



# the Ray of Connection

A SOCIETY OF SOULS® NEWSLETTER

## SHALL WE DANCE

Samar Ajami, IKH Europe Year 3

Silence, life unspoken  
endless inner dialogues  
voiceless truth.

The curtain goes down on a worn-out stage.  
The silence is buzzing  
with loud cries of regrets  
of do's and don'ts  
with a forceful roar that broke away  
from all that was familiar.

Remains of the shattering  
of what life was.  
No applause, audience long gone.

Settling with a quiet silence  
keeps on dragging me out of myself  
re-memorizing me into one self.

Is it really quiet?  
rather a hidden voice  
I always longed to hear  
cradling my soul  
playing my heart music  
with no notes.

Taking refuge in a home of silence  
being in nothingness  
wrestling with the emptiness  
my soul is restless  
humming the song of life:  
"For You silence is praise."

In this hell-heavenly mansion of silence  
Love speaks to me  
in a language of no alphabets  
with a music of no sound  
like quick sand it swallows me to resurrect me  
anew.

The stage is set  
The curtains are pulled up  
Love holds me by my hands and says  
Shall we dance...

## WINTER 2010

*I invite you to  
Drink of the wisdom  
Taste the beauty  
Relax and enjoy!  
Many blessings,  
Eileen Marder-Mirman, editor  
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## FROM HOLLAND TO THE ALL SCHOOL MEETING

Yvette de Beer, IKH Europe Year 3

Dearest all,  
So we're back and however wonderful it is to be back with kids and family here, it's also a bit sad, because I miss my 'new' family at the other side of the ocean. It's so hard to put into words the experiences I/we had, so much recognition, welcoming, loving and as Eileen said kindred spirits. And that's only meeting our fellow souls!

My decision to join the ASM was a last minute one. After our June class, there had been so many other activities that I felt the 'need' or as I put it to Eileen, it felt like what the doctor orders. Without knowing what I was talking about, this was exactly as it turned out to be.

Starting on Wednesday afternoon, with being welcomed by Jason, Arlene and Eileen as the people who already knew us and bring introduced to and immediately connecting with what actually felt like so many old friends and the best kind of family I ever had, was touching, heartwarming and amazing. To my surprise, about a third of the people there were Jewish and/or lesbian, what a party for a Jewish lesbian. The environment of Menla was a treat as well. Beautiful green, lush, hills, deer, swimming pool and sanctuary, it was all there. Not to mention the food that was really delicious.

Anyway, we started Thursday morning with the retreat part of the ASM, again surprise (for me being unprepared as I was) for this silent retreat with possibility to do our practices. This fitted beautifully in my need for quiet time and having the possibility for having what was inside come out. A healing experience already.

Thursday night was arrival time for those who 'only' did the ASM without the retreat and an evening full of laughter thanks to the introduction game Eileen had organized.

Friday morning Jason lectured on and taught some Quality practices, in the afternoon we went to a workshop. I went to the one on Takhlit, "first in thought, last in deed," not knowing what I signed up for (again), it was exactly right for me (again!), working in a dyad with someone I had apparently been waiting for.

Friday night was the ASOS disco, great fun and another way of connecting that really works! After that with a very small group we went skinny dipping, the end of a very enriching day.

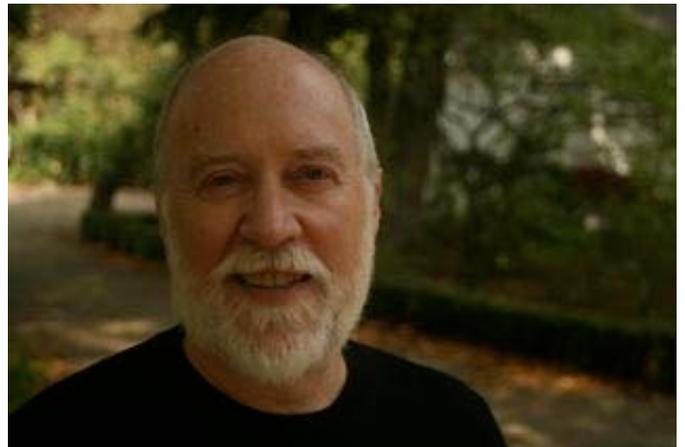
Saturday morning I went to a workshop with Brenda, who I finally got to meet (and love). And then the afternoon with the so called, graduate presentations. A very personal account of their journey by 4 people who are brave enough to be open and generous enough to share that with us. This, for me, was the highlight of the ASM. It gave everything we as a class are doing in

Europe, such a perspective and depth and at the same time a lineage; there is a community of people we're a part of, there are actual people living what we're living, doing what we're doing and studying what we're studying, for years already!

So much experience and depth, so supportive and inspiring and thereby healing.

Our fellow souls were really delighted to have us and to share with us. They are extremely happy that there is a community overseas as well and that we are helping on this side of the ocean to heal the whole universe by doing our work and healing ourselves.

I'm definitely going back next year and if you see a chance to be there, do it, it's more than worth it and it's just so wonderful to connect with our fellow travelers. I'm still in awe by the welcome and the love we have experienced.



## STILL HEALING

Jinen Jason Shulman, 18 October 2009, Holland

Going beyond  
life & death  
The only  
recourse is  
To be completely,  
Touchingly alive.  
The wind that  
blows everything  
away caresses  
my face.



## TORAH: THE LIVING DIALOGUE

Naomi Cohen, IKH 2005

Working with A Society of Souls has helped me see and embrace the Torah in a new way, a nondual way. This has helped me to embrace my own personal karmic inheritance and my life.

I've always felt the closest to God, to my soul, to my truth, in the synagogue. The Hebrew and the chanting and the pathos of the people moved me ever since I was a little girl, and I went with my father...learning to not look as he stood on the bima to bless us...singing through him to God when he led the service. There was longing and fear. Connection and striving. Wholeness and shame. I never knew if it was God or my father I was praying to at that time. For me The God of life was embodied in this man. And for him, it was embodied in his father and his mother and his people and their story... of beauty and pain.

I could feel the truth of my souls prayer in the synagogue, and that took me far... but the Torah was always hard for me.

This God and even these players...the patriarchs, the matriarchs the children of Israel...were hard for me to swallow. Mean. Weak. Embarrassing...not to be proud of or be comforted by. A mean God would send the serpent to tempt them... and then such a harsh punishment.... and how could he ask Abraham to sacrifice his son? And such a weak, weak Adam...actually

thinking he could hide from God! And the people of Israel...even after being taken through the raging waters...complaining, complaining and wanting to go back to Egypt!

Who were these people? I didn't love them. Who's this God...I feared him and felt that I could never be good enough for him... these weird commandments...prohibitions that to break them could mean death, that could mean that your soul would be cut off from the people of Israel... and I believed I should be better and should make myself better and if not then I would fault myself or hide myself in shame....

My story played out to repeat these beliefs of unworthiness and longing for a God I couldn't reach. Or did I inherit beliefs, that we are unworthy and need to be better in order to appease a God who is distant effect the way my story played out?

In the nondual world, where life creates life, we meet reality and it meets us back smack here in the center where both are true. What is this thing.. that we sing to as we circle the shul with it and we touch it, we kiss it with our prayer shawls or books?

We sing, "Yours is the greatness...ha gevurah vha tiferet hnetzah vhadod and all of the heaven and all of the earth. is in you.." Are we worshipping a yesh (a thing) or are we reaching towards and singing to a vehicle, arising from the plenum (where all emerges from), through which to stay in living relationship to reality?

I have seen that as my ego heals I read a different Torah. The more that I can hold the world, the more I see that the world is in it. Surprise, surprise! Its lessons are as deep as the one who is reading it. This is exciting to me; to see it as a living thing. This text has and has had such a profound effect on my spiritual and psychic synapses. If we could bring our healed and healing selves to it, perhaps we could help to co-create the collective consciousness.

Three years ago my dear IKH friend, Cindy Wolk Weiss was advised by her healer, that it would be good for her soul to study Torah. Knowing that I know some Hebrew and had begun to spend some time in a struggle with the thing..she asked me if I would want to join her and so three of us embarked on a study together.

It was hard to know how to begin...we had only ourselves and a deep awareness of the hologram (there are fractals of wholeness always present). I remember that I was nervous and chaotic that day, and as our first session took shape I felt the reality within me of the tohu v bohu (formlessness and void) and the joy of creating something out of nothing. I realized that the experience I had was what I saw holographically standing

out for me in the text. I realized that the only entry in was where I was, and what I saw in the parsha (portion) of Bereshit, In The Beginning, that day was a reflection of our nascent Torah Group. The story of the chaos of creation, was taking place in me. ....I couldn't even grasp anything else from the vast mystery of that beginning parsha. I could only see what was me....We decided to use this as our approach...to enter from exactly where we were and to engage with it from exactly there.

In ASOS we know that everything must be included. And the responsibility that we take in every relationship must be 100% responsibility. Having been in Jungian analysis for ten years I have also learned that everything that is in my dream is me. Maybe this Torah is my dream and our dream. The wounding it reflects for me as a child is an individual version of the cultural, collective woundings that are handed down through western history. Exegesis tells us that it is formed from multiple contributions. Like layers of consciousness, perhaps The Old Testament is the Judeo-Christian collective dream inheritance. Perhaps the complexity or transparency of how we experience the dream is a reflection of how much we are aware that it is just a story of us.

In the Advanced Study Group we are working with our negative kavannah. Just as we move to rise up the mount we also choose to stay right here. There is separateness that needs to sleep when awe turns to fear and we create the world in our image.

We are the golden calf makers. Pharaoh's heart is my heart which will harden into itself till it cracks open with tenderness or exhaustion or grief. I'm the one who craves the meat of Egypt more than the vastness of the wilderness where Elohim calls out for me. I recognize this. I belong to this human tribe. There will be suffering here. It's part of the deal. Not punishment but the inevitable consequence of being in this form. No one to blame, not me, not God... in this shlep through the desert, the complainer is here as is the one that walks through the parted sea with a triumphant, devotional prayer.

And now there are three full groups who engage in this study weekly. It is hard to describe how rich the experience of being in these groups with my fellow Israelites, people who are truly willing to wrestle with God, has been. It has been the vehicle for transforming my relationship with this book.

The honesty and the trust from our community allows a sacred conversation; with ourselves, each other, and the text. We create a Mishkan, a Holy Place, wherein the Shechina dwells. In it I see my beliefs and attachments to certain states of mind, I see transference to

certain characters strengths or weaknesses. I am taught by the parsha as my wisdom meets its wisdom in open hearted dialogue. We often find ourselves beginning with questions or disturbances, confused and angry at God or the people. We find ourselves confronting the gap between the God we wish for and the God that is there. Between the wish for redemption and the suffering that is. Between the quest for alignment and the reality that we humans experience when we feel our separateness only existing in the worlds as they stand split apart..At the end of the session, we each take an Aliyah, traditionally when the Torah is read people are called to an Aliyah, to bless the Torah in front of the congregation. Aliyah means to rise up. In our groups we each state what learning, what gift we want to take from the Torah (and our study together) and to rise towards...as we go into our week. It is as if the question, difficulty or struggle that we bring to the group is the morph (an unhealed state) that we enter with and the aliyah becomes the holomorph (the healed state) that we take back out to our lives.

Adam hid, and when he did he went into exile, out of relationship with himself and God, in this place his shame emerged. He soon forgot that all God wanted was relationship with him and his shame caused him to hide some more. These are illusions of separateness that rise from being out of connection with what is. These are stories that are cried out from the silence in the Name.

To imagine that there is something essentially true and is an emanation of God that is woven into the fabric of my story feels simple and right. It helps me to pare down time and feel free from the ceaselessness of cause and effect I can see in my life as part of a tapestry whose artist knows magnificent design. I wonder if the Torah itself is a part of Creation that is revealed through relation to itself, just as our stories are. As we see our story in The Story we know our lives are Torah, a continued Revelation.

Eve eats the apple from the tree of good and bad. It says her name is Chava, which means life because she is the mother of all living things. This is living. where these parts of us live and wander and suffer and shlep. There is no where to go but out of Eden not as punishment but as in life. There is no where to go and there is no God to know but this.

**“Because it is beyond personal life and death, Quality makes it possible to awaken. To awaken is simply to be intimate with the world-as-it-is.”**

**Jason**



## THE BUMPER STICKER..... A GRATITUDE STORY

Shelley Glick, IKH 2004

Let me tell you how this bumper sticker came to be. It is being used to raise funds for the ASOS scholarship fund. Buy one at [www.purplecoyotegallery.com](http://www.purplecoyotegallery.com).

When the phrase *Disguises of Difference* first came to me, I was moved to author a children's book of the same name that I could read to my kids or maybe even start a Rock Band. I did neither but waited and waited, holding the phrase very close, wishing for the right vehicle that would allow the world to notice that I had pulled out a plum with this beauty of an alliteration.

It always stayed on the back burner, there was no book and no band. Last year (post Prop 8) the Reverend Phelps's group came into our town to protest. He and they have acted as true harbingers of homophobic hate and negativity throughout this country. I was feeling pretty worked up but didn't really want to fuel the fire and engage in open confrontation with their expressions of cruelty and judgment.

Then, I remembered what Jason taught at a workshop on Quality earlier last year. He essentially said that even when we are experiencing dire difficulty, "God needs this place."

Opening up to this idea was clearly transformational and a deep invitation to nondual consciousness and action. While there is still no book or band, the day before Reverend Phelps came to town, I created a banner and now a bumper sticker, **Bless All God's Disguises of Difference**. May this wisdom last a lifetime.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF COMMUNITY

Sharon Golden, IKH 2005

A community like we have here at ASOS is a rare opportunity to share with people with like minds and hearts, goals and aspirations. It is a place where we speak the same language and we can appreciate the need for support and caring. Finding one's place is not a fixed entity. It is constantly changing as we meet new people, have new experiences grow and change. In our community, that certainty is true for me.

Like the Tree of Life, each one of us brings their special attribute into the whole and from Keter to Malkut we function individually and as one; creating the wholeness called community.

I participate in several practice and study groups with people from my IKH class and from other classes. We have shared together the importance of community, feeling the separateness we each bring in our views, our interpretations, our struggles and we move through to the oneness we share and the realization that this sharing of ourselves that we do is necessary to be able to be on this journey.

We have created a container that allows us to deepen our own individual process to be able to enter into self-reflection that we may be frightened to do on our own. In one of the groups we were talking about community and how it normalizes what we are experiencing. As we stay in connection, it sheds light on our sense of disconnection or separateness of existence and we experience a shattering of disconnection.

I have often come into a practice group feeling a certain way or having a particular experience within my practice or simply being aware of where I am in my life only to find that the holographic nature is at work and the others in my group were in a similar place.

This enables us to recognize commonality, validation of our experience as truth, supports us in our struggles and gives us a place to live from. In other groups, I am in we have spoken of the sharing aspect. The community is a place where we can share the joys and sorrows, pleasures and tragedies, to be held by more than just one therefore making it easier to hold and it then feeling less heavy and burdensome. The same can be when we communicate something joyful, having it shared expands our pleasure.

As in family, there is the extended family, the larger community and there is the immediate family, the smaller groups within the whole. I have found through sharing, honesty, integrity and mutual respect a bond forms where being all of who I am is accepted. It is in this place of presenting ourselves as fully as we can and being responded to with respect and acceptance that giving and receiving are one.

The larger community and of course the smaller more intimate groups is a place where we learn from each other as we share our relationship to suffering, struggle,

moving in and out of conscious awareness, expanding and contracting as we face life's challenges. In hearing how others are in relationship to life we can take from them a perspective that we did not have on our own. We can also learn practical things from each other.

In a supervision teleconference call I was questioning how to do something. It was wonderful when suddenly ideas, thoughts and experiences flowed from those on the phone to me and with that the ability to be in creative formation was presented to me. Suddenly where there was a void, there was now creation.

As we experience the relationships within the community more and more, the linear and holographic nature of reality emerges. Certainly being in practice groups with various members of the community has shown me how true this is. On a linear level, I am in practice groups with people who have graduated earlier than I, sometimes quite a bit earlier and I am also in groups with people who graduated after I did. From this perspective, I have the opportunity to learn from those before me, who have more experience than I, what I have yet to discover and I may be able to share with those who have graduated after me. From a holographic level, we are all one, equal and connected, alas finding we are in similar places as we connect to share.

As in the Healing of Certainty (an advanced healing), Z'er Anpin (the impatient one) needed to wrestle with the oneg (healed) and nega (unhealed) qualities in order to be ready to marry Nukva (the Bride of the Sefhira Malkut). Similarly, we, in this community and any other community, need to wrestle with the oneg and nega qualities that exist.

It is from this willingness to wrestle and to make choices from Briatic (nondual) consciousness, not ignoring all that is there, but being with it, that a healing community can exist.



## SUFFERING AS A PORTAL TO INTIMACY AND AWAKENING

Meg Miller, IKH 2003

When I began IKH I didn't think I fit in. I couldn't feel the energy in the room. I couldn't see auras. I couldn't sense anything subtle. I despaired during every weekend re-creating the emptiness in my childhood of not being able to feel...craving faith but experiencing doubt of the spiritual realm and of my ability to make contact with psychic phenomenon or spirit.

But I also came alive with my classmates. I felt so present to their feelings and their suffering. I watched and listened, I cared and cried. And my feelings came closer to the surface. The class sharing built cohesion and the group energy came to feel like a supportive family where people moved closer when you took the risk to be vulnerable instead of moving away.

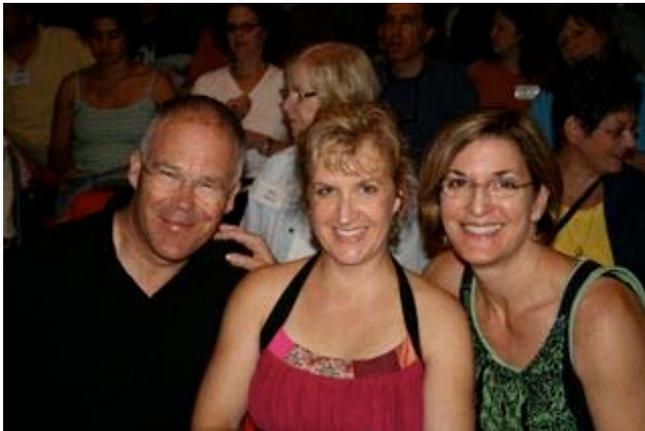
I found out that I was empathic, intuitive and kinesthetic. How strange that I had been a therapist for over 20 years but hadn't known I was utilizing subtle realms until I worked in my Psychic Journal (an exercise given in year 1). I thought everything I knew was from my head and years of clinical experience.

I started opening more and more to my own emotions. I hadn't cried in my marriage. I had coped like I did as a kid. The practice of Form Anxiety (a core practice) was a powerful gateway for me. Sitting quietly allowed me to open to my pain and embrace it.

During the 2<sup>nd</sup> year of school I took Wednesdays off as a spiritual day and started a prayer practice, though I had never prayed before. I would get into the bathtub with a candle and sing whatever my thoughts and feelings were in the moment. Typically my heart would open to my longing and sometimes my phrases became little niggunim.

That's how I wrote the song of my spiritual growth. I started singing my song whenever I was driving, whenever I was idle. It became my entry into my heart when I was alone. Opening in prayer to my longing was very hard. I wanted contact with spirit so much and I didn't feel like anything responded to me.

I bathed in Tiferet (a aspect of the tree of Life) and felt the pain and loss of not having the Intimate Beloved. What I didn't understand was that I was connecting to my Self in a very deep way for the first time. By allowing my longing for God to breathe and billow, I unlocked a storeroom of pain I didn't know existed. That pain, the longing of Yesod (an aspect of the Tree of Life), had been constricted by hidden fears and anxieties.



While prayer opened me, my practice of Form-Anxiety was removing layers of protective defense.

One night at school my roommates were talking quietly in the corner of the room after I'd gotten into bed. Somehow that triggered how far away and inaccessible my parents were when I was alone and afraid as a kid. That night was transformational for me. I started crying, not sure what I was crying about, but as the pressure built I didn't do anything to change it.

As it was brimming, all I did, from moment to moment, was allow. I had no idea of what was about to happen but I felt safe with Jo and Tim to let go into the Unknown. I was aware that I could make it stop but I kept telling myself over and over, "Whatever this is, let it come".

Eventually wave after wave of sobs exploded, expressing the shock and pain that I was so little and so unable to be alone with my high anxiety and terror. Every few hours through that night I woke up as more pain found its way to the surface. That shattering changed my experience of my emotions. I had cried all night before but this was different. I totally let go. As a result, I discovered not only that I could bear intense pain, but that each moment in the flow of that release was strangely enlivening!

In so many ways my experience in IKH was opening and growing in me. During the fall of my third year it felt as if there was suddenly room for all the diverse issues about my marriage to co-mingle, like I was a pond and each feeling was a lily pad floating around in my water. I had the container to hold all of Reality instead of shifting back and forth between the negative and the positive. And so I hung out with all my truths for a number of months until I landed in the knowing and the readiness to end my marriage.

And here again Form-Anxiety served as a transformational practice, bridging one part of my life to another.

During those first months after separation I sat in Form-Anxiety every night as if re-gathering my cells after days spent focusing on everyone else's needs. It became an indispensable part of my day when I reclaimed my Self and centered, giving space to whatever thoughts and feelings emerged. And my prayer practice shifted. My focus moved inward instead of searching for something outside of myself.

At first Form Anxiety seemed like a different kind of meditation that was difficult but interesting and good for me. After reading new age books in my 20's I had longed for magic... like popping out of my body into the astral plane. Form- Anxiety focused me on **JUST THIS**.

It helped me settle down and begin to let go of the grandiose expectations that always caused me to look for God in the wrong place. But it became so much more.

As I was Just Being, and therefore learning to not do anything in response to my thoughts and feelings, whatever had been stirred by the lecture and sharings in class had space to rise to the surface. Form-Anxiety ( a core practice taught in Year 1) brought more than just emotional opening. By not just allowing but by being with and staying with whatever arose,

I broke old, habitual defensive strategies for protecting myself against pain. I created new pathways, new response patterns. I became less afraid of feeling badly. Form-Anxiety burned off layers blocking my deeper self and built the muscle to stay with difficult feelings. It changed my orientation to suffering. As a result, my emotions flowed more spontaneously and my work with clients deepened.

In the past when a couple presented a major difference that created a serious dilemma for them, I'd be very worried about how to help them. Now I could create a safe container and encourage them to stay in authentic dialogue, teaching them not to prematurely decide from fear and anxiety in the Unknown but to let their process carry them to resolution, knowing that expressing their truths and sharing their suffering would deepen intimacy and create movement.

In fact, it began to feel like Form-Anxiety wasn't just a spiritual practice, but a portal to transformation, intimacy, and aliveness. It felt like a way of life.

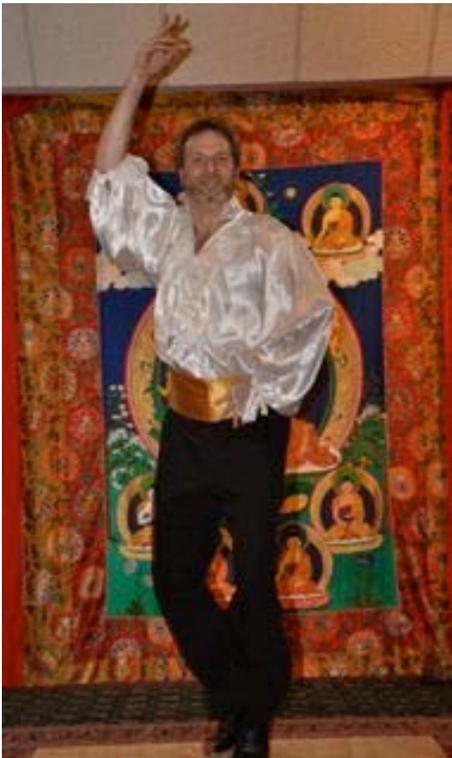
I am so grateful for the gift of my Life and for the ability to be IN my life. I know that without my IKH work I would never have been able to have the capacity or courage to stay present in the Unknown, to seek my truth by feeling all my fear and pain, to tolerate the anxiety that enveloped me, to hold my suffering in a

container of compassion, or to recognize the beauty of my process and of Life As It Is.

Our earliest experiences with connection taught us that intimacy is dangerous. We are all so vulnerable, so tender, trying to survive our wounded parents who can't deeply love or support us, who get too busy or too needy, or ignore us, abuse us or use us.....

Wisely we create defenses in childhood to survive but when we believe that is who we really are, when it gets integrated into our ego's identity, it's what fragments us and hides the depth of our suffering. If we can reach out for the support of others to help us create a safe container, we can move into the emotions we have been avoiding and realize our defenses are not the real self.

The more we can be present with our suffering, the more it transforms and we become who we really are. As we are more real and, therefore, more intimate with ourselves and with one another, we begin the path to recovering our wholeness. Authentic. Alive. Awakened and Life reveals the Preciousness of What Is.



## THE MAGI, THE FUTURE SELF AND THE ASM

anonymous

What would it be like if every moment was just as it were meant to be? What if every thing and being was in its rightful place? How would I approach my day if the conditions of my life were already set exactly as they should be? These were the questions I brought with me to the ASM.

I discovered that grace is ever present when I invite it to be. I discovered that when something seemed imperfect it was an echo of my own resistance to life as it is. I learned that I could give back the thoughts and feelings that arose within me. I began to understand how they pull me out of the present and attach me to the past, as if I could become the dream.

I sat on the banks of a rushing river, swollen with rain, falling over itself as it rolled down the course the banks had set for it. Sprouting beings stretched for the sun and the water and the earth. Birds sang as they flew, illuminating the seams that made this place whole. A butterfly danced below my hanging feet. Each trickle of water sang a note. The river became a symphony. The swaying trees held the bank and clouds together in one visual frame. In all its diversity, this place was what it was because each separate aspect of the environment set the conditions to make it whole and vital and ever flowing. I sat by the river and poured out my sense of self until there was nothing. Emptiness emerged as selflessness expanded. It wasn't as if I had disappeared. I had just taken my place as I was, as I was meant to be, sitting by the river.

Brenda instructed us to bring our Future Selves into the MAGI practice. I returned to the river. I was so empty the contact had room to fill me, to pour through me. I let it spill over like the river.

As My Future Self inhabited my awareness I moved through the steps of the MAGI. The quality of grace infused me and I began to pulse with the contact. My sense of aliveness was so vivid I can not now recall the process as it carried me.

When I reached the last line; "Watch the safety of the world increase. This is what each thing and presence in the universe wants and is," something happened. It was as if I had been looking out, believing I was seeing the river, and suddenly

the "screen" lifted like it had been a film of the river and not really the river at all. Behind it was the real river. My sense perception was dramatically altered and light and color and depth and texture had all become alive. There was a stream of energy pouring through my head and down through my feet back into the earth. For a moment I wondered if I might be swept away. Then I remembered to give that back too. I began to see the edges of a doorway, or a portal. My vision danced between the edges of illusion and the luminosity it veiled. What is this doorway? Who am I sitting here? How do I respond to this invitation? My thinking mind wanted to take action or fix the experience within a rational frame of reference. I could not grasp it. I could only sit and feel the rhythmicity.

At first I thought I had entered another dimension. I thought I was supposed to find a way to enter, to engage it more fully. This too was a way to escape. As the thoughts came, I let them go. As the sensations; beyond recognition; arose, I let them go too. There was nothing left to do, there was nothing to say, there was no where to go.

Life was calling. My Future Self said stay there. I sat. Somewhere in all this I found myself deeply seated in my own sense of being. I did not disappear but rather, became luminous as I made contact with luminosity itself. My Future Self seemed to take a seat within me; not as a separate consciousness I could call upon but as an integrated aspect of all that I am and will become. I too flow like the river. As above - so below, as within - so without. I had not discovered a door into somewhere else. I had become the door-frame, or more accurately, an aperture.

My attention shifted with this realization. This was not an encounter outside of who I was. This was a relationship discovered through my kavannah and my willingness to simply stay there. For a moment, I let my small self go, trusting that it would be taken care of. Selflessness and Emptiness seem to be nested. Trust and Grace are too. Loosening the grip of my attachments was a process. The realization that arose was this: certainty arises, trust perfuses, grace emanates, love abounds, compassion reigns. We are all God's future self looking back into the cosmic eye, surprised that we can recognize ourselves in the vastness of the moment God's name became, Here-I-Am.

## “EVENTUALLY YOU COMMIT YOURSELF TO FOREVER.”

Jason



## IKH, MY HEALING PATH

Jan Bresnick, IKH 2001, ASOS teacher

**PART III: EMBODIMENT & PRESENCE**  
When we first learned the Form Anxiety practice in Year One of the IKH program, many of us experienced the truth that to incarnate—to be in a body—is to suffer. The body grows and it also decays; it's a medium for feeling pleasure as well as pain.

The body is the site of our earliest wounding. It is the locus of Original Sin, which is the sin of separation. It's no wonder we learn to dissociate, to spiritualize, etc. to defend against this basic truth.

Making friends with our body is key to every practice Jason teaches. So we have to commit ourselves to finding ways to cultivate embodiment in our spiritual practice.

Being an IKH healer means to embody wholeness as best we can, given our finite, human nature. Embodiment is essential to Presence, which can take shape only by being with what is, regard-

less of what shows up. We don't reject or avoid suffering but we try not to add to it. We also don't avoid pleasure, which is for some of us the greater difficulty. To become fully embodied and fully present, we must enter the primal pulsation of life, the swings between joy and suffering and the still points in between. We have to meet life just as it is.

To the extent that we can bear our own suffering, we can bear our clients' suffering. This in itself is a profound act of healing.

Over the years, this simple understanding has given me so much more confidence as a healer. When I feel that I'm not up to the job of helping a client who is in great pain or difficulty, I have learned to keep in mind that it is not up to me to take away their pain. If I don't identify myself as a heroine, then I don't have to fall short of my outsized expectations.

If I can simply meet my clients as they are and accept my own suffering for what it is, without creating a whole story around it, I can enter the realm of healing that opens to mystery and revelation. I can sit with not knowing how or whether I can help and just listen deeply to my client's pain, offer kindness and compassion, and wish the best for them. This opens a space in which healing can occur.

It continues to amaze me when simply being present in this way can lead to profound relief, both for me and my clients, and open us both to new possibilities for meeting life as it is.

Not long ago I was working with a client who suffered chronic pain for many years. Doctors told her they exhausted all the possibilities for curing this kind of pain, which is similar to reflex sympathetic dystrophy syndrome, now called complex regional pain syndrome (CRPS). This client was hanging on to threadbare hopes that one day her pain would diminish enough so that she can have her life back, since she had not been able to work or have a social life for quite a while. She felt very alone and constantly fought

depression. She had to be heavily medicated at times, just to bear the pain and remain rational. (At times she grew delusional and was under psychiatric care.) I found that even though I had no idea of how I could help her, I knew somehow that I could help her simply by being a healing presence in her life. After a rocky start in which she felt mistrustful and skeptical but desperate, she decided to commit to a series of sessions. Eventually, she began to look forward to each session and told me that she felt relief from her pain by the end of each session.

This wasn't a miracle cure: the client ultimately became disappointed that I couldn't remove her pain and she continued to roam from healer to healer in search of a cure.

While I could not save her from her pain, I know that healing happened for me as well as for her, whether or not she recognized it. As we learn that we can bear our own suffering if we manage not to embroider and frame it, we become more able to heal ourselves and heal the world.



**EACH TIME**

Myriam Kupyer, IKH Europe year 3

Each time I find something again,  
a dear necklace, an important letter,  
a comfortable cardigan,  
I regain more than a necklace, letter,  
cardigan;  
the relief and satisfaction are so much  
bigger than  
“oh, so that’s where it was...”

Each is a missing piece in the great  
puzzle,  
that lights up for a second,  
the missing link in the invisible chain,  
that shines radiant and round for a  
second.

Getting air, space for the heart,  
breathing together with the great Breath,  
compassion for our lonely suffering  
in a shattered world.

Deep-felt happiness,  
as though the curtain is brushed aside for  
a second  
and I can see and feel Wholeness,  
from before the lost knowing,  
each time I find something again.

**PHOTOGRAPHY  
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Jamie Mirman  
page 8 & 9: Heidi Joust  
page 10: Jamie Mirman

**VISION:**

*noun. The ability to see the future with  
imagination and wisdom.*

Riding the Wave of Transference; Being  
with What-Is; Returning the Klipot; Form-  
Anxiety; Imperfection; the Future Self;  
Difference; the Diagnostic Process...  
These are more than technical aspects of  
our healing path: They can be guidelines  
that show us how to actually live the life  
we have been studying and teaching.  
We gain Visions as we include these  
principles in our life and, gaining Vision,  
we can change the world one person at a  
time. This year’s ASM will focus on  
uniting our healing path and our daily life.

**2010****ALL SCHOOL MEETING****JULY 29th - AUGUST 1st**

**For additional information  
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