

"Uniting the one to the One"

Notes on the Practice of Soulwork

Moineddin Jablonski

PART 1

"Uniting the one to the One" is a phrase that was used by the late Reverend Frida Waterhouse to indicate the sacred marriage of one's human consciousness—with its vital underpinnings in the psyche and body—to universal divine consciousness. It represents the merging of the personal self with the spiritual Self, or Soul. Before I go further, I want to acknowledge with love and respect the debt of gratitude I feel toward my mentors Frida Waterhouse and Harvey Grady in the study and practice of spiritual psychology. Frida introduced Three-Self Work—meaning the coordination of the (1) instinctive, (2) conscious, and (3) divine realms that comprise the human spirit—to the Sufi community in the early 1970s. More recently, Harvey Grady's discovery of the Astral and Mental Judge Selves has added a crucial dimension to the mapping and understanding of the human psyche. Although they never met, Frida and Harvey both studied with Drs. Wayne Guthrie and Bella Karish of the Fellowship of Universal Guidance in Los Angeles, where they learned the basics of Three-Self Work. Each in their own way, Frida and Harvey expanded the scope of what they learned with Wayne and Bella. Harvey now calls his work Self Integration.

I refer to my practice as Soulwork because it takes the myriad forces projected by the Soul into the human psyche, body and personality and melds them into a functioning unity or whole. This constitutes the first stage of Soulwork: to integrate the various conscious and subconscious aspects of the personality into a harmonious family of 'selves,' which in devotional practice becomes a prayer circle.

The second stage of Soulwork is to coalesce the integrated personality self, or prayer circle, with Higher Consciousness. In other words, to repeat Frida's maxim, To unite the one to the One.

In brief, Soulwork is Three-Self Work, plus acceptance of, and work with, the Judge Selves. In my experience, the befriending of each of one's subconscious selves is essential in Soulwork. It is the Bodhisattva ideal transposed to the world of one's own psyche.

Along these lines, Hazrat Inayat Khan says, "Psychology is the higher alchemy, and one must not study it only without practicing it. Practice and study must go together, which opens the door to happiness for every soul" (Gatha 1, Series II, Insight)

Perhaps the best way to proceed would be to share my personal experience with the Soulwork process. It began in the fall of 1980 when I entered my fifth year of hemodialysis due to end stage renal disease. Illness and debility had convinced me that I would soon die. I had undergone a kidney transplant operation earlier that summer, but my body rejected the kidney and after a week the transplanted organ was removed. On top of my health problems, I was going through a painful divorce. I was deeply depressed and emotionally numb; it was a time that felt marked by an absence of hope.

Curiously, a part of me must have held some hope because I had taken the initiative to move from my home in Petaluma to the Palo Alto Khankah to receive thrice-weekly inputs of X-radiation at the nearby Stanford Medical Center over a period of three months. My transplant surgeon believed that a radical protocol involving massive doses of X-radiation would render my immune system incapable of rejecting a new kidney. The doctor, so sure the protocol would work, told me I would be at the top of the list when a kidney became available.

In December 1980 toward the end of the three-month protocol, I returned to Petaluma to spend Christmas with my children. On my desk was a letter from Frida Waterhouse. In her inimitable concise style she had written:

It is my reality that each of us has a Male Basic Self and a Female Basic Self, as well as an Inner Child, that live in the psyche. These Selves can, and often do, cause difficulty in our lives—especially if we don't honor them and give them their due. If the neglect is pronounced, the Basic Selves can cause illness.

Please consider the possibility that you have neglected to acknowledge and honor your Basic Selves, and that this may be why you are having such a hard time.

I offer myself as an instrument of the Most High, and am willing to help if you are interested.

*With love,
Frida*

Something in those light-filled lines caused a stir within me. I returned the letter to the envelope and made a mental note to read it again after my protocol and transplant operation were over.

I don't mean to dwell on my past medical history, but to use it as an example to illustrate how a medical or other personal crisis can precipitate needed life changes. Many of us 'plateau out' at levels comfortable to us, which can result in stagnation and lack of growth. When such a status quo persists for too long, High Selves will graciously provide stimulation, whether we like it or not, for further learning and growth.

After the Christmas holiday, I returned to Palo Alto to conclude the weeks of the X-radiation protocol. Toward the end of 1981, I received a 2 AM telephone call from the University of San Francisco Medical Center saying that they had a kidney for me. A few hours later, I received a kidney from a twenty-two year old female student who had died of a brain aneurysm.

With the introduction of the new kidney my body experienced a dramatic improvement. But my mind, which faced a divorce upon my return home—not to mention the challenge of having to learn how to live instead of die—began to disintegrate. While in hospital, I experienced several episodes of psychogenic distortion and breakdown. My surgeon attributed the episodes to the effects of the X-radiation combined with powerful immunosuppressive drugs.

One night in early February 1981, as my mental condition worsened, I believed I was descending into madness. What I was actually descending into was the chaotic state of my own psyche. At the moment I was about to give up hope of ever being sane again, a remarkable thing happened. Frida Waterhouse appeared to me in vision. She didn't say a word, she just walked, putting one foot in front of the other. The rhythm of her walk set my whole being in order, and the mental chaos disappeared—temporarily.

Over the coming months and years, I would be forced to deal with the painful realities of a shattered mind, a broken heart, and a grief-stricken spirit—all housed within a fragile body that was now destined to stay alive. Like the jumbled pieces of Humpty Dumpty after the Great Fall, these were the elements that would require more grace and healing than "all the king's horses and all the king's men" could muster.

My Male Self, with whom I was primarily identified and who had been running the show for the first 40 years of my life, was now utterly broken. He had believed himself capable of Olympian feats, especially in the spiritual realm. But he had forgotten how to willingly surrender his ego, so now the Universe was graciously crushing it for him.

He had also forgotten the importance of the Feminine Principle in his life: a loving presence rooted in connection to all of Life—"Thy Light is in all forms, Thy Love in all beings." She would prove to be a nurturing, healing presence, a presence whose very vulnerability would confer a strength and resilience that my Male Self, in his arrogance, could never know.

"All the king's horses and all the king's men" were going down to defeat. The death-knell of the patriarchy and its one-sided imperatives was tolling, the funeral procession was trooping through my psyche. It was the end of the world as I knew it.

It was also a revolution. The inner voices that had been suppressed for ages, beginning with the voice of my Female Self, would now speak. Not only would they speak, they would be heard. No longer would they be taken for granted. And as is typical of revolutions, the 'good' would be thrown out with the 'bad.'

This thoroughgoing psychic purging was a necessary prelude to the slow, laborious and painstaking process of grace and healing that must come, that would come. Indeed, grace and healing came through Frida, my teacher and friend, and through Mei-Ling Chang, my life partner. Grace and healing also came through my own need to be an ordinary human being—not special but just ordinary—replete with faults, feelings, lusts and longings.

As Hazrat Inayat Khan declares in Gayan, "Hail to my exile from the Garden of Eden to the earth! If I had not fallen, I should not have had the opportunity of probing the depths of life."

Inayat Khan's tale of Usman Haruni Chisti and his mureed, Moineddin Chisti, bowing before the image of Mother Kali influenced me powerfully during this time. Equally important in my healing process was the myth of Isis journeying through Upper and Lower Egypt, collecting the various parts of Osiris's body that had been butchered and hidden by Set. Isis gathered the scattered body-parts and breathed new life into them, and made Osiris whole.

The divine and earthly Feminine Principle was being restored to my psyche and personality. The mystery of healing and the magic of feeling were becoming paramount in my life. Darkness was discovered to be the sacred soil for learning and growth; and my grieving process was a potent compost. I was being reborn. Now, how does all this relate to the specifics and practice of Soulwork? Let us return to Frida's letter. What was it that she said? Oh Yes, I was interested. I was more than interested. My life and sanity depended upon Frida's wise help. Her inner plane appearance to me in the hospital was a clear confirmation of that. After years of avoiding and resisting her, I was now surrendering to her.

My first Three-Self session with Frida took place in her San Francisco home in the fall of 1981. She began with her usual Kabbalistic Invocation:

*Holy art Thou, O Lord of our Universe;
Holy art Thou Whom Nature hath not formed;
Holy art Thou, O vast and mighty ONE...
Lord of the Light, and of the Darkness—
For Thine is the Kingdom, and the Power,
And the Glory forever. Amen.*

Frida asked my conscious mind "to place itself in neutral gear, awake yet transparent to the process," and then proceeded to call forth with love and respect to my Male Basic Self. No response. After three tries, she moved on to my Female Basic Self. No response. Next she called forth to my High Self. No response. My confidence level was rapidly nose-diving. I could not properly surrender.

I had two more sessions with Frida over the next several months, both with the same result as the first session. Was I cut out for Three-Self Work? In my limbo-like state I seriously wondered. Yet there was something in Frida's presence and atmosphere that kept me coming back to try again.

Finally, during my fourth session in late 1982, the opening occurred. Frida had called forth to my Male Basic Self, and from somewhere in my belly region came a timid, frightened voice: "My name is Rutherford." Naturally, my conscious mind was shocked to hear this unacknowledged and fearful part of myself take the stage. In fact, my conscious mind's first reaction was to think, "What kind of weird name is Rutherford? I don't know any Rutherford. And I don't want to know any Rutherford."

Thank God, Frida was more understanding and compassionate than my conscious mind. She accepted Rutherford unconditionally, and stated clearly her appreciation for all the work he had done on my behalf twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, three hundred sixty-five days a year, year in and year

out. As Frida continued to treat Rutherford with love and respect, and as her ministering words brought him partway out of his shell, I began to settle down and accept him as a valid and real part of myself.

Yet in spite of Frida's light and kindness, Rutherford was badly damaged. His rage toward me was surpassed only by his rage toward God whom he held ultimately responsible for his pain, fear, and shattered state. He became recalcitrant and vindictive. He shared his hellish reality freely with me, sending suicidal thoughts and repeatedly causing sore throats and other ailments to grab my attention.

Over the next year, it became clear that Rutherford was unwilling and unable to relate in a harmonious way with the other members of his inner family of selves, much less with me (the conscious or "outer" self), despite consistent and respectful work with him. During my next session with Frida, she suggested to Rutherford that his healing might be better served by a return to an inner plane where he would be with others like himself and where he would receive needed help. She explained that his need for healing was so pronounced as to prevent him from assuming the normal Basic Self responsibilities of serving the development of the personality.

After gentle but firm persuasion by Frida, Rutherford reluctantly agreed to be removed to an inner plane for healing, to be temporarily replaced by a "Missionary Basic Self"—Frida's term—an advanced Basic Self from an inner plane repository whose capability is suited for emergency situations. Frida performed the replacement: through the aegis of my High Self, the guiding Solar Angel in charge of a person's earthly and spiritual evolution from lifetime to lifetime until one's graduation from the schoolhouse of Earth. She said I could expect to perceive the arrival of the Missionary Basic Self within 24 to 48 hours.

Two days later, I became aware of the presence of an androgynous Basic Self who said "his" name was Gabriel. He located himself just below my heart chakra. Gabriel's presence would harmonize my psyche and stabilize my personality to a much greater degree than I had previously experienced. In fact, I developed a heartfelt friendship with him, and came to appreciate his steady and bright influence. Six months later while doing my spiritual practice, Gabriel said, "It's time for me to leave you now. My work is done." I thanked him from the bottom of my heart and wished him well in his future work. I never saw or heard from him again.

As these changes were transpiring, other equally important developments were taking place. During a session a few months after Rutherford's first appearance, Frida called forth to my Female Basic Self and asked her to state her name and emotional age. I was very moved to hear a little voice say, "My name is Mary and I am four years old."

Mary's emergence from subconsciousness to consciousness marked the beginning of a major phase in my personal and spiritual growth, a phase that would last ten years. As it happened, Mary felt like she was four years old because Rutherford, who had long dominated my psyche and personality, had overshadowed and prevented Mary from growing up and assuming her rightful role in my life.

But with Rutherford's departure, the little four year old would have the psychic space necessary to grow. And grow she would! After two more sessions and much homework between those sessions, Mary matured to the emotional age of nineteen. In another year, Mary would grow to the age of twenty-eight. During this time, she manifested primarily as a compassionate and efficient nurse, assisting my immune system to prevent major infections and generally upgrading my overall physical health and mental outlook.

Mary also helped me descend consciously into the deeper layers of my psyche, into my very roots. She showed me how the Feminine Principle is identified with primordial creative energy. At one point she appeared to me as a dragon, much like the Chinese depiction of the dragon as the vehicle of Quan Yin. Eastern religions regard the dragon as the sign of life, even as life itself, whereas in the West the dragon is seen as a diabolical beast to be opposed and slain. My "bible" during this period was Erich Neumann's *The Great Mother*, a lucid and sympathetic presentation of the divine Feminine Archetype throughout its many expressions in different cultures stemming from prehistoric times. Neumann was one of the pioneers of depth psychology, and I recommend *The Great Mother* for anyone interested in gaining greater insight into the full range of the spirit and forms of the Feminine Principle.

The fact that my body had received the kidney of a female college student also figured prominently in my awakening, especially my emotional awakening, to the importance of the Feminine Principle. Nothing that was happening to me was imaginary or theoretical—it was all very real. Inwardly, my psychic reality consisted of deeply meaningful and often dramatic growth. Outwardly, I identified with feminist political initiatives—something that was previously anathema to me when Rutherford was pulling the strings.

As I mentioned earlier, these developments took place over a ten-year period. A carefully timed plan orchestrated by my High Self was underway. First, the old regime marked by the domination of the Male Self had to go. Next, the Female Self would gain ascendancy—karmically as a counterbalance to the years of Male Self imperative and control, and dharmically because she must embark on a journey of self-discovery and awaken to her own highest purpose.

Frida died in 1987, an expected but nonetheless painful exit after an extended illness. The process of her passing was quite initiatory for the inner circle of women who helped with her care during this period. For Mei-Ling and me, Frida's departure left a significant hollow in our lives. Her death naturally threw me back on my own resources in terms of my inner work.

As part of the above-mentioned carefully timed plan, my transplanted kidney began to fail in early 1990. By December of that year, I had to begin dialysis treatments again after a decade-long hiatus away from the machine. The female student's kidney had served me well, and I thanked the Soul of the young woman for the sacrifice she had made so that I and others who had received her organs might continue to live, grow and prosper.

I used this "down time" to review my health needs and explore my options. I wrote poetry during this period as a creative way to move through the depression associated with kidney failure. Having heard that the University of Pittsburgh Medical Center was sponsoring clinical trials of an effective new immunosuppressive drug for transplant patients, I traveled to Pittsburgh for an evaluation and was placed on their transplant list. A few months later in June 1991, I received a telephone call asking me to fly there at once. "We have a kidney for you, Mr. Jablonski." The voice on the other end of the line was music to my ears.

After the transplant operation, plus ensuing complications that required three additional surgeries, it took the entire summer to recover. The new kidney, a priceless gift from an eight-year-old girl, kept me going through the hell and high water of my hospitalization. Frida had told me ten years earlier, "Moineddin, you have cut a wide swath through your karma." Apparently, I was still "mowing the lawn." In any case, I am happy to say that the kidney continues to function as well as the day I left Pittsburgh. I continue to thank the young girl for her gift of life.

Along with the ascendancy of the Female Self throughout most of the 1980s, my Inner Child also came forth to consciousness. Frida often called the Inner Child the Ungrownup Child. In my Soulwork experience, the Inner Child does have two sides. One side is generally happy, innocent and sunny; the other side is often emotionally arrested at a certain age due to a traumatic event that might range anywhere from physical violence, to sexual abuse, to perceived neglect resulting from the birth of a sibling.

When working with a subconscious self that is wounded—whether that self is the Inner Child, or the Female or Male Basic Self, or the Body Self, or one of the Judge Selves—it is important to guide the self back to the time, place, circumstances and participants in the traumatic event that disrupted the self's integrity. Once these factors have been identified, the work of understanding, forgiveness and healing can begin. The integrity of the self can be restored, the rent in the fabric of the psyche repaired, the personality given a new lease on life.

Most of the problems that exist between one's personality self and one's Inner Child are attributable to nothing more than lack of proper attention. Because the adult world is filled with responsibilities and deadlines, the personality self frequently gives itself the excuse that it is "just too busy" to pay attention

to the needs of the Inner Child. When the personality self gives time and care to the Inner Child, improvements are dramatic and immediate—if the personality self is sincere. All subconscious selves are good at knowing whether the personality self is genuine and sincere in its intentions.

If an Inner Child perceives that the personality self is insincere or unreliable, he or she can retreat into a shell of unhappiness, confusion, and distrust of the personality self and of the adult world in general. In some cases, a mistreated Inner Child will "act out" and sabotage one's relationships, or cause obsessive and inappropriate relationships. A neglected Inner Child can also be at the root of depression.

However, when one's personality self shares "quality time" with the Inner Child on a regular basis, listening to its hopes, wishes and needs, and is willing to engage in playful activities, the Inner Child tends to become a truly happy member of one's inner family of selves. The Inner Child will often leap-frog into new levels of growth, to the surprise and delight of the personality self!

During this time, my Male Self was making increasingly frequent visitations to my psyche. His rehabilitation in the inner plane where he had been sent had apparently been successful. He was now tentatively feeling his way back to a more balanced and caring role in my life, with due respect for Mary, the Female Self, and with affection for the Inner Child whom he regarded as a younger brother.

Recovery from the multiple operations of my Pittsburgh summer was not without intense personal effort. The months spent in a hospital bed had reduced my physical strength to nil. I had to will myself to exercise. I walked my way back to health, adding ten more steps every day to increase my strength. The will to heal was due in large part to the rapport I had established with my Female Self and my Inner Child. They, and I, welcomed the new kidney with open arms, regarding the kidney as a special "self" who had come as a gift and a blessing to assist in the unfoldment of one's being.

PART 2

It is now 1992. I sense that something is coming, but I don't know what it is. There is a feeling of presentiment, unease and reckoning. A new challenge with opportunities for further deepening and growth is being triggered in the lower, and previously inaccessible, strata of my psyche. I am about to make the acquaintance of my Astral Judge Self.

Around this time, a close friend writes that she has begun to do healing work with a man named Harvey Grady of Scottsdale, Arizona. She says that he has discovered the presence of an entity called the Judge Self who inhabits the basement, or more accurately in some cases, the dungeon of the human psyche.

Harvey's research will eventually reveal that the Judge Self has two dimensionalities of operation, one in the Astral Plane where desires, emotions and drama are the norm; the other in the Mental Plane where thought, imagination and reason are exercised. Negative or afflicted Astral Plane activity can result in addictions and delusional glimmers; negative Mental Plane activity spins a web of grandiosity, illusion and attachment to "being right." The higher aspect of the Astral Plane produces symphonic and inspiring chords of universal feeling; the higher aspect of the Mental Plane is where the luminous imagery of the divine ideal is spontaneously conceived. I enter into my spiritual practice with renewed effort. Daily I intone the sound "Hu" in each of my Chakras, starting with the Root Chakra at the base of my spine, and proceeding upward until the Halo Center above the Crown Chakra is reached. I use the musical scale to do this, beginning with the lowest note and concluding with the highest note of the octave. The practice has a cleansing and purifying effect, and allows me to perceive the shadowy energy associated with my lower Chakras clearly and in a nonjudgmental way.

One morning as I am sitting in silence after my practice, I hear a voice speak to me from the area of my Second Chakra: "Everything you hate is me." Hearing this voice for the first time, as I try to "grok" the tragic message it conveys, hits me like an earthquake. "Who are you?" I ask. The voice replies, "My name is Agrippa."

Stunned by a resonance both familiar and alien, I look up the name in the dictionary. Here is the meaning

I find: "Agrippa—Latin. 'born feet first.' The name of a 1st century Roman emperor, the son of Herod." In other words, the name my Astral Judge Self has given indicates that he considers himself to be like the son of the Roman king who ordered a slaughter of all male infants to ensure that the Christ child, whom he feared as a threat to his rule, would also be killed. In addition, 'born feet first' suggests a generally resistant, rebellious and oppositional nature.

All of these negative qualities are initially borne out as I begin to work with Agrippa. I am familiar with hard and arduous personal effort, but work with this seemingly intractable being who knows no other home than the gross vibrations of the lower Astral Plane, is very difficult indeed. Agrippa is angry, fearful, resentful, distrustful, and unable to give or receive love. The power of his fear is immense. Yet as I consistently give him respectful attention and assure him that I accept him as a creative and vital part of myself, he begins to melt like wax. His level of fear diminishes dramatically. As Agrippa and I become conversant—not so much in the verbal realm as in a mutual interchange of feelings—I notice that my ability to extend consciousness deep into my pelvic bowl increases.

Agrippa is proving to be an ally in my journey of personal and spiritual discovery. He seems to have an innate capacity to connect with the golden light of the High Self. As he gains confidence in linking the fields of feeling and light, he is guided to empathetically impart his feelings of well-being to the rest of my psyche. Agrippa begins to experience joy as he returns to the spiritual path; he feels blessed with an ancient memory of freedom as he consciously aligns with the Spirit of Guidance. Now, however, it is freedom balanced by a sense of responsibility.

In a few months, Agrippa will, upon request, share these transformative feelings with the Astral Judge Selves of mureeds who come to me for Soulwork counseling. These feelings are shared less through conversation than silently through a powerfully focused intention and resonance—in short, through an industrial-strength attunement. In this process of attunement, tides of deep emotion are mediated back and forth until an equilibrium of mutual understanding is attained.

We cannot underestimate the importance of accepting and befriending our Judge Selves. This is how Judge Selves awaken, learn and grow. This is how they release their impressions of hell worlds created by fear, pain, anger, confusion and despair. This is how Judge Selves move beyond feelings of shame, blame and unworthiness to find refuge and healing. This is how Judge Selves rediscover their Souls.

My work with Agrippa will last six years. When I undertake similar efforts with my Mental Judge Self in 1998, I begin to see a pattern emerge. The pattern is one of coherent, planned unfoldment. Earlier I mentioned that a "carefully timed plan orchestrated by my High Self" was underway. I now begin to fathom the spiritual intelligence working behind the scenes to effect these evolutionary changes in sequential stages.

Shortly after my work with Agrippa began in 1992, my Mental Judge Self came forth and announced his name as Bernard. Bernard, however, seemed content to let me devote the lion's share of my time to Agrippa. Thus, while I included Bernard regularly in my Soulwork practice, my ongoing primary attention was given to Agrippa.

But there were occasional exceptions. From time to time, physical health problems would come up that had to be dealt with. I went through a year-long period when my blood pressure could no longer be controlled by the medication I had been taking. It took months of appointments with my doctor to find a new combination of medications that would control my hypertension. Naturally, I had to pay attention to my body's needs.

Consequently, my Body Self also emerged to consciousness. As I write, I have an image of a crocus flower popping up through the snow. Yet, unlike a flower, the name my Body Self gives at the time is Peter, which means "rock." This has significant meaning for me. It tells that Peter, my Body Self, will be slow to change, much like my Capricorn nature. Capricorn, which means "goat horn," also suggests a kind of rocklike hardheadedness and rigidity.

Yet I am taking seriously, in the present moment, the image of the crocus flower. My impression is that fragility and vulnerability can contain great strength. This can be an important lesson for Peter. Murshid Samuel Lewis says in his epic poem Saladin, "A tiny sprig, gathering dust, can split a precipice."

The crocus pushing through the snow becomes a symbol of breath-essence renewing and transforming the physical body. In his 40 Lessons on Breath, Murshid Sam states, "When breath is in the body, life is in the body; and when breath is not in the body, life is not in the body."

Peter has struggled to survive again and again during this lifetime. Many times when the light seemed about to go out, he rallied and came back. I sometimes refer to him as a "veteran of many campaigns." Peter has been, and continues to be, one of my greatest teachers. My work with him is constant, because my health concerns are constant. Twenty years of prednisone and other medications has resulted in extremely thin skin and fragile tissue. Any little knock or bump can cause bruising or laceration. Peter has had to learn to develop an almost extrasensory awareness of where physical objects are located, especially objects like coffee tables that have sharp corners.

Obviously, Peter has experienced a great deal of help from the transplanted kidney he received in 1991 from the 8 year old girl. It took him a while to get used to the idea of accommodating the new organ. When I explained to him that without it he would be forced to return to a lackluster life on dialysis, Peter was quite happy to accept the kidney.

One morning several years ago as I was doing my Soulwork practice, I was moved to thank my new kidney for restoring me, and Peter, to a normal life. In gratitude, I christened the kidney with the name Hilal, which is Arabic for "new moon." Not only is the kidney crescent -shaped, the name itself resonates with a sense of renewal and growth in the light. Hilal is a God-send.

During these developments with Agrippa, Bernard, Peter and Hilal, my Male Self returned as a full-time member to my inner family of selves, who collectively welcomed his long-awaited homecoming. He says his name is Christopher, which means Christ-bearer. He no longer feels like Rutherford, nor does he carry any scars from that former incarnation. His healing in the inner plane where he was sent seems to have been accomplished.

Although Christopher's emotional maturity can range freely all the way from being a playful lad to being a wise elder, depending upon the circumstances, he prefers to manifest primarily as a teenage youth. All the positives and negatives of adolescence are present in Christopher's being, but the main element he now contributes to my personality is his zest for everyday life and work. When called upon, he is quite willing to become the Christ-bearer signified by his name. This is how Christopher renders divine service.

Another change that occurred in the 1990s was that Mary, my Female Self, changed her name to Mariam. It is interesting to note that the names of my inner selves relate in some way to the life of Christ. These names identify the inner selves who constitute the foundations of one's personality and spirit. Many people I work with have psychic structures that contain names similarly grouped around a central theme. Some names draw from various cultural and spiritual traditions, others are seemingly ordinary and conventional, while yet others are otherworldly or fantastical. Each name is unique, even magical, in that it carries the vibrational signature, and something of the inner secret, of the self it identifies.

The High Self oversees the implementation of the divine plan for each person, and for each inner self within each person, initiating psychic and spiritual development in carefully sequenced states and stages. At times, we are touched by grace and given glimpses of our essential oneness with the universe. Not a single one of these peak experiences is random. Each is exquisitely choreographed into a design that serves universal compassion and purpose.

No less compassionate and purposeful are the times marked by personal challenge, trial and pain. The phrase, "You get right down to the real nitty-gritty," is quite apt. Each inner self is required to balance its karmic accounts. When a self has sufficiently cleansed and cleared its slate, and attained a certain

level of competence and balance, the scene shifts and another self becomes the principal focus of one's inner work. During these periods of transition, the outer personality self often undergoes adjustments that are confusing and difficult. It is important at such times to call upon the guidance of the High Self to be assured of the focus and direction of one's work.

When my work with Agrippa concluded in 1998, Bernard, my Mental Judge Self, came forth with unanticipated acrimony. I had assumed that Bernard was a fair-minded and compatible member of my inner family of selves. But Bernard, the "inner critic," had other ideas. Now that Agrippa had been placed on the back burner, Bernard would be pleased to take over and run things his way. "Be reasonable—do it my way." was his motto.

According to Harvey Grady, who pioneered the work with the Judge Selves, "The Mental Judge Self is normally in hiding, extremely alert and sensing, in the distance, for possible threat. This situation occurs because the Mental Judge Self lives in a state of self-imposed isolation, seeking to preserve its own existence. The average person is as yet unaware that he or she contains a Mental Judge Self. In that state of ignorance, the Mental Judge Self has established a position of power. As part of the human shadow, it prefers to remain in hiding because there it can manipulate, sabotage and control much of the action of the personality with impunity. "

The Mental Judge Self's great fear is loss of control. Control equals survival. It is a consummate trickster and will do anything to stay in control. Impersonating the High Self or even God is one of the tricks up its sleeve. Thriving on reactivity, the Mental Judge Self is highly skilled at causing mental and emotional agitation. It knows how to instill confusion and pain, often resorting to cruelty and sarcasm as part of its modus operandi. These behaviors are directed not only toward other human beings but to one's inner family of selves as well. Reinforcing low self-esteem is a favorite pastime of the Mental Judge Self. It will zero in on, and aggravate, any and all weaknesses. It regards the personality self as a lesser being of little or no consequence.

Given this background, how does one proceed to work creatively with the Mental Judge Self? One very productive way is to turn the tables on the Mental Judge Self. Its expectation is that no one will choose to accept and befriend it. It cannot conceive of that possibility because being friendless is normal. To befriend Bernard, who carried these attitudes and saw me as an insignificant pawn in his game, was not going to be easy. First I tried to extend heartfelt love to him. He didn't buy it. That's strange, I thought to myself, Agrippa responded quite well to love. "Well, I ain't Agrippa," Bernard fired back, "you'd better try something else."

Every step of the way, Bernard set up stumbling blocks. This turned out to be a good thing. It forced me to appreciate the subtle dynamics of the lower mental plane. I couldn't hatch secret plots to mollify and redeem Bernard; he was telepathic and knew my thoughts immediately. So I decided to ask the High Self for help. The High Self suggested simple acceptance and listening as a basis for working. Ask what Bernard's needs are. Negotiate agreements based on those needs, with the understanding that cruel attitudes and harmful behaviors are no longer acceptable. Encourage Bernard to open up to the Golden Light of Grace.

This proved to be wise advice. What Bernard really needed was to be respected as a self and valued for his work. Once I could respect and value him, he in his turn could respect and value me, thus transforming a duel into a duet, as a poet once said. I proposed that he expend less energy being an exacting taskmaster and put more energy into serving the divine mind which is discriminating yet inclusive and compassionate too. As Bernard made the shift to more harmonious interaction, I began to notice a shift in my own manner. Our mutual suspicion grew into mutual appreciation.

Instead of inducing avoidance, Bernard now actively encourage me to engage in daily spiritual practice. He was experiencing firsthand the benefits of softening and surrender as stepping-stones to radiant freedom and goodwill.

Bernard also gained insight into divine purpose: each self in its turn is given opportunity to consciously

move Toward the One, to become liberated into the larger universe of its sponsoring Soul, to become one with the Only Being.

It is now January 2000. My work with Bernard remains the current focus of my Soulwork practice. I am pleased to note that for the first time in years, Bernard did not generate a spell of mid-winter depression. I kept waiting for it to happen, anticipating the month-long period when the bottom would fall out and I would descend to face my inner discord and darkness. Instead, I witnessed an inordinate upsurge of personal crisis and conflict in the lives of others. My own relative stability this winter has allowed me to assist a number of persons with their problems instead of focusing on my own.

My inner family of selves join me in thanking Bernard for his steady growth and harmonious support. We congratulate him for his progress. No longer insistent on being isolated and devilish, he is choosing a path of regeneration and connection.

The Gospel of St. John states, "And the light shone in the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." This was true in the Piscean Age. Now we are moving into the Aquarian Age. What is true now is that our darkest shadows are beginning to comprehend the light.

This is the work before us.

EPILOGUE

We now return to our original theme: Uniting the one to the One. Each inner subconscious self is given opportunity to become conscious. As each inner self becomes conscious it is encouraged to release and heal old hurts, and to accept and respect the other members of its inner family. The inner selves are invited to connect with each other, and with the guiding light of the High Self. This is the basic pattern of psychic and spiritual evolution according to the Soulwork model.

It is a process of continual mergence with states, and emergence into stages, of expanded awareness and spiritual consciousness. All the mystical traditions of the world teach: Return to the Source. In the Source we find the Compassionate Love that illuminates every Heart. In the Source we discover the Morning Star of every Soul.

Sir Edwin Arnold's poem "The Light of Asia" concludes with this description of the Buddha's enlightenment: "The dew-drop slips into the Shining Sea."

The one unites with the One.

A further realization comes when the "Shining Sea slips into the dew-drop." Thus is born the spirit Of Rasul, the Sufi Ideal.

A note, and references:

The phrase "the Shining Sea slips into the dew-drop" was a spontaneous remark shared by the late Joe Miller, pal of Murshid Samuel Lewis, friend of the Sufi Community, bodhisattva.

A Little Book on the Human Shadow. by Robert Bly, Harper and Row.

Explorations in Creative Consciousness, by Harvey Grady, www.sedonaspirt.com

Soul Without Shame: A Guide to Liberating Yourself from the Judge Within, by Byron Brown, Shambala Publications.

Why Me?, by Frida Waterhouse, privately published.