

# Bleeding into the Vision

Lindy Harding

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Oh, I have a vision! I have a vision of a time in our lifetime when both men and women will know and revere deeply and instinctively the mystical, the visionary and the value of menstruation.

Imagine this . . . inside every organisation, every workplace, business, school, houses of parliament, community is this knowledge, this recognition that the power of the menstrual cycle is a God-given tool for us all to use to enhance the smooth rhythm of our development and growth. In this knowing is the space for every woman, at the time in her cycle when she feels the natural desire to withdraw from the active front-line, to step back into that warm, still, gentle space that is woman, with woman — perhaps to go to bed with a hot-water bottle, perhaps to go to the woman's place, the temple, to lie in warm baths and to wait in stillness. Imagine this . . . when she feels this desire, she is able to release it, and that others in her work-space will move into the space she has emptied and will take her work, her creative role and make it theirs for the time she needs to be still.

Imagine this . . . in every woman there is the deep hidden knowledge that PMT is not a natural phenomenon, that tension only builds when the instinct to respond to the body's natural voice of quiet is com-

peting against the world's demand for us to remain just as we were yesterday. The tampon says we can hide our rhythms away, we can dance, swim, be like everyone else in extroverted gaiety. The pill says we can control this rhythm, make it ours instead of God's and we can force it into the confines of a programmed existence. We believed this for a while. And then we started to learn about the deeper nature of womanhood and we discarded our plugs and our chemicals and lol there was a cycle of ebb and flow, first the inwardness, the dark, the silence of emptiness, open to the ancient, mystical knowing, the guide, the visionary, the conception, just as when the seed enters the egg; followed then by a time of rest, of gestation, of nurturing our bodies and our visions as the blood flows freely. Then, as the flow begins to lessen, there comes a time of rich outpouring, of passion, of connectedness, the senses alive, dancing, of light, the moment of birth, when the vision becomes everyone's, the word is shared and we have a new opportunity.

Imagine this . . . we return to the workplace when we are complete. We return to the corporation, the school, the houses of parliament, and our brothers and sisters who have been keeping the rhythm while we have been away look up as we

*Lindy Harding runs training courses in self-empowerment and self-employment. She works intuitively and dynamically in the field of relationship to reignite the ancient lost potency of male and female.*

enter and, with open arms, they say, 'Welcome. Well, what vision have you brought to us, what piece of guidance have you received for the immaculate furtherance of our task here? We await the next step with excitement and we honour you in your part'.

Imagine this . . . in every place where woman is: in the home, the organisation, the hospital, this gift is possible, to connect with the divine source every month between menarche and menopause — from

when the role enriches further and to share with our community of co-workers the gift we have received, the droplet of knowledge however great or seemingly insignificant; and for every woman, that knowledge to be honoured, valued and used in the world. Well, the opportunities for divine development are boundless.

Imagine this. . . everything we need, we are given. Sometimes my heart aches for how easily we forgot. But we are remembering . . .

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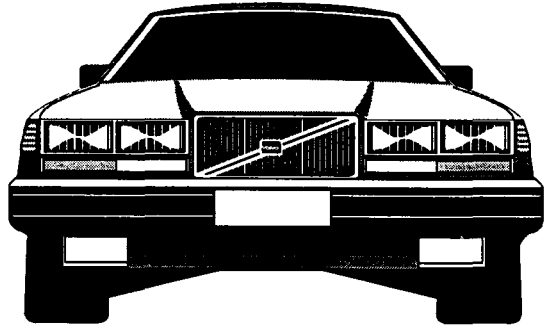
## *Conversations with Cars*

*Guy Dargert*

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There is a movement in America which I believe is making some inroads into UK life. Anorexic poodles, hysterical tabbies, depressed bloodhounds (who could tell?) in Hollywood and New York were probably the first to benefit by psychotherapeutic attentions. This is the stuff of late night chat shows and an object of a certain amount of popular amusement and derision. It is also something which attracts dollars and pounds sterling from certain animal owners (anorexic? depressed? hysterical?). Certainly the popular media would be quick enough to imply that it is the owners who are in need of the therapy.

Maybe. But then what really is the difference between a dog with an 'anger



problem' and its owner? I know of a good Christian lady who brought her normally well-behaved labrador to work only to find to her horror that one of its first acts was to shit under the vicar's desk. He exercised good Christian restraint and forgiveness. Perhaps it was only the dog who

*Guy Dargert is an AHPP registered psychotherapist and coordinator of counselling training courses at the West Sussex Institute of Higher Education.*