

Reflections from the September PD weekend in Melbourne

In our last newsletter it was written: *We are doing our work in times of great crisis and change for many people. The 'global financial crisis' has had a big impact on the wider community. People are struggling as the ground breaks beneath their feet. Jobs are lost. Lives are being restructured around changes to roles and incomes.* Based on this and on a discussion at the last IAPP PD weekend about the threshold sequences and on the recent workshop with Kaaren Hawkes, on setting up a private practice 'Crossing Thresholds' was deemed to be a relevant theme for the September PD weekend, and a number of practitioners presented a variety of activities on this theme. What follows are two reflections, from Margaret Lange and Hadas Sorenson, about the weekend.

The Rumi below is an interesting one to contemplate in relation to thresholds.

The Guesthouse Rumi

This human being is a guest house,
Every morning a new arrival.

A joy, a depression, a meanness,
some momentary awareness comes
as an unexpected visitor.

Welcome and entertain them all!
Even if they are a crowd of sorrows,
who violently sweep your house
empty of its furniture,
still, treat each guest honorably.
He may be clearing you out
for some new delight.

The dark thought, the shame, the malice,
meet them at the door laughing
and invite them in

Be grateful for whatever comes,
because each has been sent
as a guide from beyond.

Beasts of the Threshold – Self Hatred

Margaret Lange

I chose to present the 'beast of hatred' as I still had very clear recollection of my first meeting with self hatred, in relation to moving out of my marriage, and six years on, I find plenty more to be done with this beast. I also have a regular appointment to reconcile hatred of an inner critic – kindling a spark of life rather than endless thinking. I used Steiner's Fourth meditation from 'A Road to Self Knowledge' as a preparation.

Reading from Lecture 4: 'Inner impulses of evolution' Steiner describes how, when we fall asleep and our ego and astral body move into the spiritual world, we first meet or: "we are united with those whom we look upon from the consciousness of our time with the deepest antipathy"... "we must pass through the souls of those we hate". So what if our own soul is there?

Hate can be seen in the spiritual world penetrating so that one must defend oneself from it, as if defending from a physical blow. It is readily usable by evil powers. Yet, in the astral world, cause and effect are reversed so that intention can become the cause and Steiner says that: "if one enters more and more into the knowledge of actual reality, then the very entering possesses the force to create the impulse of the good" (see full lecture at: www.rsarchive.org)

This is what we see with our clients and this is what I experience in passing through self hatred within myself. The loathing is nauseous, the stench putrid, it tears strips from me, painfully, excruciatingly – but I end up joining in mercifully to get the job done – to get to the core. Even then, the spirit within doesn't call out, doesn't hurl itself back at the attacking demon, but we must wait for it in stillness, in gratitude for its smallness and newness, until the knowing of it *sets the heart aglow.*

Reflections from PD weekend cont...

So often I can turn away with a scornful “I know that, I’ve done that before” but, as Steiner says, that is like turning away from a meal because you have had one before—you did that the other day! Now each sniff of hatred is an invitation to barbeque old patterns, to reach the freshness of grappling with this moment, with enthusiasm.



And we serve each other with each such moment from all and any of us, repeated over and over again in a world where hatred is left lurking—a daily tool used to divide, exclude and dampen the spirit, rather than a daily tool to invite us into the guts of things, to the heart aglow, and to the Knowing that fires the will.

Contact Marg by email: margaretlange@fastmail.fm

What stayed with me after the crossing thresholds PD weekend?

Hadas Sorenson

Waves of warmth gushing through my heart as people shared their experiences of transformation over the last two days spent together.

In the PD weekend we were creators of energy and we used our inner wisdom to know ourselves more, we created a space hearing the largeness in us. I experienced Sophia present amongst us. I went back to read a paper I wrote about this Being which feels so present in my life and found that a year and

a half ago I wrote the following: “Wisdom unites us with reality in the sense that we can move decision into action. We call someone who knows how to apply knowledge a *wise person*. Wisdom is science becoming creativity. Human beings have a personal soul which is active from within, wisdom acting from outside can become individualised when people are ready to give up some of the certainty and to enter investigation.

With imagination we can recast the *already known*, as we transform the etheric body, filling it with life spirit. The pictures we produce ourselves arrive from a spiritual source and have power to restore harmony. Wisdom makes a person open and receptive because it is a foundation from which love for all things grows. Wisdom warms the soul; while love and compassion move things forward. Human beings have to hold the perception of wisdom as the activator of ability and insight. When wisdom is bestowed with love, the future draws near us (Wisdom and Health, 2003).”

The image I carry of Sophia is a Being standing on a wide base upright with open gesture towards the right at the upper part of the body or head, with a golden shield on her chest – I see a path towards embracing wisdom as “the knowing moments”, the moment when I raise myself above doubt and uncertainty and reach the substance of a decision, after acknowledging the journey through dark tunnels of *being in the unknown*, and encountering *demons* who live in the estranged side of the soul.”

I felt, in the PD workshop, that now I belong! I am no longer a foreigner who is not sure if her voice is heard, I have given up indulging in the space between the victim and the perpetrator.

In our Psychophonetics community we have now created a space of conversation with no judgment, and based on exploration, innovation and learning.