

THE TERRAIN OF SPIRITUAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL GROWTH

How do we become spiritual directors? The story is different for each of us. The question has relevance, in my case, for my initial reaction to the term in 1978 was resistance. "Spiritual director?" I exclaimed to a friend who was referring to someone she was seeing. *Why would a person allow anyone else tell them what to do?* That was my naive interpretation of the direction.

I had another source of resistance: a powerful experience in therapy ten years earlier, a transformation that had exceeded anything I had experienced in the religious community. On the surface, the term spiritual direction did not sound as enlivening as the plethora of psychological venues rife in the 1970s. I had sampled various therapies, encounter groups, and engaged in professional training for group leaders. I was naturally attuned to creative processes that invited inner change, and my work life mirrored those interests and abilities. Very gradually, over the years, I "fell into" doing what amounted to a form of spiritual direction without being aware of the profession as such. Even then, I was slow to acknowledge my calling, though I felt increasingly drawn toward contemplative spirituality wherever I found it. Eventually it was members of the Shalem community that encouraged me to enter their Program of Spiritual Guidance. I decided to enroll in 2007, not fully aware of what lay ahead.

The Basic Question Arises

Entry into the program changed everything and raised the seminal question I am posing here: *How are the spiritual and psychological elements of growth related?* Shalem placed a strong emphasis on the distinction between therapy and spiritual direction. I became suddenly alert and eagerly delved into the reading that delineated these differences.

A barrage of questions haunted me:

- Was I to abandon my psychological insights and instincts?
- What about my deep conviction about the possibility of change?
- I had experienced radical change in my own life; was I to relinquish that desire for change in others?
- Were others attracted to working with me in part because I appeared to be an agent of change?
- Was it a matter of simply learning a new soul language? I heard certain phrases from Shalem staff that sounded like jargon to me. I wondered if I just needed to learn to word my questions differently.
- Was God trying to get my attention about deepening my spiritual practices, particularly my prayer? I was still a learner in contemplative prayer as I continued to be deeply nourished by a "Seven Sisters" contemplative prayer group that had been spawned by a Shalem Conference three years before.

Since my calling as a spiritual director was nested within my work as a counselor at Life/Work Direction, a vocational ministry my husband and I founded, I had to take a closer look at the particular mix of spiritual direction and pastoral counseling that characterized my approach.

Now that I would be more clearly defining myself as a “spiritual companion” (my preferred term), questions about directees arose:

—How many of these persons qualified as desiring the kind of spiritual companionship envisioned by the Shalem program? They did not come to me explicitly describing the presenting issue as their prayer.

—What were their expectations, especially with regard to the vast array of topics about their life and work they tended to introduce in our conversations, and the kinds of responses they looked for?

At the same time that I pondered these questions, I continued to feel grounded in my basic motivation, rooted in a principle I held in common with the discipline of spiritual direction: I knew I was called to accompany others in their inner spiritual journey, a path that led to a deepening connection with a God of unconditional love. I plunged into the Shalem program, not sure how answers to my questions would unfold. It was abundantly clear to me that the program’s impact would be primarily on *my own spiritual growth and development*—the basic qualification for my inner work with others.

Navigating the Terrain

The answer to my questions unfolds through my own story. It was a journey *navigating a terrain of spiritual and psychological elements*, with distinct topographical features. I can describe the *process* by articulating three images of terrain:

The Mountain —a transformative moment,

The Valley – a descent into the abyss of the dark night of the soul, and

The Plain – an undulating ongoing movement through green pastures and beside waters of quiet.

Seeing the Pattern

Throughout the journey over this landscape, the spiritual and psychological elements were intertwined, but they became progressively integrated as the terrain shifted. I can detect a *pattern* in the way they came together. The character of my personal life with God became substantively different, changing my sense of calling and affecting the way I work. Significantly, using Beatrice Bruteau’s description of growth in prayer (“Insight and Manifestation: A Way of Prayer in a Christian Context”¹), I can also trace the way my *prayer* changed over time—a direct indication of the way God was penetrating my sense of self, in itself a particular kind of Divine therapeutic intervention. I now see the natural way in which we can experience psychological and spiritual elements coming together in harmony in our work of spiritual direction.

The Mountain: A Transformative Awakening to Love

The journey began in childhood, where I was well taught in the Scriptures, and was familiar with the romantic love imagery of Song of Songs, interpreted as a picture of Christ wedded to the Church, his bride. As a young woman, I was praying for an earthly wedding, a possibility that seemed as though it would be denied me. I reached the ripe age of thirty-seven without a ripple or sign that any male wanted me. I hid my misery, burying myself in a bright and promising career in Christian ministry. I had no psychological insight into my dilemma. The only outlet I knew was in the spiritual realm. In Bernice Bruteau’s terms, I was stuck at the simple

level of the *prayer of petition*. The problem with the prayer of petition, writes Bruteau, is that “the one who prays is more interested in getting the job done than interested in Jesus.”¹ For me, the simplicity of “asking in order to receive” became simplistic, because I passively waited for God to act. When he did not give me my heart’s desire, I felt I must suppress my desire. I was not yet hungry for intimacy with this God. I praised *agape*, but longed for *eros*.

The *form* of religion I had espoused in my childhood was constrictive in its treatment of sexuality. Such a religion “must also preserve immaturity,” writes Kenneth Leech. “Religious doctrines and forms may become instruments of fear, of defense against the experience of reality, instead of signals of enriched experience. Religion and sex are inextricably linked, and the honest facing of human sexuality is vital to spirituality. The sexually immature person cannot bypass the quest for sexual integrity in his search for spirituality.”² My parents and other spiritual mentors had inadvertently and unfortunately disparaged sexuality and the body in subtle ways.

This created confusion in me during my thirties. As my unhappiness deepened, I finally became willing to seek therapy—a life-saving decision. Three months into my therapy, a crucial shift occurred at home one day after a critical session. It experienced a mystical moment of transformation, a coming home to my body, my sexuality, and to my Self. I remember crying out, “I’m glad I’m a girl!” then running to the mirror and seeing someone I did not recognize—a quality of inner radiance and energy that cannot be fully explained by human intervention. I loved the person I saw. A cry of gratitude to God welled up within me. In Bruteau’s terms, this was akin to the “*prayer of appreciation*,” coming from a “gradually increasing penetration into the interiority of Jesus in its dynamic and personal reality.”¹ I was looking into the face of Christ and knew I was totally loved.

Born Again in Therapy

Bruteau suggests that “those who have their petitions granted find that their attention moves from their private concern to a sense of awe in the presence of anyone who can do such great deeds.”¹ I had not yet been granted my petition (for marriage), but I had just experienced a much deeper gift – the gift of total transformation. My interpretation needed radical terms to express it. I told others, “I was born again in therapy.” I felt vibrantly alive. My physical appearance and my behavior with men reflected this.

My idea of *who God* was changed radically, and a new freedom emerged in our relationship. I was loved, not judged. Old neurotic habit patterns had to die, and I flung them off like outworn garments. It was the classic break from an inherited restrictive religious tradition and a move to a personal connection where I made a conscious choice to embrace God who loved me *as I* was. Over the next eighteen months, I came into my own, a true self in companionship with God. Exactly two years after my rebirth experience, I walked down the aisle to enter into a joyful marriage that became another pathway to knowing my self and God.

Inevitably, my prayer began to move toward the *prayer of dialogue* Bruteau describes as “experiencing *being* in a new way.”

The one who prays sees deeper into Jesus. This is quite different from looking at his picture, studying reports about him, analyzing his qualities, reasoning

about them, and trying to draw lessons from them. In a person-to-person relationship, the intercommunication itself is a living reality. . . One becomes larger, and there is a release of new energy.... We feel that our individual selfhood has somehow matured and come into its own. Our description of ourself has changed. We feel forgiven, "saved." We are very aware of the duality in the relationship and we enjoy it. The pleasure comes from the sense of the other being other and affirming us from his position of otherness.¹

I was enjoying the "otherness" in my life and in my marriage. The presence of an "other" in my life compelled me to confront God, the holy Other, in the prayer of dialogue.

A piercing question arises, in the context of my present life and work: *What if I had gone for spiritual direction when I was in my 30s*—those years so full of misery and anguish? I have wrestled with this question in the light of what I am being taught about the listening process. Suppose someone had asked me to talk about my prayer? About how I expected God to meet my thwarted hungers for love and fulfillment? Spiritual direction may have been going on under many guises, but the discipline was unknown in my subcultural environment in 1959. I also did not think of going to see a pastor for counsel because I felt a pastor's spiritual framework was identical to my own and that he offered nothing beyond that. I needed to be touched at the core of my soul where unspoken and unknown wounds lay festering.

Kenneth Leech says that "spiritual direction necessarily involves the psyche. It concerns itself with issues of distress, inner conflict and upheaval, and mental pain. The Christian mystics tell us that...self-awareness is the necessary prelude to the knowledge of God."³ A wise spiritual guide should not have been deceived by my competent façade. She might have seen that my angst and torment indicated unresolved emotional needs, and a failure to have done the *basic work* of separating from my parents and from the tentacles of a version of religious faith that kept me bound to self-hatred and that bolstered a false self. She might have raised questions that opened me to seeing God and my faith in fresh ways, and helped me see my need to come to terms with my aborted psychosexual development.

Yet, my entire experience in therapy was *immersed* in a sense of God's presence and work. Yes, my therapist deserves some credit (and he had previously been a pastor), but in hindsight, I see how firmly I was held in God's palm. Despite the narrowness of the religious faith I had been taught, my genuine relationship with God gave me an *anchor*. Thus therapy sent me into God's arms for a deeper reassurance and guidance than the therapist could give me. I was listening to God – *through* the therapist's words and demeanor. And my therapist had no power to give me the deliverance from self-hatred and opening to God's love that occurred on that April day in 1967. I called it a miracle, and miracles are God's domain.

The Valley: Opening to God in Stillness

After ten years of marriage and a ministry together in Chicago, my husband and I moved across country to begin a new chapter in our lives in Boston. Our life in Chicago had been with the Urban Life Center, a program for eager young college students, who left their suburban campuses and came to the inner city to experience the urban scene. They were making

primitive first attempts to live out altruistic ideals of their faith in the turbulent environment of Chicago in the 1970s. They needed discerning guidance in navigating the inevitable clashes that occurred in confronting the disillusioning realities of urban life.

The move to Boston was classic in my hunger for the contemplative dimension of my spiritual life to balance my immersion in activism. I was hungry for still pools of quiet, and found rich sources to feed that hunger. I encountered Anglo- and Roman Catholic traditions that are comfortable with contemplative silence. I began going on annual silent retreats where I received spiritual direction for the first time. I remember one retreat in particular that culminated in a deep realization of my vocation. I titled my retreat photo journal, "My Vocation is Love." Reading the Song of Songs awakened in me a wistful hunger for intimacy with the Divine Lover.

*"I slept, but my heart was awake. Hark, my beloved is knocking. . . I arose to open to my beloved, and my hands dripped with myrrh. . . I opened to my beloved, but my beloved had turned and gone. . . I sought him, but found him not; I called, but he gave no answer."*⁴

I had intimations of a possible "dark night" awaiting me, if I followed the Beloved. I wrote:

I stand at a threshold. God beckons me across it, and out into the night. I had hoped for a happier ending to the story—to fall into the embrace of the Beloved at the door. But I am beckoned to a different search. I feel the reluctance of which Merton speaks—in leaving old consolations: the use of the imagination and the experience of affection and emotion... Yet the beloved draws me out into the night and I follow.

It was always Merton who spoke to me on retreats. His book on *Contemplative Prayer* is worn threadbare from many rereadings. I was being inexorably drawn into the Beloved's arms, and, all unawares, slowly into a dark night. I was getting glimpses of the *prayer of intimacy* that Bruteau describes as the stage of prayer following naturally from the prayer of dialogue. This is where "what Jesus *is* communes directly with what one is. . . One can no longer be said to be 'looking at' Jesus [but] one has looked right *into* him as he has looked into oneself."¹

In Boston, my husband and I founded a ministry called Life/Work Direction. Its stated purpose was "to provide spiritual direction for persons wishing to integrate their faith and work." I put heart and soul into this embryonic venture and created an in-depth vocational process that spoke to needs of young people, especially, thrust onto a non-existent labor market in the early 1980s and groping to find their way to meaningful work where they could live out their faith.

It was not hard to find people to respond to what we offered. A steady stream of persons came into our storefront in an obscure corner of the city. Then, early in its existence, something unexpected happened. Participants began approaching me at the end of the vocational process and asked me to continue meeting with them individually. Their goals were not clear, and it did not occur to me to become their spiritual director. My first instinct was to refer them to a therapist. After all, therapy had been life-changing for me. Then one day a young woman came up to me saying, "I don't know what you do, but *whatever it is, I want to do it with you.*"

Shortly after that, my colleagues took me aside and told me, “Eunice, these persons are asking to work with you.” I was not to refer them. An embryonic sense of calling was emerging. Being at a loss to define my work with others, since I was not a therapist, but knowing I needed to be under supervision, I joined a “spiritual direction supervision group” at the retreat center I had frequented. No one in the group questioned my presence. I felt accepted, and started seeing a spiritual director regularly.

When a special “dream retreat workshop” was offered the next summer, I eagerly signed up. Dreams had been the catalyst for so much of my change. I had been keeping track of my dreams ever since my therapy and had a journal full of them. At the end of the workshop, I knew I needed to see someone for supervision of my work since I wanted to continue my work with dreams—my own, and those of others to whom I was companion. I was referred to Russell Holmes, a Carmelite monk who was currently director of training at the local Jung Institute. I was totally unaware that this would eventually morph into my own analysis, leading me on a long and arduous journey into the depths of my unconscious, and ultimately to “breakdown and breakthrough.”

Dreams Lead the Way Deeper

The valley terrain I was entering contained a “slough of despond” beyond my imagining. Over the next three years, dreams tracked my way into a Jobean abyss where I had to let go of my presumptions and willfulness, and surrender to complete dependence on a God I did not fully know. My body responded by breaking down with a series of perplexing and undiagnosable physical symptoms. I felt tormented by God; my desolation felt total. My inner process came to a head in an encounter with God at the foot of the cross during my annual retreat. God was stripping my soul bare of hubris and willful effort, an essential development if I was to companion others in utter dependence on God to do the work. I found St. John of the Cross’s poetry immensely comforting in expressing the cry of my soul:

*Why, since you wounded this heart, don't you heal it?
And why, since you stole it from me, do you leave it so,
and fail to carry off what you have stolen?
Extinguish these miseries, since no one else can stamp them out;
and may my eyes behold you, because you are their light,
and I would open them to you alone.
O spring like crystal! If only, on your silvered-over faces,
you would suddenly form the eyes I have desired,
that I bear sketched deep within my heart.⁵*

My journal writings during these dark nights of the soul mirror this love longing. I clung to my Beloved, for it was the foretaste of the inner marriage of my soul. During Stage One—the Mountain—I was operating in the world of time and sense. The Valley was an intermediate stage, enticing me into a cloud of unknowing to refine away the dross of the ego that persisted in me.

During my ordeal in analysis, my work with people deepened, for I was no longer afraid of anyone’s pain. I did not need to fix anyone; after all, I could not fix myself. My analyst’s

perspective as a Carmelite monk and priest influenced his attitude and behavior as much as his Jungian training. As Leech suggests, "we can derive a great deal from Jung's work about the character of spiritual direction."⁶ Russell's spirit was that of a contemplatively oriented spiritual director. Whenever I talked to him about my work with others, he quietly and steadily turned the focus on *me*, indicating I was not to *fix* people. This positively predisposed me toward the contemplative emphasis I later encountered in the Shalem program.

The Plain: Called to be a Spiritual Companion

Year by year, I continued my work with individuals. But gradually, I began questioning my identity. I was flying by the seat of my pants, in a way. What might be the value of pursuing spiritual direction more formally? Wouldn't it be responsible to get preparation from persons who were experienced in the discipline? I entered Shalem's Program of Spiritual Guidance blindly, but trustingly. The impetus was from God. On one level, it was not clear what this program would add. On another, I was hungry for the contemplative orientation I had experienced on retreats and in my "Seven Sisters" group.

It was during my first residency in the program that the issue of the subtle but marked distinction between psychological and spiritual work arose. I was dismayed, wondering what would happen with my tendency to listen *analytically* for the sake of *understanding*. Could I learn, and was I called, to listen *contemplatively* for the sake of *discernment*, a distinction suggested by some authors?⁷

I went through a sequence of reactions: I began by being defensive. I noticed some of my peers seemed to either ignore or be unaware of psychological factors in a directee. I saw this as limiting their work. In my first peer group experience, someone presented an issue about remuneration that had arisen with a directee. Members of the group asked thoughtful soulful questions, and then the session ended according to protocol. We arose to go, and I began putting the chairs away. Suddenly all four of the other members of the group swooped over to the presenter, chattering volubly and full of ideas and suggestions about the presenting issue. "I find that...." "What I do is..." I was aghast. It appeared that giving advice was allowed, but apart from the "main meal," and as "dessert." The hypocrisy confused me. This was the peer group that told me that I was not a suitable candidate for their group because I was "too psychological." My confusion was complete.

My second reaction was to enter a period of intense self-criticism. I tried to get the hang of the contemplative approach, ask the right questions, and use the special words that seemed to be *de rigueur*. I felt like someone struggling to put on an ill-fitting coat, and finding an extra sleeve. It did not seem as though my peers were having any difficulty asking sincere evocative questions that deepened others' responses. Their simplicity and profundity spoke to me powerfully. I felt awkward and ignorant.

A third reaction emerged out of the crucible of my own anguished prayer at the end of the first residency. I listened thirstily to the seminar on psychological and spiritual work, and to a question-and-answer session on transference. I was at home with these issues, though still

puzzled as to what God wanted to do with me in particular regarding them. At the end of the concluding 36-hour retreat of the residency, I walked the labyrinth alone with God and laid it all at his feet. There on the hillside, God gently affirmed me for *who I was* at that moment in time. I was reassured that God accepted the rich texture of my insights and instincts, that they were part of the tapestry of my life and calling and that I was not to try to “erase” part of my self. I released my questions to God, whom I trusted to show me the way.

The Prayer of Intimacy Alters the Concept of Self

A fourth dimension evolved as my prayer began to change. The *prayer of intimacy* that had begun in me had a home to nourish its growth. Bruteau describes some of the shift that was becoming familiar to me:

What has happened is that one has shifted what one means by “myself.” We had thought that the quintessence of selfhood was individuation; now it appears that...this entering into, sharing the consciousness of, another self is the most characteristic act of a self.¹

The program I was entering would increase my desire for that intimacy in sharing Christ’s life. I was hopeful and expectant, as I became familiar with being in a cloud of unknowing.

I grasped the meaning of allowing God to *pray through me* for others. Gerald May’s *The Awakened Heart*⁸ was one of many readings that helped me relax into love in the way I approached my spiritual practices. The experience of God’s presence (as described by Brother Lawrence and *The Cloud of Unknowing*) became natural and more constant. I approached my directees differently. There was more of a blend of my psychological and spiritual orientations. I was glad for my keen observations, but did not need to act on them to “fix” as much. My spirit was different in my relationships with my colleagues at work and with my husband. I opened my heart and mind to the possibility that God wanted me to approach my calling more in the contemplative mode, though I was not yet “there” in terms of it being fully integrated.

A culminating movement came during the second residency. I cannot definitively say what it was that marked the decided shift. For those ten days I was grounded in God’s loving presence in a way that was new. My sometimes-crippling self-consciousness was gone. God’s presence was deeply internal; it may not have been evident to anyone around me, but I knew its “truth in the inward parts” of my soul. Along with this, came a hopeful yearning, a hunger, for a new way of being with my directees and in my peer group and Seven Sisters Group. This was new, this inner *desire* for the contemplative approach, not of my own effort or will, but an upwelling of the Spirit from within. I was startled to find a *natural* patience emerging at the deeper core, tempering my characteristic eagerness and quickness. A willingness to wait has emerged as genuine, and not something put on. This is still too new to make any claims of having “arrived.” It simply feels rooted and planted by God, not the result of my effort. It was a foretaste of what Bruteau calls the *prayer of coincidence*, “which is...experiencing Jesus’ consciousness of himself...It is the interior of [Jesus’] experience that is thrown open to the one who prays...[and] the one who prays must be conscious of it *from the inside*, and there is no way to do this except by experiencing it as being true of oneself.”¹ The distinction between my own experience and that of God within me was mercifully missing or blurred. I knew what it was to simply *be*. Even if it were only for a few hours in a day, or a week, it was God’s gift for me to savor.

Spiritual and Psychological Work Merge in Love

A sign of this change was my insight into the Shalem model of spiritual direction that had been presented to us throughout the program. A few lines from May's *Awakened Heart* burned their way into my consciousness:

If you are indeed letting yourself be who you are before God, then the "you" you are letting be includes everything in you that is true and natural.

...All your faculties, all your abilities are available. But because of your consecration, nothing happens outside of or apart from your concern for love.

...True contemplative presence is the realization (making real) of living, moving, and having our very being in God.

If this description makes your head spin, do not feel alone. It is impossible to fully comprehend this quality of presence. From the outside, a person with a truly contemplative heart may appear no different from anyone else. But inside, the difference is radical. Nothing happens apart from God's presence. And when the situation calls for it, the person's responses may then be seen for what they are: willing to sacrifice life itself in the cause of love.⁸

Yes, the cause of love. The Shalem program was all about my own spiritual life and growth, my walk with God. This was where I experienced change. It was painful at times, constant, wearing away the edges of my self-sufficiency, and continually opening curtain after curtain of God's palpable tender presence.

It may be significant that the dream given to me at the end of the closing 36-hour retreat during this residency was a dream about marriage.

Two artist friends of ours, a married couple, were gathered in a large remodeled barn area for a dedication service. The atmosphere is Shalem-like. Someone up front is presenting Eucharist. Greta, wife in the couple, and another woman are to come forward to receive the elements and distribute them, one on either side of the presenter. Then Greta speaks to the group. She tells how she and her husband planned to move into this barn area and make it their living space and now she is so moved by what this group has done with the space, making it holy and meaningful. I experience her statement as a beautiful tribute. I am grateful.

Upon awaking, I knew this dream—like most dreams – is about me and the inner marriage within me. Upon reflection, I realized how apt it was that the dream was about this particular couple, because I strongly identify with both husband and wife—in their positive and negative qualities alike. The dream presents a marriage within me—a loving acceptance of the truth of my Self in all its parts, both positive and negative qualities: my eagerness to express and participate, my emotionality and analytic tendency, together with a patient listening, a willingness to wait. These are the essential qualities in my spiritual companioning. This couple enriches experience for others around them; and the dream accentuates the dedicatory nature of the occasion by the offer of Eucharist, reminding me of my own calling, offered to God as bread and wine. The placement in a *barn* – a place housing the peculiar wisdom of animal instincts, so useful in my work - transforms the ordinary into the holy. Since it took place in a

Shalem atmosphere, I understand the dream to be paying tribute to Shalem's influence on my growth.

I stand here now, surveying this terrain I have traveled. I have found that my issue in spiritual direction and its relationship to psychological work is one shared by many others. As the discipline of spiritual direction becomes increasingly professionalized (as Edwards, Leech and May discuss),¹⁰ a firm dividing line between pastoral counseling and spiritual direction is hard to maintain in the real world. In fact, as a result of deliberating on my own experience, the line is anything but firm. Rather, *who I am* as created by God and shaped by his spiritual companionship with me is what determines the blend of those elements we label "spiritual" and "psychological" as though they were opposed.

As I watch the way young persons in the church are now gravitating toward spiritual communities and processes as much as therapy, I see a difference snare. When spiritual direction comes with little or no financial cost, a subtle danger arises that persons who would benefit from psychological work fall into what John Welwood calls "spiritual bypassing"—"the tendency of persons in spiritual communities to use their spiritual involvements to bypass certain kinds of personal, emotional unfinished business."¹¹ Why pay a big fee to a psychotherapist in a somewhat alien and forbidding clinical setting and be stigmatized by a diagnosis? It is far easier to go to a pastoral assistant or someone with a guru-like reputation who will offer you another way around your pain, and will not ask you to probe that messy "unfinished business."

From reading Welwood's description, I intuit the existence of a parallel danger—"psychological bypassing"—wherein even educated and sophisticated persons come to rely on therapists to help solve life's problems, thereby ignoring the gaping wound of the "God hole" from which they may unconsciously suffer. I value therapy. Just as important, I honor its limits.

The contemplative orientation stands guard at one end of the spectrum of modalities, ranging from clinical psychological work through Rogerian nondirective counseling to pastoral care of many sorts to the contemplatively oriented work Shalem and other programs espouse. Among any group of directees of any given spiritual director, each will find his way to the heart of God, but the path may not be straight and rarefied, but alternately messy and uplifting – a little like finding Eucharist in a barn.

References

¹ Bruteau, Beatrice. "Insight and Manifestation: A Way of Prayer in a Christian Context," *Contemplative Review*, Fall, 1983. All references to Bruteau are from this source.

² Leech, Kenneth. *Soul Friend*, Morehouse Publishing House, 2001, pp. 1, 106, 107, 109, 111.

³ Leech, *op. cit.*, pp. 100, 101.

⁴ Song of Songs 5:2, 5, 6

⁵ St. John of the Cross, "The Spiritual Canticle," *Collected works of St. John of the Cross*, translated by Kieran Kavanaugh, OCD and Otilio Rodriguez, OCD ICS Publications, Washington, D. C., 1979, p. 411.

⁶ Leech, *op. cit.*, p. 102.

⁷ Hamilton-Poore, Samuel and Sullender, R. Scott. "Psyche and Soul: Dialogue at the Crossroads of Pastoral Counseling and Spiritual Direction," *Presence*, Vol. 15, No. 1, March 2009.

⁸ May, Gerald. *The Awakened Heart*, Harper San Francisco, 1991, p. 208.

⁹ Leech, *op. cit.*, p. 109.

¹⁰ Edwards, Tilden. *Spiritual Director, Spiritual Companion*, Paulist Press, 2001, chapter 8.

May, Gerald. *Care of Mind, Care of Spirit*, Harper, 1992 edition, chapter 9.

Leech, Kenneth. *op. cit.*, chapter 1.

¹¹ Welwood, John. "Principles of Inner Work: Psychological and Spiritual," *The Journal of Transpersonal Psychology*, 1984, Vol. 16, No. 1.