wearing has slipped down low on my breasts and I hitch it up, feeling all right about it.

After the service I return to the platform to retrieve my skirt and can't find it anywhere. It has been taken and hidden.

Another segment of the dream has me with Peter T., babysitting in a rear corner of the sanctuary, actually in a kind of foyer area. I have a potted plant.

Also someone comments about Peter and his sister Mary that "they are both spoiled kids" but indicates that they are good kids too.

A third segment concerns being in the congregation during a service. A number of small children and elementary-aged kids are nearby. A young woman rises to make an announcement during that portion of the service.

She is announcing some sort of workshop for couples, and bungles it terribly, being very unclear. She has little slips of paper to hand out at random (part of some exercise or game in connection with the workshop) and all the kids are eager to receive one. She slowly distributes them and after giving one to a kid who apparently has a handicap and needs special care, has to give one to the older sister so she can care for the kid with handicap.

By this time, the woman's announcement is going on and on and taking too much time. I get up to whisper suggestions to her. She is muddled and being very unclear. She tries to change her wording and use my suggestions but misses the point and it's worse. A young boy in the pew challenges her, asking why she is passing out slips to him and kids his age if the workshop is for couples.

I whisper to her, or say aloud, Maybe it's really about sexuality.

At this point, the congregation is getting restive and the minister is going to take over again and bring things back to order. A man sitting across the church makes one more comment—a facetious speech aimed at me. "Does this mean we are saying that the Braintree church. . ." and goes on in a mocking way and does so with such derision and mockery that it is clear he is being humorous and I say, "Yes" responding in a similar

mocking vein.  
I awaken.

February 10

**Dream About “My Animal” and “Too Much Spirit”:** I am driving alone a road in an area that is wilderness/forest/recreational. There is a destination.

I am headed toward an extensive campsite which has several major areas. I turn off at the first entrance toward Pioneer Lodge, though I am aware, as I turn, that I actually am headed toward one farther on, so begin to plan to turn around.

I pass by the lodge. I note a few cars are parked, that it must be off season, so few people are there.

As I continue driving, I keep going through watery sections, some quite deep. My vehicle appears to be amphibious for it has no difficulty navigating.

I come to an area like a forest glade, again with considerable water. I have been noticing a number of animals, each appears one at a time, and is identical, the size of a very large dog, but furry (cheetah? in size, woodchuck in furriness, gray in color). Though I initially have a small bit of alarm/apprehension, I am aware the animal is benign and poses no threat. When it goes into the water it develops a large snout and looks like a hippopotamus. Somewhat amusing.

In this glade, I manage a U turn, brushing quite close to one of the animals. I drive back to the lodge and go up the hill toward it and park. Inside, there are all the signs of life—a cozy interior, but the person (caretaker?) is not home. I remember using his towel.

Outside, I go to my car. There is a pickup truck returning, backing up the hill. There is a sense of a lot of people and I think there was another segment to the dream but I do not recall it.

*Thoughts:* Russell and I worked on this dream. I drew a picture of the furry animal, which he suggested might be "my" animal the way shamans have a symbolic animal as part of their healing (Aeschlepyus and his snake, e.g.)

He also suggested the lodge might be like the Indian medicine lodges with the mysteries of healing contained therein. I had used the chieftain's towel though he was absent.

How have I recently detoured from my main destination?

I am able to navigate my own car and maneuver through land and sea. The animal when in water develops a snout, a sign of having a nose for the unconscious. Intuition. I can trust my instincts.

We then talked a while about my relation to my co-worker Dick and recent experiences and feelings as well as the early years after moving to Boston when I did so much interior spiritual and emotional work with him as a father/Father figure.

Gradually, Russell pointed out how my intense relationship to my own father had inundated me with "too much spirit" and that my dream had been compensating by having me enter the forest and the watery places (signs of the feminine) and encounter the furry animal with a blue eye (also feminine).

Something broke free in me then. "Too much spirit." This explains my feelings about Dad. It was too much spirit. It's hard to explain on paper but I could let go into the feminine. How I love it!

February 12

**Dream:** I am in a house, a party. Among those there is a young man who is attracted to me, prefers and values me. We interact with many people. As we are leaving, he and I are going out together. He is wearing a special shirt I recognize as one I have made, with blue predominant. It is one of the dashiki's I made for Don years ago (and which he gave to a therapist a few years ago!) but the design and color tones are those of the skirt I wore on the day of my miraculous transformation.

Now it is somewhat faded and there are little attachments at various places on the shirt, little humorous appendages and tassels.

I come close to the man and ask him if he has any idea who made his shirt. He realizes from this that I did. There is a sense that I'd given it to Edith Thomson (Canadian friend) who had worn it for awhile and then put it in a rummage sale where he bought it.

Then I go out the door of the house (on Maryland Street) with Tommy. I am aware of her clothing, a tan linen, square-styled two piece dress. The man is right behind and commenting on how our styles of dressing may be alike. I am not sure about that. Tommy tends toward style but very understated and British. I am more peasant. Tommy and I start walking down the street, arms clasped about each other. Then she began to weep, and we stopped and stood in the middle of the street (a Naomi-Ruth feeling or Naomi-Orpah?). I held her beautifully, it seemed, and kissed her head.

(This is the image that persisted above all others in my night of dreams.)

The man was aware of what was happening and reverently slacked his pace so as not to intrude, but I knew this and that he was there.

Tommy and I walked on. She separated her body from mine at one point. She was on my left. But then she placed her hand over my bare right knee. Then we walked on, once more embracing.

At the corner we passed a dump truck where three men, including one policeman, were clearing out debris from the trailer part. They were laughing and sinking down in the debris.

On a city street, I pass a long van with windows like a chair car on a passenger train. Inside is a group of young women, painted faces, southern belles. They are a traveling musical group but I feel sorry for them, for they seem confused and closely supervised by a few older women. It seems they have to be restrained and proper.

Then there is a sense of passing another longer van (much longer) and again the proportions of a train car, only narrower. I pass through this vehicle from back to front. There are various ages of women, but again I am conscious of an age gap. The younger women seem more natural and free here but I imagine the tension that could exist in such cramped quarters.

I notice sinks and some cots and realize they all sleep here in this space. I go to the very back and there is a grid of nine women in this area. I move around the sinks to the back where there are three beds.

The person in the third bed calls hers a kind of bridge between the other two. I identify with her and her rebellion and want her to know that I have just come from a session with a therapist and have been crying. I want her to know that, to see my tears, to feel identification, our common rebellion.

*Thoughts:* As I was writing this last segment, I noted the idea of "destination" and turning off too soon. In the work Russell and I did on the Wednesday dream in the wilderness, the early turn off proved good for it put me in touch with my feminine side and instinct.

I see some indications in these dreams that I can make mistakes, and not find it serious. That I can trust my instincts. That my part may be simple, adding the "stirring" implement. That I can forget. I can receive help.

Later: Tommy tried to kill herself at one point. She is the part of me that wanted to die. The other part is her elegant grace and wit, integrity, intelligence, womanliness. And she had a strong father influence.

February 13

**Dream:** I am in a large square sparsely furnished room. It seems that Don is in one corner, my mother diagonally opposite, and I am sort of in the middle of that wall to her side. A young woman is in the other corner, by a window in a rocking chair.

The young woman is speaking to us saying something about being eleven years old. Her appearance is that of a young woman however, her hair piled on her head in back, old-fashioned. I have an impression that she may be my mother's sister, or my cousin.

As soon as she mentioned her eleventh birthday, I respond eagerly, "That's an important year for me!" And I begin to talk about it, for she asks me "Why?" So I carefully talk about the two experiences—my baptism at 5 and my going to the altar at 11, and the meaning of each, how the six-year-old experience was in part related to my desire to be included in the family, but at eleven how I was making a more personal and conscious choice to be in God's family.

As I begin talking, I hear Mother's heartbroken gasp and her crushed non-verbal reaction. . .and I know she is very angry and threatened by this interpretation, for it undermines both her theology and her view of her own parenting. As I continue to talk therefore, I try to use language that is both true to me, yet not needlessly cruel to her.

The young woman then starts to respond by offering an alternative interpretation. She has both dignity and simple beauty.

I awake.

I am also aware that in the room there is a piece of furniture with an altar-like setup and a mirror over it.

**A second dream fragment** concerns my mother having seen a picture and read an article about something that happened during the Depression that she had not realized and which alters her view of Labor. It has to do with a large white building that was put up as a residence for the President (?) at great expense.

I reply that, yes, I am aware that this happened and that I saw a picture (it was really a movie, but I carefully avoid a term that could offend or make my statement less credible in her eyes) recently that corroborates this. There is a feeling that she has at last allowed a new consciousness to enter her.

The next scene is of a square basement room where men in the labor movement are gathered to confer. I don't recall much about that except that they are restive and have strong feelings.

February 14

**Dream:** The scene is from South Africa and a great deal is going on politically and militarily in this country. The persons in the dream are both black and white, male and female, and these distinctions are important.

A group of us have to leave and gather our belongings—a cassette radio with a cord dangling is one of the more awkward items.

We march out of a building single file between rows of others—black, white, male, female. Most are rather haggard white middle-aged men.

As we step out into the dark, I caution the guy behind me to pick up the loose cord dangling, then pick it up myself.

We head toward the river, a dark muddy slow-moving body of water with an island of trees in the middle. We head down some broad wooden steps and simply walk out into the water. The river is not wide at all.

As we move out into it, I see dozens of skiffs carrying black children, each one marked by a tiny white light, so that the boats look bejeweled.

On the opposite bank, we walk onto a lawn full of weeping willow trees. Each tree is full of small black boys who have clambered up into its branches and rolled their bodies into tiny balls, so that they resemble giant fruits hanging from the limbs.

The feeling of the dream is a combination of fear of danger and nonchalance. It is as though I somehow believe I won't be caught, but I am in the midst of a great deal of danger for others.

February 17 Ash Wednesday

**Lent:** The absence of intentional reflection from my life is a great poverty. I have relied on dreams to carry the weight of this processing of my life without engaging my mind on a conscious level.

The Examen may be a helpful way to add this dimension to my life. In particular, this grew out of my Ash Wednesday experience. Kathryn's homily on acknowledging sin—and then my surprising statements in a counseling session about viewing one's supposed psychological blocks to growing up and facing objective reality as sin rather than neurosis. I know I shocked her, made her uncomfortable and angry.

But I too need to be open to the same possibility. So I went through the day in my mind last night to see where sin lay. It was surprising to me how clearly I could

remember the entire day and identify the points where I parted ways with Jesus and went on my own. I am a sinner, a rather constant and persistent one, and not as repentant as I would like to think.

So this will not be easy to do but I have decided to do it this Lenten period, with trust that it can become interwoven into my life, for it seems to be something I need and which will help me sleep more soundly and awaken refreshed and spiritually ready for each new day.

February 23

Sleep makes a difference, blots out the sharp remembrance of yesterday but I forgot to write last night.

It was a long day, beginning with my "new" work in the morning at home, seeing three people and ending with the "old," an assignment at Lesley, counseling adult students, a mixed bag. I found the women rather more interesting and vibrant than the men, as a general rule.

It is hard for me to go through the in-between-ness of others' growth after the climactic breakthroughs but not in depression's pit, just bumping along. I seem to require high energy, or defined problems, or I don't feel challenged or effective. How can I be with others in the ordinariness of their experience?

I feel the need to continue deepening faithfully, not just working off heights or depths, mine own or others.

February 24

I am not doing so well on the evening Examen. And in the morning, yesterday looks quite remote. There's something about evening that encourages retrospection and repentance. Morning brings insight, hope, new resolve.

Still there is yesterday, starting in the morning and the turn around with P.J.—such exuberant relief in change, taking me back to my own spring of 1967. It is possible to change radically. And I am renewed by realizing it again in another.

If I am giving more deeply then I must receive more deeply. This I am learning to do but very slowly. It is all too natural for me to lay hold on growth rather than receive.

Last night's imaging led to realizing that core problem: receiving.

Evening:

How am I to love Don, to consider him first? My primary relationship, to use Cheryl's term.

How am I to advise Holly in her movement through life? What do I know of the solitary life and its riches? I only know its loneliness.

Can I stand firm with people led by the Spirit, not good therapeutic technique?

What is initiation for women, apart from sexual experimentation? A priest must know.

February 26

Noon, at Campion on retreat:

Here I am at Campion, a little early for my time with Tom in spiritual direction.

I find myself ambivalent or a bit like I'm saying goodbye to an era.

I am learning in a new way. I miss the good feeling of spiritual "highs" I have had

here on retreat. I am afraid to leave them, to go elsewhere, also afraid to stay, lest the glory has departed.

I don't clearly understand all this. I don't feel antagonistic nor do I feel drawn toward the Lord in ways I once knew. I am not dead to God, nor am I especially alive.

I am planning not to come out here for spiritual direction on a regular basis. About week-long retreats, I don't know. I'd like to try something new, but am afraid to.

I want to be honest here in these pages and with Tom, yet wonder if I can, not sure if I know the truth or whether I am just reluctant to deal with it. So I hide it.

Only God knows. May the Lord show Tom and me.

Nightly Examen: The quiet in the prayer room at Campion before I saw Tom teaches me again the nurturance of silence.

Tonight Kathy and Skip, Don and I, sat together and I became aware of how quiet I have become—naturally.

Music—another solace. But a certain nostalgia has gone, probably centered around Dad, as a result of realizing his "spirit" around me was too much, blotting out the feminine.

I am glad to be alive.

I look forward to retreat later on, wherever God leads me.

February 27

Today, Diane was depressed, didn't want to come. I felt the need to be encouraging, to relate, as Russell had suggested. Would I have trusted my intent without his encouragement? Can you lead me, Jesus, as easily as the men in my life to whom I listen so readily? (Don had "warned me" about drug people. . .and I tend to follow his lead.)

This is important, to be led of God.

February 28

It appears from my reading in Jung that the spiritual is far more connected to the work I am doing than I had supposed. I was content to call it "pre-direction". But the images from the unconscious, I am increasingly convinced, are of God and relate to the realm of the Spirit.

I am into something that goes far beyond my understanding (conscious, at least) and perhaps my experience.

Tonight my head aches, and I am glad to go to sleep and let my tumbled consciousness yield to the deeper levels.

Come to me, Lord.

March 1

The women I work with are coming to me with signs of hope as step by step they receive new life. I remind myself at night as I review the day, how it is that God is at work in them, and through and in me. It is easy to be inflated, to arrogate to myself that which is the Lord's.

Waiting for God in silence (Psalm 62) is one of the hardest things for me to do, though also one of the most rewarding. Perhaps those two things are connected, when something occurs seldom, it has more power?



I had trouble today moving with the rhythms of Don and Dick, building on their work and instincts. I am either all on or all off, it seems. I think it might be important spiritually to be more attuned to others. I have a certain confidence in my own instincts I lacked before but I want to be able to feel the spirit in all of us together as well as in me, or them, as separate entities.

March 4

Ah, dreams! It's been a while.

**Dream 1.** Don and I are being driven home by Scott Heald. I am in the back seat and it turns out to be a convertible. I am surprised when Scott turns right, east, at one point, when I would have gone straight ahead, but I say nothing thinking that he prefers to go to "the Drive" (we are in Chicago) because it is a through route. Then we come to a stop along the avenue we are driving east and I see that he plans to drop us off there. There's no subway or bus route that I can see and we are miles from home. I am furious and I start letting him have it. Don is already getting out of the car and seems to feel okay about this but I am enraged. My rage seems not to be able to effect the situation. Scott is his unflappable obstinate self.

I wake up.

In the night, then, I experience a strange and frightening sensation in my body. I can't define the quality at first and it is something I have never experienced before. It gets extremely intense and seems to be occurring through just the torso section of my body. I finally realize it feels like an explosion or implosion. I wonder if it has something to do with blood pressure. I feel sure something physiological happened.

**Dream 2.** I am in a room for an interview with the next two candidates for co-rectorship of our parish—Richard and Jennifer. The group of us are preparing to meet with them. We seem to be ready for a confrontation. I am facing the group in a rather small dark room. Jennifer is taking the heat, answering the question. Richard, I notice, seems to be skulking in the back row and not active in responding to the question.

I move around behind them and begin to talk to him myself. We embrace and kiss, in the process. I am asking him pointed questions but in a jocular fashion. Lisa is beside me, and we are also in cahoots. Then Jennifer is there in front of us, and earnestly trying to answer a question we are posing regarding pastoral care. She is explaining why a person might act in a certain way. "She might be this, or that," etc. and I break in and interrupt saying, "I say it is because she is neurotic!" and Lisa and I break out laughing. It is hilariously funny. Jennifer is discomfited by our mirth but we are overcome by our laughter and continue, till I wake up.

*Thoughts:* My reactions to this night of emotional intensity is that I need outlet, balancing. It felt so good, especially the laughing. But there is also a warning in my body. I need expression. Feels like a good belly laugh, silliness, would be wonderful.

Zangazi—and language—a performance piece of power. Sometimes experiences that speak in mystery say much more than the prosaic.

It was a contrast to my time with Sue as we talked of receptioning in the factory. I

need the unspeakable, that which is beyond explanation, "beyond sense."

March 5

**Dream:** I live in a tall apartment building. In a vacant lot beside it, I have planted seeds for a garden and am trying to water them but have difficulty. There seem to be obstacles, and possibly danger. Also the ground is not level, but hummocky and not very well plowed. The atmosphere is dark—night.

Well I am up against it. Up against my self, maybe. I took a chance and confronted someone with what I perceive to be her amorality, her disconnection between body and mind, action and feeling. Actually, it's more like body and soul. She didn't understand, felt ignorant, scolded (like with her father). I didn't know how to proceed. We tried to come to some resolution, at least meeting place, but how can we do that if she sees no problem. I feel down, but am not sure if that's because I wasn't successful or because I made a mistake or if it just goes with the territory, that confronting someone is no fun.

Right now I am feeling out of sorts and absent from God. "The glory has departed"—that feeling. No power. I ask myself, "Is that good, in a way?" Because maybe my usual sense of power is when I rely only on my own cleverness and instinct. And most people do "follow" me. But this person draws a blank, often.

I also think I am very impatient.

March 7

**Dream:** I am to take a journey. The terrain seems mountainous—Alpine. The start of the climb is up a moss-covered slope, sort of steps in the bed of an old cataract. It is steep and beautiful.

At one point, I am aware of a map of our route, and a place called Litanía off to one side. It seems necessary to go there, because this is where Mother needs to go. We drive on another more main route until we come to a congested area on the map called Odessa and then we make the crucial turn toward Litanía. As we do, I double check that we do need to go that way and I am aware that it is somewhat out of our way, generally northeast. The answer, with assurance, is "yes" and the sense is that it is related to mother.

At another point we are driving along a valley, approaching Epsom from another way than usual, a back way, and I am trying to see if I can orient myself from this new direction, as we approach the village.

We are in a house (Aunt Mabel's?) at one point and people are gathered. (Is she dying?)

Then we drive to a hospital to visit Phil. We first go into a corner room on the first floor and I say, "Oh no, he is on the fourth floor." The corridors are crowded with people and a bed being wheeled and we are maneuvering an odd gadget along that has a TV on it (a little like the structure on the set of the Friday evening performance of Zangazi). It is on wheels.

Phil comes leaping down the corridor toward us, dressed in a business suit, and brushes past us because he has heard the TV room is available and this is rare and he wants to get in it. I wonder why since we are to visit him and if he will rudely listen while we are there.

*Thoughts:* It is good to be working with persons who are able to do a lot on their own. Those less able are a challenge too. Today I was reminded again of my need to depend on God. It is best to keep aware of my limits.

A full day and now to sleep. Can I "stop"? I am aware of my racing heart, lungs, mind. Who do I think I am that I can ignore my body in this way and my soul/spirit?

March 8

**Dream:** A woman is talking about her journey to Russia over the past nine years. It occurs to Don and I that we could go there on a vacation on the spur of the moment. So we take two suitcases and go to the station to wait for a train to take us to the airport. We wait for some time and no train comes.

Then we are in the street, and I am trying to hail a taxi. The street is like the Jamaicaway with swiftly moving busy traffic. An old rattle trap starts to stop but we wave it on. We want a taxi.

There is a sense now that Mother has gone ahead and is already there in Russia. I plan to surprise her by arriving, maybe even maneuvering to secretly get on the same plane and I imagine myself doing that. I carefully choose several pieces of fruit to take with me —orange, apple, grapefruit, large and luscious, so as to help with expenses eating breakfast at home.

I also am told of a place where I could hear beautiful music. The sense is of a broken down slum-like spot where hippie types might hang out. Ruth Anna has been there. There is the sense of the song. (Diva, also Chabrol's movie - the Brahms song). I am also aware that the actual place no longer exists.

*Thoughts:* Mother. Mother Russia. I have embraced the Mother, at last. I am taking her journey within me. I at last am experiencing what Ken Larson told me to four or five years ago.

Later: In effect Russell is telling me I am just to be with people, to listen, not to tell, to talk, to be clever. It is the hardest thing I have to do. Ironic. To be successful, I must do nothing. Back to the Retreat message of long ago. "Without Me, you can do nothing." And with Jesus, I need do nothing.

Nothing. Nothing. Nothing.

YUK! Help!

March 14

**Dream:** I am at an airport and get into a plane, only to find the pilot is driving it along the road. We are going very fast, just skimming the surface. The ground is snow-covered. we are taking the curves very fast and as we round one curve, suddenly our side of the highway has a large snow bank covering our lane. We slide across the lanes of traffic to the opposite side, hugging the side of the road, going against traffic and hold that position. A limo coming toward us moved out of our way just in time. We go all over the road dodging traffic.

Then we are in a dark sheltered area, getting ready to park. We see a red pickup truck moving into place to park. There is not enough room, but the woman driver crunches on in and her truck completely covers a small red convertible. She gets out of the car and surveys what she has done, then walks a few feet forward and sits in another open vehicle

with her two sons to wait for the owner of the convertible and whatever consequences.

**Dream:** I have gotten together with Jeanne and at least one other person around a square table. I have planned to confront her. She opens up the opportunity perfectly and I move right in, saying it all very carefully and well. But afterwards it does not have the desired effect. She is hurt and resistant and I am frustrated that nothing can be done (or undone). It didn't work.

*Thoughts:* Dominant themes have to do with the need to play, lighten up and not careen, move in like a truck, confront. It is all very embarrassing.

March 15

Iris Pearce in the workshop said two things that made me want to change in my approach:

*"If you listen and don't give advice, people will share from their persona. If you continue to listen and not give advice, they will share their wounded self (shadow/sarx) and if you persist in listening and not giving advice, they'll speak from their nous (soul center)."*

That is worth waiting for.

"People don't care if you know; they just need to know that you care."

Today went much better. I am not conscious of the Lord's presence actively on the surface but more connected underneath and I feel as though the work was coming along in an integrated fashion. Today was unusual, too, in that most of the sessions were individual work, one pre-marital with Don one regular one with Dick and then time at SSJE. I don't get so weary working alone. I need to see what is responsible for that difference. Competition? Hmm. And so to sleep and be with Jesus.

March 17

**Dream:** The old recurring dream that I have not dreamed for ages. I am at a reunion and get together with my college boyfriend, feel the attraction, though I am anxious, trying hard, and we have good contact. Then we go down stairs to eat. I am with a nondescript woman friend who is sitting at a square table waiting. I invite him to eat with us and he seemingly accepts. I get my food and sit down; he is off talking to friends (female, former girlfriend) at another table. Then he comes over, picks up his silver and salad and excuses himself. He is going off to eat with a friend. I realize his attention meant little. I awaken, resigning myself to being single, feeling heavy hearted, till I realize it was a dream.

*Summary:* I can attract someone but I can't force that one to stay.

*Associations:* My first love, awakening, aborted initiation, vulnerable to me, prosaic, intelligent, independent.

Reunion = stir up old longings for connection, invariably disappointing, mark changes in people, have a story behind each face.

Message: Stay awake. Life is better than dreams. I don't win by effort, brilliant

seduction, being irresistible. Some people don't want the downstairs part of life.

Response: Let God choose, bring to me whom He will. I have chosen to go down to my depths with others.

This analysis doesn't entirely satisfy me and doesn't speak to the recurrent nature of this dream. Maybe the boyfriend in the dream = me.

March 20

Again, I am aware, and was, as I fell asleep last night, that I am learning how to relax, but that I do not yet know how. I think that one missing piece is quiet reflection, that pool of serenity that comes from intentional contemplation, but as yet I find myself resisting this to my detriment, I expect.

But, as the following dream will show, I am being provided with "free entertainment" at night. The message is clear and strong. Birth must needs be accompanied by mirth!

**Dream:** We are at a wedding, sitting in the center of the congregation. The bridal party and groomsmen are on the platform in a ^ shaped formation. There is a general hubbub among them. At one point the bride, who like the others in her entourage, is dressed in a rose-colored gown with puffed sleeves and a short train, moves over to one of the men, perhaps the groom, to whisper a message, then finds it difficult to turn around (and not trip over her train) and get back in place. At this point she looks to be someone I recognize as Cynthia Brown.

The MC—the woman at the front end of the ^ lineup, Cynthia, at first, tries to start the ceremony and has to get the attention of the bride who is doing last minute things.

Suddenly the bride leaps up and yells, "Beth made it!" The bride now is a brunette and towards the back of the ^. We all are aware that Beth had to come all the way from Iowa and barely made it. This is the beginning of a much more informal atmosphere. Hubbub continues and increases.

Soon four children clamber onto the platform to be part of the wedding party. Two little blond girls, an older girl and a young boy wearing black boots and red stockings, who goes onto the groom's side and is accepted into the line-up by one of the men. All are enfolded into the wedding party.

The new thing is that their part is over and they go to sit down in the front row. The bride impulsively steps out of line and scoops up the two little girls from the front row and hugs them. She is trying to show special appreciation for their short part, because they came so far and arrived so late. She has a little bouquet of heather. Then it is tulips and she spreads them all over the altar table in front of the first row. She feels effusive appreciation.

I remark to Don that the bride is zany and I realize how a marriage like theirs can work.

The MC tries to proceed at this point and quiet the hubbub and irregularity of things.

But I am "into" the mirth at this point and I awaken, chuckling over the attempt now to change the tone to a repeating of "solemn vows."

March 29

In the night hours God comes to me. I am not always aware of the message but upon

waking, I know God has spoken. It is one way that God has to penetrate me.

I have gotten away from all methods of quiet time as habit, but I still need that constant infilling, communion, contact, feeding.

I am thankful, so thankful, for visible changes in the persons I am working with. A true miracle of grace I am witnessing and am a part of.

April 1 Good Friday

**Dream 1:** I am in a museum-like area, very light and airy and spacious and large, L-shaped. Don is laboriously writing out a statement of some sort. I am talking on the phone to Alicia, thanking her profusely for being helpful to (Makiko?).

Then Dick recedes and Don goes over to the typewriter and pecks out his message. I stand by him. The message is hand written as it emerges, very scrawly. It says he wants to work without pay and just be a blessing.

**Dream 2:** I am alone, biking along a road in Maine/Vermont. I am finding my way to a familiar town I have been in before. I think I remember the turns.

I go up a woodland road/path by a body of water and it seems dark and possibly dangerous for me. I recognize it as being near Rutland, Vermont (where I started on the Appalachian Trail in 1950). I am afraid to turn back.

I finally come to a corner where there are rural-type men gathered, and ask the way. It is a friendly atmosphere and they give me directions. I leave without being sure, and continue to wend my way. I know I'll return and will be able to find my way home.

I can't remember the part of the dream where I arrived.

I was looking for a familiar place, a long lost memory.

April 6

**Dream :** I am on the floor of a large square room, dark. There are windows behind me and on three sides. Across from me Char is seated. Out the windows I am aware of a soft light, some rain. The room seems to be an extension of an old stone church.

It is some sort of a gathering on dreams (a learning experience) and I am sharing mine. Char says, "Wow! You have such exotic dreams. Do you order them that way?"

Momentarily, I think the remark may be mocking or sarcastic (envious?) then decide to go with it and I reply, with verve, "Yeah! I decided if I'm going to get into this, I am going whole hog. So God give me the whole works!" Everyone laughs.

And I awaken with the sense, "I'm a blessing."

April 14

**Dream:** I am by a lake and there is word that an auto is submerged. It has just happened and is alarming. I look down at the water. It's gray-tan in color and there is an antique car there on its side. People are hurrying over to retrieve its contents. Dick steps up, dressed in a gray-tan suit and he strides into the water with a butterfly net and begins removing stuffed toys. I keep wondering about the possibility of people still there, but gradually realize there must be only these toys.

April 16

I think I am at a point in my relationship to Russell and my training, that is important.

I need him, rely on him, yet am eager to move more deeply, perhaps into more formal training. As usual, I am in a hurry. But I need to rest in the security he provides.

In the arboretum, among the trees. "I sat down under his shadow."

I need time for my burdens to be borne. It is hard to still care for my mother. I want to be told it is too much for me. As Russell told me I was carrying too much spirit (father), so the mother is too much.

Reading the Persephone-Demeter myth and Helen Luke's *Woman: Earth and Spirit*, the chapter on mother-daughter.

I long for a language, fresh, clear, to the point, that will help young women give meaning to their experiences.

I am full of LIFE. . .but I need alone time drinking in soul food and drink.

April 17

After a Saturday night play, "Persephone and Hades" done in modern style with audience participation.

**Dream:** A black man is fleeing from the law. He is ordinary in appearance, not ominous. He is in a red car, a hatchback, with large windows so the interior is light and seems spacious. A young boy is with him.

At a gas station, a black woman is the attendant. She opens the hood which is mostly empty. Some signs of an engine to one side. She begins to ask questions, clearly she is suspicious.

The man finally says, "I am going to have to take you along now; you know too much." She is very afraid and pleads with him, clinging to the front left fender. He insists.

I awaken, afraid, and carry on the scenarios, imagining all sorts of ways he can evade capture and also be kind to the woman and let her off free without harm or jeopardizing his situation. Then I go back to sleep and dream again.

This time I am in a jail where everyone likes it and is friendly. It has a long time reputation in a small town.

I am aware the black man is here and is plotting an escape. He has deposited a big car on a junk heap outside, upside down, and is trying to have gas brought in from outside so he can right the car and escape.

We are walking down the hall past a black female attendant and try to allay her suspicion.

A white man with a teenage son and daughter is brought in drunk and the word is that this is the worst kind of offense that occurs, i.e., mild. He is ashamed because his children are there.

We enter a lounge waiting room. People are in rocking chairs. A line of visitors to the jail are leaving and the inmates are glad they are leaving. Everyone likes it there.

April 28 First night of retreat dream

**Dream:** We are in France, Don and I and Don's mother Sally. We go into a huge hotel-like structure with two sections. It is in the process of being remodeled. We are first in a dark warehouse room full of French provincial furniture, mostly dressers with bow

fronts, ornate, with brass fixtures.

Then it turns out Sally is going to live in a room there and she wants to see if a desk there will fit in her room, so wants us to haul it up to the 11th floor. Although I am tired, I figure we can do this one more thing, and I pick up a chair and start off with it. I am very aware of the burden associated with doing this and feel a little martyrish. Don follows after with another chair.

The elevators (and there are loads of them in a row along the corridor) are extremely narrow and in depth. We get the two chairs in, and me. Don decides to meet me up on the 11th floor. As I stand there, I realize it's touch and go if, when the elevator starts, my rear end or breasts will get nicked. It is an open structure. But miraculously, I fit.

Then on the second load, Sally has hired help. The owner of the hotel is there and tries to give back the money she paid but she gives it to the workmen directly.

Now we are back in the room where the desk was, also a warehouse sort of place, but light and sunny. My mother is now the one moving in and she begs me to take up one more thing—a lamp. I am aware by now that the room must be completely furnished.

I am at the elevators again. A young woman gets on too. Footing is precarious. There is no real floor, just rafters, sort of, with space between.

Another scene: Don, Sally and I are out on the street. As we move down the street, we see a number of dismembered bodies. One is a man's torso from the waist down. I have the impression that a friend brings him out daily to sit in front of the store with others. The body looks a bit hollow as I look into it, as I pass. I am vaguely aware of other dismembered parts around.

There is a scene with Don's sister Penny, where she is describing how she had five decks of Bridge cards out and cropped them some way, and lost one card from each deck so that no deck is complete now. She is amused by this coincidence.

Another scene: we are in a deli-restaurant type of place. we have brought in snack food and I am fixing stuff like cheese and crackers. Others are seated around a table. I recall that we have a tin of mussels and think about including that, but then I remember we don't want or need to eat everything our first day. The proprietor doesn't seem to mind that we have brought our own food.

Then a young woman is there nearby. She is dark-haired, vibrant and attractive with one tooth that has a filling in it that I notice. She seems to be living there with her black daughter who seems to be about 11 years old. The woman is talking animatedly with the girl. The woman is ironing. The daughter is precocious and responsive and I am fascinated watching and listening to their interaction. I am impressed at the way the woman handles her daughter.

We get acquainted and I hear her story. The woman is 26 and has come here (it seems to be a French territory or island of some sort; she speaks English) and will be here four months till June, to find a mate. If unsuccessful, she will return. I find her attractive and imagine there will be no problem. At one point I imagine introducing her to my brother and think I'd have to warn her that he is selfish.

We leave, the woman leading us to the door.

*Themes in the dream:*

Incompletion, dismemberment, remodeling, scaffolding (elevators) or rafters, deck of



cards incomplete, tooth with filling. Looking *into* the torso ("which things the angels desire to look into").

The number 11, 11th floor, 11 years old. 1977.

The number 26. 1962 was 26 years ago, end of Colorado camp directing, beginning of falling apart preliminary to therapy. A 26 year-old with 11 year-old daughter birthed her at 15 - puberty for me and my personality change.

Mother-daughter theme. Sally, Mother, Penny, the young woman and 11 year old daughter.

Language. French provincial, peasant and sophisticated. "One more thing" - the martyr element. "This one thing I do." "One thing needful." Not playing with a full deck. "Play your cards.)

Body sensation - standing in the elevator, aware of breasts, rear end. Will I fit? or be curbed, 'nicked', reined in? Confined feeling. Vulnerable.

It feels like a feminine transformation dream.

Chaos, dismemberment, incompleteness

The Shadow (dark room). Sally

The Animus (sunny - lamp) Mother

The elevator - animus? confines the feminine.

The Young woman and daughter - Demeter Kore theme

My first "separation" (the narcissism) at 15 when I changed.

Why I am reading Sonia Johnson's *Going Out of My Mind* on this retreat, I don't know. But for some reason, it fits. I have dabbled in *The Great Mother* too. But when I put on the tape of Webber's Requiem and heard "Pie Jesu" I sobbed. Not sure why, the suffering of women at Jesus' death. My own "violence" with someone recently. My inability to really love my own mother. I give up. I am letting experience wash over me and trusting God to touch me, to reach me.

April 30

**Dream:** I am at a party/dance. The setting is in the large hall where we have Eucharist here at Retreat. Back in an anteroom—the "control room" for music—there are two fiddlers making the music to dance by. Don is masterminding this and has a plot to put Louise W. in to play with Scott and has her prepped to get in there and change the tempo to a lively fast beat, so people can break out into a jig. I am in the large room at the piano. Don comes out as I am responding to the attempts of the fiddler(s) to upstage the beat (Louise made several false starts). I don't exactly know how to respond but I begin playing wild chords—any old notes—something like a toddler banging a keyboard mindlessly. Don is smiling and has his bass in his hands.

The whole thing was a kind of secret maneuver to allow an impish or devilish element to enter connected with spontaneous hilarity.

May 1

Something happened last night. I awoke twice, having dreamed, but not able to remember. The sense was of the pastoral, as in shepherd, very green grass (a color I have had in dreams before—the mountain cataract bed, e.g.), and lambs. The second time, I could almost feel the dream but when I tried to recall, an instantaneous blur arose, like

static on a radio, as if to say, "You are not to even try!"

Then came the word "Reconcile." I felt ready to approach Susan, worked on that a bit. I also mused about the pastoral sense in connection with this, and it seemed to connect with the Agnus Dei of the Pie Jesu song I have been playing again and again (and invariably it brings me to inexplicable tears).

My sense about sin, as I thought about it last evening, was of smallness before God. How can God love me so?

This is connected with the sense of purpose in eternity, of which I feel unworthy. Worthy is the Lamb.

"All in an April evening. . .  
I thought on the Lamb of God."

May 2

This morning was bigger than I thought. During my session with Beth, my retreat director, a lot happened. It is the reconciliation with Mother, giving up my hate. And it is tied to The Mother in me as I work, and how I intervene sometimes too much. It is the connection to the Vine (at the armpits where the branch connects) to Jesus. It is Jesus in my work.

Then I came back to my room after a walk and I read Edinger on Trinitarian symbolism and I say, "At last! The significance of 3." I paid too much attention to 4 because it was new information (Jung - Quaternity symbolizes wholeness, individuation). But 3's keep appearing in my dreams. Edinger brings this into focus saying 3-ness refers to process, to reconciliation of opposites. Which seems to be my word this week.

I am delighted to rediscover and value Trinity for it indeed does represent the dynamic, the development, whereas the mandala and four-ness is peaceful, the goal, more static. Both are valuable.

May 4

Then, "On that last great day of the feast, Jesus cried, 'If anyone thirsts, let him/her come to me and drink. From his/her inmost being will flow fountains, rivers, torrents of living water.'" He speaks of the Spirit.

Another sunset, like perhaps a thousand I have seen. Yet today's cloaked in the experiences of this week was a memorable quiet benediction and a setting for prayer.

I refrain from trying to integrate the threads of the week into a neat package. I probably did as well as I could during this morning's directorial session. Per usual, as I talk, I learn and new insights come from hearing what I say.

I make no promises for the future either. I am focused on now and the times when I am in touch with my soul center, and with the Lord. "I ain't done yet!" But if I hear Jesus is passing by, I am going to climb the nearest sycamore with Zacheus, for I know Jesus befriends cheaters and sinners. (So why do I put so much energy into putting on a Pharisee mask?)

I am a little tense and tired tonight, which surprises me. Do I need a thirty-day retreat to get all the kinks out?

May 5

**Two dreams** with extended waking period between:

**1.** It was a group setting. We were helping a woman (Beth, my retreat director) decide which of two choices to pursue. She chose therapy rather than the other choice.

Then a young man was making a choice. He seems to be a shepherd. He doesn't think he can afford one of the choices. I am advising him, helping him to think about the importance of something.

**2.** I am at a gala affair, like an annual conference of some New Age group. Lots of bustle and goings on and I have been involved in the preparation. There are a sequence of "scenes" in the dream.

A buxom redhead, like Cookiea flamboyant Southern belle from Academy days, is with her date and before a mirror. Her dress in black and white has a filmy scarf. She is surrounded by red and white plastic wires as part of her decoration. She is very animated.

In another location Marty (movie producer) and a guy (who dreamed up the event—like producers) are going over the numbers in a piano medley he is to play. All the songs are modern, exotic, unusual. None are corny and easy to grasp. They are out of my element but I see their value and could learn. Marty knows them all.

In another large square room people are seated in a large circle. There has been a drawing for a million dollars. There is one rich young man in the group, hair slicked back and a little flashy in an awkward way. When the drawing is announced, the results are as I thought. He won. I said, "I knew it" and another woman responded in agreement. The man was a little self-conscious and began explaining how he'd use the money to pay his tuition. (Oh yeah, we all thought, he *needs* that) One person spoke up (Cookie?) and said, "After you've thrown a party for all of us!"

Chuck (from our Episcopal church) was there and borrowed from me a big booklet—a compilation of entries people had sent in. He and his friends were amused at one entry, and as I passed by to go out to the car, I decided to get the book back from Chuck and see what had caught their attention.

I looked at the page with clear blue ink written by a seven year old Spanish boy (Lopez?). He was describing how to become a Christian, or the nature of his Christian experience. "I asked Jesus to marry me," he wrote.

At first I was a little embarrassed by this, then thought, "No! That's a pretty apt description."

I got into the car, four of us in the back seat, and we started home. It had snowed heavily and there were plows out. As we drove up a ramp to get onto the expressway word came that some of the ramps had been closed and we thought, "Oh no. We'll never be able to get off." A plow was lumbering along ahead of us and at the junction with the expressway, we scooted around it to the right. I said, "You're not going ahead of the plow, are you?" But we were. The traveling lane was narrow and snowy.

At the top of the hill I turned right. I had no car about me now and I kept my nose to the ground. A portion of sidewalk, gray and patterned like stone, carved, was completely cleared. It had been cleared by children—Oriental, Near Eastern—who hoped for praise. They were pleased and proud.

(There had been an awareness of children throughout this dream. "Be gentle to the children, not offend them" in Jesus' sense of that phrase.)

May 14

I have been working with images flashing before me in the moment, not remembered dream images.

Yesterday it was two birds composed of metal tiles, pink and rose, in a field of white mosaic with air between, pulsating. The feel on awakening was of the Holy Spirit. The birds were blown by the wind coming through the window. I will try to draw them.

Then this morning Carol (Rosa) was standing before my dresser and mirror looking at a drawing of a room, marked with contents, people, etc. Then a face image appeared on the face of the drawing—Jesus' face, then the face of an old man, then of a woman. That was all. All three were rather faint penciled impressions.

May 24

This has been an unusual several days. Saturday night Don and I talked by phone while he was at work about the nature of what I/he do/does: that people come to us at Life/Work because we deal with the WHOLE person. When David finished with Don Thursday night, he said as he made out the check, "Oh, Life/Work Direction! That feels like what we have been doing." I began to see the shamanistic aspect, the "wise woman" role, in how I work, rather than heading toward licensing.

May 30

**Waterway Journey Dream:** A party of women are going to a destination together. The way is watery. Carol Rosa is navigating. We are headed to the estate of an extremely rich guy.

Carol starts us off, then makes an error and backs up. The ground is squishy and full of water. Then we proceed and gradually seem to be in a rowboat. We pass through areas that are lush greenery, then through sheltered room-like places (like in a gondola on a canal through covered areas).

At times we must shift levels and though it seems dangerous, our craft drops down without difficulty. (I am gradually aware Mother is in the boat.)

We pass by fantastic vistas, both near and far. We come to a sign at one point that says, "But the cod sends the trees to the sea." Then I see the remains of burned trees and realize that as soon as the trees were burned, they were sent off to sea.

I see some exquisite gnarled trees, just beautiful formations. Vivid, commanding, unforgettable.

We pass a place which has a wide and open vista (maybe a city in the distance). The waterway opens up into a broad canal or channel opening out to the sea. The trees are ice blue formations in fantastic lovely shapes. Ethereal.

Then we round a curve. There are houses. An enormous woman figure made of greenery and thatch is kneeling on a roof, crying and praying. I wonder why she doesn't get off the roof to comfort the many people around who need it.

We arrive and pass through various rooms. I go to the end room then return to the one next to it where we will eat. Carol tells us how we almost didn't get the place as the owner was reluctant. Diane said, "Yeah, I turned red." But he gave in. I gather it is the "embarrassment of riches" and Carol said "Yes."

I begin to think about how we need to cut up the meat in small pieces for Mother.

June 23

A couple mornings ago, I awoke with the sense of a dream fragment which concluded with an image of myself looking into a mirror. I saw my head clearly surrounded by soft gray-brown fog. The fog was palpable—points of light—and I saw my face change. It was alive. Looking closely I saw the tip of my nose was bruised—purple-red.

The image was strong and persisted in memory.

June 26

Such a heavy fog—depression—I have been under since the retreat Friday at Emery House with six women. It's been like trying to swim through pea soup since.

**Dream:** This morning the dream seems to be some kind of message. It was a wedding, that was a funeral. An Italian wedding. And there was a woman there—the sense of Nancy Reagan, mother of the bride, going to the coffin and crouching down at the head and looking at the bride to comfort her.

There is some sort of death going on that is a part of the union of opposites, that is my inner marriage.

Von Franz:

P. 13. on how we can't correctly interpret our own dreams. We have to imagine it is someone else's (a counselee's). "If you wake up and think you know what the dream means you are usually barking up the wrong tree—the trickster God has caught you." "We would not have that particular dream if we could know its meaning as easily as that."

Example given: woman had retired from a flirtatious affair and got into creative work. Dream came, that couple was divorced and she was going to marry the man with whom she had flirted. Meaning surprised her: the divorce of animus and shadow. She is now going to consciously contact her spiritual and creative side.

This feels like Allison and Kamie.

P. 23. "Before a time of particular activity in the unconscious, there is a tendency toward a long period of complete sterility." During this time, "energy is accumulating in the unconscious, evidenced in a feeling of depression and emptiness."

Reminiscent of Robin yesterday morning.

(And in 2003: reminiscent of this past year—my depression since putting the book out, and sterility in being able to write, followed by lots of dreams coming.)

P. 24. Frogs represent an unconscious impulse that has a definite tendency to become conscious. (Just wait patiently and receptively.)

P. 64. "Every dark thing one falls into can be called an initiation. To be initiated into a thing means to go into it. The first step is generally falling into the dark place. . . The shamans say that being a medicine man begins by falling into the

power of the demons; the one who pulls out of the dark place becomes the medicine man, and the one who stays in it is the sick person. You can take every psychological illness as an initiation. Even the worst things you fall into are an effort at initiation, for you are in something which belongs to you, and now you must get out of it."

P. 68. Re positive dreams with a resolution. Intuitives falsely assume the battle is won by having the dream.

P. 80. The thief symbolizes "an unconscious content that attracts libido from consciousness." When you are depressed, something is stealing your energy. Man is forced to change due to opposition collecting in unconscious. (Scott D)

P. 89. The woman with a positive outlook remains unconscious of the deep psychic processes, whereas the other will have found the religious meaning of her experience. "She will have the full consciousness of what she is doing and is therefore rewarded for her suffering." (If PJ is to vindicate her suffering, she must learn its meaning and live out of that.)

P. 90. The sun can be "too strong." "The clarity of consciousness, if too strong, can be destructive. It burns the mysterious archetypal processes."

"Every person on the way to individuation will discover, in some form, the necessity of keeping certain things entirely to herself, generally experiences in the realm of eros that cannot be told to anybody, sometimes not even to the analyst. There are things one knows about other people one has learned another's secret without ever wanting to do so and one must behave as though one didn't know. There are things not even discussed by oneself. They must be left in the twilight and not looked at too exactly. There are secret things in the soul that can only grow in the dark; the clear sun of consciousness burns the life away."

P. 107. "If one is not sufficiently aware of one's own shadow, (counselees) will force one to act in *their* pattern." (PJ)

P. 119. The moment of the need for renewal "is the dangerous moment; one fears the breakdown which is absolutely necessary for renewal, one fears to give up and be for a short time faced with nothing." Cowardice, ambition; cling to the old ways and prevent renewal;. We try to repress the conflict or evade it.

P. 125. Depression can be "God's messenger" —creative— if you admit the black thoughts.

"A depression is best overcome by going into it, not fighting it." Agree with the dark thoughts, then ask them why.

"Then very often they become the bread bringers (ravens) and connect with God, for they were lost in the depths of the soul. A depression is really meant to reconnect one with the divine principle."

This occurs in dreams. Much later the symbol in the dream constellates in events in the outside.

P. 137. Interpret a dream just enough, not too much. "The archetypal basis must remain a mystery, which the best interpretation cannot solve." The spiritual

question mark remains, and must.

July 16

The climax of the dream is what I most remember for I awoke choked with mirth.

**Dream:** We were out on a spacious plain, lots of people, spread out, and I was being asked—we all were—"Is the world mostly masculine or feminine?" Almost everyone raised their hand to say "masculine" but when it came time to vote for "feminine," Baby Little and I voted for it. Baby Little was a tiny wee one, precocious and bright. I was overcome with laughter as I awoke.

The prior parts of the dream had concerned my going through a large dormitory—all women. The rooms were interconnected in such a way that I had to go right through three peoples' rooms and I wondered about that. The dorm had a nice ambiance. The women were attractive and welcoming.

July 23

**Dream:** I am looking at Lee (Ward)'s pictures of her wedding, which are very vivid and colorful and full of women in luscious pink (or/and turquoise?) gowns and the setting seems medieval—horses and carriages. All is joyous. Lee is excited and gradually I seem to be in the scene and in the basement of a church.

A young woman is there, tall and a little "different," single. As she is about to leave someone (the bride?) hands her a hat. It is made of large pink roses and has a veil attached. The woman is delighted. The hat seems "just right" and off she goes and I with her, and a young man.

As we ascend the winding staircase, we are overcome with convulsive laughter and mirth. Something is very funny; I am aware that Pastor Evan Welsh is descending but feel o.k. that he will find us this way, the three of us glommed together so close we seem to be one and laughing uproariously. I awaken, about to burst out aloud in mirth.

August 2

**Dream:** I am at the beach. Dark clouds overshadowing. Suddenly a huge wave (a tsunami?) comes. And all the little children come tumbling and screaming out of the water to safety. They are somehow all saved. One little black child comes running up to his mother and father, seems not at all traumatized, just relieved.

(Shades of Stephanie's dream of baby hid in closet)

Another scene: I am with parents of a baby, a newborn. I am talking to the baby and am amazed that the baby understands the subtlest nuances of meaning in one or two words, and is affected by them.

Another scene: A man is inviting several of us to his place (on the Cape?) and I don't want to go and have the courage to refuse. Phyl is there and a young person (also was in the ocean) and she decides to go. I have the feeling that I don't want to be sidetracked and doing something I have no interest in.

Another scene: It seems to be Sunday and Dan Buttry and two boys are there and another man with his children. I am given to understand that Dan makes the journey

down here every Sunday with the boys to go to church and his wife attends church with the girls at home. I ask him, "What is this? Some kind of gender division?"

Another scene: I am in an upstairs hallway with a few others and we are waiting for some event. I become aware Michael Dukakis is standing there and at the same time his name is being used with reference to someone or something else. I want to indicate to him that we are aware he is there, in a friendly way, but hesitate as he is shy and I am having trouble getting the words out and keeping my eyes open and clearly focused. Then Nancy Sites steps up and introduces herself and family and her brother Eunice (!). I go over by a bulletin board, thinking about how shy he is. Then a woman comes up the stairs, blond, vivacious (like Janet Carlson), one of his coworkers. She is talking animatedly and he instantly responds to her and I am aware it is because he knows her and has for a long time. She is telling him how in every speech she has been making she keeps saying, "Sensitive. Sensitive. Sensitive this and that."

Thoughts: Dukakis may be a positive animus figure. He is not flamboyant like Jackson, just consistently organized the campaign and emerged as nominee. It is the way he handled Jesse that I admire.

August 7

**Dream of two nights ago:** I was visiting former mentor Rachel Hartman and a friend in Pasadena(?). It was dark. Outside something happened to her car while we were inside. We became aware that kids, vandals, were able to open her trunk and had stolen and stripped the contents. She is helpless to prevent it.

Later, we are leaving and have to be shown the way out of town by a labyrinthine path up and down hills and through many turns. I realize I'll have to drive her back home again and wonder if I'll be able to find my way again.

There is a feeling of danger in the dream.

August 14

My consciousness is quite changed over these summer weeks in more than one way. Reading Jung's critique of Psychoanalysis (a la Freud) gave me more breadth of perspective about what it is I am to be about and gave me a certainty that I do indeed want to go more deeply into the study of depth psychology by whatever route God leads.

It also seems, at last, that I am beginning to understand in the experiential sense the humility of midwifery, of trusting patiently God at work in each person, and being less eager to show, tell, teach, explain. I have a long way to go in this still, but there has been a distinct alteration of consciousness, a sitting down of my soul in the waiting.

The second change occurred in connection with seeing the movie "Betty Blue" on Friday. I was unprepared for the depth of the symbolism but as soon as I saw what the movie was really about, my fascination with it increased multifold. A writer meets his muse, his anima, his shadow, his inspiratrice, all rolled into one zany woman, Betty. The movie is rife with symbols, of alchemic transformation, of union of opposites, of confronting the shadow, of birth, death, sex, God.

Afterwards in a restaurant, Don pulled out a poem he had written that very morning and I was astounded as I read the exact symbols appearing in the movie (I was going to



write dream!). It felt like the ecstasy and breathtaking wonder of sex, beyond expression  
Something changed in my consciousness at that moment which has lasted ever since.

In a new way I see how Don, in his poetry, is attuned to the archetypal unconscious even as I approach it through the world of dreams.

It is hard to give it adequate expression, so I cease now. ('Sfunny, I am writing this as I sit in the sanctuary of our church this morning before the service begins. . .)

Don's poem:

**Impatience**

To make love  
eyes tore open to  
her being, a terrible cry of betrayal and fear  
came from the kitchen.  
As he braced to meet her  
fingers  
a fevered pitch  
just in time to evade the sharp bite of her teeth  
drew out  
its healing fire. Soon, my son, soon  
it belonged to his father who passed away  
with his thin arms flailing in  
crude drawings by morons on  
a shade of impatience.

August 25 at Moose Brook State Park camping

I am sleeping long and deep—12 hours in bed. Dream images have come and mostly gone. A few remain from these three nights:

**Dream 1:** I am on a road. It's dark. An older man is pursuing me. He has gray curly hair, is stocky of build. I am a bit afraid, yet not terribly. I turn to run and then realize it is a younger man with light brown (bronzed?) hair, thinly spread over his head, in longish strands, and he is thin. Both images were specific.

He wheels his bike abruptly athwart my path and suddenly I am in love with him, feel drawn to him with sweet longing. We continue on the path. I can't recall now if he disappears or not but I am concerned that he respond to me.

**Dream 2:** I am at Church at the Pacific Garden Mission with others. We are volunteers and on bicycle to transport packages to another location. A couple are there and have undertaken to transport a very unwieldy monstrous-sized object by bicycle. I can't imagine how they will manage, as we maneuver corners in the downtown area, which appears deserted.

**Dream 3:** Soon I am in a large open but dark space where there are tenements, yet it all seems to be enclosed, as in a cavernous railroad terminal. I look and see families, children, playing and though it seems dark and pathetic, in a way, they seem to be managing cheerfully enough.

I begin to recognize people from the church and they seem to be living in community. I remember a sense of Carole Jean Smith and then I see Carolyn Metzler lying in a bed, awaiting the birth of her child. Her husband is at hand and there seems to be some concern and intention there. There may be some sign of Kathy and Skip Atwater too, for they were on my mind as I awoke and they would be unlikely candidates for such a communal experiment.

August 29

**Dream:** I was to assist B in teaching a high school class and we were on our way, a little late, in an open street car, standing on the lower step. An attractive woman stood on the other side of Bruce, brunette. For some reason he stepped off the slow moving car, then squeezed into the space beyond the woman. She didn't budge and I soon saw that a provocative encounter was beginning and realized B would respond/be taken in by it for he is somewhat unconscious in certain respects. So they began to banter and then the woman lifted her head and kissed him with passion. And he responded. I now realized we needed to hurry to get to our class on time and I seemed to be leaving B behind where he was rationalizing the possibility of further contact with the woman, saying something about "in a committed relationship, you are only paying attention to one persona at a time anyway." I was looking at the whole affair as partly puerile, partly inevitable, and possibly necessary for B's development.

I then came to his house and went inside to see R, his wife. She was dressed in peasant fashion, with a trim little hat, her hair in two pony tails tied with a ribbon. She looked to be a perfect combination of child and matron/mother for she is buxom and maternal in form. Without even greeting me with a hug or other word of welcome, she indicated her apprehension and distress, but not knowing why she felt that way. I thought it was uncanny, for I knew what had transpired with B and how inappropriately prepared she was to relate to him.

I was on a staircase and talked to her through the railings. I tried to encourage her without telling her directly what I knew—to be strong and prepared, that positive outcomes were possible. I reached out to her with great feeling.

Then I went off to class, knowing I was very late. As I drew near, I saw the class seated there in the room. Apparently a substitute had been provided but she too was out of the room.

I came in with authority, to make the best of it. I indicated I was not a substitute, but the "real thing" though I knew B was the main teacher and I was to assist him. The students were filling out some necessary forms and returning them, and also there were a confusing number of handouts. Although there was some chaos in all this, the students—black and white—I remember girls being there, was less aware if there were boys—conducted themselves with decorum and then hastened to leave. I knew first days of class were often like that and accepted it.

I think B came at the very end, when it was too late. I was not so much angry with him, as "long-suffering" with his tardiness in coming to consciousness and needing to go through this phase vis á vis his unification of opposites.

*Thoughts:* The dream gives me pause. B represents a thought-laden intellectual who, despite certain appearances of deeper awareness, seems to me to be fairly unconscious. I

have seen this in his relation to his faith, in relation to his daughter, and even with R. He certainly got "taken in" by P when he tried to serve as arbiter in a dispute.

I have always felt close to him in a way similar to my father. I have loved him.

I feel that by turning away from his faith roots, he has latched onto a form of "mystery" religion which is soulless. Though he speaks of the visceral, the embodied, he doesn't appear to be very sensate. Yet, he has ended up working with computers with great fascination, which may be a metaphor for where he is at.

In a somewhat different way, I think I have been seduced in regard to the place of the intellect. If I indeed am at a point of developing my inferior function—thinking—I must be aware of how this is rooted and balanced with my other functions.

R represents to me someone caught in a marriage which has seemed to force her to deny some of her deepest instincts religiously by following B. Partly, this has been good and maturing. But I have felt that the gutsy sexy loving part of her has sometimes (often?) not been answered to in her marriage to B. It has thus become easy for her to continue feeling inferior to B and a lot of society's response may have reinforced this, for B does come across well. She does too, but as less sure, more needy.

In the dream, her physical appearance is ridiculous, though very trim and tidy. But her words indicate her psychic attunement to undercurrents in her relationship to B.

My roles in the dream of assistant, wise observer, responsible person, careful counselor and encourager, are pretty positive. I think this person can see the dangers and issues and bring them to light. And indeed, I eventually did arrive at the appointed place and took charge though I didn't know what I was doing, and needed the cooperation and explanations of the students to perform my duties.

So what do I have to say to B? B, I saw what was happening before you did. I anticipated your response and knew the possible underlying meaning. And I knew you had to go through the process even though I could see that it seemed like a sidetrack. Perhaps you knew I would follow through and counted on that.

B: I really didn't expect what occurred at all. I couldn't understand what was happening and why I did what I did, but in the midst of it all, I was taken up in the moment in something deliriously deliciously good.

But then I began rationalizing a way to continue the relationship rather than integrating it into my framework of responsibility—wife, class.

Me: That was when I left you. But I didn't judge you for what was happening so much as think it was high time. (That sounds like a judgment!)

What did you think about R if at all?

Bruce: I didn't think about her directly, but of course she was there peripherally, I suppose—a shade of guilt. In some ways I can see how I have made her how she is—both motherly, and something of a child at times. I know better—that she's much more than that, but I wonder if I've been comfortable whenever she has really launched out. I acted free in order to contain the growth in manageable limits.

Writing this dialogue seems strained, to me. I don't know if it helps or not. I do think there is a war going on in me related to the intellectual side of me as it develops and that it seeks integration with both "mistress and wife."

There is also something about sidetracking.

And responsibility.

I have this big tendency toward laziness, or keeping busy.

(Later, 2003: I see the whole dream as depicting two sides of me—the B and the R sides. I am both characters.)

August 31

This undercurrent of depression. . . along with surface contentment. Something in me is gagging. Something is brewing. Gnawing away at my innards. Resistance to growth and God, to substance rather than image. If only I could get away with image—appear to be, rather than really become.

**Dream:** A jerry-rigged house, patched, in odd ways, a piece here, a piece there. It was o.k. to the dream ego, but it was not smooth or pretty.

Reminds me of a dream image of a few nights ago where suddenly I was revealed in a line-up of people (can't recall the circumstances now) and we were all naked. I looked at myself and again, it was o.k. but the image wasn't particularly attractive, sort of bunched or funny-shaped, a little like that long ago image of the Mayan dancer in the dream.

I feel as though all my warts are showing now, that I am very ordinary, human, sinful, struggling, imperfect.

*I want to achieve something without work.*

That sentence says it all, a rather hideous truth: that it is what I want—the ego, not so much the Self—and that I think "it" is something to *achieve*, as opposed to become, and that it is *without work*. . .

So I have been hiding from consciousness these days. When I do become conscious, I instantly feel God's presence and love, but there is this great resistance to becoming conscious, of allowing my self to center down in periods of quiet to be with my Self.

It makes no sense, to resist this deep pleasure. But the struggle/resistance is surely there.

September 6

Two dream images carnival-like!

**Dream 1:** I am walking along a sheltered boardwalk area. I am facing a little man who is acting obscenely and keeping him under control. He continues to want to get close to me, is all over me. I am talking to him and telling him that he doesn't need for every gesture to wind up being a move to embrace me. He is responsive to me, but just can't seem to help being the way he is.

**Dream 2:** I am with others at an event or place which has a carnival atmosphere. I seem to be with a man and child and we are to watch a movie, only the movie is 3-D and not on a screen. As we begin to watch, I say, "Oh look, here comes Geronimo," and we turn to see this tall guy with a ten gallon hat and pink fuzzy underwear (full union suit) slide into place, knees akimbo, seated on the ground.

He begins to talk and I look at his crotch, and his penis comes out a short way. it is like a little creature, lime green in color covered with a kind of substance like algae, and a little red tongue like a serpent. Geronimo notices, and weaves it into his speech with humor saying, "Oh so you want to go see (mentions his woman friend)" and speaks of her

as a person living in an apartment and drinking borscht.

The little creature continues to come out. There is a whole feeling of humor about its appearance and Geronimo just goes with it and talks to it as he continues in the scene. Then the creature comes up in his mouth and this seems perfectly natural, too. At one point, Geronimo reaches into his own mouth and plucks off some of the algae substance and eats it.

September 21

**Transference:** Can I make a transference onto Russell that he is God? I see I can and now that maybe he is God in a sense I never saw before, for, like God, he gets what he doesn't deserve—blame, credit, and suffers this for my sake!

I am becoming aware of this issue in relation to my people too. I have ignored their connection to me, to some extent and this week I have begun dealing with it some.

September 29

**Dream:** Libby and family have moved into a home on Beacon Hill. It is of mansion proportions, though part of a larger complex of apartments, whose inhabitants are in relationship. It is elite. We are invited in and although there are things to admire (works of art) I am not thrilled with it and find it hard to give true compliments.

Then there is a breakfast served on dark blue plates. Somehow I am to serve four people in an area, partly behind a pillar. I have some difficulty managing. (There is a Mrs. Somebody involved too) and at one point I find the raw egg stretched from the plate to the floor and I gather it up onto my plate.

The final scene is a bulletin board of photographs of the various families in the residences. There is a snapshot of Libby and her two or three daughters smiling in the doorway (Bernie was away, so this had to do). It seems a little forced (the smiles). The whole situation is artificial, pumped up.

*Thoughts:* I remember Russell commented on the rawness of the egg, implying a half-baked kind of evolvment in my work, I suspect.)

October 1

**Dream:** A little girl has grown a watermelon for a contest which she wins. In it is a large red tomato. Her parents are nearby and give the judge a slice of the tomato. The girl describes the process, how she did it. I get the impression that she baked it in a kiln/hole in the earth—emu style.

October 10

On awaking I realized that for me, it is not so much cognitive depth that is my way of learning, but by experiencing, being in a situation or role and deepening it. This works better than my intellectualizing of things.

October 30

**Dream:** A long dream but vague in memory. Yet I sensed it was important.

I am helping Phyllis prepare for something. I remember one point ironing a doily and beginning to scorch it. I realize the iron is running out of steam, and I need to add water. There is a strong spirit of cooperation and good feeling between me and Phyllis. We work together in harmony.

Another scene involves a group of people. At one point a Sue Gilbert figure says she cannot come to an early morning prayer meeting and recounts her full schedule. In the afternoon she leaves with others for Jim Bertucci's and I watch them go off. I am a little envious, but also happy.

Then I am in an upstairs area behind a partition (elevator?) with two boyish youths who are eagerly sharing catalogs with me which they obtained at some arena event. The catalogs have gadgets in them which might interest me. We are all preparing to enter the Bishop's procession and when it comes by in the corridors, and turns to descend the stairs, we are swept into it right behind the Bishop instead of towards the end, as we had thought. A kind of June Coray-ish figure does this.

Later: Back from seeing the movie "Vincent" for the second time. Out into the autumn afternoon with colors of trees and sky very like the film. The lighting incredible, haloed light from the clouds, blue overhead and everywhere the russet and gold and a mauve tinge. In the distance, the buildings downtown with the Hancock glass tower reflecting light.

I cry and cry, not knowing why. I am not sad. It's just that I am out in space somewhere where the world ends and I don't see the meaning clearly. Perhaps I am never to again. I have always gravitated toward structures of meaning—Christianity as I was taught it, with ever widening dimensions, education, also as I was taught it—broadly, deeply, then psychology, including the body and dreams and now depth psychology incorporating the spiritual.

Nothing seems as ultimate as God and this comes home to me with most meaning through nature, through art, and literature. Music too, but I am most conscious today of the artist, having seen the movie about Van Gogh.

From the movie:

*Our life is a pilgrim's progress. we come from afar and we are going afar. Our journey goes from the breast of our mother to our father in heaven.*

*We only pass through the earth. We only pass through life.*

*We are strangers here. But we have a God who preserveth strangers and we are all brethren.*

*If one can only remember what one has seen one is never without food for thought. One is never lonely. One is never alone.*

*It seems more and more that people are at the root of everything, that it is more worthwhile to make children than pictures.*

*I must create thoughts instead of children. Loneliness hasn't worried me much because I have found a brighter sun.*

*There is nothing more artistic than to love people.*

*We must not judge God from this world. It's a study that didn't come off.*

*Life is a one-way journey on a train. It goes fast, but we do not see the engine.*

*At the end of my life I may be proved wrong.*

*I see the dots of stars in the sky and the black dots of cities on a map.*

*We take the train, the journey of life, to the stars, as we would to the cities. Cancer (and other diseases) are the means of locomotion. To die quietly of old age is to go on foot.*

*I can do without God but I cannot do without something greater than I am—the power to create.*

*I don't care if I live a long life. I shall be an artist, remain poor, be a human. I do not want to satisfy a certain taste in art, but a sincere human feeling.*

*My only anxiety is, "How can I be of use n this world?"*

*How does one become mediocre? By compromise, pleasing the world, and not speaking against it.*

November 3

**Dream:** A young woman has come to me and sits down opposite to talk (counsel?)

On her bare left knee are little round lady bug colored buttonish things clinging like cleats.

Then, with horror, I see that on my left knee are a mass of gray leech-like things, a few shells among them and some of the leech-like snail-like things are moving. My impulse is to GET THEM OFF!

*Thoughts:* I wonder if this is not a symbol of transference and transformation as people come to me and I take on their problems, in a way. They are "laid on me."

November 5 at Kirkridge attending the Marion Woodman weekend

**Dream:** I am delivering a report to a group and they tell me to go back and have my father write it. So he does and the end result is a somewhat prosaic piece in content but the process (style) is creative.

**Dream:** A young woman in the kitchen has just received her boyfriend's sweater (in the mail?) and is going to return it but has found a significant piece of paper (a letter?) in the pocket. She sits in a chair in one corner to remove the sweater.

**Dream:** A baby is there and I am tickling its tummy. The baby looks up at me and says clearly, "Don't." I am overwhelmed and go to find the mother to tell her the amazing fact that her baby's first word was "Don't" and I am very sure of this.

Later we are outside and the baby crawls over a balcony/deck, wants to be outside with us. I don't see a way to stop her; she has such independence and initiative and I am inclined to allow her though I am not her mother.

November 6

**Dream:** There is to be some kind of boat race or event. Lee Ward is in the cockpit of a boat with another person. I have the sense of three, but just see two in the boat. Lee is going to scuba dive, which is brave of her. She is wearing a swim cap and on top of it is wearing a black felt hat with a fairly wide brim, which is shaped bonnet-like. With flair and a sense of assurance, she starts up the boat, backing it right through a line of cars in the bay, then reverses it and heads out the channel to a point where there is a narrow high bridge from which she will dive, with her scuba gear and swim all the way to Walden Pond.

November 14

**Dream:** A house party has been going on. I am aware that an old boyfriend (A) is present and I am considering approaching him, being tired of waiting, though this seems risky as he could totally pull away.

I am also conscious of his sister C and at one point confuse her identity with Kim. I go for a walk at her (?) request and as we walk (I am the listener), the person is Kim. I am eager to get back to the house. A is there and I signal to him that I will meet him at a later point. He is putting on a square scarf, like a woman's accessory. I finally let Kim know that I am ambivalent about spending more time with her because of needing to make my appointment with A.

Then C hands me a note she has written me. She has some conflict and I sense it is about me. At another point she tells me, "I am in love with you" and "I idolize you."

A hands me a note too. It is a sheaf of computer paper so I know he has gone to great lengths to write it out. It details his thinking about us. It is time to say goodbye. I ask to walk with A and move ahead to be by him.

They leave then. I then see them later in a rear view mirror in a restaurant and realize they have not gone far but have stopped to eat.

*Work on the dream:* A is a doctor, interested intellectually in the intricacies of the body and its functioning, but sometimes unable to laugh at his own foibles (as when C confronted him years ago about his dirty laundry).

C is vivacious and earthy, married early, stopping her education, married a doctor, an older man. I related strongly to her.

Kim is ethereal, a little other worldly and frail, not very sexual, but delicate and



literary, very sensitive and a person of great integrity. A bit diddly over details and very fearful.

The Kim and C in me and the third element—A. A wears a feminine part (scarf). I pull away from Kim to move toward A.

C and A both write me notes, one of passion (I love you/idolize you), the other more developed rationally.

I have a feeling that the ego in the dream is my body, which is having a house party! (full of yeast!) And that the dream symbols correspond to my body symptoms.

At the end, they (C and A and an unidentified third person) have left, but not far. So, yeast must be reduced, but not totally disappear. But some complex in me must be put behind, in perspective. (rear view mirror).

They are eating. And breaking down my immune system. A little like AIDS.

November 16

I am being led, I think, to reorient my life, my way of living, to quieter evener rhythms, more spaces. I often come to this realization but fail to attain it. Must my body always be the factor which forces me to this point?

As I survey the past, it seems so.

November 17

**Dream:** I am driving through city and countryside and arrive at SD's house. I drive up into the yard and go to the door, seeing him inside. He is surprised to see me at his house. It is early morning, and we have a counseling session at my house fairly early. (True in real life.)

He lets me in, is a bit unready and a bit disgruntled and surprised and I feel embarrassed at having gone to his house and begin to explain elaborately my reason for landing there and head toward the bathroom. His wife K is at the kitchen sink, facing away from me. I say "Hi K" and go into a small lavatory which I am aware SD built. It is difficult to sit on the toilet as there is not enough room for one's knees. I lift the seat, then realize I must lower it.

Then I leave and drive home to await SD, without saying goodbye or anything else.

*Thoughts:* Is this saying that SD is not exactly ready for my presence in his life, that he may be surprised at how I enter unexpectedly, that his inner sanctum is not suitable or large enough to accommodate me? But that K's work with me can be put behind us, leaving us free to pursue work together?

I know I am feeling o.k. about working with him if God leads.

(Later Russell pointed out to me that my being in SD's house in the dream was very inappropriate. He had never sanctioned my seeing SD in the first place, because K was my client originally.)

December 5

**Dream:** Mother, mother-in-law Sally and I are buying clothes. We enter a shop run by a woman. Mother has a beautiful purple sweater, soft and angora-like in texture and she wants a black skirt to go with it. I am surprised at her willingness to spend money. The

shopkeeper does not have a skirt in stock but indicates she can make one. Then Sally is over in another corner fingering some lovely textured material, but wondered about some words woven in, words about things mother disapproves of— "bitters" (alcohol?) and things pertaining to female prostitution. I rationalize that it is still o.k. because either Mother wouldn't see the words, wouldn't understand their meaning, or because they are on the selvage, and would be cut off.

December 7

**Dream:** I am going through the choir room of College Church behind the platform. Young boys are with me. We pass through a series of doors. Each time I decide to move aside, let them precede me and hold the door open rather than taking the initiative myself, because I am wheeling a bicycle. Then we come to a turn where I could go right and out into the sanctuary. Instead I decide to go straight ahead outside. At this point I awaken with a cough and gaggy feeling (phlegm).

*Thoughts:* Why did I awake then? "I was leaving the church."

**Dream:** I was in a little shop run by a couple where they sold handcraft type things. The wife and husband were in one of many rooms putting away inventory. She was in a mulberry colored slip and shawl that matched and was made of silk—like taffeta.

December 17

Christmas carols on the cassette deck. Snow outside. Don a phone's reach away at work. I am bathed, fed, and preparing to sleep hoping desperately for a good solid night of sleep without undue harassment from the physical symptoms that have plagued my life all fall.

I am aware of a world at war, in conflict, of unsafe streets, of homeless persons and others in distress. And here I sit in relative comfort and quiet.

The need to give over my life, my body, soul, and mind and spirit to the Lord has come again with new force moment by moment. Even dreams have fled me in these weeks of physical uncertainty. The need for major life change has never been more clear.

January 1, 1989

Saw Star Wars last night on video.

**Dream:** One scene takes place in the upper part of Park Street Church like in a balcony area which are offices. I am in Carmel's office looking down to the platform area where there are also desks and I see a man. I remark about how he is having difficulty deciding about taking a job directing a camp. Though he is something of a celebrity figure (through TV) and I can understand he is much in demand, I also think such an earthy practical job would be good experience for him and I am sure of it.

In Carmel's office, we are to put out her personal newsletter. It is a task, I gather. But I see a group of eight rolls of bread on the table. I say, "It looks easy if I just have to send out eight."

I look at the letter, two pages—one white, the second bright yellow with green drawings on it artistically done. The letter is from her and husband John and tells about

their recent vacation retreat and the spiritual renewal they experienced.

Now I am in a dorm room getting ready to go to dinner. Suddenly there is a war, and things are in chaos.

I now am in the back seat of a car, saying that I don't want to die in the back seat of the car like this. And I really don't.

Then I am in the front seat with Carmel. I have found some pink stuff (yarn?) and some gold bullets. They look like jewelry but I ask if they are bullets. I try to hide all these things under the seat. Carmel thinks that is useless, that they will be visible.

Looking out the front of the car, I see high school pal Ellen Maxwell slowly and deliberately crossing the intersection and I marvel at her poise in the midst of danger.

There is an older woman now in the back seat of the car. I am a little uncertain as to whether she is friendly or hostile. But I give her the pink stuff. She is collecting various little items which come out of the war. She appears to be embroidering pink on white.

I am back in the dorm room. My hair is wet but when I use the dryer, I find there is only a momentary burst of electricity, then nothing. I am told that electricity is being diverted elsewhere for the war.

Diane B is one of my roommates. She talks about getting a fourth roommate who would also be black to even things out. I think about that, and realize there could be a teaming up—two against two—on the basis of race.

In another segment Don and I are upstairs at Calcaterra's and Mao the cat leaps way up, almost reaching the second floor all by himself. The cat seems human and I can relate to it.

*Work on the dream:* The strongest image is of the gold bullets, like jewelry. they symbolize power and beauty to me and I do not give these to the old woman.

The woman may be a hag or crone figure, embodying the ambiguity of good and evil. Embroidery is delicate, painstaking, characteristically feminine work. She is collecting small, apparently worthless items, seeing them as valuable. And they come from the war.

Carmel's letter—the second page—with the drawings over the type, green marker on yellow, was also a strong image. I was envious of her spiritual renewal.

The feel of the whole thing is that of coming to terms with the dark, the chaos, the "war". I still come back to those gold bullets.

Also the enormous power in the cat—to leap so high of its own power. Quite amazing. Whereas electric energy is not available—at least for the head (which is all wet!)

January 2

Just one fragment of a dream from a positive feeling series which I don't recall:

I come up through the woods to a cottage. I am on a couch beside Russell, having a session, so that he has to turn sideways to see me. He keeps smelling my hair. I feel my hair is oily and not good smelling, but he appears to feel that it smells good or that it indicates something good. I feel grateful. He senses something I don't.

**Work:** In the dream my image of my own hair is like S at church. S is probably mentally ill, very shy, very faithful in attending services and as responsive as she is able to be.

In my reading yesterday in Jung: two essays on Analytical Psychology, I came upon his chapter on the *mana personality* and the problem of inflation related to the animus and becoming aware of its contents. I have been thinking a lot recently about inflation and deflation in myself. Certainly the past four months of physical suffering have taken me down a notch and make me very grateful for my health.

January 17

**Dream:** In a desert area, a couple rows of persons bending over with skirts on, buttocks prominent. Skirts are plaids. Out of their buttocks are cigarettes on long holders. A person is going up and down the rows training people to squish their read ends so as to emit air and puff the smoke out. A couple in front, lying on their backs, have their cigarettes held up to one person's cigarette and are getting a light from it.

I awaken, sexually aroused and Don and I make love. Wonderful.

February 2

**Fragments:** Russell is saying, "When you begin your analysis. . ." and my heart sank. I've been doing all this work and I've not begun yet?

**Another:** WPA. My connotation on awaking was *relief*. I need relief—from stress, tension, worry, itching, pain, fatigue. In the WPA even artists were used and they could use their own native talents. For me now, arts and crafts, handwork, fabric, sewing, would provide relief through the use of my natural skills.

**A dream:** I was traveling with a group. Another woman and I went on ahead to find a place to build our fire for a cookout. We were in a large campground or forest preserve. we kept seeing burned out areas. We went into a building once and the other woman had made herself a soupy bowl of brewers yeast and (egg?) which she set on a table. Then we went on and found a spot where a family was just ready to leave and they promised us we could have their spot and were leaving the grill behind for us to use.

It was round and had colorful scraps of material hanging on to the wires at spots.

Another dream featured pieces of jewelry, monograms, separate initials or objects representing them. I took the only E (for Elizabeth or Eunice). My friend B had a tan knit dress folded there with the initial G used (her first marriage), not J (her second). My brother figured in the dream somehow but I can't recall how.

*Work:* He and B are Enneagram Threes who have grown a lot, but carefully stopped before a certain level of depth would be required. Both divorced, both isolated from their present spouses in terms of feeling. Neither "began their analysis."

There was also something about K in one part of one dream and on awaking I wondered if I was in touch with K's shadow. Another woman isolated from her husband and who stopped growing (in my opinion). At least, she has tried to be no longer overtly working on it.

Yet, these are all judgments made from surface evidence. Maybe all three of these persons are doing a lot of subterranean work. Maybe they needed "relief."

What is my "work" now and my "rest?"

February 3

**Dream:** My dream was of Michael E., only afterwards it seemed it was of Michael the archangel.

We were on a mountain top and must descend but we lay together in a place of grass and rocks and beauty, close together, my face nuzzled into his neck and we were together in a spirit of yearning. It was most sweet and I was full of love and contentment mingled with movement outward, yet receiving so much.

Sometimes I started to part from this great bliss, but always nestled back in with great delight.

Then we started to climb and he always knew how to draw me into the circle of his arm with grace and tremendous care. I was surrounded by love.

We climbed mossy stone steps, being careful to breathe. Then we were at a great house, a castle, an old, old place, and we entered. Michael found an arrangement of chair, ottoman, couch, covered with assorted tapestries and he lay down and raised his outer shirt and beckoned for me to lie down. I lay beside him instead.

Then he asked me about something I had said earlier when we were by the grassy spot about how he and I could work together some day. "What can writing and administration add?" Then I knew he didn't grasp what I was doing now. I started to explain. Then he interrupted, reaching for an advertising sheet from the weekend paper. "Chairs! I'm running out of chairs," he said, jotting down the address of Love Furniture Company.

Just then a woman appeared in costume (1900s) with a small tea kettle in her hand, and invited us to tea.

We went through the dining room to the kitchen area where a table was set and I began to experience déjà vu. I'd read about this place, this woman. It was an historic site and she spent her days entertaining tourists there on the mountain top. Mike sat in the host's place (she told him, though she didn't ask him to move). I sat and all our knees touched.

Then she took us to see various buildings involved in the tour. First, we passed by a little almost subdivision of suburban looking houses, some in the process of construction. I realized they could even commute to work from the mountain top.

Then we were in another place and a sort of drama began to develop with several other people as actors. There was a fire and flood but nothing seemed dreadfully serious because of the sense of it being staged. At one point our woman tour guide lay on a table top in a sheet, her body turned toward the wall until it came time to put out the fire. Then she and another woman went down a large pipe full of water at one point. It was also a stunt, only one of them fell a step lower and the other a step higher. There was some injury.

All the while the places seemed full of old textured and crafted things and I was aware of the woman living there with her daughter and what a special life it was.

Upon awaking, I could easily drop back into the consciousness of closeness with Michael. It was very, very deep.

Then the words of a hymn came to me and I sang them silently to myself.

*When through the deep waters, I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow.*

*For I will be with thee, thy trials to bless,  
And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.*

*When through fiery trials, thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all sufficient shall be thy supply.  
The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design  
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.*

February 4

**Dream:** I am in training at a retreat. It has some connection to the monastery, a holy place.

In an early scene, I am in the sanctuary area, looking out upon a garden grotto. I go out there and pass by a statue which is covered at the top by a pure gold smooth-faced image. It is Godlike and has the form of one being carried in the arms of another and with outstretched arms forming a cross.

Later: it seems reminiscent of both the Pieta and Mary in Anne's lap. Also the feel of yesterday's angel dream.

Then I am in a large area where guests are arriving. This happens two times in succession. I am in training and the first time I am in charge, with others, and things go smoothly, despite uncertainty and having to makeshift some materials.

The second time, others are responsible and there are delays and omissions. People arrive and Adrienne D. in a long liturgical robe topped with a purple over-vest is greeting people. I start to help someone with their fur coat and Adrienne steps in and suggests the person might want to hang it elsewhere where it would be warmer. This is the beginning of a series of instances when I feel my way is being challenged, put down, superseded, and I feel alienation or separation as a result. I keep trying to help but in ways that intrude or offend, mostly because I am doing them my way. I go to check on the information packet and find they are just now assembling it and the sheets are in disarray, and poorly prepared. They assure me they are getting it ready and I quickly tell them I am just checking but there is the familiar tension that occurs in such an instance.

At another point I try to give a person a massage. She remains stiff and tense and I tell her to go ahead and relax and enjoy it. She does a little but again I feel I am intruding where I am not wanted.

Someone remarks about the statue and another person says it is in the sanctuary. I correct them because I know it is in the garden. I remember it. The image returns to me then.

*Thoughts:* Somehow, I wonder if this dream is any kind of follow-up on the previous day's angel dream. The image of being in the lap of God is the strongest connection.

(Later, 2003: It doesn't sound like that to me now, but like I am being constantly put in my place for being so officious and organized like Rabbit in the Pooh books.)

February 21

What a time! After the four-day retreat at Campion, I came home to a cold! And by Sunday night, an asthma attack finally culminating in a trip to the emergency room Monday afternoon to get a breathing assist. Today I worked a full day and feel quite good, sore throat and cold, but not the panicky breathiness.

Sunday was a climax of sorts for me. I had been at home and in bed for lots of Saturday and all day Sunday. I couldn't believe that here I had my first cold in seventeen months and on the heels of all my itchy symptoms just when I seemed to be coming to the end of them. I asked myself if there was no end to physical problems. What it amounts to is that God seems to be relentlessly pursuing me along a single line—that of my body—which is a sure access in my case. When will I at last listen?

I threw away my cards—a first step toward the discipline I know I want to develop in being quiet for a time daily, just quiet, not active imagining or contemplation or meditation yet, but breathing. . .and silent! So there I was Sunday in the night, and Monday afternoon at the hospital, inhaling and exhaling, and being with my lungs, my poor inflated clogged lungs. Boy, do I get the illnesses related to my psychological problems.

Today my work with people was rewarding—deep changes evidenced. God is good. It is so much God's doing. The work with Dick and Don went o.k. too, but I struggle to stay back and be quiet so as to encourage Dick, especially, to enter more strongly. After all, the two of them did without me yesterday.

I feel I am dealing with my Two wing in all of this, my need to be needed. So I need to take the advice I give my Two counselees: to nourish my self; acknowledge my needs and wounds.

February 23

Yesterday was important, my time with Russell, as I talked about responses I have been getting in my work with various people (and there have been major developments especially in S and these move me) and we came to my time with R and how she just began to reminisce, in response to my sensitive and timely questioning—about her relationship to her father, especially, and other aspects of that fourteen-year-old time when she first got thin and had a happy summer in Lynn at the beach with her mother. She cried, and, I felt, with new depth.

Russell then asked me if all this brought up anything in my childhood and this is when all kinds of things broke loose, about being two, about never having been nourished in a way I want to imitate. I talked about Mother now too, my embarrassment and other feelings—pity, poignancy.

In the midst of all this I began to cry really hard, like an infant, I imagine. I let go and let my body go with it. I was making all sorts of connections. Finally, I began stroking my face and my head. I could feel comfort. And, oddly, at the end, I felt how much I was loved and that I knew what enough meant—being nourished. Mother used to run her fingers through my hair as I slept in her lap at church. Don does this now after we make love. The enoughness is contained in this gesture. So Mother both did not adequately mother me and she also did something that was enough. Maybe this is why we recognize what we lack, because there are times when we do get enough.

Anyway, it was a very important experience for me. I had brought my hippo picture and I felt identified with that soulful mama hippo with her newborn attached to her side.

Upon awaking yesterday I had the feeling that I was a mother who was breast feeding. This was especially clear in my relation to SD who has had a breakthrough which is very much related to the work we did a week ago when he was able to cry and get some mother feeling within, I think.

Tuesday was in fact a day where many things came to light. The value of patience and timing is a big one. When Dianne thanked me for these, I had to laugh for they are not natural gifts and partly her sense of this in me is simply a reflection of her wisdom in ignoring me when I push too hard too soon.

February 26

**Dream:** Joanna F. died. So real that as I awoke, I remembered how she has come to mind several times recently and I haven't followed through on any impulse to contact her and now she's gone, I think. Then gradually I come fully awake and realize it was a dream.

Later I recall that when we dream someone died, it means that the complex they represent has lost its power, i.e., is dead too. So I have wondered, off and on today, what Jo represents to me. Although we are quite different temperamentally, I feel like her in some basic ways, especially in some of the ways we were raised, both in college towns.

Don suggests she is the reverse side of my Phyllis shadow, still a shadow, but another aspect. That may be true. I am aware that Jo has been depressed a lot, that she was always sombre and serious and I think somewhat dissatisfied with her life, feeling somewhat of a victim, especially in her relationship to Judy, which I think was pretty black at times.

I know she had a strong father relationship, but I don't think she had as much negativity about her mother as I did with mine.

She always seemed a tragic figure to me. I am not sure why.

I know I regret the loss of contact. I thought we might have had more in common than she did, I guess.

I know Judy's suicide was a terrible thing, yet I feel the estrangement had begun perhaps with Judy's new lover. I know Jo sought therapy at that time, then moved Stateside. And then Judy killed herself.

Jo was my first soul mate, a kind of lover at the turning point of my adolescence, just before I had my first love experience with a man. As such, she symbolizes my opening to a deeper level of experiencing.

We were truly peers, I think. We met. We matched. It was a rich relationship.

March 15

**Dream:** Friends of mine are letting their child go on her own with other children to a play area (?). She is old enough and the others are responsible. I see children filing down the sidewalk.

I join them. The little girl approaches two older girls and tries to ingratiate herself with them in order to be included. I watch the two older girls treat her in a way that sounds snobbish.

I decided to intervene at that point (as I might in a session, e.g.). I challenge one of the two older girls and, with others who join us, we get into a discussion/argument. The girl is very defensive but I persist over some time and partly by manipulation or deceit try



to win her rapport so as to convince her.

Toward the end, I am winning my point and also she is softening. I do this by fine distinction between what she *said* (content) and how it *sounded*. "It sounded snobbish," I say, assuring her it may not have been snobbish.

I am going to leave and make that as part of my last contact with her, that "I'm going back to Chicago (I know I'm not) and may not see her again," (implying we should part in friendship). At this point I extend my arm/hand to her. I am lying on the ground and she is floating in a darkened sky above me. I feel great tenderness toward her. Don is present throughout the whole scene.

There is another fragment about a young man (Bill Gotherd sort) who has told my mother she is going to move to another state.

As I awaken, I am surprised at this intervention and know she'll be unhappy and begin thinking about how she can resist (legally) and get a court order, staying action, injunction, policemen, etc.

*Thoughts:* The last twenty-four hours have included a trip to the doctor where he told me (1) I was "close to obsessing" about my symptoms and that this was becoming a problem and (2) also advised estrogen replacement therapy.

So I am considering the two things. I feel somewhat humiliated. Yet it all makes sense. On the one hand, I am glad that the physical problems that have focused my attention on the over-all issue of stress and life style are relatively minor ones, but I am also embarrassed that I have gotten so caught up in such small things.

But I noticed recently in my work with people, how they tend to slide over things too fast and that often it is the little things that are powerful indicators of what is going on deep down. And I have begun calling attention to that in various ways.

So Eunice, what about you?

March 18 at the Common in Peterborough, NH at the Dreambody Workshop

I am working hard on things. And it is bearing fruit. Per usual, body work gets right to the point and I can experience release in the moment.

Last night working alone, I found it difficult to stay with a dream image and work with it. (I went back to my "row of huts" that are actually women's buttocks—Jan. 17 dream)

Awaking this morning, I wrote a dialogue between my Psyche and Soma to see what was going on there, with reference to my body symptoms. This was the result:

PSYCHE

SOMA

You're a pain in the butt!

At least I have your a-tension!

Touché

No, not touch. Just pay attention to me.

I have no choice.

It's because you pay me no mind.

You're out of line.

Perhaps. I'm not aligned with you.

	But I'm for you.
That's what I've always assumed.	I know, taken me for granted.
I like it when you function smoothly.	Because you can ignore me.
Unfair. I like you, you know.	On the outside. So I have to kick up on the inside.
Under the skin, actually.	Precisely. I'm irritating you.
And I am paying attention—LOTS of attention—to you.	In fact, obsessing.
Yes, I'm obsessed with you.	Work with me, not against me, or without me.
I want to. I don't know how, or if I try, I can't seem to, or I'm afraid —intimidated.	Fully inhabit me. Allow yourself to totally be in me—at rest.
Will you hold me? Please hold me. Right now I feel you to be my enemy.	Only in the sense of Balaam's ass. I am balking because I see an angel in the way and can't keep on, the way you have been driving me.
Me? Driving you? And I am feeling the one driven.	Not by me. I am responding.
It's my ego, my need to know, to appear a certain way.	I love you, but I am also your mirror and you don't like what I show you.
I am trying to ignore that too!	I tell it to you straight but I can't change the situation without you.
Teach me how to work with you, not against you.	Come, let me hold you close. I'll whisper in your ear.

At this point I remembered fragments from Scripture. "In the morning he wakens my ear to hear as the learned." I found the John of the Cross passage Russell read me from Ezekiel 16:5-14. I read fragments from *The Dark Night* and *Spiritual Canticle* and it seemed my real issue was with God as much as an inner conflict—the aridity (dry skin) the desolation, absence of consolations. And I suddenly wondered if—at the deepest level—this is not a spiritual intent God has in the long process I am undergoing. And there was some sweetness and relief in that thought. *The Canticle* expresses the positive side of

this—the Beloved's desire toward me. I also had the sense of the Hound of Heaven.

In the morning session, then, I was able to do a piece of work, first by sharing the dialogue and then in body work on a dream. I took the fragment I remembered from my March 15 dream, the part at the end where the girl is floating above me in a dark sky and I reach up to her. I had Judy stand over me and eventually directed her to approach me, put her hands on my front, then on my belly. A lot happened and at one point I cried at the tenderness and attention. Then delirious laughter broke out, wonderfully freeing. I felt tremendous energy in my legs, pushed with them, let them move rhythmically, then also felt very sleepy, curled up fetally. Judy stroked my hair.

About then Joy came by and entered in but I stayed connected to Judy. I processed with both of them and realized a number of things, made connections. One major one was that I could feel air entering my body through the anal-genital openings, rather than needing to expel it (Jan. 17 dream). I was lying down in a position similar to the dream figure. The whole relationship of lying down and reaching up was basic.

In a later dance, I took the position of the upper figure instead and reached down to myself. Took hold of my leg.

It was harder to do the solo dance and be observed. It is easier for me to work in the presence of another person.

March 20

**Dream:** I am in a college setting and there is interaction with a particular young woman who has come to me for counsel and others of her friends have too, regarding her. She has become engaged. I have one image of her, emerging from a group wearing a particular dress with large puffy sleeves and full skirt, nipped in tightly at waist and neck.

In another scene I am in a bedroom in a dorm. Several young women are there and I take the opportunity to confront one of them very directly and sharply, because I know I can penetrate right to the core of the issue.

Then I am in an airy room with others and I am seated on a couch. Suddenly, to my left, where there is an open closet I see a cat, followed by a dog and a tiny dog, replica of the other dog, chasing the cat. I call the cat, liking the cat, and wanting to be rid of the dogs. The animals come around behind the couch and jump up beside me. I corner the cat behind my body, for protection, and grab the larger dog which is harmless and ask other people in the room to come take it from me.

At this point I look down on my left arm and there are tiny bugs in circles on my arm, moving rapidly. At first only five or six, then instantly multiplying up and down my arm. I am horrified! Then the circles coalesce into a hard beetle-like bug and as I try to remove it, it, it leaves a pustule on my arm so that my arm is covered with these unisghtly red pustules.

Then I am outside the school infirmary. A young man tells me "Oh yeah, we have Cuprillo for that" and I get the notion that this liquid can be poured on and heal the arm.

*Thoughts:* I awaken. The thing feels ghastly, and also embarrassingly clear, warning my against moving in so fast with people, using a powerful method that can penetrate defenses—like body work. And R is coming this morning, and here I am, rarin' to go.

I realize, pondering the rather remarkable session yesterday where Joy and Doug worked with Ellen, that body work is very powerful, though there was the added pressure

of the group, which made things move even more, probably.

But body work is powerful, deceptively so, in part, because one has to then live out the effects in daily life and interaction.

What was my body work? It was to receive more (from the bottom up! rather top down). Hmm. That's important, a new way to perceive what I learned.

April 4

I have been having dream fragment/image memories and even they are indistinct. My body symptoms are really all gone. I realized that this morning, but an old experience or set of experiences are now back: eating too much, tension, focus on my work, and thus the potential building of stress, a kind of addiction to vacating in crossword puzzles. These all feel like another channel for obsession.

But perhaps now, I am aware that I must work on the root cause. I believe this to be a spiritual process in the sense of Step One (AA). I am powerless to gain control over it.

Some thoughts are: that I don't have enough of a creative life of my own. I live too much for my work. . . living through others, almost caring too much. Being too invested. Don and I plan on a two-day vacation to celebrate our twentieth anniversary and I don't know what I want to do or where I want to be. It's sad. Don takes his poetry wherever we are, but what do I go toward?

April 10

I saw E. O. yesterday to talk about Process-Oriented Psychology and I have been processing the encounter since. I think some things are coming clear.

I didn't feel fully comfortable throughout the time we were together. It was as though we never struck a chord. that our souls didn't meet, and I wonder about that. It seems to me there was a lack of *resonance*.

And then when that word came to me with reference to our meeting, I realized that resonance is best exemplified in the *voice*. And Don's initial comment about her (after a phone call) had been regarding her odd voice. It is the voice of a little girl, very high and rather undeveloped.

I was aware of her eyes. Clear, but where was the *person*. And there it is again: *person, personality. Through sound*.

What she said was pretty much o.k. I did dare to mention my misgivings in a general way about my fear of both the *doctrinaire* and the *enthusiast*. It has seemed to me that Process-Oriented Psychology people feel it is the only way.

I am also aware that all this is commingled with the association with Russell and his clay feet. He was Elke's analyst, and according to her, unenthusiastic about her move to movement and POP. I have mixed feelings about all this. I recognize Russell has been giving me caveats about body work and his points are well taken, especially with respect to my particular calling. But I also realize that I have sensed his discomfort when I get into my body in a session and "let go"—or at least I wonder if he is comfortable. I have felt o.k. about it, so far, accepted it as his thing.

Another thing on the way back to the car yesterday, walking alone, I felt one "ping" in my neck—the psoriasis spot, and again this morning upon awaking as I was processing the whole thing with EO. So I started thinking about my itching, the skin, the neck. EO has mentioned the breath—as the Spirit—entering other holes than those I'd usually

associated with the breath.

Now as the Spirit courses through my body moving upward, the logical outcome might be in *sound* and in speech coming through my throat. The neck is the connector, however, so what is this psoriasis. It is on the surface, on the skin.

There is something about the *artificial*, I think—surface work. I am not to do just surface work perhaps, but deeper. To me this means it is essential to link body work with the soul and mind. Give voice to the Spirit who will cry "Abba" —Daddy—Papa. (B C broke down at this point Thursday evening.)

My own life must not be artificial and I think the psoriasis may be a warning. EO talked about her "rituals" before a session, and she meant the whole idea of turning it over to God, making herself aware of the fact that this is God's work, not ours.

April 12 20th anniversary of Don's baptism

**Dream:** I am in a large square dimly lit room at BU. There is a phone booth there and I am waiting to make a call. My stuff is there—purse, bags, etc. Other people drift in and out I am getting antsy about something as I recall. Lots of little exchanges.

Then I drive to Cambridge and go into a building and discover I don't have my wallet. I can hardly believe I have been this careless, but try to carefully retrace my steps mentally, also trying to reconcile myself to the possibility I may have to replace all my cards and license.

I decide to go on to Harvard Square first to see if I left it there, then go back to BU. Somewhere along the line I am given the impression that people at BU saw me as eccentric and I try to see myself that way. It's like getting a new picture of myself.

Another fragment concerns a miniature wicker cradle with a miniature baby in it. I cover it carefully with layers of covers. On top is a bright coral colored woven blanket.

Then I peek inside. There the baby is, but it is restless, moving about. I know it needs to be held, so I pick it up and find a way to nestle it into the folds of my palm so that it feels skin contact and then it is quieted. After a time, I open my palm and it starts to thrash about so that I fear I will drop it. It slips once, but fastens its little extremities onto my arm like a little crab or bug and I am glad. I am looking for covers for it so it can feel secure.

*Work:* I think the first one is about the changed way I feel about myself as therapist—a changed image, because I feel and see things differently. The second one may be about body work, which is in its infancy for me and must not be made to be bigger than it should be. I am learning how to handle it, create security for it and it is beginning to attach itself to me and my work. It is part of me.

April 13

Twenty years in love! No more dreams of singleness like I used to have!

I ate too much Chinese food late last night and the result was discomfort during the night, but as I lay awake regretting our splurge, I was bombarded by confused signals—words appearing as on a screen: "straggler, strangler, stranger" then "Russell" then a sense of desperation to find God, to have that sense of closeness again, wondering if the transference to Russell as a god figure can break through the prison. Here songs of Easter intervened. I felt a real sense of urgency and longing, though desperation is closer to the

feeling. I don't know.

Yesterday Russell talked to me frankly about his reservations about POP, Arnie, EO and my tendency to inflation. It was very helpful. I feel I need to stay with him very definitely and continue to search for the spiritual basis for body work more than go in a body work direction exclusively. I feel Marion Woodman represents a better model for me.

April 15

**Dream:** There is a little toddler two to three years old, very astute, but totally a child him/herself and a younger sister. The toddler comes and sits on a stool near me and asks if I can keep a secret. She looks straight into my eyes. I see all of her very clearly. I tell her many people have told me their secrets. She then proceeds to tell me that she wrote a paper in school for her teacher on what it feels like to be a parent and that she knows this. I am amazed. I realize she is very wise.

I observe her caring for her younger sister and the way she lets her go free, yet is watchful in unobvious ways.

I am with her father, B, at a table. I know I cannot tell him her secret, but I look at him and say softly, "B" and after a time he replies with a nod or word. With difficulty, I speak, then with authority I say, "B, you and R are to learn from your children. They will teach you wisdom." I think he understands, though maybe not as fully as I do.

I am in a large spacious carpeted room with many women at some sort of gathering. Two babies are there too, one my special friend and another baby who is less well trained and may be a bit retarded or dysfunctioning.

Becca is a leader there and is sitting on a couch resting up against Mrs. W. Becca speaks and says she must be very candid but the next time we do this she has to ask us to take turns babysitting because the babies are distracting. I look at her line of vision and realize the second baby is in it. I go over and ask the mother (Nan J) if I can take her baby who is playing nearby. I carry the baby with difficulty up some steep stairs to an upper area. Up there are all sorts of nooks and crannies and old furniture. The baby is very docile and self-entertaining and I can forget about it for periods of time.

There is an interlude where Nan comes up and talks about asking for custody of her two children but for husband R to be able to peek in on them at special moments. I wonder if she realizes what she has in the child whom I am beginning to feel is remarkable. I have made a good connection with it.

Then Dave and Neta are there talking about the way they have renovated the space. There are two major areas. There are complex arrangements. Neta is proud of her work in running an electric cord out to a porch. She has covered it with socks and rags of various colors and shapes. The whole place is set up so as to be fun for children, lots of things to amuse and enjoy, not a modern decor.

I talk to them about how originally mother was to live there but this has changed. I keep making mistakes about the plan I've forgotten.

And then there was a section about some men driving to this farmhouse and I was directing them by a better way, realizing that the final turn was very obscure. In the dream, I see in my mind the layout of the road and fields and the various landmarks and keep focused on it, going through it in my dream until I get it right and it coincides with a map I have. And as I do this, I feel that at last I understand its orientation accurately in a

way I never have before, that the Lutheran church, e.g., is in the place in reality and on the map which coincide.

I awoke early on, remembering Anne Berra and what I consider to be my part in her journey toward suicide. I've not really dealt with this, and it seems connected to my thinking about humiliation and humility and how close they are to each other in me. I feel humbled by failure or what I perceive as failure. But there is also humility in realizing how God can use my mistakes. This happened at least twice this week. Monday with R, when I made her mad, and last night with J, when I feel I played into her tendency to get me to do all the work on her dreams.

I realized also how well Lisa and Dianne are doing, without much of any cleverness on my part. This made me wonder if my over-investment in some folks is not a hindrance.

May 5

It came to me with renewed force this morning, how the *person* I am is what is important. I have realized this intellectually, but it hit at a deeper level today, how lazy I am (and therefore resistant to dealing with clients' lack of discipline when it comes up), about pursuing my own journey—what a lifelong quest it is—that what happens *between* sessions is more crucial than the session itself alone, that I can *pray* for Robin, Diane B., Sarah, not *stew* over them, that I need not "depend on Wednesdays with Russell" to get me through the week.

A peace came. . . slowly, and then, I knew how I might spend today.

May 6

**Dream:** We are at a celebration of John and Susan's tenth anniversary. They are going to repeat their wedding ceremony. A group of us are on folding chairs in an open area facing a large hallway. John and Susan enter and process around us—in front, up the right side, behind us, and then down the left. I remember Susan especially—short-cropped hair and radiant face. At one point, John speaks to correct something I or someone else says. They are poised and gracious.

**Dream:** I am at a theological school gathering. A celebrity is to speak. Ellie comes up and we decide to stand on the outside of this house next to a narrow green hedge and we lay our heads down on it. It feels soft, not prickly. I'm aware there is a large cafeteria in the basement.

Later, I am aware of a group of women living together in a dorm. They seem to be students at school for a special program. They are to live together and become a harmonious unit.

There has been some dissension, I think caused by a certain one. It must be handled well. Instead of the group handling this person in connection with those in her section only, it is handled in the larger group and the result is a real breakthrough for the whole group becomes strongly bonded and great joy and productivity is the result.

I am in a hallway, talking to childhood friend NW. who is in a clothes closet. I am confronting her about a bad habit she has, together with Mary, who is younger.

As we talk, she is repentant. She is going to change.

*Associations:* Susan has a strong father complex and I also identify with both her vulnerability emotionally and her strength professionally. We have lost connection with them, probably because we may be quasi-parent figures.

The tenth anniversary. I don't know except abstractly. Ten is wholeness and ten years ago we came to Boston and I started a different spiritual journey.

Susan is an artist and John an analyst. So the marriage of these two might be significant

In the theological school dream: Ellie is a strong female figure, generally positive to me, though she is somewhat rigid at times. She is divorced, has been through a lot of pain. In the dream she is surprisingly open to the less formal. Laying our heads down on the hedge had a particular feeling for me, especially as we did it together. Since I become aware of the cafeteria in the basement, I wonder if this is a counterpoint to her great *headiness*, and it's our *heads* which we lay down on the green hedge in order to hear the celebrity! (Put my ear to the *ground!*)

The group of women in the dorm becoming one may refer to my own inner "cast of characters" becoming more harmonious. It seemed important that the issue was raised in the *whole* group, rather than being sectioned off. One part out of sync affects the whole, that is.

Childhood friend NW represents to me the peculiar irony of a nostalgia-loving person being stricken with the one disease which makes that impossible to sustain: Alzheimer's. She also represents an "unequal yoke" to me because her friendship for me was of a different intensity and meaning than mine for her, and this was hurtful to her. Also, I suppose her marriage to someone fourteen years older could be considered another difference, but this didn't seem to be a problem. But it does represent another irony, for she always assumed she would outlive George and become his caretaker, rather than the reverse.

NW also was strong-willed and opinionated (as well as goodhearted and simple), so a change in behavior or attitude is more unusual.

The addition of Mary H. to the dream, I don't understand. Mary has been a kind of protégé, as well as steady friend to NW, also has followed in her footsteps to some extent in her long career at Pioneer Girls. Mary represents dogged faithfulness. Also timidity to risk—the decision to live safely instead. She lost her mother when very young.

Both Mary and NW are lifelong acquaintances of mine, at least since I was twelve.

Later: Yes, I think Mary is also me, what about this decision to "live safely?" And losing the *mother* at a young age. I need to regain that aspect, and am doing so, I think.

May 7

**Dream:** I have stopped by Russell's during the week and walk into the house (it's not the same house) and make myself at home. I've come for some reason I guess, and it's o.k. I'm there and see a few apples on the dining room table, then hear Russell say I'm free to take one and we talk (though not in visual range) about how apples are not as good this year, though cheap.

Then it's time for me to leave, and I'm perched on the bed talking to him and remember that Mabel died and that is significant news. I start to talk about Mother's lack of response (in response to something Russell says) and then it seems Mother is the one



there instead and she starts talking in her detailed plodding way and I think Russell won't care to hear all this.

**Dream:** I am now in a house (seems like the same sort of street outside—trees with new leaves and the feel of flowers everywhere) with a group of ladies assembled. As we talk, a young girl arrives on a bicycle and pulls it into the garage adjacent. I see her wedge it in, as though slicing into the car parked there. I recall her short dress, a flowery print.

**Dream:** Then I am at a wedding. It is mammoth with a bevy of attendants. The sanctuary is huge, like a giant tabernacle. I'm on the front row with other attendants. There's a heap of yellow corduroy piled there, and a woman (also an attendant) comes by and says that it is for spreading over something (canopy?).

The procession has begun and the attendants are all lined up on both sides of the platform and below it. I realize I need to scoot into line too but must go to the end, away from the other bridesmaids. They are in pink and I am wearing yellow, as it turns out. I have to push the person next to me and then tell her to tell the others to move so there'll be room for the procession to walk between some of us and onto the platform.

Just then I realize the bridal party is coming up the opposite aisle. It's John and Carmel and I see her face clearly as she distinctly and lovingly gazes out at all these attendants, her friends, appreciating each one. The maid of honor is also up there on the platform, curtsying and waving her bouquet and I read her lips saying, "Thank you, I appreciate you very much." She is wearing a short dress, flowery print, like the girl with the bicycle, sort of a little girl dress.

*Thoughts:* I've been thinking about Sarah, and how she unconsciously avoids and how she has missed her session in a strange way, not realizing she has started a process which continues—"automatically almost"—once begun. I see her in me, for I'm aware in a new way this week that the process must be attended to *between* sessions, that her not seeing me last Thursday will not necessarily delay or abort her process.

So too with me. The dream where I am at Russell's between sessions signifies that for me.

Also that dream points up the plodding detail and patience required, something mother has, and I lack.

There is also the motif of the second wedding, and all the flowers. I have this sense of a second level of integration.

The girl with the bicycle cuts into the control of the car.

May 8

I awoke this morning, a little fretting or frustrated, not remembering the dream which was on the edge of awareness, but which refused to become conscious. I had the feeling it was full and positive, yet there was a heaviness. It seems like the feeling of working hard.

Now I'm remembering my years of devotional discipline, daily readings and an attempt at prayer. Therapy at 37 changed my relationship to God, and then twelve years later, my move to Boston and contact with the contemplative and catholic tradition

continued a change.

Clement: "He who knows himself knows God." This is a fearsome statement to me. Is *this* the fear of God? To know myself? I find the dark mystery repugnant. What am I afraid to find?

May 10

**Dream:** Another person and I are to perform a comedy routine before an audience. It is a joke about an island, which has on it an international defense institution or building, and the joke is about a man. We rehearse the story and in the process totally crack up laughing.

Then people start arriving. Royalty is there, and also Jackie Onassis. I am in the back somewhere with my partner and I begin to get scared about performance. I go through it, not clear if in practice or actuality, but it bombs. I realize it's not so funny after all.

The scene now switched and I am *on* the island in the joke. It is totally tan colored gravel. Little stick-like palm (?) trees are all over. The appearance is arid and barren. The man in the joke is driving his car around recklessly, and I become very alert. He is a sadist, I feel. He chases me with his car.

Then I am in an area that has desks, and he is there. We have various interactions and along the way, he gets into my purse. I'm very angry and order him not to. Finally he obeys.

I walk up beside his car, which is made of wood and see the striation marks on the side and realize it was burned. This is man is very destructive.

Then I go out to my car. There is a mess of stuff in the front seat. I make sure the passenger door is locked, then shove stuff into the driver's side, the purse included and try to lock that side before the man appears. My sun glasses slide, and I have difficulty completing the maneuver effectively because I'm in a hurry.

In my fantasy, the man comes up behind me and shuts the door with my hand in the door.

**Another dream "short"** concerns a mother who is talking about her children (she has five or six). She has a rolodex card file sectioned off. Each child has a card with a group of cards following it, on which is indicated whether or not that child asked to see the mother's notes or journal about him or her. The mother doesn't make a big judgment about this, though there is a slight implication of particular fortitude in not needing to see, yet she is sympathetic to the kids who had struggles and needed to read their stories. As we went through the file, I had a sense of each one.

May 11

**Dream:** I seem to be in a workshop. I'm running it, in fact. We are all in a shadowy room. I get very hot, and need to shed my clothes. Russell is sitting in one corner, with his pad of paper writing or reading, with peripheral attention to what is going on.

I realize my nakedness may be an unnecessary offense to him, and I apologize, but he answers with objective humor, indicating he is intent on his work. I burrow in the drawers of a four-drawer file standing there, looking for my clothes to put on. I keep pulling the drawers out, but can't find them.

I begin to think about the value and costs of nudity. It occurs to me that word could

get around and the reputation of Life/Work impugned and that would be devastating to me. I think that nudity has to have some purpose or rationale.

Then I am in a car, driving. Two others are with me in the front seat, Russell in the middle wearing a soft blue sweater.

I am talking about what I would do if I were to begin my life anew. I would still want to end up with Don but I'd also want to have many different experiences, such as with men who have different situations, such as disabilities. I mentioned, "for example, a blind man." Russell replies, "Yes, we blind men are interesting." I'm surprised and look at him closely, noting his glasses. I didn't realize he was blind.

Through this whole time, there is an underlying sense of sexual arousal or attraction. It feels good, alive.

Then I am in a house. There are three or four rooms being renovated. It'll be our work space. A group of people are there helping do the work, though not every efficiently. In the middle room, a group of us who have been working on it, stop to pray. Before we actually begin, a guy who has been working on the back room comes in, announcing he has finally finished and is ready to begin on the dining room but can't yet because stuff from our room is in there, so that is holding him up. I break in then, since we haven't started praying, and make a suggestion. I realize we won't finish our work today and things are moving so slowly, and that we need to stop for the day. We aren't making any headway, and it may be dysfunctional to try to keep on.

*Thoughts:* There was a difference yesterday in the session with Russell. I was not *depending* on his insight into and analysis of the dream. We were working together, I felt, searching for clues and meaning. This is a definite movement in me, toward more active engagement in the process.

May 12

I feel I am going through some trial by fire, that it is inexorable and unavoidable and I feel an inner grimness about it. I don't want to wildly fight it, nor is it fun to contemplate or anticipate either. There is no way to steel myself against it either for I have all kinds of vulnerable openings physically and psychologically. Jobean feeling! The Almighty has infinite resources for getting at me.

Later I awoke to another image. The "spread eagle" position is helpful. It was how I held my body at the March workshop (Process Psychology) in order to receive the breath of the Spirit and be healed. This time I could sense how my feet were connected to the ground and something was growing within me, moving from the extremities up. I felt like a frog.

*"O Jesus Christ,  
grow thou in me."*

Later, after my massage with Sheila:

The frog position was important, staying open in my body, because at one point I got in touch with a primal memory. It was when I was too scared to ask permission to go to the bathroom in first grade and went in my pants and had to be driven home by the principal. I think it happened more than once, and again in fifth grade.

I got in touch with the *fear* and the *shame*. It was a deep experience of healing to be

naked there on the massage table bed and *not* be ashamed of that area of my body. Naked and unashamed. I remembered my recent dream of being naked and looking for my clothes in the file drawers.

During the massage I cried often. Just so releasing, but at the moment of memory of that *shitty* experience, the crying was deeper, more resonant. It felt wonderful.

I also burst out laughing for a time. Gurgling pleasure.

A phrase that came to me about the early experience was: "It scared the shit out of me." Also I got in touch with how I don't and didn't understand *why* the whole thing happened. Where did I learn shame for my excretory functions? Or is it universal?

May 16

**Dream:** I am at a church picnic on a broad expanse of ground. People are gathered around a huge wooden structure. It's like under bleachers, though there are no seats. The meal is being served at one end.

I'm aware SD is there, plus K and the kids and others. I go over beside SD and slip my hand in his. I feel close to him and sexually attracted, or it's more like just closeness and affection with an emotional content. He responds. I begin to feel this is bad for our transference and start to withdraw but he holds my hand closer.

We start to walk away, after a time and then I manage to extricate my hand and we walk side by side. Then I am with someone else. I look down the wooden structure to the end of the table where SD is sitting and I see clearly his face, very troubled and unhappy. Lines, darker color (red, not brown), deep set eyes.

I walk across the field to an area set on a hill with massive structures on it. One square building at the entrance to the area is a large mansion—Greek Revival—and is being renovated. The person living inside is poor, and is doing the work him or herself, piece by piece.

I ask the persons I am with if they have stopped to see Lew and Betsy yet. I know they are old friends. Yes, they have. And they were aware of the renovation and have talked about it.

Now I decide to go to the hill overlooking the swimming area. There are bleachers there where a whole big crowd of people are seated. I climb up behind the bleachers and am aware how deep blue the ocean is below and I see swimmers all about, in the ocean and on small white sandy beaches.

The bleachers are actually plush-covered theater seats. A man in the top row is very kind, and offers me his seat. I have climbed over the back of the top row and am astride the back of his seat. I refuse his seat, out of politeness, I guess. Then I see a young woman and her father approaching from behind and they are likely to take the proffered seat. Although the place is very crowded, there are one or two seats empty here and there.

*Work on dream:* SD represents someone who was shamed by his mother and is married to someone who was confided in by her father. He also is someone—like Denis W. who spoke of the artistic aspects of restoration last night, replacing ornamental plaster and a marble fireplace—who works with his hands in renovation. I have a lot of feeling for SD and feel some identification with him. He also represents someone who has a lot to work through. Maybe one level of meaning is that we are getting closer. I'm aware he

may be a person for whom I must "carry" the transcendent function for a time.

Lew and Betsy represent an odd couple, who do "expensive" type things, but are "poor." Buy a house in L.A., get an M.A. degree, buy an R.V. and sailboat. Who are conservative in theology, yet modern in some aspects, like technology, e.g. I think I look at their life style as being what I'd not enjoy at all. Too hemmed in and limited, especially Lew. Yet they have made a life for themselves out there, far removed from both sets of parents.

There are three major structures: first the open wooden set, sturdy, lots of space and air flowing through. No particular obvious function. Then the large stone structures (or could be stucco) on the hill, extremely massive and sturdy, but not open. I wasn't particularly aware of a lot of large windows looking out over the field. Rather I was aware of the owner inside and it almost seemed the owner was imprisoned within.

Finally, there are the bleachers, located high up, with a view of that deep blue sea. They seem precariously located, in a way, yet in themselves are very comfortable, with the individual seat aspect and the plush coverings.

There are three settings too. The first is a church picnic, informal, pleasant. The second has to do with painstaking slow work, piece by piece, internal and costly. And done by the person him or herself. The third is having a vantage point, an overview, spectator, and the view is of deep blue sea (unconscious?) and children playing and/or swimming. It seems a little Jewish too (after the "Greek Revival.")

May 17

**A couple of scenes:** I'm in a department store. I suddenly decide to go ahead and buy a top. I look in one section where more expensive ones are found. I note the colors, textures, styles. Then I go to a central section and think I find a more casual sturdy pink one.

I go outside where Don and I are to meet Norm in a square, near the Art Institute (we are in Chicago).

**Another scene:** I am in a hotel in an area where we can sit on lounge chairs, open and sunny. I'm meeting with Joanna F. Then the time is up and we are to leave and then return after a meeting for a late breakfast. As we go through a dining area (chairs and tables are in chaos) I approach a hotel employee and make reservations for a space in one corner, which she says will be clear (though there is to be some sort of banquet in the central area).

I am thinking about SD, his dream he "inadvertently" left on the table, his crying at the realization that K only loved him conditionally, and my dream of holding his hand and feeling close as I walked beside him. I wonder if this all indicates his coming to terms with K/anima, not making K his mother (unconditional love), and being able to make a stronger transference to me. The dream had him going to the basement where there were "no longer any stacks of books." He must proceed less cognitively. Head and heart are not yet well connected.

Later I made a series of exciting connections, but going back over SD's dreams and tracing themes, noting also the theme of our transference and what turns out to be (according to Russell) my positive counter-transference. Russell described me as manic"

and "inflated" trying to deal with too much material. I was very excited, and made a rapid series of references to specific dreams, tracing my reasoning.

That was hard to hear, of course. I like to be considered more sane! Russell warned me about "touch" with regard to SD and I considered that a point well taken. This whole thing has taken me somewhat by surprise. I'd wondered why I was so much more invested in my work with SD, but this makes sense. Russell emphasized that SD is important in my work on myself, and indicated that this is how things go, the analyst and analysand work *together* but that my task is to contain my own issues and work so as not to hinder the other person's work.

Now as I write this, I guess I can feel pretty good about it all, but at the time I left the session feeling shitty. The other thing that contributed to this is that I mentioned to Russell I was going to Chicago for a week in June and that I had arranged to see "my therapist." I thought I detected a reaction in Russell to that. I felt terrible, after I left, thinking I'd made another mistake, in disturbing my transference to Russell, or in calling Alan "my therapist."

So I've been analyzing the whole thing. First, I recall that my original reason had been prompted by Don and had to do with my consideration of body work. Don said, "Why don't you talk to Alan?" That seemed like a good idea, since we were going to Chicago in June.

The other thing that has entered into my thinking has been the desire to ask Alan about the meaning of some of the body work which we did, especially when we were close together, often working on the bench. Some things didn't seem as helpful and now I would like to know why. It would be a big step to ask him. Would he be willing to tell me the truth about his own feelings? But now that I am looking at the issue of counter-transference, I'd like to know.

I've felt so bad since yesterday's session. I realize how strong my transference is to Russell. I think I am working with the father archetype/complex. Russell pointed out that I've changed since we began work. My first enthusiasm was for work with women getting in touch with their femininity. Now I'm interested in this work with a man. I see this. Also how drawn to the men we work with in vocational work—John Pucillo, Mike Flynn, Denis Wogan, Mike O'Malley, Lindsay Cobb, Jim McCluskey, Joseph Beagan.

May 18

I awoke in the night with a searing sensation in my loins. It felt like I was at a *source*. I also felt *sin*. The whole experience yesterday, coming to the *naked truth* feels like I'm exposed, my sinful character is exposed, my inner deceit and inflation, pride, arrogance. It doesn't feel good at all. I cry out to God.

In the morning, I had an image of an intersection.

The names of J and David came to mind. David is unable to decide to come together with J. He is afraid and possibly selfish and arrogant. J tends to be unconscious and is dealing with her father's death and according to last night's dream, the birth of new possibilities.

May 19

Yesterday, I spontaneously drew two interesting lines on the board, to illustrate

something with regard to Mike and then I spontaneously added a circle in the center and he said, "Yes, I'm at a crossroads." and I remembered the dream image suddenly. . .

Today I walked in the arboretum—mostly alone. Don sat in the shade. He told me at breakfast, with an almost harshness, that he is having to pursue his separate path (poetry) and not "keep up with" my journey, either by reading, or being a sounding board.

The tone was hard to hear, not so much the contents. . . I felt cut off, or as though it took extra energy for him to cut himself off. I felt numb, silent, unable to respond.

In the arboretum, I felt as alone as I ever remember feeling, and the old familiar gag-in-the-throat soreness arose. I walked in the trees with my camera, only taking pictures of tree-crotches, and cried aloud. All I could get out was a continuous desolate chant of the one word "I"—"I" . . . I . . . I . . . I . . . I . . . I . . ." I-land. I am alone in what I am going through. It is different from loneliness. It feels whole. But deep, and alone.

At home now, I feel humble, small, wanting to remain hidden. Not deflated, and in opposition to inflation, but desiring hiddenness.

I'm reading in the book on the mother archetype. Animals are a symbol of the mother (and I recall my pictures of animal mothers I've recently put up). "Animals do not have a sense of being 'I'."

May 21

It's Sunday morning, and I look back on two contrasting experiences.

Friday night, a lecture at Interface by Alexander Lowen. I had looked forward to it, and got there very early so as to get a good seat. But I was continually disappointed. I'm glad I went, because I saw the limitations of bioenergetic analysis. The emphasis on feeling good at the body level tends to emphasize the present moment, and the ability to raise one's energy level, and to attain wholeness through resolving past tensions and trauma, but despite the fact that this talk was labeled the "Spirituality of the Body," I could not see how Lowen had really grasped the spiritual aspect.

He drew a helpful diagram indicating that "one is only as spiritual as one is sexual"—that the two poles are related which put me in mind of Marion Woodman's diagram, but she talks about the crucial point in the middle where "soul-making" takes place. I wasn't sure Lowen understood that.

The main reason for my disappointment related to his statements implying or stating that one can be *cured*. He wanted people in the audience to ask questions so he could *answer* them, and of course in a huge auditorium, that is all that is possible.

In contrast to that, yesterday was spent at the Jung Institute with Linda Schierse Leonard. She is not a prepossessing figure. I first encountered her trying to find her way into the building, fumbling around stairways, etc., till we discovered the path together. I didn't know who she was.

She sat there in that tiny crowded space and got us to talk with each other. She did this by putting out questions from the very beginning, asking if we understood, and what our experience was. By the end of the day, although we had never been introduced, I felt a bond with others.

The *spiritual* base is so central, and although we represent many paths and traditions, we can talk from that base. And there is the humility of focus on the process of

wholeness, rather than a "cure." We talk of the cyclical nature of change. Of course the Twelve Steps lead to that.

And the relationship of addiction to creativity, which is the theme.

Something about bioenergetics is "over" for me. I value its emphasis on the body but, like Malcolm Brown, I must go on beyond to soul-making, in more Jungian terms.

I thought a lot, as I read in Jung's work on Transference yesterday, about what seems to be taking place right now with my in my analysis with Russell. It feels like a whopping (though aware) transference and reading about it makes me doubly aware of the implications of such a transference for the analyst. And of course, in my own case, my role with the people I work with.

This morning I awoke, couldn't remember my dream, but one word came to consciousness: "Daddy."

May 23

**Dream:** I was at a conference, then it turned into a gala, and then a church service. Here is what I remember:

Conference: Exhibit tables with a farm model on it. I was surprised a person was willing to sell so much land. It felt like a Minnesota scene. It was very plain and straight, and very little on it, to show trees, vegetation. Stripped and bare.

Church: I think this was next. I was in the section where the platform was and had been asked to preach impromptu and had done so easily without fuss. I stood back to one side now and was aware of my street clothes and sturdy unfancy oxfords. A little clumsy looking. Then Ellie moved to the front and was attired in a magnificent vestment, striking in its muted way and very feminine. It had a dark blue coat-like covering without sleeves. Underneath there was a wonderfully soft knitted rosy pink (muted in tone, though the color was "alive"). Ample sleeves, also showing, knit in yarn. As she swung around, the back showed a series of intricate tucks emanating from a centerpiece. And there was the hint, thus, of a waistline, a tiny hint of provocation or feminine form. The skirt was full and flowered. One could see folds under the coat-like garment, deepening mystery.

Gala: Then I seemed to be in an entry way waiting for an event which felt celebrative. There were lots of children in a procession that suddenly began sweeping into the main auditorium through a doorway which was fairly narrow. The children were dressed in costume—simple, yet colorful and capable of movement. There was an older bearded man among them. Everything moved ahead with a certain authority and precision, yet with the air of spontaneity and joy.

There was another segment. I don't know where it came in but I was outside in a terrain that seemed like Israel, a desert blossomed. Verdant, yet rocky, with low growth. I was walking and turned back along a barrier, a natural barrier of soil and rock and trees. A couple of children then were on the other side and heard me. I looked over the barrier and they saw me and could be unafraid.

There was more to the dream, I know, but this is all that comes back. The *feeling* was very good, celebrative, full. The strongest image is of Ellie's vestment itself. It expressed so much.

May 25



My dream segment was of a sexual contact, not so much physical as spiritual.

Russell has touched me at the vital point—is how I'd say it. When I awoke, I felt in my body that I had been touched at that vital center. I think that typifies the core of the transference. it is accomplishing its purpose.

Yesterday, in the session, it meant a lot to me to share, especially re Alan and to hear Russell admit that counter-transference is present, that he does hear my saying, "I'm going to see my therapist" differently than if I were going to see my sister-in-law, for example, but that he can deal with that. But it does register. I understand that fully, for I'd react similarly.

I'm feeling that I'm at the base of a ladder or series of steps. In terms of Linda Leonard's presentation on Addiction and Creativity, I'm at Step One. I see my addiction in enneagramic terms, working with the compulsion peculiar to the Three with a Four wing —inflation/deflation, concern about success/failure, my image/specialness, and possibly a piece of the Three with a Two wing: getting approval for being helpful, being too aggressive about giving help.

I also see my vocation as learning the meaning of living with the transference/ counter-transference phenomenon in counseling—i.e., the necessity of humble involvement in the process others are undergoing without getting hooked on my compulsions. Perhaps (since today is the Feast of Corpus Christi, and "Panne Lingua" is on my mind) this is part of the sense of the "willing victim." The sacrifice involved in the work.

Russell suggested there may be some need on my part to relate my interest in body work to the Mass. This is something I've not really entered into yet, as far as I know. I look forward to Sunday, with the procession and emphasis on this.

May 31

Some time in this past week, I've had the image of my *balloon* having been punctured (see May 17), that I'm no longer having to continually blow up the deflated balloon, because it has been *punctured*. That is *over*.

I think this may be related to the sense of receiving breath through my body, from the ground up, a flow-through effect rather than an inflation, followed by "leakage" and deflation.

I was reading Lowen's *Narcissism* this morning and realizing I have this problem, not just SD. That's an inflation issue too. I can see how Threes are vulnerable to that. Strange how both my brother and I developed this dynamic in response to our upbringing.

June 1

It seems strange to me that I've wanted or needed to explain my subsequent development to Archie, my "very brief" college boyfriend, as though the connection made so long ago were permanent. He certainly made a strong symbolic impact, far outweighing the actual. I feel he must represent a "needed" image or he wouldn't have figured so consistently in fantasies and dreams all these years. Certainly the real life person bears very little resemblance to the dream figure in power.

Later, July 13: I now wonder if the Archie figure may not also refer to Alan, for just as Archie was an initiation into womanhood (that got aborted), Alan took over and

initiated me into the realm of sexuality and my womanly self.

I also see now, suddenly, that my life development has been very much ON TIME, and that Alan really initiated me into the second half-of-life task of individuation, which normally occurs at about age thirty-seven for women. And I always felt like a retarded child!

Now I can see that it was in God's purpose that I remained a celibate innocent, somewhat protected and naive, and experienced the winding down of ego energy in my thirties to the point of becoming open to new penetration—birth—life-growth.

I'm very grateful.

(Later, 2003: Did I dream a lot about Archie to mask it was Alan who initiated me psycho-sexually? Archie's middle name is Alan.)

June 27

P. 131 in Van der Post: Jung felt people must approach the analytical process "as beggars, feeling themselves in the New Testament sense 'poor in spirit.' He was suspicious of those wanting to use it as a means for healing others."

Ouch.

July 13

A mid-afternoon **dream/fantasy** at the end of a nap: There was a little girl whose family thought it important for people to know about what it was like to travel across country in olden days. So, as a family, they put on stage plays in which all the family members played parts.

By way of demonstration, this little girl—now with me and dressed in a Priscilla Alden type of costume, with white stockings and black shoes with buckles, knelt and stomped one foot. I knelt beside her and took the same pose, in order to experience what she was showing me, which was how critical her parent was of her performance, even the tiniest detail. As I stomped my foot, I moved my shoe just a fraction of an inch, pointing slightly different. "You mean. . .?" I said, pointing to my foot. "Yes, even that!"

Then I became aware that the little girl and I had an audience so I said, "And the other side of this, then is. . ." and then I turned to the little girl: "Show me envy."

Now I became the young girl, imagining how to show envy. I pictured myself as a teenager, when everyone else has boyfriends and was dating, and I was alone. I pretended to be reading a book, but kept casting sidelong glances at an imaginary couple strolling by.

Then I said, "Show me intention to do someone harm, but not wanting the person to know your intent." And I began thinking of all the exciting possibilities to ask the person to show—ending with "Show me greed" (and picturing myself heaping up a plate full of goodies).

By now I was fully awake and realized with excitement, how creative a person can become in visualizing inner feelings and how they can be expressed congruently for an audience in a way that achieves the desired effect, when one has been under the intense

critical (and disapproving) scrutiny of a parent when one was a child.

And I was full of gratitude for the way life is redeemed.

July 30

**Dream:** In the dream, I was in a police office with a woman and a man who had been accused of a crime and was responding to the interrogation of a refined police officer in uniform. The suspect came through well, and the police officer let him go, telling him he must appear at a synagogue next week.

The three of us left to go to the L. I was sure of the way. The man turned to the right and the woman and I to the left, then we followed him up the stairs. The man found out we needed the #132 train and we proceeded to make our way through the crowds. At one point the man was ahead, made a sharp turn down a corridor and I waited so that Betty G (the woman) who was far behind would not lose the way. I called her name loudly. She was wearing a bold blue and white print dress. The man stationed himself in a kind of balcony on a pew to wait. Betty and I decided to go down the stairs and stand on the platform to wait. As we proceeded, we passed by three women running a tailoring/pressing business. I went up to them, remarking, "Well, you sure have a lot of people contact here." The woman nearest me, who was cutting lavender material, said, "Yes, too much." I gathered she needed to be left alone for she was doing intricate work.

Then I seemed to be cutting out a dress using a familiar pattern. I remembered the adjustments which needed to be made to make a good fit and although I was making bold cuts, I felt sure that things would work out.

August 4

And then there's the big question as to whether my relationship with Mother is still shadowing our marriage. I know I've resisted making further adjustments. I just am waiting out the remainder of her life. I'm terrified that she might turn out to be one of those rare people who lives to be 114 or something. That God is doing this to spite Phil and me.

At some level, I do want to face these things squarely and allow them to work grace in me. But another part of me feels very angry and frustrated and put upon, and wants an easy out.

It *seems* that establishing a more objective connection is an answer, but there is the fear in me that God might be asking me to open my heart in a more loving way, and that's scary. Lerner seems to indicate *stages*—distancing being the first step, setting limits and clear boundaries a second step, and vulnerability and sharing deeper feelings a third. It is the third step I dread and perhaps I haven't completed stage two yet, being able to limit my time with Mother and my efforts to solve her problems. I get too entangled.

This is like my counseling. I want to have and give answers, especially when clients seem blind and stupid. Maybe this is a clue as to why all this has arisen now. It is so hard to grasp the meaning of detached love—love that is warm, but detached. If that could be the result of all this, it would be worth it.

Yeah, I'm glad I wrote all this!

August 6

I went to the monastery for the "reception of the body" of Fr. James Madden. A

thunder storm broke during the latter part of the short service. When I went outside, all was calm. The air was clear and cool, and a light in the sky illuminated the Charles River and wet pavement. It was quiet out, and I cried. There doesn't need to be a reason.

All this is making me think about my life differently. I feel as though I'm in the midst of transition in my life, in the way I view myself and my work. My sense of self-importance is going. My perspective is quite different. Something is grounding in me I think. There is something about the monks' attitude toward death—sober, yes, and grieving, yes, but matter of factly trusting James to God, asking God to receive him and forgive him. I can't explain why it seems so right.

August 8

Yesterday was a difficult day starting with James Madden's funeral where I felt sick all through my body and "wired"—ready for a colossal "breakdown." I was really sort of scared and told Don where I was at, knowing this would also upset him. I didn't tell him in order to manipulate his response and attention and in fact was afraid of his reaction. But I felt desperate.

Back at Life/Work, the three of us talked and tried to arrive at some decisions about our work load and ways of changing so as to reduce my stress—this in addition to my solving the basic problem myself: the need for consistent quieting of soul and the ability to listen to people without putting so much "merged energy" and emotional intensity into it.

This raises what I think is the current issue I am dealing with: my lack of good emotional boundaries, not separating out who I am in a situation.

Even in our difficult and intense discussion at work, I found myself compromising, because Don stonewalled defensively (he was really terrible in the way he over-reacted). Later, on our way home, he swung around and offered to take a two-week vacation (which is what I need). I was surprised by this. I'd completely capitulated to going his way (he wants to work hard and long at Life/Work) and solving my problems of stress mostly by internal means, and almost put off by it. Then, a couple of dreams during the night:

**Dream:** I am with Don in a bathroom, apparently in a tub, for we are both in water. We decide we can have sex in water, without irritating my itching problem. Don tells me he can "put it in" (his penis) and does so. It is very long and he uses his hand to get it all the way in, then as he withdraws his hand, his penis collapses. That is disappointing to him.

**Dream:** I am with Archie. We are sitting together on a bed and he is very interested in a scrapbook I have of my life and we are looking at it together. It feels very good to have his interest and I want to be with him permanently. Then it is time for me to leave and go back to Don and I start thinking about how I don't want divorce. Not at all. Then I realize I can say that I want both. Arch and I embrace in a solid hug, which feels good. I realize neither of us has talked at all about our primary relationships.

It is as a result of these two dreams that I realize that the thing I seem to be dealing with now is my enmeshed marriage, as related to other enmeshments—with Mother and

Dad, e.g.—and also in my work with clients and at Life/Work. Just as I told Isabella on Saturday that all her material—about her mother, men, etc.—were one thing—this is likewise true for me. My insights about this were first raised by Lerner's book *Dance of Intimacy*, where she contends that if we have not dealt with our primary entanglements, we will not be able to deal with intimacy in our current chosen relationship.

So this is of great interest to me, how this follows on my inflation/deflation issue. I'm more ready now to deal with this, more grounded.

August 10

**Dream:** I was in a hospital. A young male doctor was with a young woman patient who was suffering through agony, and a complex procedure. It seemed as though there was some elaborate metal contraption involved at the torso level. He was paying close attention and I was behind him watching. Behind us a woman was in labor, and the doctor was aware that at the critical point he would need to devote himself to the delivery, but he was spending the last possible moment with the young woman.

Then it was time, and he and I turned around as the baby emerged, and as he held it up, it was a little girl baby, still sheathed in a transparent membrane. She had large dark eyes, wide open, really beautifully formed already.

He gave the child to the mother but this was now me and I held the child close to me and we (now I'm with the mother and another young girl, I think) went out onto the street. The mother had to go back to her car to get something for a receiving blanket because I had asked, "Where is the receiving blanket?" I was concerned lest a brooch I was wearing would be abrasive to the baby. But I held her close and was glad. In crossing an intersection with a lot of traffic, I realized how differently and cautiously I approached the crossing of the street now that I was holding this newborn but I ventured out anyway, managing to get across.

I faintly remember another encounter with a couple of small children, but can't recall any details.

*Thoughts:* Transition? Later dreams seem to imply transition. I'm to carry my "baby" carefully during this time.

August 20

**Dream:** I only recall fragments. I seem to be in a faculty setting, am going to work in a department with Pat Jerabek, a male psychiatrist, and a young foreign woman who is artistic.

At a meeting, Pat and the psychiatrist are reading from journals they write and I realize this sort of sharing will be encouraged. The young woman and I are less prepared. I like this idea. The young woman has received some photos back she took—arty. She also seems to be trying to get away with something.

There's also something about the *transit system* but I can't recall it now.

(Later, August 31: Aha! I think I see something here! Four Jungian types: Thinking - Pat, Feeling- me, the dreamer; Sensing—male psychiatrist; Intuition — foreign artsy woman. The Pat Jerabek figure is the ordinary, the womanly, the thinking intellectual, the modest, the thorough part of me (not too well developed in me yet), which works with the

male psychiatrist, which would represent well-grounded scientific knowledge and a command of the field of psychology of persons. The arty foreign woman is less prepared and I suspect represents the more intuitive side, that comes at things uniquely, more challengingly, artistically. That side of me thinks sometimes I can get away with using the flashy intuition without grounded cognition at work. Transit system: I'm in transition.)

Last night I threw the I Ching about my body and received #20 Kiran - Contemplation (#38 - the change hexagram)

August 25

**Dream:** I was at a Jewish-Gentile wedding. At first I was standing on a platform with three others in a quartet arrangement. Seems like our picture was being taken.

Then the procession started down an aisle leading toward the center where the ceremony was to take place. The procession consisted of a motley group—children and others. The bride was all over the place herding the kids and then guiding them to their seats.

Then a man came out and said that the bride and groom were in a back room hunting for an important object, which he now held up for us to see. It was a carved wooden cross and six-pointed Jewish star.

Then Don emerged, his hair was curly and he had more of it, and began talking with great fluency and confidence. He walked around and seemed to have leadership and authority. I signaled to him to comb his hair and he nodded.

I opened the door of the back room. The groom was there in yarmulke, Jewish groom's shirt, and jockey shorts. He was glad to receive the wooden object.

There was general bedlam in the congregation. Then the man appointed to preside began to talk. At first his remarks were appropriate. Then he began to get into his own scrambled married life and began reading from a book he had written describing his experience. Then someone simply took him and herded him out. (This was typical of the air of authority present in the occasion.)

September 3

**Dream:** I am wandering about a large city alone. It seems that Don is at work. I pass a church which is also serving as a theatre—a play by Sam\_\_\_\_(can't recall the last name) named "Farce" is showing and is at a time when I can see it while Don works. Sam is a newspaperman and has written a play that has an interesting angle to it, and I'm very eager to go to the play.

Then I am going into a home that is poor and somewhat dilapidated. The sense is that a black woman lives there. On my way I pause and look down a street where some children are yelling at one child going in a door. I yell at them: "Don't yell at each other," then suddenly catch myself, and mutter humorously, "She yelled."

I go into the house of the black woman. There is another younger woman there too, and they are talking about a chance to bet on some oranges and grapefruit, which they will then distribute to malnourished people around them who need it. I take note of this, that's it's betting, but for a worthy cause and feel charitably toward them.

I am going to do the dishes there, but want to go out first and so I tell the woman I am leaving by the side door, and will leave it unlocked for I plan to re-enter shortly. She

is a little uncertain, but acquiesces to my plan.

When I return, Don is with me. I start to tell him about the betting plan. He reminds me that the younger woman is sitting right there and can hear me, so I am careful.

The scene changes. I am talking to a young woman about self-esteem. It seems that her father has died and she is wondering how to be with people comfortably.

I picture her at a company affair (where her husband works). She is dressed in a three-piece purple cotton jersey outfit, loose and flowing. I tell her she will be OK there, for people will not want to bring up her father's death. I then talk to her about a book on this that I found helpful.

*Thoughts:* The first and last scenes were most alive and positive. Could they be about *work* and *play*? That my spiritual development takes in both—the farce element of ludicrousness (ludens = to play) and sport and fun, and also the loose-flowingness of the last scene which is work-related but still light.

Working off this dream just now felt different—deeper. I'm catching on to how to detach and see the broad sweep a bit better. I think I'm beginning to understand how to approach a dream in a more discerning way.

September 6

Then **dreams:** One was about visiting T in her home. We both seemed younger. I was especially aware of clothing. She had on a bathing suit of which she was very proud, at one point. Her parents were in evidence and she was clearly very much in touch with them. We had a close relationship, she and I, though in retrospect it seems as though I knew something she didn't. Yet she was in charge.

I can't recall the sequence of events. We were at a meal, at one point, but her family was in evidence a lot. Her father I remember talked with her but also she stopped at one point saying, "I have to go hug my mother."

I wanted time alone with Thea. I remember that.

Another later dream had me deciding to either phone or write T in Chicago and tell her I missed her.

Another **fragment:** I was walking in a large park or forest, and decided to take a path descending down by a tree and along a stone wall. The first part of the path had freshly cut grass over it, and I remember kicking it aside as I walked. Then as I walked along the wall, I looked ahead to see if others were coming toward me. First I saw a man, and I stood in the shadows till he seemed to have gone elsewhere and posed no threat. Then I saw another figure which I couldn't avoid, but then I saw the person was an older man and his wife appeared ahead of him, and I was comforted. We paused to chat with each other.

*Thoughts:* My "Thea" part doesn't know something another part of me knows. But the Thea part is in touch with family, honoring father and mother, listening to the father, hugging the mother. My inner wise mother and father need the same honor.

I am comforted by the twin presence of both wise man and woman, not just the man alone.

September 23

And so. . .Yesterday morning I went to the emergency room of the hospital for a breathing assist. I only needed one treatment (I'd caught it in time) but the rest of the day and into the night was very difficult. I used the inhaler hourly and all the breathing techniques I could, plus distractions.

During the time my other problems seemed to subside somewhat. Funny, I told Russell on Wednesday that God seems to just keep touching my body, first in one place, then in another. No reprieve! It is as though God is demanding my constant attention.

Asthma is one of the hardest, for there is less I seem to be able to do to control my panic.

Last night Don and I were together in silence, agreeing to ask God for healing and relief for me.

I slept an hour at a time through the night. The first time, I awoke almost with a shock. The word "Stein" came to me. I associated this with Edith Stein (the Jew turned Carmelite), and Murray Stein (Jungian analyst and Christian).

Wednesday at our session I broke down. I was distressed over my cold (which is at the root of my asthma attack). I asked Russell what it means to him to be a Carmelite. He answered by reading to me an article he had written for the Globe on "The Jews, the Carmelites, and God." It was terrifically meaningful to me, in light of having married a Jew, and in analysis with a Carmelite.

In the course of the article, he referred to Edith Stein and also St. Theresa, who was likely of Jewish descent. The point of the article, however, had to do with the way that Carmelites feel called to pray for those who suffer. The immediate reference is to the flap over the convent at Auschwitz where Carmelite nuns live, and which is decried by Jews as being an offense. Russell quotes the well-known incident when Theresa is thrown from her carriage, and as she lies in the mud, asks God, "Why do you treat me this way when I am about your work?" God's reply to her is, "This is how I treat my friends." To which, Theresa replies, "No wonder you have so few."

So I, too, am faced with my little suffering, which, God knows, is very little, but which I find very hard to hear. I suppose it stems from the analysis experience. One part of me wants to stop and say, "No more." Let me go back to more physical health. But that is a small part of me. I know I can't return, but, oh, how scary it is to have entered into this path.

I realize, from reading others' experience, Jung—even Freud—and certainly the saints, that suffering appears to be an inevitable part of the journey. But this kind of suffering is a new one for me. Psychic and emotional suffering seem as nothing compared to physical suffering. I'm not sure why this is so either. (And I continue to be embarrassed to call my little problems "suffering.")

Right now, it's a little past 9 a.m. and the day stretches before me (I can't take in the Hillman workshop as I'd planned) and I very much need the Lord's guidance for the path to healing today. I do think God intends to heal me, but apparently slowly—in tune with natural rhythms, and not in some sudden miraculous moment. (How I love a miracle!)

September 25

**Dream:** I am in an apartment, cleaning in the kitchen, working around the stove. I



hear a knock at the front door and know it is a neighbor woman who has come to help me.

I try to start for the door and things now begin going in slow motion. So I call out to her, "I'm coming" so she'll know I'm on my way. I repeat this, as time goes by. I tell her, "Come on in," but then realize the door is locked.

She enters nonetheless and at this point the apartment is totally dark. I keep saying, "Come on in. Come in." Then she is at the kitchen entrance and I tell her to turn on the light.

I wake up.

*Thoughts:* As I process this dream, I become aware of the similarities of my "nightmare" last week, about being in my house/office alone, and trying to shut the man out.

Now I seem to be welcoming this person in, but apparently can't rush things. And this figure is a woman, a neighbor, and she turns on the light.

I'm uncertain about my associations to this woman. She seems to be an amalgam. I had the sense of a housefrau, someone German, someone plain, a little fleshy or dumpy almost, nondescript, but kindly and comforting.

I'm aware that Bunny is German, that St. Theresa is a plain-looking middle-aged woman with a bit of flesh on her in my imagery of her. She also appeared to me to have the character of an angelic appearance.

The apartment is in a rather large building with lots of other apartments, so a neighbor woman was someone in the same building. I suppose there's something here about my place in the collective, in the midst, and that my help is nearby and "ordinary" by external appearance. One can entertain angels (and saints and shamans) unawares.

October 17

**Dream:** I am at an occasion where Curtis is to be received into an order and it seems to be Catholic. I am aware of the tension there among those who very much want him to be in the Episcopal monastery and those in the Catholic place who want him there. It is a sweet longing in both cases.

I moved about among the guests, many of them women, and want very much to talk about this tension. At one point I am face to face with a woman whom I engage in conversation, with impassioned earnestness. There is something that needs to be faced, but either I am not clear, or cannot bring myself to say it.

Then I turn around and I see a long line of persons, Curtis at one end, and interspersed on down the line are other Brothers from the monastery, all dressed in long black robes, as Curtis is, as well.

I begin to state my case before this group but I am answered in such a way that I cannot make my point. Then someone says something that gives me an opening.

So I take the opportunity to very deliberately and slowly plunge in to say something I had not planned to uncover what I think the real issue is and that is the tension between the monastery and the Catholic—that both "long" for him. And that this is symbolic of another underlying factor in the monastery family.

This said, I move down through the people assembled (we are now outside standing in a large oval) near the other end where monastery superiors are, and a parent couple,

who are much moved. There is some sense that I had said it, done it.

*Work on dream:* The monastery people, male, in black things covered up, clearly shadow, yet not totally negative. They longed for Curtis and were covering up some internal conflict or mess.

Curtis represents the evangelical Protestant in me, gone sacramental, with parents that struggle to understand and embrace his movement.

The Catholic element in this dream seemed more represented by women in street clothes, flowery prints, plain featured folk.

Curtis is heading in that direction, which would integrate all three elements.

November 7 Note I CHING 47 and 28

Last night I had a sudden asthma attack around 5 a.m. and was able to solve the problem by immediately sitting in the bath tub and running hot water and coughing up mucous. A "close call" and I'm thankful I was able to prevent the usual (and feared) sequence of panic.

I also had diarrhea which has continued through today. It is gradually subsiding (3:30 p.m.) but I decided to stay home from work.

This and the recurrence of some other symptoms has taken me back to Square One (or maybe Square Two!) as to the mystery of the causes and meaning of this continual Assault on My Body. I have not been able to discern (nor have the doctors) any physical basis, ultimately, so I continue to see it as spiritual and emotional. So WHY? What does God intend by all this? And I was beginning to feel so much healthier. Could it be that running out of my multi-vitamins last Wednesday had this extreme and immediate an effect?

So this morning I've been quietly pondering all this. I listened to the Bernie Siegel tape again, and several new emphases surfaced as relevant to me:

(1) Rely on all channels of healing—God, self, doctor.

(2) The feisty patients are the "good" ones, not the submissive ones.

(3) People got better when they admitted they were sick and couldn't cure it and had to live with it. Then they got well, not as the result of a certain treatment.

Applying this in my own case, I began to wonder if I need to be more assertive and feisty about dealing with my condition, and at the same time admitting my powerlessness in the situation. It is a tricky combination, one not unfamiliar to AA.

In practical terms, I need to speak up to doctors, and get all the help I can. Continue to pursue my life style of exercise, diet, and in particular, attention to relaxation, rest, and quiet, and *fun*. And trust God, "leave all my troubles to God."

Then I threw coins for the I Ching and got #47—Oppression/Exhaustion! and the changed one #28—Preponderance of the Great. These clearly affirm the feisty stance. It was very striking and spiritually instructive. I feel I am being taught.

I have also been pondering the relationship of all this to the Anointing service on the 24th. I came across Sinetar's book, *Ordinary People as Monks and Mystics* and scanned it, wondering if the anointing is perhaps pointing toward a more clearly defined pathway and calling. She uses the term "social transcendence and self-transcendence, beyond culture (monk) and beyond self (mystic)—capable of transcendent spiritual experience.

I feel the future is a Journey into the Unknown, at least right now. On the Siegel

tape, there is an introductory Scripture reading and prayer which I never listened to before. So imagine my surprise when, this time, I decided to listen to it and found it was from II Corinthians 4—the Life/Work passage: "Death it at work in us, but life in you." Of course, this had special significance to me today.

I am going through SOMETHING but I don't know what. I am asking God for wisdom. I also need courage and the will to obey.

November 9

Well, at the Wholistic Health Center yesterday, I found out that my blood test showed an excess of yeast—clearly, in black and white—and that's a relief to have something pinpointed. So I'm on Nystatin and a continuing regimen of supplements—vitamins, acidophulus, etc. *We shall see*. I went back and read the book on the *Yeast Syndrome* again, in parts, and as I thought last fall, a lot of it described me. A mass of symptoms.

I still think the emotional and spiritual dimensions are crucial and I can't ignore them. But meanwhile I also need to build up my body's immune system in physical ways too. But I know that attitude and spirit are contributing factors.

November 19

**Dream:** I am at the celebration (like for my 60th birthday) in a large auditorium. There is a delay in starting and the person in charge (Dick? only like the size of Bart Kelso) is nervous and unsure and I'm running around trying to help stabilize things.

But the timing is way off and people in the congregation know it and are impatient. One man speaks up, remarking about the time. I realize it is time for me to preach and I start, as I go up front, and then blank out. My mind is on the next part where I'm the one who has done more thinking and planning.

That part is run by women. The choir files out and into their seats. The center of attraction now shifts to the opposite end of the room. I think how I have prepared them to understand the spirit of their part.

Then the woman in charge gathers around her members of her troupe who know each other intimately and who work together all the time. There is a Miriam-like dance. All the women wear costumes of their own making, simple, colorful, yet exotic. They are free to embrace each other. The lead woman takes one woman (like my alter ego, as I watch), works with her, etching with her finger a profile which she sees on the woman's cheek. "See which way this profile of Jesus is facing?" The woman marvels, for she realizes Jesus is looking at Mary and that the person Jesus is looking at bears God's image.

Watching all this, and waiting my turn to be worked with, I am overcome with sobbing. I am wearing a kind of prayer shawl. I know this crying seems like old crying, but I feel it is new.

November 22 at dawn

**Dream:** I was going to be married at 4:30 in the afternoon and it was already 1 or 2 p.m. and I needed to buy a wedding dress. It seemed that there were other things to do too and at one point I knew I had to relinquish a responsibility (teaching a class?) in order to shop for the dress.

My attendants were finding attire. At one point I passed Alison who was very proud of her white textured pants suit with covered buttons.

I knew I did not want a traditional dress and passed by a shop where there were eight or ten models draped in chairs wearing the usual fancy bridal gowns.

At one point I saw (I was with a friend) a print dress. I wasn't sure, but my friend urged me to try it on but we knew it wasn't just right. We kept looking and knew when we found the right one we would know.

The "right one" was a surprise for it turned out to be an apron, very flimsy white organdy, rather nondescript and certainly not apron-like material.

As I was wearing it, however, I looked down and realized I was wearing a purple broadcloth apron over it, very plain and sturdy, and beautiful in color. I liked it very much and was aware of the organdy apron beneath.

November 26

It is now past my sixtieth birthday and all that went with it. A lot has happened. Changes that have been in process for many months have become more solidified, integrated, though not necessarily understood clearly, and certainly not "over!"

The three days in quiet at Emery Farm were good ones. . . reading Don's poetry aloud and talking about it were important to us both, in different ways. I think I carried some tension through the days, despite the general feeling of being apart in a place of rest.

During the night Wednesday I was sick. The car had given us a little hint of trouble the previous afternoon. And Thursday morning dawned with a thick blanket of beautiful white snow.

One sign alone would not have been sufficiently clear, but three made it seem as though God were directing us not to try to drive to New Hampshire for the Thanksgiving meal with Mother. Of course, she was disappointed, but she understood. And the decision felt right to me. I knew the coming days would be full, physically and emotionally.

So we drove back to Boston and spent Thanksgiving Day at rest, sleeping, eating rice and veggies, and recuperating. Being sick or weak is so hard for me to bear.

We picked up Stu and Penny at the airport shortly after noon and then later on, drove to Cambridge for the three-part celebration of my birthday.

Somewhere around 50-75 people were there. Eucharist. Dick preached, Jeannie Carson and Deb Little read the Scriptures, and Mike O'Malley led the prayers. Dick prayed the Aaronic blessing over Stu and Penny and Nell at the altar rail. Then everyone gathered in the choir area for the service of anointing led by Curtis Almquist of SSJE. I talked about my life journey, using Isaiah 43:1-7, Psalm 116, and II Corinthians 3:18-4:12 as base plus two hymns: "How Firm a Foundation" and "God Himself is With Us."

Curtis anointed me, with Dick and Don standing by. Then he invited others to come for anointing, as I stood beside him and Dick and Don remained. I was very moved as twenty more people came, one at a time, and I felt the power go forth from Curtis and from my own body as we laid hands on people and prayed. I have much deeper respect for the spiritual energy required for such a ministry.

A reception followed in the parish hall. There was cake, a few gifts and I was very tired, sat on the side and talked to people as they drifted over. I was "up" for the event, but "sagging" inside. I can't stay "high" on nervous energy like I used to.

There were some very meaningful gifts. Bob McLain gave me his mother's old prayer book (she died recently). Deb Little gave me a stone from an ancient temple ruin in Judea. Alicia an amethyst geode (I'm the type to get rocks!) Scott gave me an icon and wrote my life verse on his card (not knowing it was mine, I think). Dick gave me an icon also, of the Annunciation.

I sit here, this sunny Sunday afternoon. I've been crying, not bad tears, just tears that try to cope with the life events occurring around me. I am full of feeling, some sadness, some fear. I'm not in full-bodied health yet. I feel rich, blessed, yet very unsure. I'm walking on new ground.

I found some verses Mother left for me at the end of her last letter, and a couple lines from two of them were especially to the point:

Jeremiah 33:3 - . . .and I'll tell you great and hidden things which you have not known.

Phil 2:13 - . . .God is at work in you. And not just "death is at work in you. . .and life" but GOD.

Mother is going through her own trials. Bernice died on Friday. This is the third death this year: Daisy, then Mabel, and now Bernice. But Bernice will be the hard one, for Mother derived so much comfort from being with her on a daily basis. The relationship was unclouded by complexity and pettiness. A great loss.

Mother sounded o.k. on the phone, a little foggy perhaps, but I know her grief will be great and her longing to go Home much intensified.

November 30

Yesterday at the doctor's for my annual checkup, I found I was down to 141 lbs. in weight. (147 in September, usually 155, a year ago, at least). Dr. Lunsford said she wondered if I were in depression. I remembered Russell remarking about a month ago that I had signs of burnout.

This set me thinking and believe me, I've been doing a lot of thought. Am I just plain worn out and my poor body is telling "Help!?" How can I take time off and then go at my work in a totally different way? I may need to take a more radical move in the way I live my life.

**Dream:** Night dreams aren't clear, but my feeling is they contained warning. A woman dressed in white, taking off over the ocean, on water skis, but above the surface. Then later, doffing a black coat, down below. She was confident and self-assured.

There had also been a whole sequence. A huge boat (liner) maneuvered a turn so as to avoid hitting two or three whales (huge ones) beginning to surface. I was excited about seeing the whales, concerned that we not run into them and hurt them.

I feel I am being warned by my body, by therapist and doctor, by dreams. I want to pay attention. Don has suggested we take a winter sabbatical, perhaps in Chicago at his mother's when she goes away.

December 28

I seem to be surrounding myself with readings which are influencing my thoughts. Some of them are helping me to understand my own experiences of recent months, and also those of others.

Last night, I couldn't sleep at one point, so I looked through *The Critical Journey*, which posits six stages in spiritual journeying, and which resonated with my own, in part.

The move from Stage 3 to 4 seems to be one we hit often at Life/Work (3 = the productive life, 4 = journey inward). Uncertainty; the search for direction, not answers, the pursuit of integrity in relation to God; God out-of-the-box; seeming loss of faith.

In connection with Stage 4, the authors describe "The Wall" which felt like a description of my year, the dark night, the need to surrender, and the need for healing. Stage 5 is an outworking of 4 in the world, but although I feel the stirring of this stage, I think I need to go slowly. People who come to us at Life/Work think that outer movement will "do it" and that they can escape Stage 4 thereby.

I am not sure of the meaning of these dreams yet, but I'm in the early stages of a new development vis a vis healing. After seeing Russell yesterday, I went to Cambridge to the Wholistic Health Center for an appointment with D. Janson. I saw it as a more or less final appointment, because I can't afford him, and now I am on HCHP. So we talked as frankly and directly as possible about my progress and lack of it and what I can expect. One thing stands out: that there is no reason why my bowels can't return to normal functioning. (I waver, wondering if I am to "accept" this as my "lot.")

Then back at work (and repeatedly going to the bathroom) Don and I were there together, Dick being sick. We had several cancellations, resulting in quite a lot of free time. I cast about the library for something "light" to read and not finding exactly what I had in mind, picked up Agnes Sanford's *The Healing Light*.

It was the right book for in it she describes and explains a way of healing that is based on (a) the idea that God basically wants us to be healed, and (b) gratitude as a way of developing faith. "Lord, I thank you that you are breathing into my lungs and clearing the air passages."

It is not a gimmicky thing, but is based on an inner alignment of my spirit and will with God's, and the way God has made my body. It also related to the way I need to be more of a healing presence with others.

She starts by suggesting we experiment with something concrete. So I did, with a band of pain across my lower abdomen. And it went away.

I then began praying about a major physical need, which so far seems to be working. But the more important level is that of praying for (and thanking God for) the infusion of inner peace, reduction of tension and stress, which cause my continuing problems and prevent the development of faith.; I could feel my body relax and peace enter and with it joy. She says that thanking God stimulates the development of faith, and she is absolutely right.

Meanwhile Handel's Cantata on Psalm 42 and then Psalm 96 were playing and I felt such a lift in my spirits of pure joy such as I've not known in a long time, just flooded with thanksgiving as the cantata was uttering praise.

I had read earlier that morning Psalm 138. "I called on the Lord, and he saved me" and had begun to feel I was being led to a more assertive stance with God, not so

victimized and helpless.

Something is coming together for me which is the work of the Holy Spirit and indeed, that is the member of the Trinity which I feel is involved here, I suddenly realize as I write. There is not some magical trick I can learn and control, but a basic change in the way I experience my life, my body, and God. I cannot do it. The Spirit must change me so that my way of experiencing is different. "Spirit-filled" now makes sense to me.

February 6, 1990

*Thoughts:* I have been feeling burdened about my work, taking it on more than is good—for me, or my people. I've come across a new "method"—David Groves' "Healing By Metaphors"—treating the wounded child within, and as a result have been drawn into confusion about how I work and what people need. I keep seeing wounded child indications, and think that I need to adopt his techniques, which are regressive, and therefore dangerous, without proper foundations. Also they promise breakthrough, and that is something I want and others need.

The result is confusion and the rise of an old and familiar pattern. Don calls it my preoccupation with effectiveness. I also see it as forgetting how necessary it is for me to rely on God.

I feel all this pretty intensely and want to address it, primarily on a spiritual level, for that is the only area where I feel grounded, and is my calling. I don't know what I am to learn from David Groves' training tapes, but unless they are spiritually integrated into me, they will be useless.

God, help me!

February 7

I neglected to record an important dream fragment at the time I had it a week ago. I was resisting the interpretation, that it was maybe a warning.

**Dream:** Some men were driving an old and heavy car, swinging it around and up a driveway. But there was an obstruction: a massive bank of snow. The driver nevertheless plowed into it full force, to my astonishment. It looked as though he could make it, but just as the nose of the car was about to emerge out the front end, the car stopped abruptly, and the trunk flew open in a strange way. It opened, top first, and the rear end almost seemed to be falling off. The passengers got out of the car to inspect the damage and I awoke.

*Thoughts:* I thought the incident was a warning to me. I am a person who plows ahead, thinking "I can make it" but then it is often my own "rear end" that signals a problem.

I am pretty convinced this morning that this was a signal to me about the danger of becoming infatuated with a technique that works, as the David Grove tapes seemed to imply. It threw my work with people into confusion and by the weekend, my body began to respond. By Tuesday, the body symptoms were up front and center and could not be ignored. And I also was given a deep sense of sin and the need for forgiveness which seemed to be the real point.

This was confirmed this morning. I picked up the little book by Agnes Sanford which

has been so helpful this month, *The Healing Light*, and had come to the chapter on healing the emotions where she deals with the counselor/healer's need for forgiveness due to emotional burnout. She suggests a confession, using the rites of the church and the thought occurs to me that my retreat coming up in a week would be a good opportunity for me to prepare.

I have again been brought low, and to a renewed realization of the distinctly spiritual nature of my work. My sessions last night were therefore more on target, on course. I cannot do regressive work, certainly not in the spirit of trusting in it as something that works if "you do it right." That in itself is a deadly attitude in me. I feel quite humbled and it is refreshing.

February 14 on Retreat at Campion

The night was long—or short— depending on how you see it. I was awake three hours, and that was hard. . .some physical discomfort. My itch is with me these days. But awake time gives me a chance to process, and at times new insights come.

I realized my work with NJ Monday morning was with her child and it felt so natural to me. I think that is because I may be in touch with the Child Archetype/Complex as Russell suggested last week.

I have read little snippets in Hillman's essay on "The Abandoned Child" and he says we must have the attitude of the child in psychotherapy. . .i.e., not knowing, the new, the creative.

Just this moment, I got a glimpse of my dream (which I don't remember) and the image is of my mother as a young woman. It feels like a positive image. Youthful energy.

Now, again, as I went into the quiet room and picked up Grethe's soft sculpture of a baby in a "nest" of crocheted hat, the one I used with NJ Monday at the end of the time as comforting closure, I had a *deja vu* sense from the dream. There was something in the dream about caring for a baby, and it almost seems like a child was able to do it.

I think the "wisdom of the child" is good for me.

February 18

Later: I threw up. Into Debbie's wastebasket. It just happened. I let my body do what it needed to do and it felt sick and hot and then nausea. And it all happened very quickly.

I had this tense tight feeling in my groin. This time I sent the stuff UP. I didn't swallow it; choke it down, force it through my system.

I never could do more than gag in bioenergetic therapy.

Debbie didn't quite know what to do but my body did. But she's a nurse, so I guess she can manage.

February 19

**Dream:** I am visiting a woman and her husband in an old farmhouse type of house. The woman is tall, a bit gaunt and thin, with short thin graying hair. She looks work worn. We are in the kitchen where she is preparing the meal. She tells me about her life with her husband, who is sometimes cruel to her. When this happens, she tells me, she



takes a fork and pricks him with it. They are seldom intimate, she says.

As we are talking, we move through a doorway into a dining room area. There is a huge wooden bowl there with meat and vegetables in it. She stirs this. Just then her husband appears. He says something mean to her and she cowers. "Oh yes," she says quickly in a caviling manner.

The three of us move through another doorway back into the kitchen. At this point he strikes her. She deliberately reaches to the table for a fork and pricks his chest with it. It seems like a childish thing.

Then I move toward him. He is wearing glasses, plastic, a little like welders' glasses. I confront him. "Have you ever considered talking to someone about this?" He asks, "What kind of someone?" I say, "A psychiatrist or doctor."

Then he begins to move in on me, very deliberately. I order him to stop, and he grabs me or tries to. I tell him directly to let go. I tell him that I see that he pays no attention to direct requests. I see a book he is holding with letters and numbers on it. I move backwards away from him as all this is going on. He is pursuing me all the while. Although I am very scared and angry, he is not being violent but I feel helpless to stop him. I awaken feeling terror. (I am still awake three hours later!)

*Thoughts:* Is this last a caricature of my idea of God? Pricked conscience, little intimacy? A childish relationship.

The psychiatrist = need for healing.

What about direct requests?

Who is this man, someone I've been living with for years in childish terror and subservience, who has dominated me and held me hostage. My defense has been childish and only moderately effective. The woman part of me is work worn and weary and pretty powerless and ineffectual.

The man is sick. The woman is weak. The man is also cruel, mean, in sick ways. The appropriate response from the woman would seem to be anger, but she has abdicated and cowers instead.

When I did a bit of focusing on the terror, it seemed to be some sort of fluid in my stomach, all over the place. I felt it needed to take shape, have body. Breathing dissolved it, however.

I also had some thoughts around the metaphor of something chasing its own tail, and I thought of the Enneagram, and how the 3-6-9 triangle resembles that metaphor and also is uroboric.

I am reading through my dreams since the beginning of February, noting all the cars being packed for a move, and also picking up a theme that may be related to my religious upbringing, and thus illumines all the dreams, including tonight's. My view of God may well be distorted, one who "does not respond to direct requests" and who can be pricked with a fork, but basically who holds me hostage.

But I am also doing that to myself. There is something about *incorporation* here too, *embodiment*, wholeness, uroborus, taking in the shadow.

I'm not clear on this intellectually, but I get glimpses of *something*.

Did I upchuck as a kind of confession—ridding myself of a weight, a sin that upsets me?

I am aware of my hostility and feeling of superiority toward others here on retreat. Reminds me of last night's dream which included a mean-spirited man.

I avoided that phrase in the reading yesterday in the Gospels: "The first shall be last." I didn't like that part.

I am also aware of the need for patience. "For God alone my soul WAITS. . ."

Gradually, I am being healed.

Letting go of tension—the tension = impatience. Tension makes me obsess about elimination, disturbs the smooth motility of normal peristaltic action.

Debbie said I looked sick Friday when I arrived. She pointed out that in yesterday's session I had said over and over, "I'm sick, I'm sick, I'm sick" and talked of poisonous fluids in my body, then threw up. She wondered if I was ingesting chemicals (medication).

She also said later I seemed to be trying to not be sick because I was saying, "I'm *not* sick, I'm *not* sick." She heard this as resisting some core reality, some refusal to give in or admit how exhausted and powerless I am feeling.

I felt I should pay attention to this interpretation.

She suggested I talk to God more about how I am feeling. I'd been eager to thank God and see myself healed, think positive, but I see I may need to give up first, die, maybe! to self. I am really in touch with sin.

At lunch I cried all the way through as I ate soup and salad. One lady (whose eyes are full of pain) patted me on the shoulder as she left.

Then I called Don. He said he thinks this is the end, not the beginning. I suspect he is right. God has had to really knock me out to get me to the place I need to be.

Then I read Psalm 16, and much of it fit me.

"Preserve me, O God, for in thee I take refuge. I say to the Lord, 'Thou art my Lord, *I have no good apart from thee.*' The Lord is my chosen portion and my cup; thou holdest my lot. The lines have fallen for me in pleasant places; yes, I have a goodly heritage. I bless the Lord who gives me counsel; in the night also my heart instructs me. I keep the Lord always before me; because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, and my soul rejoices; *my body also dwells secure.* For thou dost not give me up to Sheol, or let thy godly one see the Pit. Thou dost show me the path of life; in thy presence there is fullness of joy; in thy right hand are pleasures for evermore."

The Book of Common Prayer has some differences: "Protect me O God." (My body needs protection.) "My heart teaches me *night after night.*" (here a little, there a little, constantly) "My body also shall rest in hope." (When I wrote the verse before—"rest secure" I had the first "mini" glimpse of a future well body I have had since getting sick. I had lost sight of what it felt like to be well and in part, I think, because once one has been through an ordeal like this, one never feels quite the same. The "wellness" has a new depth and resonance to it.)

Yes, I have a tiny grain of hope.

After a walk where Jesus is on the cross and there are graves.

In the prayer room: "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it."

I open my mouth, like a kid, feel the familiar lump in my throat, tension in the jaw. I don't know what to speak to you, God, how to express what is (to me) inexpressible, perhaps unknown.

So, if I open my mouth wide, will you fill it?

It's funny, I began to get hungry a little while ago. That is an unusual sensation.

February 20

I am foggy, a bit heavy, ridding my body of poisons. Sleepy, unable to move toward much of anything—puzzles, music, books. I just need Jesus.

Please tell me I am all right, Jesus. That you'll take care of me, keep me from any wrong way, heal me, fill me with love and God's fullness.

A Three looks to the outside for affirmation, to know she IS, and is worthwhile. I look to Jesus. "They saw no one save Jesus only."

My mandala shows the YOU-ness as eyes. The mirror of others' opinions. Oh save me.

A do-nothing sort of day. I wandered around, thought, listened to a tape or two, went to Weston to buy a film and took pictures of my mandala drawings. Did another one. Napped, Vegged.

Now sunset approaches. "Nothing in my hands I bring. Simply to thy cross I cling."

The Enneagram tape on Conversion of the Three hit everything to a T. The cross is where I must go. The death of the false self and of illusion.

The failure of the Cross—redeemed the world.

After Mass: The story of the rich young ruler came to me this morning as I was trying to visualize how Jesus would show me his love. It comes right after the time he set a child in the midst and taught us we must become as a child to enter the kingdom.

"Looking on him, Jesus loved him."

That look came before the young man had changed. Then Jesus told him, "One thing you lack. . ."

What is my richness? The thought came to me—my quickness. In everything.

And now I am being asked to have patience and grow slowly, line upon line, precept upon precept.

Later with Debbie, at one point she looked at me with such love. And suddenly it was as though Jesus was loving me through her.

I hadn't known how to experience his love. It had to come through another's eyes.

I want to both give and receive Jesus' love in that way, with others.

You are escaping your pain.

You are denying your weakness.

You are full of conflict and are asleep in it.

Enneagram tape: "If you say to me I'm a failure I will have to kill you because you are threatening my life (my defense system). If a person tries to convince me of this, she is trying to be God. Only God can convince me of this and has the right to ask me to

drink that cup to the bitter dregs, to go through that kind of martyrdom.

Head trip: efficiency. Quick methods. Appearance and work. "What will work" best.

Divine impulse: Holy Hope. There is help outside of me. Learning to depend on others and to wait.

It is hard for people in the Heart Center to be a Christian, to need to be saved; they can't do it by themselves.

We are frightened if we don't know what to do. We read the Gospel and correct ourselves, improve ourselves. We do it by will power. Co-worker with Jesus. We don't need a Savior for a very long time in our lives.

There will come a day when we can't do it by ourselves. . .the greatest day of my life, though it doesn't feel like it at the time.

Heart Passion: deceit. Emotional drive to feel better or superior to others. Propagandize, sell self.

Virtue: truthfulness. (Not telling the truth—we do this) But emotional fact, know who I am and don't need to impress the other with something I am not.

Gut Drives:

Survival: security. Money, position, friends.

Social (herd instinct): prestige, acclaim of others, others impressed with me

Personal: privacy. Inclined to lie to close friends. Not sure there is anything underneath. Hard to make a close friend.

Avoidance: failure. In the end everything I did failed. In that I am made holy. Only Threes know what failure is and can drink the cup to the very dregs. The avoidance is the golden key to unlock the skin protection. It comes in darkness and desolation. It is the one reality we cannot be in touch with without experiencing terrible pain, foreboding, a fear that our life is over and we are going to die.

This is the moment of our Christian martyrdom because we realize what Jesus is saving us from (i.e. failure, in my case).

"He saved others, himself he cannot save." This must have been the sign of failure in Calvary.

I cannot save myself now. Only Jesus can because he went through that, not saving himself. Failing.

In the night I was awake, couldn't sleep.

Then I got up and drew the cross and realized he had experienced the ultimate failure for me and that the line in the gospel that pointed to that was that he couldn't save himself.

I heard "Pie Jesu" and then Bernstein's Mass in part and then went to sleep.

February 22

In the night I awoke. My symptoms were present. I wrestled with God in a way that was different, surrendered, true to my core. I tried this and that, and was "fogged out" each time. Nothing I could do worked.

I found myself asking, "What must I do to be saved?" And knew it to be the wrong question—*do*.

I faced Jesus, "Do you want to heal me?" and knew instantly that he did and that he was. I felt faith, in a new way. And could thank him for what he is doing. (The true spirit of what I think Agnes Sanford talked about in *The Healing Light*).

Then I slept.

Upon awaking I recorded notes from my dream, then played a music tape for one hymn:

*When I survey the wondrous cross  
on which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss  
and pour contempt on all my pride.*

*Forbid it Lord that I should boast  
save in the death of Christ my God  
All the vain things that charm me most  
I sacrifice them to his blood.*

*See from his head, his hand, his feet,  
sorrow and love flow mingled down  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet  
or thorns compose so rich a crown?*

*Were the whole realm of nature mine, t  
hat were an offering far too small,  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
demands my soul, my life, my all.*

The crown of thorns is the symbol of Jesus' "failure"—the mockery that, as King of the Jews, he was unacknowledged as such and his crown was of thorns and drew blood from his brow.

Today's psalm - 131:

*O Lord, I am not proud;  
I have no haughty looks.  
I do not occupy myself with great matters,  
or with things that are too hard for me.*

*But I still my soul and make it quiet;  
like a child upon its mother's breast,  
my soul is quieted within me.*

*O Israel, wait upon the Lord,  
from this time forth and forevermore.*

I am loved—as I am failing. . .

While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

When I put the picture of the child in the center of the crown of thorns in my drawing of the cross, it "undid me" totally. "I am crucified with Christ."

March 17

**Dream:** Although it is night and I am reluctant to do so, I agree with Dick and Don that we need to go down a hallway and disturb Russell and ask him for help in preparing for an exam the next day.

We go to his door, and he greets us. He speaks Spanish the whole time. We descend stairs and sit in his sitting room. He bustles about, doing this and that, and eventually leaves us alone to talk.

Then there is a time when I go to sleep on a couch. After a time I awaken and start to crawl slowly toward the door, being careful not to make noise. I make my way up the stairs, and am almost there, when for some reason, I need help, or Russell hears and comes to aid me going through the door. Out in the corridor, I begin making my way, still crawling slowly. There is a dog there I must pass by, but that seems to be o.k.

March 26

*Thoughts:* These days have been days of assimilation of the past 18-20 months of struggle. I am now thoroughly convinced that my health problems are best explained in Sanford's terms in his book *Healing and Wholeness* and the essential process necessary for "the wounded healer" to suffer illness. I have been especially interested in the chapter on Asklepius (and his *dog!*) since Russell's interpretation of the March 17 dream. I am dealing with Mother's slow movement toward death, as well as my own experience of a different kind of death/birth psychically. I certainly am aware of an inner development that has changed *everything*.

March 28

Two dreams, or a two-part dream, after which I awoke in terror, like a child.

**Dream:** I am in a situation where I want to work with another woman; it is like doing field work for Pioneer Girls. So I ask the authority if I can do this. I've planned it so we can take a field trip together. The territory can be divided in the middle of Kansas City (I can identify the exact street—Jefferson, or Main). It would be a training trip. I have the idea there would be resistance to this. I am very much drawn to being with this woman who is bright, competent, a bit younger.

There is a segment also in the dream where I am going down a large staircase overlooking an auditorium area. I pass by Ellen Mitchell, who looks to me with

admiration. I go among the people below, threading through to two women whom I greet personally and warmly. As I move toward them, each one embraces and kisses me. I'd just planned to greet them.

Then I am outside, traveling in Colorado, and before me are vast huge mountains, snow on them (dark blue and white, not snow-*covered*). Though vast, they are close, immediate, almost two dimensional. I am to travel through these. The beauty of awesomeness is apparent. A sign at the entrance to the mountains indicates some ecological concern.

I look up at the mountains and see several Victorian type frame houses perched there, it seems to me, almost precariously. I am amazed. The whole thing is breath-taking.

Then three of us are on a very flimsy ladder which goes a long way up into one of the houses. Don and the other person are ahead of me and I am left to ascend alone. It is so frail, thin wire, and as I continue upward, increasingly terrified, I see how each rung is held by something paper. I know I have to take each step trusting and each step does hold, though there's no reason it should. The ladder sways a bit in the cold wind, too. But I persist. There's some fierce determination or sense of destiny that I must, I *will* get to the top safely. It is *very* hard.

Finally, I am there, inside the house. Then I see that all the houses are actually connected inside and that I can travel from one to another through these rooms, which are disorderly and seem to be occupied by children whose parents are nowhere in evidence. It is a situation to arouse compassion. There is a feel of the old too, in the architecture—cupolas, façades, clocks, stonework.

Then I come out into a room where water drips from above. Don hands me a blue nightshirt I must wash out. He encourages me to only wash the part that is dirty, but I see it'll be hard not to get it all wet. I first hold it under the dripping water in the center of the room, then realize there's a shower to one side. I do so.

By now the nightshirt in my hands is white. I ask Don for bleach, pour it on, and then quickly get it under the water, so the bleach won't destroy the fabric by its concentratedness.

I awaken, scared and feeling swollen glands. I feel pretty awful. It's the ladder bit.

*Thoughts:* I think this dream is about my work. My journey to another level has been tortuous and scary. I've been led to work with certain ones and move toward them. But there's something alarming too, perhaps the two-dimensionality? I am not sure about the night shirt part, either. It feels a bit alchemical, but the bleach doesn't feel right. Too drastic.

I worked with Nell last night and could feel the drawing power. I must be careful not to try to be/do too much too fast.

Is this whole dream sequence about the particularity of the transference problem when people consciously choose to work with *me*. . . I am not a referral, or name in a phone book, so the transference has begun before we start to work.

Later: Russell felt the ladder part was a warning, a "puella" image, in the air, not grounded. It's full of danger signs. He urged me to "stay in Kansas City"—in the middle, with the Ellen's of life, where I seem to be called.

April 11

I am sitting here with some other thoughts too. I guess I'm getting ready to see Russell today. But I realize I've been through various stages in my counseling work. I was reluctant to work with people initially, feeling unqualified. Then I became eager and excited, even invited new people in subtle ways, and got quite pleased. Then a more sober attitude has had to emerge. Right now, I'd like to send everyone away. I don't feel at all capable. It seems prosaic and I feel full of mistakes and ineptness.

One thing comes to mind, in this regard, which is another important part of this past week: I/we confronted SD Monday evening and essentially terminated our work with him and referred him to therapy elsewhere.

Naturally, I have some feelings about this, grief over a loss, some feelings of failure that I didn't see a way to challenge his "impasse" which he admitted he had hit in his work with me, and also relief—to let him go. He was hard to work with and I felt the counter transference.

Another factor going on right now. I am feeling attached to my work with Russell again. He will be away next week and then there is the two-month hiatus this summer. I feel as though I am entering into some unknown dimension of my process right now and need help. Perhaps this relates to my need to learn how to get help from God more directly.

I also realize that I don't often write like this in the journal very often, and that it's good to externalize my internal dialogue in this way, but that also increasingly, I am finding expression in drawing when words can't adequately say what my soul needs to say, and that is very satisfying.

April 13 - Friday the 13th, 21st wedding anniversary and Good Friday

I experienced discomfort and itching last night, so took a pill, before going to bed and still had some trouble falling asleep, feeling somewhat out of sorts.

During the night, I awoke suddenly, with that kind of seizure effect and the word *Cunard* came to mind. I tried to associate but nothing would come. Later the word *toy* or *troy* was there and in active imagination I carried the thought forward. A black man at a table with me explained it to me, but that is all I can recall. Then this morning, the phrase was: "*axis of being three.*"

This all puzzles me. I feel as though I am being led on a chase, and I don't know the rules or the point. I find it hard to center, or pray, or feel any connectedness within. I want my symptoms to GO AWAY permanently and sometimes nothing else matters, and so long as they are with me, I can't concentrate on anything else. It feels like an impoverished existence.

April 21

**Dream:** I am walking through a forest. Beside the trail, there is a mound of branches and I see there are people who jumped in and are hiding there. As I pass, they call out, "Are you God?" or "Is that God passing by?" I somehow find that humorous and start singing in reply, from Bernstein's Mass: "God said: Let there be light."

I awoke in the night and at the time had a clearer memory of the dream, not just this fragment. I was in a somewhat disoriented state of mind, upset, feeling out of sorts, out of



touch with God, mindful of arrogances, self-centeredness, and spiritual confusion. A sense of ineptitude, failure, sin, inability to understand anything. In fact, I was so unable to pinpoint any source, that I concluded this was another message from God that I am in a cloud of unknowing, and there is *no way* I can extricate myself.

My first reaction is always to feel depressed, to blame, tense, and to try to solve it. I can't pray. I can't make a sentence and I just feel bad, but mostly unable. It feels the same as a Three's "failure syndrome."

I ask myself how long this is going to last. The minute I begin to feel good (on any level) it is as though I begin to "take off" again in the old mode of confidence and braggadocio and now God and/or my psyche won't let me. I feel continually attacked by God on every level. I don't know how to live in a different way.

One problem relates to my time with William Whiting yesterday. I found myself telling him bits and pieces about these years of my pilgrimage. Now, as I look back on the conversation, I almost wish I hadn't because I can't seem to express the real core. But maybe some of my regret relates to the fact that I'm still "messy" and leave a "bad impression" and that bothers my pride. So maybe I need to just leave it alone, and believe that God provided him for me to share. His understanding face and manner just drew out of me tears and sharing and I can accept that and leave the rest to God. It's a cinch I can't expect a "reputation" any more in the way I used to need and desire and I guess, to some extent, have.

It feels better to write this. More and more, I am realizing that writing and drawing are important and necessary releases for me. They "work" in a way introspection alone does not and even Bible reading and prayer don't always help. I need to get to a deeper level and these two methods somehow tap into that other level and release something.

April 24

**Dream:** It's the middle of the night (morning) and I can't sleep. My dream was of a young father and child (little girl) and in the dream I was both an observer and had his viewpoint. The two of them are entering a barn, a huge dark building, and it is night and they plan to stay there and sleep. It is a special occasion, but there is the sense of the ominous, of danger. Before entering, the father looks into the barn and can see a shadowy profile—a man inside. But he goes in anyway. The interior of the barn is full of stuff piled high—cobwebby, massive. The father has been there before, sleeping there with the child. So they proceed to the hayloft.

In the morning, he is descending a stairway and hears someone on the first floor. It is a woman (40-ish) emerging from a kitchen area, very harmless. At this point I am the young father, and am on a sort of parapet, or point, or post and am going to *fly* down through the air. I begin to do this, sweeping out in a wide arc. I show the woman how I can do this and as I do so, I say to her, aloud (so that I wake myself up), "*I'm a real person!*"

*Thoughts:* I have had disquieting thoughts about a number of things lately. My time with William Whiting at lunch Friday, my session with Arlene, my session with Cara today. One thought I had was that the dream was a warning not to try to enter interior areas with Cara. My flying in the dream I take as a bad sign. And entering an area of danger deliberately seemed dumb. It was a little reminiscent of my March 28 dream of

mountains.

April 29

We have decided to stay home today. Don is battling a sore throat. My spirits are low. Yesterday was difficult, as regards symptoms. I get most crazy when I try to figure out why they appear, what I am doing wrong. I took a pill last night and slept really well. So here I am, with the rest of the world, somewhat drug dependent.

I try to pray, but words clog. I sat down to read the Bible this morning, but I'm angry and out of sorts. I simply don't understand why God doesn't heal me, or show me how to care for myself in a way that will cure me.

Then, in desperation, I threw the I Ching, not expecting much. But to my surprise, I threw a very positive hexagram, #35 Chin, which means progress and clarity. Somehow, the I Ching is helpful to me because the "pure chance" aspect of it renders me helpless to effect a certain outcome. Therefore I tend to trust the results.

At least, the way I use it gives me a way of looking at my dilemma which is always helpful. I am definitely in the hands of God, but I feel like a very blind person, who fails to see the pattern, the mystery.

I talked to both Mother and Phil on the phone yesterday. I feel remote from both of them in terms of my consciousness and life experience. Yet, I am not indifferent to them, though I wish I could be. At least, if it were "holy indifference" it would not have to be callousness or hatred or disrespect.

May 7

My mind is a little clogged. I think ahead in imagination of moving to another place, the house on Hempstead with Scott and Louise, and putting Life/Work Direction there. I think about the summer's sabbatical trip, imagine various scenarios. I go round and round, and it feels pretty removed from my life with God. I can't concentrate readily on prayer or Scripture. So I take pen in hand to focus better.

I am not sure where God is—or if speaking in third person is in itself a way of distancing. I read yesterday, "My soul thirsts for you," and "O God, you are my God, eagerly I seek you," and "My heart clings to you" but that is not my current experience.

**Dream:** I can't recall much of the night's dreams, just a large estate where people were playing polo, only the men rode astride another man, and that man was on a horse, so it was a triple decker arrangement, really "high horse."

I feel obsessed with the Enneagram too. I think about it a lot, make many assessments about people and interactions based on it and it is beginning to feel far too limited, or at least obsessive. I need deliverance, so as to see persons as God sees them, with more subtlety, more finely tuned distinctions, not just from one category, even though that is useful in my self-analysis and growth.

I would say I am feeling restlessness and distance, a desolation of the "heart center". The appropriate arrow move is toward the consolation of being strengthened and at peace. This feels exactly right.

May 10

In the night: "There remains a sabbath rest for the people of God. Whoever enters God's rest also ceases from his labors." I can't live the Christian life. I must cease from my labors.

Then **dreams**: I am on the phone to Phil, trying to arrange to see Jane and Bob. But Phil is obstructing this, seeking to thwart my plan. I know I must talk to Jane directly. Phil is asking how important it is that I see Bob and Jane together or separately. I feel he is blocking me.

Then I am with Jane and a couple of her children, I think two little girls. At one point I have the idea (or is it presented to me?) to take a cross country trip with the two little girls. They are excited about this and so am I. I think about the car, if it will be dependable and also if I need to have an adult friend with me.

Then I am sitting at a table and have in my possession an ant, which seems more like a kitten in personality. It wants "out" of my grasp and I finally accede to its wishes and it makes a "bee line" away from me, then around to my purse, which it somehow enters from the base. I look for it then but can't find it. It definitely has a will of its own.

As I awaken from this dream, the words come: "My soul is exceeding troubled."

**We are in the process of considering a rather radical change at Life/Work.**

Should we decide to move to a location where Don and I will live and put the work there too, this will mean a big change in many respects, which I am just realizing, as we contemplate the possibility if Scott and Louise buy the place on Hempstead Street in Jamaica Plain.

The image of "Bethany" has come, with the three—Mary, Martha and Lazarus. Today I remembered that Jesus was the One who came and we are to receive people as though they were Christ. I realized that a kind of community would result, with Dick coming to join us daily—and others—and Don and I being at home all the time. The Rule we are considering would definitely apply to us in our life as well as our work, for they would obviously be one. Perhaps our move toward more objectification and containment is a preparation for this more merged functioning. As I Thess. 2 points out, we are to share our selves, not just the gospel.

I also thought of the Laodicean image (Rev. 3) of feeling rich, but not realizing I am poor and blind and crippled, being counseled to buy gold and salve. Then Jesus standing at the door and knocking, wanting to enter and eat with me.

I had been feeling some reluctance about the possible move, but all my thinking about the shift in feel and emphasis in Life/Work made me much more open and eager. So much so, in fact, that when Dick came in yesterday and announced that Scott and Louise were seriously considering the Ashmont place, which would *not* include us, I was disappointed and this sort of surprised me. I am very aware that this development in our work and any move of this nature must be God-led. I get so eager and entrepreneurial. I must confess that it's fun to spin out scenarios, including placement of furniture, who will help us move, possible budgets and financial arrangements. I think it's probably good to be thinking through these things whether or not the particular deal works out with Scott and Louise. I need to remind myself to count on God alone.

May 21

**Dream:** I am in a small town. It has the feel of being in northern Michigan or Wisconsin, light, sunny, "crisp." I am in a restaurant. We order only a salad. We want seconds, so I dip into a salad barrel. I see the ripe tomato slices, cucumbers. Nearby the waiter watches to make sure I don't take too much, more than is my due. He comes over, thinks I took too much broccoli and radish, but as he paws through it, there is only one piece of each. I remark that it's funny that the only ones that have only one piece are broccoli and radish.

He then made a point of telling us that the restaurant always closes at 4:30. I can tell he doesn't want such cheap customers back.

Out on the street, I pass by a lot of bakeries or stores that include baked goods. Every one of them seems to be carrying a certain yellow coconut custard cake, very moist and appealing. I can imagine the taste, but it is not something I can presently eat, being so full of sugar.

I am with a family. We are on our way to eat, I think, and I am getting tired. But the woman wants to go to a fabric place, and I know exactly where The Fabric Place is. When we arrive, another store is in its place, so we ask for directions from the clerk—a middle-aged woman in a distinctive navy blue dress. She starts to point the way. It's on Igor and Architect Drive.

As she talks, I am seated by a window and begin to examine her dress more closely. It is very fashionable and artsy, even, but I imagine she made it. She works in this place that sells drapery material. She says they deal with very small pieces of material, "skimpy" she says. I note that she has been skimpy with her own dress. When she turns around, the back doesn't hang right, and she tries to adjust it by pulling the parts together.

*Thoughts:* How am I being skimpy now? Is it related to the yeast-free diet I am experimenting with these three weeks, to see if I can go off Nystatin, and also checking for allergies (wheat, yeast, sugar, milk)? I've been praying specifically for wisdom and intuition to guide me as to the foods I eat. I miss fruit most, and did have an apple yesterday in addition to other juice and fruits. I've been hungry a lot. But it's hard to tell for what. In the dream, I longed for the outstanding cake, but as I thought of it upon awaking, the cake had no appeal.

In the dream the image of the navy blue dress was the strongest. As I looked at it, in the front, the material was somewhat transparent, and I could see the form of the woman's breast and contours. It was lovely, dignified, somber. Only when she turned her back could I see how she may have erred in the design or construction or even size, because the drape didn't hang right and she had to grasp it at the waist to correct the awkwardness of the way it fell.

The waiter, and the clerk—each had a relationship to cheapness or skimpiness. In both situations there was a sense of the sumptuous and/or elegance, abundance, or color, sensuality, food, cloth.

Am I telling myself there is something I "can't have"—like healing?

May 22

A night of confusing crowded dreams, and feeling a little sick, some itching.

**Dream:** I am in some building, large home. The doorbell rings loudly, interrupting

whatever I was involved in. We don't immediately rush to answer, so it rings three more times and it is Howard who yells, "Anybody home?" He enters, takes my hand and clasps it. His daughter has become engaged. It's "Del." And Howard is very pleased and intent on making the wedding an occasion. He wants Don and me to have a prominent part. He also says he'll take us to Maine for a weekend. He just came from there. Then he takes me in his arms and kisses me with feeling.

Jim Bertucci is around. He leaves in a car. His wife had told us she was planning to have an affair. Someone remarked something about what could you expect with someone who had a fornicating husband.

I leave by myself and go to a quiet place and find Jim's wife there and the guy, Eddie, playing the piano. I am embarrassed. I don't want to seem to be tailing her. I say something to her, then sit down elsewhere. Later there is a crowd of people in the place and I see her dressing her small child in coat and bonnet, and I know she is preparing to leave and Eddie will leave too.

I am in a car with Jim and others. A teenage black girl starts talking about "Sherry" (supposedly this is Jim's wife). She is gossiping and Jim wants to hear it (he knows about her infidelity, or suspects it) but I say to him, "Don't encourage her gossiping."

I awoke and kept trying to remember Jim's wife's name.

May 24

*Yesterday with Russell was a very important time.* I talked about my continuing symptoms and worked on the May 21 dream. Interesting that out of all the dreams since our last session that this was the one I picked. He identified the "skimpy" theme as anorexic, that my ego is objecting to the part of me that's starving myself, and that the anorexic aspect is part of the mother complex. Together we decided that I might have a ten-day experiment of eating freely what I choose and not being so obsessed with the diet. It was more emotional than this. I stormed and cried and pounded, went onto the floor, and raged, and cried very hard. It has been so frustrating. It is hard to express the extent of the anguish. . . and I needed to do this with Russell. I knelt before him and asked for a funny blessing on my head and I hugged him on the way out the door. I don't know what lies ahead. I had a grapefruit (I've been cutting down fruits) and even ate one of the cookies Jeannie Carson brought that day. (That last wasn't so wise, probably.)

Russell also remarked that it was going to be interesting to see how my symptoms would fare once I got on vacation. Oh how I long for healing but I don't know how to pray for this any more.

May 27

Friday I saw the doctor at HCHP. I'd lost three more pounds (through that Yeast Allergy diet) and I became convinced now, from this additional source, that I need to go back to healthy normal eating and living. I feel as though a real step has been taken in healing by this decision. It is linked with my sense that I need to "forget" physical symptoms in general and focus on loving and living with God and others in a relaxed way. The doctor did prescribe a cortisone (1%) ointment, and I am to consider a sigmoidoscopy (can't get an appointment until fall, which is good, so I can see what the results of my sabbatical are). She also referred me to a special "Wellness Program"

geared to people like me with *chronic* problems. I qualify on the basis of asthma as well as IBS.

"Sfunny, but after this visit I began to have faith in my healing for the first time.

**Dream:** Last night I dreamed. I can't remember the concrete details as much as the "sense" of it. I was in a situation where there was a "crossover" requiring me to leave one situation and go to another. Both the old and the new were attractive to me, and I wonder about returning to the old. Then I see a person in the new situation and I know I can ask them about their experience.

I want so much to make this crossover in my life, but I think that it does require a break with my past. One element occurring to me is my phone call with Mother yesterday. She is really trying hard to change and be thankful and positive. I believe she wants to die, and this awareness is centering her in a new and healthy way. This gives me a more sympathetic attitude toward her.

June 9

**Dream:** I am in a situation with others, and my Mother. We are taking a direction which is disappointing to her. She'll disapprove, i.e., but it is one we must do.

I remember that we are all getting ready for bed. There are a lot of beds in one room. I am standing there in my flannel nightgown and old pink and white checked robe. I realize that I am planning to sneak out during the night, but that she doesn't know that. I also have an awareness of a young man (Mark?) who is there. . .and I am somehow identified with him in the dream in my mind.

My mother tells me that I can't come back home if I do "such and such" (whatever is involved in the path I have chosen to follow). I realize this is extreme treatment. I get up in the night and don't disturb Mother. I want to leave her a note of explanation and love.

The young man seems helpless, or put down in some way during the whole scene. I am aware of him mostly when we are both outside the place, and it seems to be morning because it is light out. And we are looking for a place to put on his underpants (or am I the one to put them on?) I remember they are white knit, with elastic only in the back. They are very soft and clean and we go around the side of the house to put them on, though we are still in public view.

I realize I need a place to retreat to now, when I return home at the day's end. Don is there and we discuss it together. His conclusion is that a *cave* would be the best place for me. I begin to accept and ponder that alternative. We know there is a dirt hole in back of the house going underground. There is also an outdoor fireplace but it has no dimensionality. I begin picturing myself going into the hole as I wake up from the dream. I am wondering if anyone will mistakenly shovel dirt into the hole to fill it while I am hiding there.

*Thoughts:* I wonder if the young man is the weak animus figure in the June 3 dream about Char and the birthing of the little girl.

The mother complex in me seems to often appear in negative form, punishing, scolding. I am sorry to have to experience Mother that way, still, for in reality I am beginning to appreciate all she gave me. I was reading a few of Dad's old sermons last

night before throwing them away. One of them was on Christ in the temple, and was indicating the need to speak directly to God, not always in an ingratiating manner, but boldly, in a more demanding way.

What is the symbolism of the cave then? In looking it up, I find that it is the descent into the unconscious, into the center, the heart. Also, the shadow. It appears then that perhaps I am meant to continue to stay in touch with that dark inner mystery and indeed, it is my Mother who will not permit me back in (her?) (the) house if I go the route I need to go.

And it is my spouse who points the way to the cave→union of opposites.

June 11

What an amazing little verse tucked away in Psalm 64:

"The human mind and heart are a mystery;  
but God will loose an arrow at them,  
and suddenly they will be wounded."

Then in Psalm 65:

"Our sins are stronger than we are,  
but you will blot them out."

June 14

"My times are in your hand."

I awoken to these messages almost daily. They are like sustenance to me.

June 17 Corpus Christi Sunday

I awoken to the consciousness that my soul is longing for God.

"When will you come to me?" (Psalm 101:2)

It's not for healing. It is for the Healer. It is an interior longing that will not be satisfied with anything less. In some ways, I can't imagine it being satisfied, perhaps short of Heaven.

Later:

I have wondered why the feeling about dying has been so strong. This morning in church, we prayed for and anointed Lee, a guy who has had radiation treatments recently and it looks as though the cancer could be spreading to other parts of his body.

Because I have had such constant problems myself that in some ways resemble AIDS—weight loss, fatigue, skin problems. . .I've sometimes felt I was dying. . .and though I basically don't want to die, there are moments when the thought appeals to me, I confess, or at least I consider it.

Then this afternoon I went to a movie without knowing beforehand that it was about AIDS, "Longtime Companion"—very well done and affecting. Afterwards I drove home by way of Jamaica Pond and stopped there to walk around it and read. I "happened" to dip into Grof's book on *Stormy Search for the Self* about spiritual emergence and came upon a section which talks about the experiencing of "symbolic death" and how a person in spiritual crisis longs for detachment to the point where he or she thinks he or she is literally going to die. (pp. 60-61)

That somehow struck a chord for me.

Another kind of death is "ego death"—where old modes of existence must die to make way for new growth—the death of old personality structures. This feels akin to what Life/Work Direction is going through as we move toward the new location.

June 19

I didn't sleep last night. Then Donna comes in for her 9 a.m. session and starts in by saying, "I've been having sleep disturbances." Yi! Then Lisa M. tonight confessed to being more affected by my going away than she'd admitted to herself and she too hasn't been sleeping. Synchronicities!

Donna's dream brought to mind the archetype of the hag or crone and Black Madonna, so I looked up references in various sources. In Woodman's *Addiction to Perfection*, I found an interesting statement that I thought related to some images I drew in the night when I was unable to sleep.

I need to make vertical motions, in various colors. I was feeling the dark and the light sides again (I had done another drawing previously with this sort of motion—dark colors on the left diagonal and light colors on the right). The vertical lines related to the movement of food through my digestive system.

This is what was in the Woodman book (p. 180):

"If she were to contact her Black Madonna, her snake has to move down before it can move up."

And ff. "She has to bring light into her concretized body, and realize it is a daily task to try to keep it there."

It occurred to me that this movement downward, which is at times blocked by constipation, is the reverse of the kundalini energy and experience, which is a movement upward.

Christina Grof, in the book I am reading, says that her kundalini experiences included tremors, mood swings, and *gastro-intestinal* problems and that these were resolved when she "hit bottom" in her alcohol addiction and started on the twelve step recovery road. It was the "death" she needed. "I had no choice but to give up. Some larger force was obviously in charge." God, that is.

So. . I wonder. . .What this all means. I have had that initial kundalini experience in Chicago in 1967 in therapy. I am sure that was what it was and again in an initial dream a couple of years back at the start of my work with Russell.

June 28

Yesterday I awoke to feeling safe in a snug centered place. "Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on his gentle breast. There by his love o'er shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Today I awoke to "My presence will go with you and I will give you rest." Today is our last work day before our summer sabbatical.

July 4



I have spent the morning listening to "The Elijah" by Mendelssohn, and in tears—mingled tears of weariness and comforting release, awareness of the kindness of God toward discouraged weary souls like Elijah. It is a remarkable story.

Then I remembered, with a smile, that years ago, in Pioneer Girls, we named the camps *Cherith* after the brook where Elijah was fed by ravens, and here I was in a Carmelite hermitage, listening to the story of Elijah on Mt. Carmel. Elijah is certainly a figure of significance for me.

July 6 – at *Nova Nada* on retreat in the middle of a Nova Scotian forest

But, though I am not called to the monastic life per se, being here is changing my perception of who I am within my calling, and how I may be being called to change the way I work out my calling day by day. It is also related to our call to have Life/Work Direction in a house. It puts a whole new light on that development, when I see it in terms of our primary occupation—which is to know and experience God.

The tapes on Christian humanism by McNamara emphasize things like working leisurely (like Joseph Pieper's notion, really). He suggests cutting what we do in half. And he also says contemplative are very busy. I interpret this—in my case—to be directed toward my need to change the way I work. It is also related to quantity, but much more (in my case) to quality—to a restfulness, which is at present not characteristic of me. Funny, when we arrived, Don remarked that he was tired. And I felt wired! That's the subtle but significant distinction between us, our proclivities and needs.

I am very aware of my self vis a vis others. . . and long to be absorbed, rather than so aware. Caught up. Oblivious to all but the Holy. And I know this is the work of the Spirit.

I rush ahead. Plan. Anticipate. Calculate. Imagine. I need to stop, slow down, digest, take in. I must go slowly. There is not much time.

July 14

Something in the night about the campgrounds here and the sense of "turning a corner." Indeed, something seems to be—shall I say radically changing? An absorption and unself-consciousness which helps on the physical level (digestion, asthma) and certainly on the spiritual level, where prayer arises from my being in day-to-day living.

This morning (It is 5 a.m. our time) I sit by the lake awaiting the sun's appearance over the tree tops. I'm just extraordinarily grateful for my life, for our life—Don and me—and for our vocation with Dick at Life/Work Direction.

At times I get fearful of pain, of suffering, because of these past couple years. Yet, what have I really to fear, when the blessings have been so great as well. Still. . .the unknown is always a fear.

So *faith* has assumed major importance, and that's so step-by-step and minute-by-minute. And the experience of a child who must instinctively trust that she is loved and cared for. I've been a long way away from that sense, and have learned to be in control very well. As Fr. William says in his tape on the "Internal Trinity," (child, shadow, anima), the trick is to become *mature* without losing the child.

Nature helps. Music helps. The Scriptures help. Like yesterday's psalm—16:

Thou art my Lord,  
I have no good apart from thee.

The Lord is my chosen portion and my cup,  
thou holdest my lot.  
The lines have fallen for me in pleasant places,  
Yes, I have a goodly heritage.

I bless the Lord who gives me counsel;  
in the night also my heart instructs me.  
I keep the Lord always before me;  
because he is at my right hand,  
I shall not be moved.

Therefore my *heart* is glad, and my *soul* rejoices;  
my *body* also dwells secure.

Thou dost show me the path of life;  
in thy presence there is fullness of joy,  
in thy right hand are pleasures for evermore.

July 18

Thoughts: Nancy, Gillian, Julie—all three are simple people, living life on a shallow level. All are good-hearted and come from primitive evangelical stock.

Nancy was keen on performance and gaiety, and now has Alzheimer's. Gillian tends to be brash and awkward, rushing in where angels fear to tread, is precipitate and rash. Julie is kind and friendly, and bed-hops. Has rejected her past, thinks simplistically and doesn't pursue much inner depth.

I could interpret these three both plus and minus. If they are shadow figures (and I suspect they are, for none of them represent things I'd consciously emulate), they represent a simpler approach to life than I think consciously I live or aspire to. Childlike, really.

In my present bouts with asthma and inner wired tension (which has been plaguing me over the past few days since leaving Nova Scotia), I find that becoming less self-conscious about both physical and spiritual sources and remedies works best. If I focus on relaxation techniques, I get all anxious about getting results and it's self-defeating. But getting absorbed in simple tasks works. And, last night, I found I was being thrust into prayer as I started thinking.

God is definitely trying to teach me something. I hope I get it. Certainly my dreams are far more likely to contain Truth than some of my own figuring out. I'm at the end in that category. I certainly don't understand my own process.

July 24

It is still before dawn but in the spirit of Nova Nada, I arise in the night as easily as the day. I am dreaming, sort of long dreams.

**Dream:** The first dream was of a visit to Houghton I was making. I was to speak there. I was already seated at a table with others but had forgotten to put on my dress (I

was dressed casually in slacks). I went back to a back room and plowed through my suitcase but couldn't find anything.

Afterwards I was packing up to leave, and then looked for a snack shop type place there to eat. I ordered a pizza from a person who was washing out a frying pan. Then I got into a car, but realized I'd forgotten my suitcase so had to go back.

The car was parked in a narrow passageway inside the building. Along came another car. I didn't think there was room for two cars to pass in the space. I leaned out and yelled at the woman driving, "Don't kill him, dummy!" (meaning don't kill Don, who was driving the car I was in)

**Dream:** The more recent dream in the night had to do with an event involving Catholic women who were waiting for the speaker to arrive. I was upset she was so late, but at the last minute, on the dot, she appeared. I was to introduce her, so I herded her inside, my arm tight around her shoulder. I asked her name, and she said, "Carol, though my nickname is Fred." That had to be enough, for we had no time for more so I introduced her that way and she began to speak. As soon as she began, I realized she was repeating word for word last year's speech by another person. I had a copy in my hand, and at one point I interjected, "That's in quotes" because I was afraid her audience would misunderstand the statement otherwise.

The only other thing I recall now about this dream is the dress she was wearing—a hand-woven textured dress, short, and of many colors, muted in tone.

*Thoughts:* Things in the first dream were disorderly, out of kilter. The ending felt like an eruption of pent-up anger and took extra energy to "let go." I remember the feeling about the narrow space. I'd say the over-all tone seems like what my body has been going through in general.

However the image of Houghton would be that of a pietistic Wesleyan framework which though narrow has that release of emotion aspect typical of that theology and practice.

I wonder if in leaving a certain kind of spiritual framework, I'm having an experience of confusion and difficulty, not wanting certain aspects to get killed?

The second dream puts me into the more mundane Catholic world, especially the world of kind of ordinary Catholic women. I've had another dream with this motif earlier in the year.

What is this late-arriving, repetitious speaker (last year's sermon!), named both Carol and Fred and wearing this unusual little dress? This sounds to me like a message to me to embrace the ordinary, yet retain both male and female principles and the quiet distinctiveness and texture of my own experience, even as I mull over old and familiar truths.

As I write all this, I realize how influenced I am by what I perceive to be Russell's interpretation of my dreams along this line and I have accepted it for the most part, though at times I've felt he doesn't see my Protestant past with as many fine distinctions as I see it because he seems less familiar with the subtle variations within Protestant evangelicalism.

So, this being the case, it is important to me to submit this line of interpretation to scrutiny—in God—and on my own to see if this fits.

July 25

**Dream:** A painful dream, when I was present at a major Pioneer Girls gathering, but people there were not recognizing me. I think it was my birthday, or perhaps tenure of service. Also I was being left out a lot, on my own, as others bustled about in a friendly way. Phyllis was somewhere about in the shadows (!). Finally I remarked to someone sympathetic that I guessed no acknowledgment would be forthcoming. Then I realized there was still an occasion or day to go and it could be that something had been planned for that climactic banquet and I felt a little foolish at wanting the attention earlier.

Then we were at the banquet. Jean Hansen arose to give a speech and called me forward. She then presented me with a gift, which turned out to be a massive stovepipe arrangement—a black base, and then the chimney part. It seemed sooty almost, a very dull black color, and made of metal, not heavy to hold.

I wanted to make an acceptance speech and express my thoughts and feelings and started to do so, but people and children began making a hubbub and going on with their meal. So I raised my voice in anger and said that I really wanted to say something. Someone (in an official capacity) indicated that the people there were more interested in what was going on in the present, not in the past. I remonstrated that I could make my remarks relevant, had I known. I was angry and frustrated and put out and hurt. It was a blow to my pride.

July 27

My body continues to lead me and with very certain signals. I can just feel out-of-syness, and usually know the source. In the night I continued reading a few lines from my beloved source *Contemplative Prayer* by Merton and Kitty came into my lap and I let my whole frame sit in God's lap at the same time and focused on Jesus as well as I could. Learning to experience God in the moment is slowly sinking into my consciousness (or maybe it's *unconsciousness*!

August 7

One change in my experience has been the shift between awaking to a calling on the name of Jesus (imploring, needy) and to a sense of "Jesus, the very thought of thee with sweetness fills my breast" (receiving, full, attended). This accords with the entire trend toward contemplation versus meditation.

I am still not totally tuned in to what this process means. An impassioned conversation with sister-in-law Penny about depression and taking medication for it leaves me still unconvinced as to that route. I will not go that route unless I feel sure it is spiritually correct. I also don't want to be proud or stubborn if that is what I need, but so far, my progress seems directly related to my simply getting rest, relaxing, and being in a more deeply contemplative spirit, less self-conscious and driven.

Monday was an important day. I saw Nancy Sites in the nursing home. She may have recognized me. There was a glimmer and she seemed to be trying to say my name (Mouse). I sobbed as I left. It was very poignant, as George sat there with her so loving and attentive. She looked good, amazingly, but I believe it is because she is so loved.

September 25 – as I am reducing the frequency of sessions with Russell

I am feeling a sadness these days, a poignancy, not a bad feeling, about reducing the frequency of my sessions with Russell. I am realizing how strong my transference is and has been to him and what a big element that is in the effectiveness of our work together. I am aware of this in my own work with others too. He has shared (partly inadvertently) more of himself this month. The door to his working space was accidentally left open. That meant a lot to me. Then there was his caterpillar-to-chrysalis-to-butterfly, about which he was so ecstatic. That touched me. I am aware of so much love for him, and really *from* him too, in the same way I experienced with Alan. Both knew how to stay firm with this hysterical woman, yet give unstintingly of their wisdom and presence and let me grow. They trusted me.

October 1

Dream: My dream was a strong one of Thea. I had decided to try to contact her while I was in town. I started by asking a man how to do this. He said it was easy because she was in the same field.

Then Thea came upon me and we embraced. Her two young children were nearby and she was concerned and caring for them.

This was a new Thea, plain, and I could tell, impoverished. No more glitz, Madison Avenue star quality, but homely and natural (no makeup). She was limited because of the children, and couldn't just "take off."

As we embraced, I looked deep into her eyes and said something about how easy it was for us to pick up where we left off—it was that sort of relationship.

Last night, sitting quietly in the dimly lit living room of our new home, I again had that strong sweet feeling of sadness, that seems to emanate from the relationship to Russell, but also to God.

My life is so sweet and good these days as we begin a new chapter. It feels restorative, making up for the affliction of these past two years. I am so grateful.

October 2

N. was in last night with an odd (symbolic) tale about a stray cat. She cried during much of the session and her description of the cat was full of phrases that could apply to herself—a person in need of care. She also connected it to her feelings about Bob, her Beauty and Beast syndrome, where she picks up and sleeps and gets emotionally involved with ugly outcast type guys. At the end of the session, I told her that these relationships seemed to reflect her need for mothering.

She had a headache and at the end of the hour, she said it was worse, so I stood behind her chair and stroked her temples, got her to breathe.

Then just before she got up to leave, she asked, in complete naivete, "Do you have any suggestions as to how I can get mothering?" I nearly cracked up.

I also saw Hilary the same evening and had her lie down and stroked her forehead as she cried.

I am aware then how I need to give these persons to God, and not try to carry them.

Lise G was third, and she was in tears and needy too.

October 5

**Dream:** I wrote down a too-brief summary of a disturbing dream in the night. The essence was that I was in a white frame house—long and narrow and specific. I was to see Russell. I seemed to be at home here, so I am not sure it was his place. A black woman appeared and would not leave, though we kept suggesting this and that option. In a friendly way, she declined each one. I was disturbed, distressed, frustrated.

What is this crone-like element that has entered the relationship? I know I'm going through grieving and sadness at the change of seeing Russell two times a month instead of four—differentiating between his work and my own.

Today we travel to New Hampshire and help Mother make preparations to move to a private home and be cared for there.

October 19

**Dream:** My dream was of Grethe. We were in a boutique-like shop full of colorful and arty objects, costly. I wanted the woman shop keeper to get interested in Grethe's work and tried to subtly tell her how good Grethe's stuff was. But she was resistant. Grethe herself seemed indifferent and I realized she might not want to sell her best stuff. It's more for a museum than for commercial disposition. Finally the woman found out Grethe had no "cover card" which supplies the guarantee that the artist or craftsperson is in business and will come through when orders are placed, and not just disappear.

Then Grethe and I went into a more common shop where colorful and simple fabric duffel bags were hanging and this felt more "our style."

I interpret this to be about my work. Grethe is a fine role model. She is plunging into her own psyche for her art. There also may be some relationship to last night's conversation with Lise (also a Scandinavian) who must be crazy a bit as she works with disturbed patients.

November 24

My "Ways to Wellness" class at HCHP asks me to record in my journal what parts of me are creating my symptoms. Many of my symptoms are gone, or so greatly reduced that they are obscure. But I think I detect a kind of pressure in my body. It's rainy and wet, so likely there's a barometric cause.

But as I meditate on pressure, I think psychologically and spiritually I feel pressure when I am reluctant to *let go*, to *let go into stillness*. So I obsess and keep busy with little projects, solitaire, trifling details, or just with my schedule, or thinking and planning possibilities. Then it's hard to sleep. I also feel teary-eyed (*not weepy*), just my eyes water and hurt. Usually that has seemed environmentally related, or perhaps even weather-related (pollen?).

Anyway, why am I afraid to let go into stillness? I am running away from myself, is the first thing that occurs to me. But it is an unfamiliar, or less familiar, self that I run from. I cling to the familiar self and that feels a lot like the way I see Mother behaving at

her worst—clinging to old compulsive habits, unable to really change, yield, grow into a new being and sensibility.

Who is this less familiar self—whom I encountered at Nova Nada—and I think I often meet when on extended silent retreats. She is alone (I don't meet her when actively associated with Don) and I like her, actually. She is rested, slowed down. But is there more to it than this?

Last night at the Board meeting, Carmel talked about her experience this week of needing a session with Ken, and then having one "in her kitchen" and realizing, through this, she has internalized Ken in her. There is something in this for me, because as I have been writing all this, I've thought about Russell, and about God.

I know my transference to Russell is strong. I probably have internalized him in the way Carmel means. It occurs to me now, have I thus internalized God? And is it this inner encounter I've been avoiding by staying keyed up, pressured, busy?

What would it mean to have that sense of internalization of God. It feels like the deep prayer-of-the-heart experience described by writers who speak of contemplation. Perhaps spousal prayer is a deep level of this.

December 6

I like it when I dream. Makes me feel my unconscious is at work and "feeding me" from deep within. I haven't recalled dreams much this fall. My outer life is so filled and vibrant, especially with aesthetic stimuli. Last night, listening to music at day's end in the darkened Common Room, the play of light and shadow on the beamed ceiling, the Christmas lights aglow on the tree, in the windows. . .

Then going to the third floor to catch a glimpse of the full moon. And the TV program on Amazing Grace. Then to sleep and on awaking to enter my Poustinia all aglow with morning sun, casting the pattern of the Colombian hanging on the wall, catching the prismatic reflection of the mirror. I am richly repaid for the trials of the past couple of years.

Now to my dreams:

**Dream 1:** I am guiding another person through waters. We are in a canoe, first in a wide dark river, overhung with trees and woodland, then gradually out into an increasingly open area. I stay close to shore, as it is safer there and I don't want either of us to be fearful. We round a bend and there is the ocean with heaving billows and rapids. We venture out. My companion is a bit apprehensive. I debate if we stick to the shore or move across the waves to another shore not far away. I know how to do this safely in the canoe and already feel the swell of the waves and am not afraid. She wonders about safety in water several hundred feet deep. As we venture out, we are now in the water swimming. I can lightly hold her up so she will not panic as she makes her way with me, because she is afraid. As we move toward the shore, I turn to see the rapids and appreciate their beauty.

**Dream 2:** I am in a canoe facing a young woman in the stern seat. It is a warm sunny summer day and has the feeling of camp about it. We're in bathing suits. She has a lunch. She is wearing glasses (or is she?). She is blond. I realize since I'm in the bow seat, I need to turn around in order to paddle and leave shore. I tend to want to go left but know I'm

not the steerer but I shift my paddle to my right side in an effort to encourage movement in the way I want to go (left), even trying to do a C stroke, which empowers the movement left. But we head to the right. A very strong wind arises and I can hardly pull the paddle at all. And we aren't moving forward or making any headway at all when I wake up.

*Thoughts:* The first dream would seem to be about my work and also my own journey — moving into perilous waters, looking back and seeing the beauty of my dark night. Also lightly supporting others in the depths of their afflictions. A frail bark, but I feel sure of guiding a small boat like that, not as complex as sailing, and not massive like a power boat.

The second dream introduces the idea of not being the one steering. I am subject to another's steering, and also to the wind which can totally stop me. The dream leaves the possibility of many endings. Shall I continue to struggle against the current? Shall we allow the wind to wash us back to shore? Shall we figure out how to use the natural forces to our advantage?

What in my life is pushing hard against me just now? What about the whole idea of resistance? I can feel this factor in people I work with. Phrases like "personality restructuring" and "down to the core issue" point to this. I am aware of this in Donna yesterday. Certainly in Nancy F.

December 14

**Dream:** I'm to speak at a prayer meeting in a basement (seems like an IVCF occasion) on marriage. A crew of men are painting the floor blue and black, sometimes stepping onto the paint. I'm standing in the place where I'll speak from and am being painted into that space.

People arrive. Brian M. comes in and makes an awkward stilted announcement (he's reading it from a paper) about John Bradshaw (the Congressman) coming on March 18. I have the sense he was to have come the same night as me.

I stand up front, and Betty G is beside me. I announce the hymn, p. 50, on a sheaf of xeroxed sheets I have in my hand. People have hymnbooks but it's the same page numbering and in the section entitled "Marriage." I don't know the song, so Betty goes over to the piano and plays a little of it. I tell her to play more because it's unfamiliar. I'm wondering also what I have to say about marriage.

Wednesday Russell warned me about "going deep" with my people. He's right on. For me, it's dangerous. I've felt tongue tied lately with people and there have been an unusual number of people being silent for fairly long periods of time. Lise last night, e.g. They pour out a lot, then fall silent. I'm not as comfortable with that as I'd like to be. I don't understand it.

The dream—the painting constrains me to a space. I don't know the song, and I'm not sure what I have to say about marriage. What does it all mean?

Russell also cautioned my tendency to value the "big dream" and suggested I needed to pay more attention to the little ones. He also talked about my "negative inflation" — thinking I'm not doing very good work now (like the silences mentioned, maybe?), that I tend to think I should be doing "deep work."



I wonder, just now, if my thinking I should be up to caring for my mother with joyous acceptance is also an indication of this. I always like to think I'm advanced spiritually and psychologically. In reality, I think I'm actually a bit retarded! (Or is that another example of negative inflation?)

February 1, 1991

I'm wondering, waking from a couple of dreams I can't clearly recall, if I'm leaning too far forward into my clients' processes. Something like that. Donna brought me a dream yesterday that had some of that feeling. I'm a little concerned too that I have both (a) the feeling I don't have a clue to the meaning of a dream and that (b) I speak with a certain degree of authority. I realize I've been wanting to understand more mythologically, but feel unsure as to how far I should go in that direction, because of my tendency toward inflation.

Also the recent intensity of itching makes me wonder about my intuition is again exceeding my capacity to understand and absorb.

I am longing for deeper heart rest in God also. Was tired this week for the first time in a while, a kind of tired that tells me I need a break and I need daily heart rest. Always my issue. I tend to keep going! Truly, I have to *learn* to do nothing. It ain't natural.

February 7

The session with Russell yesterday was important and helpful. One line especially stands out. "Your clients' work has *nothing* to do with you." He is encouraging me to make a better separation between their work and mine. I know this doesn't mean freedom from transference, counter transference, and projection. It means "cleaning up" my work. I can see how I limit my listening because I place upon it the filter of my experience. I see the necessity of the kind of detachment Helen Palmer teaches in the Enneagram. I want to listen with that sort of sensibility, hear more from the person's perspective, and thus respond more in that framework rather than my own.

How is this different from the need to bear their projections and burdens, take on their illness and pain so they can be freed? I think I see it, partly, in relationship to my Mother, who called last night in a pathetic hysterical state.

Perhaps I take on that frenzy in the way *I* would experience it, in part. How does she experience it, because she is no weakling. And can I then shed it as mine and let her have it and not rescue or feel guilty about not rescuing her?

In the night I awoke. I felt "assaulted"—a bit nauseous. Then I remembered why, her phone call. I lay there, knowing I was taking on her pain, but perhaps needlessly, because I tended to want to feel it myself. And I could somehow not do that. Then I thought of the POWs in Iraq and felt the awful terror of the coming conflict and prayed for them.

April 9

**Dream:** I am at St. John's in the sanctuary, the service just concluded. There are no pews and people are standing around. Jennifer is in one corner, giving a blessing to two other females who have served at the altar. I go over to them, on a small stairway, in order to also receive a blessing. I said one line of a prayer. Jennifer laid her hands on me too. Later she said, "You speak/pray with authority." I was a little surprised, but felt she was right.

Don also wanted to receive a blessing. By this time the female priest (no longer Jennifer?) was dressed in street clothing, though it seemed ceremonial—deep reds. Jennifer stood and read a poem first. It was on a sheet that usually has the psalm for the day, the music for the antiphon at the top.

*Thoughts:* When I awoke, I thought of Sherri Geldersma and also the word "gentle" seemed to fit. When I thought of the difficulties I am experiencing in my gut, I realized that the meaning of *authority* in the Greek is *exousia* - "out of the gut". Also that the old King James English translates compassion as coming from one's bowels—tender mercies—i.e., gentleness.

I felt the dream was perhaps indicating that these two qualities are to come from me as a result of the trouble in my gut. Right now the external area certainly feels tender—i.e., sore! And my main way of controlling the itch has been to assert my authority: "Stop!"

In part, my obsessiveness comes from a lack of certainty and authority, i.e., I keep wondering what I am doing wrong to cause the continuing problem.

What does it mean for these two qualities to be developed in me: authority and gentleness?

April 29

A weird night of dreams. I slept well, but awoke feeling upset, troubled from each dream.

**Dream 1:** I am at a college reunion. I come with the expectation that it will be better than last year. I feel responsible to make it so, and at one point make a suggestion as to procedure. We begin. Then a couple (John Baldwin?) arrive late. This is disruptive, I fear, but we continue.

Then things begin to get chaotic and fall apart. We find ourselves in a room on the lower level with blue cushioned sofas and chairs, comfortable looking. Someone in the group speaks up, and starts criticizing what has happened, implying blame to me. I feel this is false, the way she says it.

At this point I am awake (half way) and continue the dream in imagination. I relent to her statements, admit my part, so that we can get to the truth. I wake up feeling frustrated and misunderstood, yet guilty too.

I lie in bed wondering what the dream means. My body feels too wound up at times, and I wonder if I am too responsible. I realize that although I am not hung up on getting the credit when my ideas work, I am bothered by taking the blame for things going wrong.

In my work, I don't spend a lot of time admiring the effectiveness of my part in it, But I would be distressed if someone accused me of causing a problem. I wonder if I am at a point of being able to deal with being misunderstood by a client, being the target of anger. There are some indications that I have shielded myself from that sort of negative transference in the past, and that may have limited my work with some persons.

**Dream 2:** I am in the car with Don. It seems like near Chicago. We start to take a road—it seems to be an entrance ramp and there is a split. We suddenly realize we aren't

sure which one to take or if both are wrong. I back up to a wide place to consult a map or something.

Then I am headed in the opposite direction and stop at the top of a rise by a small building in the middle of the road. Don gets out for a bit. I pull over close to the building though the snow is deep there. Then I drive down one road, feeling the car is in the way there, turn around in a driveway and head back up. Don is there just in time, ready to get back in. There is a third person in the car now, and we decide to go to Colorado on a whim. I know we will need to look at a map. We decide to go the southern route for warmer weather. There is the sense that we are starting from near NYC, NJ, PA area.

*Thoughts:* What are the feelings in this dream? One feeling is the freedom to just take off for Colorado—a positive place, to me, and to go south for warmth. Also meeting Don just in time to get out of the way of traffic on the rise. And being able to back up when we thought we were on the wrong road. There was plenty of space, and no traffic in the way. This feels akin to the changes we are trying to make in L/WD, reducing the pacing of our scheduling which has become very full.

The other dream is more troubling. Likely this indicates two parts of me—the one responsible and controlling, the other blaming and critical. Gee, those are two negatives. Who wants a "reunion" of them? One area of my life that bothers me continually is my lack of taking restful time in a meaningful way. That was a blame on 4/13 in my last entry. It seems to be something I make very little headway on. Am I trying too hard, or not hard enough?

#### May 27 – **after Mother died**

Mother died on Tuesday, May 21. The nursing home called Saturday afternoon to tell me that they thought the end was near so I drove up that evening.

I called again on Sunday. Then Monday morning they called me to say they thought she would go that day. I arrived at around 2 p.m. Gretchen was there and Mother related mostly to her. "One last thing I want to say: I'm thankful for God's love in Jesus to me." She was now receiving morphine injections so was mostly sleeping and "out of it." We left in the evening. She died the next day at noon. They phoned me.

So all week, I've been handling the details of notifying people, arranging for things. The Memorial Service was Sunday the 26th at the church in Epsom. I would guess around 50 people came, mostly from the church. Howard and Del came and Kathy. The Pinckney's were there, Roger and Elaine Willard from Maine, Marjorie Macomber from Exeter, and Joe Coughlin, Sara and Rudy Mitchell. I presented Gretchen with Mother's Bible. She took the flower spray to the woman in Amy's room whose birthday is this week.

We picked up the last of Mother's things from the Manor. I left the staff a thank you gift, chocolates.

**And now to last night's dream:** Mother called and we talked on the phone. Then it turned out that she is calling from within the house.

I see her pulling out a chair in the garage to sit on. Don and I go downstairs to help arrange it. As we are there, I mutter (*sotto voce*), "The Witch of Endor has come home." Mother partly overhears and says, "What?" I quickly pun and say, "Which? When?" to

cover.

There were other dreams too and I had sick feelings in the night when I awoke, which has happened one or two other nights late in this week. Just an upset feeling, bad, in general. I have interpreted it as a response to the death which I've not been able to clearly assimilate, feel, or respond to. It is too complex. (A complex" no doubt.)

The dream seems to speak of the Witch-like haunting quality of the Mother complex within me which I distance from by punning. The Witch is the Mother in my house, not the external mother who has died.

June 30

**Dream:** I had committed a crime. I have to sneak through this space (house/inn) past maids changing linens in guest rooms. There is a shadowy spacious outdoors feeling (not like a city hotel or building with walls). I take on an air of confidence and walk through so as to get by them without suspicion. I am adept at this.

I finally make my way to a certain crucial point on the other side and then I have to return. I went back through in the same way, quickly, and got out. I felt guilty and wondered if the crime I was concealing would haunt me endlessly all my life and I would have to confess. I was aware of others who had, could picture them.

As I awoke, it was with a stab of fear of "being found out." (Fraud?)

Don and I talked about the fraud feeling. He thinks there are positive signs in that. That I am getting in touch with another deeper dimension of the unconscious—the collective and archetypal—and this involves a certain pretense, taking on identities. He mentioned Hermes.

The place I was wandering around in was cavernous, like a beautiful but shadowy forest. It seemed primeval and had a good feel to it.

July 18

A solid night of sleep with many little dreams of which I most clearly remember this one.

**Dream:** Don and I are in a church. It is large and open to the air, it seems, the sense of being in a forest. Russell and others are there and he is teaching us the liturgy. At one point, I go to a door, look within the room, then realize it is reserved for the priest to prepare himself.

The clearest memory is of the spaciousness of the space, almost as though there are trees overshadowing us.

*Thoughts:* I think this is a dream about the way Russell is teaching me and providing an overshadowing gentle presence. I very much needed his help yesterday and received much. We affirmed the work we are doing together and that it is *teaching* me.

August 3

We are at Parker Head, Maine at Juelene's cottage for six days—sleeping, reading, walking, driving to town or to the beach, resting.

I am immersed mostly in two large volumes, Merton's *Asian Journal*, which is his

diary record of his last weeks of life in India, and a biography of Georgia O'Keeffe. Having seen a film of her marriage to Alfred Steiglitz recently, I am eager to enter more deeply into her life.

Both books absorb me, the one on spirituality and mysticism, the other on art and the life of a woman. I begin to feel that I am taking on the "tone" of these works, these persons and their experiences and insights.

One thought that occurred to me, reading the O'Keeffe book, was that I feel as though I am a fragile person, so susceptible on several levels, certainly physically, and emotionally, perhaps, perhaps spiritually too. I often feel as though I am hanging in an uncertain balance. Things like asthma and my digestive processes, and now the pain in my back and thighs, seem to come and go at the merest whisper of my experiences, whether it be something I eat, or feel, or think. I no longer feel solid or impervious. I also often catch myself full of tension because of this sense of vulnerability, tense to wonder what will relieve the present discomfort, or what is coming next. Oh Lordy, deliver me!

The again, these days have been full of so much love and joy and peace and beauty. Solitude, even with Don so present, for we talk very little. And the river with its tides so near, and the sky, the wind, the birds, all so comfortingly beautiful. We watch the sunsets and the river reverse itself twice a day.

August 11

Just when I remarked to myself yesterday that I don't seem to have dreams of Thea any more (and felt some relief), I had one last night! So, she still symbolizes something powerful to me.

**Dream:** One scene in the dream takes place in her apartment upstairs. Some remark she makes about things I have of hers which she "gave me. . .or something" makes me wonder how willingly she did so. So a bit later I confront her, as we stand by the washer and dryer. I tell her, with feeling, that anything I have of hers she may reclaim at any time. The exchange of remarks is not fully satisfying. There is the sense that she has the power in the relationship.

**Another scene:** I am dragging a small boy (her son) down a flight of stairs, holding him by his feet and knocking his head on each step all the way down. The stairs are in three parts (with landings). I am not hurting him, though I am surprised I am doing it this way. and there is no outcry.

**A third scene takes place on the street.** Thea is cleaning out her car. She speaks about the fact that she takes good care of two things: the environment and her car. I see her inside the car arranging pillows. Then she sits down by herself. After a bit, I venture inside and sit beside her. The interior of the car is a rectangle of pillows (like a foursquare couch). I sit and read, not disturbing her, though acutely aware of her presence and power and that I am accommodating to her.

There is at least one other scene, but it has slipped from memory. I think it involved other people.

*Thoughts:* On awaking, I realize that my feelings toward Thea have changed and that

I am angry with her for dropping me as she did. And also another feeling is there: it is so incredible to me that she would do that, that I wonder if indeed, I offended her, though I have always assumed she just thought I was going in a different direction than she was.

But anyway, to the dream: What has Thea "given me" that she might want to take back? And that indeed I am willing to return? Is it her narcissism, goal drivenness, concern with appearances, or is it the power I have given her in the relationship. All of this may be internal—i.e., the Thea in me.

In the end we sit down together side by side in comfort. We are not focused on driving and control. The car (a symbol of these) is furnished like a resting place. Is there some rapprochement within me between two elements, one of which is symbolized by Thea? If so, then what is the role of the scene where I drag the young boy down the steps in that ungainly and seemingly cruel fashion, but which he survives with surprising equanimity. What descent needed to take place? What head banging?

Thea is a feminine word for God.

August 14

These should be good days for me. I am back from vacation and even looked forward to coming home. Our schedule is not overly heavy. The long rest periods mid-day are wonderful. The weather is good, I am occupied with fun projects, my life is in order—organized in closets and dressers, and the people I am counseling are doing very well, showing evidence of growth.

But I think I have osteoporosis. My back pains me most of the time (turned out to be arthritis). I am depressed about the constantly deteriorating condition of my body under the processes of aging. It seems almost more than I can bear, to have yet another problem to deal with physically. Will I never feel well again? And then things like my teeth and my split fingernail, and the toe fungus. I feel like I am paying now for past neglect. And the asthma persists. Though I can head off an attack, the constant alertness is wearing to me. I want to be carefree with regards to my body and it is abundantly clear those days are over.

I am not sure how to deal with all this spiritually, but that is what I must learn now. I am continually amazed at saints who lived with sickness and seemed triumphant in the midst of it. It defies understanding. The body can be a tyrant. It insists on being attended to.

August 19

**Dream:** We were driving around in a woodland area. We were to meet Jeanne Sherrow at a certain intersection of roads along a curve.

Then a scene walking along a street. We leave the sidewalk to go into a trailer. We must go down some steps and then through an opening into a chute, somewhat blindly, being dumped into this small space. Later it turns out that Stu and Penny are visiting also. A family with four kids (or family of four) occupy this space, and though small, I remark that it is conveniently arranged with a bed in each corner. A grandmother lives nearby, so when the kids feel cabin feverish, they can go over there and stay as her house is on the property. I imagine myself living there. Stu and Penny bring things in and unpack them, then we are to leave, so they pack up again.

Then another dream segment: I am waiting in a large area, in a large house, to see

Thea who is visiting with a woman friend. Finally, I even go over and sit beside them. Their arms are linked and the friend has a hand possessively on Thea's knee. I have lots of feelings—jealousy, hurt, anger, frustration. I start to get up, look down on her, as I move away, hurt. She had asked me when I was leaving town. I told her my plans had changed, leaving me less time than I had thought, thus more urgency and less flexibility. I would have to leave Monday (i.e. tomorrow) not Tuesday.

Then I was in a circle of women describing my grandmother, something about how she was that we all admired.

'Then as I walked away, a "go-between" emissary of Thea's approached me with a message from Thea. She began, "It's not anything about you personally, but. . ." I cut her short, knowing she was going to be letting me down. "Let her tell me herself," I said. So Thea came and we had this very painful wrenching confrontive conversation that would end everything. "Why?" I asked, "what have I done to offend you?" and she admitted that there was some problem. She began explaining that she "didn't want to be like Reuben, who had to put his Bible and books outside his house." She wanted to be able to have them inside. I thought it a strange analogy for her to use.

I awoke soon. *The dream was too painful to continue.*

When I went back to sleep, these fragments: Wheaton was "counterlemmerling" (I think the meaning was counterlemming, meaning against the mass instinct.)

Also another piece: I was talking to Andy Noel (?) and how strong my ability to develop a transference was.

August 26

**Dream:** I am in a place near water. I am to go down and be with a man in a cabin nearby attached to our dwelling (?). I knock and enter. He is well-groomed, intense, personal, attractive and strongly related to me. He immediately and surprisingly asks me to tell him all about myself.

I shrug him off, not entirely unwilling to do as he says but he is unknown to me as yet. But I am intrigued, and he is polite in a way that is persuasive.

Towards the end of the visit, he suggests a kind of tryst. Says he knows just the place. I gather we would be going by boat to a special spot he knows. I imagine it. I realize Don would be fearful for my safety and would never approve. Yet I sense the man's wistfulness and I also know what it might mean to me to open up to him. His final remark to me is a kind of challenge about when I will be ready to spill my guts. I want to respond to that challenge.

Then he disappears. I follow, looking for him. There's a bar with people gathered. I round a corner and see them there. I must leave and go home without him. But there's the feel about it that a meeting is inevitable.

*Thoughts:* Clearly we have animus figures here showing some opening up I am to do to part of my Self and it appears to be a pleasant experience but involving challenge and risk of the unknown and one for me alone apart from Don. It has a spiritual quiet quality to it as well.

September 1

My yearning, upon awaking in the dawn hours for a bit, was for a state of unself-consciousness and there seemed to be some sign of this—the absence of anxiety, of concern about others' view of me, or that inner dialogue that sometimes rattles in my head.

Now that I have started writing, I remember a dream:

**Dream:** I am in Denver with others, showing them the Archbishop's house, set high on a very steep hill. It looms on the horizon above us, surrounded by a closely set housing development of townhouses built on rock. Supposedly the Archbishop was criticized for his lavish building and was pressured into building housing for others in need and eventually did so, at a sacrifice of profit. Dick is telling the story of this to Paul and Jayne and is very eager to show the sacrificial nature of the venture. The sun is setting, and I find my way back down in the dark.

(There was a preceding part where I was journeying by trolley and found that it turned on a street advantageous to me so that I didn't have to walk so far. I was with another person.)

I am now remembering another part of this same dream. We are in the Archbishop's house, gathered around a large space with a long table. There are dignitaries there but two female servants bustling about have all the information and are talking to us all steadily even as they bustle about with trays and furniture. They seem authoritative and knowledgeable, but look quite ordinary. The Archbishop himself appears to be in an embarrassing and somewhat humiliated position due to the housing development incident where his hand was forced by public pressure.

*Thoughts:* There is sacrifice involved in attaining lofty heights spiritually and humility. There are surprising turns along the way and benefits. The way back down is in the dark.

How the mighty fall! I have been feeling depressed over my session with Lise where I simply failed to move with her as much as I now wish I had. I feel a de-throning inside of something. I am so prone to inflation (and subsequent deflation). Reading Edinger may be good for me, but then I try to apply it too quickly and literally and lose my inner psychic intuition and wisdom and *presence*.

September 10

**Dream:** I have been on an expedition with Thea—I think in the mountains. Our time is limited because she must be back in the city at the home of two women at 6:00. We are in the inn at a table set with food, picking up a plateful of food to eat before we leave. I have this sense of an ending, but am taking my time.

As I go over to a table to sit down with my plate, Thea again reminds me that she has to be back at 6 and I know this means we need to leave at 4:30. I see it is 4:29 now and that therefore we must eat in a big hurry.

At the table there is a friendly man who knows Thea and starts talking and soon three or four other men gather round the round table. They are animated and friendly. I am not looking up but become aware the first man is holding out his hand, Thea has taken it, reaches for mine, and we are all to pause while Thea prays. She says she knows this is unusual, but proceeds to address God. Her prayer is that God will send me the right man



(implication: to marry). I am amazed and pleased. It is heartwarming to see Thea's simplicity and trust in praying.

Outside then, we walk toward the street. I then become aware of a whole scenario where Thea has managed to escape prosecution for some crime she has supposedly committed. Two servants saw her. They themselves were apprehended, tried to get away, but were securely captured. I gather Thea inadvertently had gotten involved in something where she had to do something criminal to extricate herself and that she went through much pain and anguish because of it but emerged o.k. partly due to good connections, possibly.

I am now aware, as she shares some of this with me, or at least the scenario was played out like a movie, so she knows I know more now about this—that our time together is coming to an end. There are two women whom she is meeting, and our connection is fading.

We are walking along a street, crossing it, and coming to a bridge, and I tell her I am relieved to at last know about this shadow in her life. She asks me what I thought and I tell her I thought it was possibly even more terrible, that she might have been involved with the mob, but that whatever it was, I chose not to question her or lose faith in her.

This is the end of the dream, and the sense of her fades.

*Thoughts:* This seems to me to be a significant turning point dream concerning the place of the Thea symbol in my life. I am not sure I am able to say all that she signifies, but a lot is darkness, shadow, suspicion. For so long I held her in admiration, refusing to look at her dark side. So I think she symbolizes my need to overlook my shadow, to whitewash it, for the sake of my pride in knowing someone of her stature and promise. Gradually, disillusionment has set in. Perhaps my projections on her (and hers on me) in real life were not sustainable—by her! And so she had to go away and I am left to see the internal reality within myself.

Last night we saw the ending of the movie, "Things Change" in which a Chicago shoe shine guy is a mob king for three days and is to take the rap for him. He is a "naif" and his trustworthiness results in his not being killed at the end, and a mobster "taking the rap" instead. Sort of endearing, semi-comic story. A symbol of a person who can be in contact with evil, but not be polluted by it, but in fact also "saves" someone else by causing them to realize the value of truth and honesty.

September 15 Don's 55th birthday

**Dream:** I am walking in the woods to Russell's house. Outside his doorway is a large flat stone, which when one steps on one end of it, rings the bell. I do this.

Inside I show him a box of old tapes which I have brought for him to listen to. I explain that there may be a blank spot on one but it's a Bly tape which he may not want to listen to anyway.

I journey over mountains, sometimes crawling through rocky tunnels.

I arrive at Mike G's place. I receive from him a large bag of books, and things. I sort them out, not wanting to carry so much, especially things which seen once, are sufficient. He has marked certain pages and sections for me to read and pay special attention to.

I leave, go outside and we see that his good bicycle has been stolen. Two others are

there yet. Kate is with me and I suggest we ride together on one bike. She tells me I have to be the passenger, which means riding on the seat and pedaling. I wonder if the bike can get through the rocky tunnel. There is a way around the mountains by road, but it is very long. It is getting dark and I am not sure I have the energy.

Now I am walking along a trail. I know that Russell has laid significant items along the way. I come to a rocky little stream where lots of artifacts have been spread out in one area. There is a dinosaur track, a casting of an ear of corn, and numerous other small items all over. I know these are meant to teach me and others of Russell's pupils.

October 2

**Dream:** I am at a monastery in the countryside. At the gate is a huge round loaf of bread and a smaller round pan of bread which I am to take with me when I leave. It is a return for bread I had made and given them in rectangular pans.

I am inside the chapel which is very airy and expansive and dark—tabernacle-like with people sitting scattered everywhere. I am towards the back in one row and Don and Curtis (and Dick?) are in the row behind me.

A visiting group of nuns and monks in blue habits are to sing or perform and as they ready themselves, they chatter and joke and bustle about shattering the solemnity and quiet. They can't seem to get it together. One of them makes a snide remark, making fun of the home group. "This is a holy temple, huh?" kind of mocking the sombre piety there. Although I see the relevance of the humor, I am annoyed at their general disarray and the time they take.

So I look back at Don and Curtis, waiting a signal that we will leave. At one point I am standing at the back, ready to go, but at that very moment, things get interesting. A little drama is being enacted up front.

I am then standing up front on the opposite side and along comes Rusty Page in a canoe. He is wearing a floppy-brimmed hat, has an umbrella over him, and in general is being very comic. I think it is hilarious.

October 14

After a weekend of the Thomas-Anita Hill hearings, which are soul-tearing in me, and I sense in the country.

**Dream:** Thea figures in the scenario but a somewhat changed Thea and my relationship to her is changed.

One segment involves carrying a stone urn to her in a grotto-like spot while she sleeps. I am with another woman, middle-aged or older. I must step carefully on wet stones in a precarious fashion near Thea's sleeping body. I hand the urn to the woman to give to Thea, but then Thea rouses.

At another point Thea and I are on our way to an event. I am walking beside or after her. I had just apologized for her with great depth and sincerity about something I did (perhaps in connection with the urn incident). Now, as I walk, I am crying intensely, for I wonder if I can ask her a much harder question about the long absence between us.

We arrive at the event, a party affair, in a basement. I feel lots of things—jealousy, fear. We go to a table to pick up food. I think perhaps it would help if I acted more Jewish. I feel too Protestant with her. So I proceed to try to do this, and I wind up with a

flourish which knocks the cake or muffin I have on the floor.

There was another scene earlier, walking across the grounds with Thea and she talked about her dog, which had been into mischief or evil and then had to repent, as it were, or do penance, to make up for it. I said something which we both understood to refer also to what happens to one's children, as they "repay" us for mistakes made in childhood.

Another scene involved Don and some men. I had the feeling most of them were not Christians. There was a warm melting atmosphere and especially one fellow who talked about his relationship with a woman, "Mneissa". I commented to the effect that it was broken but he interposed that some new developments had taken place to mend the relationship.

Thoughts: I think this is about my relationship to God, the element of absence, of sorrow and repentance, or mending the broken.

October 19

**Dream:** Hilary and a friend were on a sojourn across Wisconsin. She had come down to where we were (Chicago area, presumably). She had contacted me by phone, both of us acknowledging the need to keep a professional distance, so I fell silent. Then she was there with me (and Don) and I still remained quiet. She told how she would rejoin her traveling partner (male) who was going across into Michigan by taking transport over toward Gary.

Later I wanted to contact her to tell her I was sorry for being distant, that I had carried the professional thing too far, or to that effect.

**Dream, second part:** I am with Thea, who is changed. We are spending time together in various places and talk about various things. It is an extended time. One scene is where I am on a bed. At one point, I take courage to ask her more directly how she feels about the way our conversation is going because I can't help but feel she is withholding something. It is a risk (like in a previous dream—10/14).

She tells me of meeting a young man and being very drawn to him. Also at some point a young woman is visiting with us, seated, the three of us, side by side (Thea in the center). Slowly I become aware that Thea is very drawn to the woman. Also there is confusion about Hilary, that Thea is Hilary or like her, or the woman is Hilary, or in her situation.

At one point Thea and the young woman rise and walk together. I feel jealousy.

At one point in the dream I also get an image of Thea in a dress, black straight skirt and rich pink blouson top.

*Thoughts:* It seems to me that many themes are being repeated from the previous Thea dream. She is so real to me in these dreams. I know Hilary affects me strongly too, that I identify with her, with both of these persons as forceful, intense, attractive, capable, and deep feeling women. Hilary is presently relating to a woman minister in New Mexico, who may prove a stabilizing and comforting presence and as well provide a basis for Hilary's meaningful spiritual development and involvement.

Russell thinks Thea represents the Mother Goddess, that I am relating to now that my Mother died. Interesting, as I write this, I feel a shadow of my father in the dreams of last

night, but it is elusive so I can't be sure.

I don't know what the "Mother Goddess" factor is. I do know that Bev Shea's singing is reminiscent of a kind of mother quality in God. . .

October 28

**Dream:** I was with Michael Granzen (with whom I have a session today). I was with him, first, in a small tub. We were naked and he was admiring and responsive. Then I got out of the tub. Later there was a bed and I said I would not sleep in the bed with him. Though I don't remember the exact conversations and situations, I awoke with a definite sense of my awareness of a need for boundaries and a strong bond between us that I hadn't been aware of from my side. I'd realized he had made a connection, a transference, but had not thought as much about the counter-transference.

November 6

I am experiencing something these days that I can only interpret as some version of mourning. It is not wishing my mother back but is more of an experience of dealing with death and immortality and the meaning of my life. It comes on with a sense of wanting to communicate with both parents, sensing the essence of their impact on my life—childhood memories, and also their presence within my own life now. Feeling them within me.

And always I cry. It is a special crying out to the Eternal, a blessed experience, though not without pain. The whole thing of not being able—in the past in my relationship to my mother—to grasp who she was in any way except as in opposition to me, for the most part, and now I no longer feel that opposition. I feel their person-ness, both of them, the quality of their lives, and also the things they perhaps didn't understand into which I have been led, places where I have grown beyond them, in a way. I say, in a way, because who am I to judge areas where they lived their lives deeply in ways I have not experienced, most importantly, as parents, something I have not known.

Reading *Sealed Orders* (Agnes Sanford) has brought this back to me, for she lived in North China during the years Mom and Dad were there . . . yet had such a different and healthier attitude toward Chinese culture. It makes me ashamed.

November 9

**Dream:** I am teaching a class of young girls and telling them something to the effect that all things work out in the end (like Romans 8:28, "nevertheless afterward," etc.) One girl responds hotly, "That was crammed down my throat for years in Pioneer Girls."

I suddenly realize I wrote the curriculum which included that theme and without fully understanding it experientially. I feel very contrite. I say, "I am learning a lot from you. I don't know what you are learning from me. I wrote those lessons," and I started crying. "You can imagine how I feel."

**Another dream:** I am with Don and others conducting a Life/Work Direction session Sandy Miller has brought her daughter. She is very vivacious and relates actively with her daughter. In fact at times it is hard to get to Sandy in the session because of the focus on her daughter. I feel she is over-identified.

Then I note that they are wearing complimentary colors—violet and black in reverse,

top and bottom. And there is a woman talking to the daughter and saying something meaningful (we are now on the side of a large room near a window). I direct the woman with a gesture to direct her remarks to Sandy. It's her session. The woman rebukes me. I have "cut off" a meaningful moment. I feel instantly contrite and reach over and hug the woman and say "I'm sorry." She continues and seems to point to a core flaw in me, that I don't stop and take in things. I feel hit by that.

They leave and as Don and I look around the large room with many chairs and stuff in it, we see a movement on the floor and realize a person has been on the floor in a sleeping bag. At first, it looks like Mother, but then I see it is Aunt Alice. "Oh, so now you know everything," I say. She rises and responds sympathetically.

Then she is seated in a far corner (not on the side where the windows were) in the shadows and she is Aunt Lena. She claims she had the same issue with her daughter (over-identification) and I am very surprised, knowing she had the reputation of being a recluse and I perceive her daughter as different.

November 12

The theme of dreams on the 9th as well as today centers around "You have a lot to learn." I am feeling that deflation/inflation polarity again, going back and forth from one to the other quickly. It is hard to land in the middle, except unconsciously. I'd like to be more consciously centered, also.

November 17

**Dream:** We are in our place and John Bauman has unexpectedly arrived, having driven up from New York alone. He apparently has a need to talk with us.

In the course of our conversation, I talk about how companies sometimes act as psychiatrists, using psychological terms, etc. and that this can be a travesty of the profession. I have been walking around the apartment as I say this, and end up by a mirror. Suddenly I realize John is right behind me for he says in my ear, "I am with you" (meaning he agrees). I feel his body contoured right up into mine and I stay close, feeling it and being deeply aroused. Then move away.

Later other folks arrive and the chairs are in a circle, but people are far apart from each other. Susan Bauman and another woman are the first to move, then two men. I introduce John to the new arrivals, as a psychoanalyst from New York.

In another segment, a woman is there, brunette, attractive, made up, smoking. I object at first. She makes a scene. Then I quickly say O.K., testing the air as I breathe.

In another part of the dream, I am opening the door of our apartment which leads from our hallway to the front hall and Dick is there, looking very tall and thin and old and somewhat shaky. I am impressed by how he has aged.

In yet another part, several of us are leaving, walking outside, but John is staying behind alone. I see him behind a small shed with a contraption he has brought, and he is preparing to repair a tire. I comment to him as I go by, and again feel the attraction to him.

*Thoughts:* John, tall, thin, shy, but with unsuspected strength and perseverance. Married to an artist. He has some of the aspects of a failure, yet he persists doggedly. In the dream we are a good fit. Dick is also tall and gaunt. He also has the same persistence

despite failure. He is also awkward and verbose, but then can come through, as he did yesterday in a session with Gary Winter, with real power and tenderness. In the dream he seems fragile, yet "definite."

November 18 (This and Nov. 19 about "substantial white-haired elders")

**Dream:** A gathering of women, among them Mary Tyler Moore. I am aware suddenly that in going over L/WD files before, I had seen a card bearing her name and I want to tell Don that she had been through LWD at one time. Also Thea had too.

At the gathering, Don reads a portion from a paperback he has. It is a part that is affecting, and afterwards Mary approaches me to talk intimately. She is now a white-haired woman, perhaps in her 50s, and large in build, almost grandmotherly. She wants to get a copy of the portion Don read. I am aware she has suffered. There is something about marriage, or waiting, in the book title. We hunt high and low and cannot find the book. Then I look under a pile that is covering it and find it.

*Thoughts:* MTM is not someone I have given much thought or attention to. The idea of someone like her having gone through LWD is satisfying, but it indicates a certain depth, potentially. MTM seems bland to me, too "good". I also remember her unsympathetic steely heartless character in "Ordinary People"—almost too harsh to be believable. I wonder if her appearance in my dreams (like the John Bauman dream) is another indication of ordinariness, seeming dullness, yet having gone through a process that includes suffering and persistence.

On many fronts just now, my life is good. I have had a couple of relapses physically, including my itch, so. . . I feel the need for centering, sobering.

November 19

**Dream:** I am to teach at a college (in Michigan?) and have signed a contract. I am with the gentleman from the college who will be my mentor, a kindly white-haired man, substantially built. There seems to be some disapproval of my choice in those around me, but I am proceeding. I am to come up to the school for a special occasion in November if I can and I plan to do so, wondering if my way will be paid.

The images in the dream are of fall, the golden light, the shadows, the colors of the leaves, and the atmosphere of college.

I take out the contract from my purse and give it to the man, as we sit parked in a car. It is my decision. It will be a new situation and is unknown.

November 25

**Dream:** I am with two women, a guide and a young Oriental woman to whom I am giving a massage. As I begin with her back, I am aware of the sensuous nature of what I am doing. We are all sort of lying down together.

Then she turns a bit and I continue, aware that there are four planes or surfaces—and the next one, the third one, is her front. She turns that to me and I touch her breasts and at that point she also touches mine.

It is then that the guide asks me if I want to go all the way to orgasm. And I say, "No." I was thoughtful and definite about that.

I knew there was a fourth plane.

*Thoughts:* I think my dreams are about the work I do, its value and basis and the nature of it. The second dream is the one I most readily understand and I think refers to the fourth level which goes beyond sexual-like gratification of the transference and counter-transference to a spiritual level, perhaps where the person goes herself without my intervention. This connects with a series of thoughts I had yesterday while in church, which I think relates to this theme.

We were singing a hymn (379) and came to the line "when human hearts are breaking under sorrow's iron rod, then we find that selfsame aching deep within the heart of God." And I thought as I sang, "This is a word for Lise" as it had been on my 60th birthday celebration where we sang it.

I pictured myself saying those lines to Lise, wanting to share this with her, to give her that solace, in her misery, thinking that I am not strictly a therapist, that I share my life.

Then, as I thought further, I realized that if I don't share, I would have to trust her process to find God's heart aching for her all through her life at points of sorrow. . .and that seemed to me to be the point where I am currently being stretched. It is hard for me to keep from sharing.

I must consider this all very carefully.

December 2

But I feel I am leaving an identity behind now in my work, the "sharer" part of me.

December 16

**Dream:** A young woman who is going to be a bishop is wearing a cloak and turban. We speak about the fact that a bishop cannot celebrate Mass—the Eucharist—as a priest does. She says she is looking forward to taking the common cup as parishioners do—that aspect of the bishop role.

**Dream:** Dick is preaching across an intersection. He is not doing too well, reading an old sermon of which we have a typed copy as we listen from a car. Don says he disagrees with one line of the sermon and I note a handwritten comment by Bunny also saying she disagrees. Dick looks uncomfortable as he speaks and when he is finished, he walks across the street toward us. It is tense, for we know there'll be a typical confrontation from Don. I brace myself for the critical clash.

Dick begins to defend himself from Don's attack. He gets one word out, then chokes up, turns around and begins walking away. I see a square shaved spot on the back of his head.

Don starts following (pursuing) Dick but Dick won't stop and engage. It's embarrassing, I feel, because parishioners are now all over the sidewalk. I lose sight of Dick and Don as they go behind a small square building. I will wait for Don.

At one point a man with dark features comes to the car window and says something. There is something significant about him. Then there are five or six young boys in the car with me and it is heading the opposite direction. Also now it is dark out. One boy starts driving. I remonstrate, a little alarmed, both from the standpoint of being out of control and going away from the point where I was waiting for Don. The boy applies the brakes.

The car seems to be bucking as we come to a halt at the curb. I find that a tire is flat. So now I begin a long trek to find a gas station.

I go down the street, and enter a tri-level mall. At one point I encounter a woman, a couple of women, young women, whom I ask for help in finding a gas station. One of them is able to tell me exactly where to go. It is an area of the city called Montrose and is nearby.

As I descend into another level, I see the man from before having a snack with a guy who hates me because of an earlier disagreement between us. The man will help me and they get up from their table.

Now I am back at the small square building which now seems part of a larger complex like a hospital. I am worried that I have been gone too long and have missed connection with my mother (it's not Don I am to meet now). I wonder if she has gone on without me. I ask the women seated around a square table. It seems she had been visiting someone in crisis. I am very upset that she may have gone on alone. I tell them she is 95 and shouldn't be left on her own to travel.

*Thoughts:* I can't believe my language in recording this dream!

Dick preaching across an intersection. The car heads in the opposite direction.

Being out of control. Away from point of waiting for Don I encounter a woman to ask for help

Descend into another level, Back at the small square building, now part of a larger complex—hospital

Missed connection with my mother

It is not Don I am to meet now

Has she gone on without me?

I am struck by the geographical movement in the dream. It seems very distinct.

#### 1. Intersection

Dick	and	Don
ministry		artist
humble		creative
canned		challenge
unsure		confrontive

Then they disappear

Change 2. Man at window – dark then boys opposite direction

3. Wandering Flat tire m/f in mall upper level two men lower level

Resolution 4. Return to larger complex – Mother symbol of healing and independence

Dick reads from a canned sermon, old material. That feels negative. Don confronts this, pursues attack relentlessly.

The dark-featured man appears and after that the young boys take me to a new place in an opposite direction.



The result? Flat tire and a time of wandering in the streets. Confusion, fear, concern. The mall provides a tri-level container for masculine/feminine help. Feminine on the upper levels, the masculine in the lower part, also in a restaurant. Two animus figures: one helpful, the other hated or hateful.

Then when I return to "square one" I find the situation part of a larger complex, probably the Mother complex, since this is now my concern. I have missed the connection I fear.

I wonder if Dick is the deterioration of my father cathexis, the sentimentality and limits of my minister father? Which battles with the more challenging innovative Don figure?

Now am I to "get it" better as far as the connection to the Mother is concerned? Is there some gold in that I am prone to missing? She is in a hospital, attending to someone in need, and apparently able to manage on her own. Am I ready to be weaned from my dependency on Russell, and maybe the symbol of that is the recent intensification of sessions, and coming to a point of breast-like satisfaction? It is not that I won't see him any more; I need the supervision mingled with work on myself; but I sense a different attitude/feeling emerging.

This was hard to realize I was writing just now, but also the pen worked without my controlling it consciously. The thoughts and words simply were there to spill over onto the page. I will have to let this idea simmer awhile. It feels Right somehow.

Now I look back at the small fragment at the beginning: a woman going to be a bishop and delighted at the "common" aspects of it, not being able to do priestly functions. Does this speak to my journey in some way, vis a vis the larger dream? A bishop is classically a male role which women may now take. Is the male side of me, linked with the female side, to be the delight in the common? The authority of the bishop, the wisdom, the seasoned quality, yet attending with care in common ways?

**End of 1991 journal.**

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