
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

by

Jeremy Style

As I write this article a bell is tolling in a local church: once every 20 seconds. It focuses my mind wonderfully.

I think it was John Donne, but whoever, who hit a point when he wrote: 'Ask not for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee'. Someone else wrote 'No man is an island'. To my mind both ideas are emphasising what we often tend to overlook. The fact that life is essentially about relationships; physical, emotional and mental. And I do not just mean human relationships.

We, by our contact with humanistic psychology, have so much to offer to people of any age. But because we know the difference between words and feelings, we can be of especial help to the elderly and those that care for them. The young tend to be learning about words and their usage whereas the elderly are more basic. The words themselves are not so important anymore.

This article is written out of concern for lost souls. That part of us all which is variously described but which is independent and alone. We, the readers and writers of this magazine are hopefully quite well integrated within ourselves and with the world. But we have had to work

to achieve this: by ourselves and in groups. Because of the emphasis on experiential learning, we have of necessity had to accept that what we think and feel often bears no comparison with the way others perceive the situation or reality. We have had to realise that one cannot be isolated unless it is from something - relationship is crucial. And invariably it seems that the isolation is as much within ourselves as outside. We all have to own and accept our own lost soul.

Perhaps more importantly we have allowed ourselves to experience our various centres or sub-personalities. We know that we have a child and a parent not because the T.A. model defined them but because we have felt and experienced them. We have seen and felt our own stereotypes, of ourselves and others, and are aware of them. More than most we have the ability to age without growing old.

The lost soul is a momentary mood but I suspect for many it is a stable condition. Ageing as a lost soul must be as near hell as one can imagine. The lost soul is in the world, not of the world and is tormented by ideas of death, dying, ageing, powerlessness and annihilation.

We are able to talk about and experience our spiritual nature without the need for dogma or delusion. When we talk of the spiritual, we do not think of disembodied voices or necessarily need a ritual to support our sense of oneness or holistic consciousness. **I am, we are, it is.**

We know born-again Bhagwans, Christians, Pagans, Buddhists, yet I cannot recall ever meeting a born-again Son of A Bitch. It would appear that all who claim to be born again are convinced of their righteousness. So be it, amen and God bless. My concern is not with those who have found beliefs, whether or not I share them, but with those who lost out.

I take the view, which I suspect most of you share, that ignorance is an absolute defence against sin, moral crimes or unethical behaviour. Judgement by peers can be a lynch mob; all spiritual leaders whatever their merits are, by definition, non-conformists.

So far this article has been intellectual, or at least mental, and as such misses part of the integration package. We are not do-gooders. The fact we can mouth words is not any sign of integration. Let us try a quick mental cartwheel, what do you call a deer with no eyes? No idea.

Humour is one of the saving graces: it is also holistic. What you wonder is going on? Here you are reading about our spiritual nature and the idiotic writer introduces one of those jokes that makes you want to strangle him. Heard the one about Jesus's second coming? He met an

Irishman, a stout believer, (!!!) who asked him to walk on water just so that your man could be sure. Jesus did and sank. As he explained, he didn't have holes in his feet the first time.

There is meaning in this madness. Go back three paragraphs.

Now, unless you are in poor health, I want you to hold your breath while you read the next few paragraphs. Do it please. And hold it while you read. This a literal request.

If you did not follow that advice, there is really no point in carrying on reading. Experiential learning can only take place in the present; right now. There is really no point in reading what someone writes unless you wish to understand the point they are making. Readers are expected to be growth-orientated and hence to understand that words alone are like the waves on the sea. The waves can only exist with the sea; integration is the aim. Within and without. These are words that have meaning when you read them. On the page they are just ink.

A problem which faces lost souls is that they, I suppose, do not feel at ease within themselves. They are not centred or grounded in their own experience. In the sense that we all have a lost soul and an independent spirit we can go on astral journeys and suffer purgatory. To be of the whole with no awareness would be boring; to be aware but not of the whole must be pain.

So far in this article you have had an intellectual input, an emotional input - those terrible jokes that make you laugh but hate and we are

now approaching a point where the third input is important. If you are not yet feeling the need to breathe again, then look away from the page until you are. If you do, then read on but do not breathe yet.

ENLIGHTENMENT IS AT HAND. $E=MC^2 + ONE$. Doesn't mean a lot when all you want is air, does it? Space, time and mind are relative but we cannot exist without being related to and of the physical world. Air and ourselves are not separate. we co-exist. **Stop holding your breath.** The part of you that stopped does not have to start. It happens; you breath when you sleep without conscious direction.

As soon as you stop holding your breath, everything starts up again without any instruction. Our lost soul is pure conditioning or presumption. Our lost soul is the pain end of free will. Relationship again.

Even in my childhood it was a much stronger presence. What did we do wrong? How can adolescents enjoy their old age if all that is in their minds about ageing is negative? It is again an understanding of relationship that will provide direction. But enough. Our incarnation is now. Not memories nor expectations but the living experience. **ENJOY.**

Part One

EPILOGUE

Despite all I have written I still feel that there is evil. If it is ignorance on the part of the individual, then there are evil actions. I do not believe there are clear cut rules; let Karma and conscience guide us.

So a story to finish. Two Zen monks approach a river. A scarlet woman asks if they would carry her across. The younger one says "No; you are a loose woman". The elder one carries her across. The monks walk on in silence for ten miles. The younger one, deeply perturbed, demands to know why his colleague became involved with such a creature. The elder replied "I picked her up and carried her across the river and put her down again. You are still carrying her".

Part Two

Having read my own work over, I feel that I create and live in a good world despite all the horror. For myself, I think of it like a bank account. I run a spiritual current and deposit account. The only difference between my spiritual business and regular finance is that my deposit account gets credited only when I give or spend. I cannot transfer from deposit to current and I am not able to be overdrawn. (This is personal: I cannot help others when I am hurting). The trick is therefore to increase my deposit account by making my spending or giving self financing. For example to be able to give I must be in a position to do so hence it is not really a cost at all. And sometimes when others give to me, I can gain the benefit and yet not incur a debt. I find it is often possible to do more by gracious acceptance of someone's help than to try and help directly oneself.
