

CHAPTER EIGHT: SCHOOLHOUSE DAYS ---AND LIFE MOVES EVER ONWARD!

Doing and juggling; A “special” girl; Amazing testing (again!); Trials and an accident; Advice from the latihan; Am I now to lose my children? Horror! A rare experience of surrender; Quiet times and quieter times; My father again; A Reminder of the Love of God.

The years I lived at the Schoolhouse were to see many changes in my life. Some were to be as unexpected as any that had happened ever before to me. My personality was continually forced to grow in necessary but difficult ways as I the “drifter”, the non-initiator, was forced to DO, to get things done, to be more involved in the world; to be organised and planned in detail. I had so much going on: my job, running a house, looking after two children for half the week, a new relationship and “family” so that I felt like a juggler with a number of balls in the air--- blink and I could easily drop one. It took a lot out of me but I seemed to need them all. I had depressing times of loneliness (when my children were on holiday, e.g. or I had evenings and whole days completely on my own). Although I needed a fair bit of Solitude in my days, I soon learnt that I did not want a life of complete aloneness. I could enjoy all day completely on my own but I did then want a sociable evening: a good laugh in front of the T.V. would do. I also enjoyed company and doing the ordinary things of life: shopping or taking trips out. My new partner was a good companion and we were to take holidays over the next few years all over the world: Switzerland, Greece, Portugal, Austria, Spain...I saw more of the world in this time than I had ever done previously. At the beginning of my Schoolhouse life I would never have believed all this to have been possible as I struggled to pay bills, child maintenance (even though they were with me for half the week), furnish the house etc. And, yes, life still had a few surprises for me at this time.

A Prediction Fulfilled

First, my wife had had the baby girl I had predicted and I soon discovered how she was “special”. She was, in fact, disabled. Apparently, the “amniotic fibres” had entangled her limbs while she was in the womb and this had meant her leg and fingers had not formed properly. She was to undergo some operations to minimise the disfigurement and, eventually, she was to require an artificial leg. She was to be a charming girl, however, with a fine, strong and special singing voice. She was to be much-loved and my daughter was to become especially close to her. I saw her a lot at first and always felt a strange closeness to her so that

when my wife asked me to “promise” to look after her in the event of “anything happening” to the rest of the family, I was more than happy to oblige. I now see this as something of a delightful irony and a bit of a surprising “compliment” from my separated wife! There were many times, too, when I was part of a large audience enjoying her singing in places like churches and cathedrals! I have recently asked her to sing “Amazing Grace” at my funeral and I am so pleased that she has agreed.

Amazing Testing

I had not been at the Schoolhouse more than a winter when I grew uneasy about my work, which led to some amazing testing. I had begun to feel a little dissatisfied and wondered if I should be doing more at school or being different there, in some way, from how I was presently being. The testing- again with my neighbour- could not have been clearer: I should “act as if I was Head of the place”! I just could not see how this could be at all right: if I were Head of a school, the last thing I would want would be a Deputy Head who acted as if he were Head. It would seem to be overstepping the mark, to say the least. Perplexed, I did nothing about it. Then two weeks later, my Head came to me and said he had been “seconded” for a term! This meant he would be out of school doing some research, which would take him into a number of schools and working closely with the “Cambridge Institute Of Education”. Then he asked whether I would be prepared to stand in for him as ACTING HEAD for the term he was absent! Now the testing made sense! And I had a very successful term as acting head and this was to stand me in good stead for further developments in my career later- again, without my planning or even intending it! It was a real sense of achievement to begin that Christmas holidays with a term of meetings with various adults and a generally successful school term behind me.

Alas, my new relationship then went through a difficult patch as my partner must have felt more out on a limb than ever. Being Head was extremely demanding and time-consuming and I was still keeping my times going with my children. She helped me often, sometimes being at the house for my children when I had an unavoidable late night meeting but, I think, she also felt rather isolated from me. There was one point when I thought the relationship might end when things came to a head one night when I had a horrible dream in which I saw my lady-friend’s face coming at me, horribly distorted, over and over again as if it were attacking me! I never said anything to her about this but, for some mysterious reason, all difficulty vanished the next day and she was much kinder and more relaxed from then on! I tested at this time: “How would

it be for me to live at my partner's full time?" and received it would give me a feeling of strength for a time but then a feeling of coming to a dead end. I then asked: "How would it be for me to live full time here?" This time I felt like a lost, wailing cat! Then: "How would it be for me to live half here and half at my friend's?" That seemed very, very busy, giving me a feeling of illness, of dizziness and sickness. None of these seemed to be at all good and I could not see any alternative. Surely not another grin and bear it, struggling, unpleasant time?! This whole period seemed an altogether shaky one for me: the iron had "blown up" for some unknown reason and I suffered a tummy virus and then, later, a pollen allergy for the first time in my life. I still remember one particularly awful night when I awoke in the middle of the night covered in calor gas damp, feeling too ill to want to move and too cold not to; in the end I had to get up to renew the hot water bottles and was promptly sick down the sink! I began to feel at one point as if there was some malevolent force at work in the world directed solely at me!

More Trials

So much was going wrong materially at this time. I came home from work one day to see that my logs had been delivered all over the front drive, blocking access to my garage and part of the school so I had to immediately wheelbarrow them round to the back garden where they should have been put and then... I noticed they were the wrong size! I had to chop up every single one before I could use them on my little fire! I still had those "tatty" times when I felt old and haggard, tired and overburdened by life and when I had difficult times like these I would feel it all again. The lawnmower also packed up and because I could not afford a new one at the time I remember I cut the long-grassed lawn (about 12 feet by 20!) in stages with the shears! Then, as has proved often to be the case in my Subud life, the outer intervened in a completely unexpected-and at the time unwanted-way: I had a car accident. I hit some black ice and hit a telegraph pole before landing in the ditch. Mercifully, I was completely unhurt but it took months for my car to be repaired. During that time, a friend gave me a lift into school each day but otherwise I was stranded at the Schoolhouse- no travelling over to my lady-friends now! The only times we saw each other now was when she could get over to see me and, of course, there was now no pressure on me to be more at hers and less at mine. This had previously been a problem, so the accident had solved that one (unconscious motivation, huh?!). The effect of this was to give me a lot more time: I caught up on jobs, enjoyed lots of walks and times on my own, had periods of loneliness but also many visits from

people I could no longer visit! This time proved to be something of a tonic, a holiday, in fact, from a very busy life!

Specific Advice From The Latihan

Meanwhile my latihan were continuing as loud and noisily dramatic as ever---perhaps more so. They were not to everyone's taste! A middle-aged couple joined us at this time, coming to Subud from a "White Eagle" meditation group. Although they knew that the latihan was not going to be a peaceful, meditative experience necessarily, the noise and ugliness of the latihan, especially mine, was unpalatable to them so they rather quickly left! They asked me about my noisy experience and wondered why it should be like that. They seemed impressed when I explained that the latihan was actually getting me through the worst period of my life and because of it I had survived an awful relationship breakdown with no nervous or physical breakdown, hardly a day off work, only one sleeping pill and no other medication and that during that time I had got a new home together for myself and my children and, in fact, I had taken on extra responsibilities at work during this period also. True, I was still up against it but I was surviving. Alas, I still did not see them again...

I visited Anugraha again around this time and received some much-needed encouragement from my latihan and testing there. The building work was now more or less finished and I have to say the conversion job was beautifully done. It was a real pleasure to be there. I had a pretty little bedroom to myself and it was something of a holiday for me just to sit in it with all my material needs taken care of---no worry about the cold, the cleaning, the shopping etc. for me here! I felt I was in the lap of luxury for a week and amongst friends, concentrating on only one thing for once: Subud. I felt energised and refreshed, physically and psychologically. To crown it all my latihan gave me a different perspective on things- a much more positive one: "You should stand up straight. Look the world in the eyes because you have had worldly success. You have 15 years of marriage and 11 years of fatherhood behind you. You have **BY YOURSELF** achieved a professional qualification and success in your job (even as acting head recently); you have coped and survived a heart-rending separation and divorce; set up a new home; looked after two children..." I felt good about myself---and it was a long time since I could say I had felt anything near to that. But then the next bit surprised me even more: "You should recognise this but so should the world! Let them see it in the way you dress and the way you live now! You need to continue as a strong, masculine person showing that you can cope with

life's problems." This all came as a flood of thoughts and feelings in the latihan and I could hardly wait to get off on my own and write them all down! I would read them every day until I knew I was living them by having more self-respect and confidence in the world. It was from then on that I was able to buy new clothes that "fitted" and I paid more attention to my appearance, particularly at work and in the more formal social situations of my life. I also felt strongly in this latihan that I had a particularly bad fault of often not attending properly to people when I was in conversation with them: I would tend, for example, to look beyond the person I was talking to for "someone more interesting" to come along for me to talk to! How awful! How belittling and rude! What I had to do now was to attend more fully to the person in front of me (of course!) And more than this I was to try to get to the "raw person" underneath the appearance and particularly so when I found the appearance "off-putting". This seemed delightfully paradoxical in a way: I was to attend to my own appearance more but I was also to look beyond that in other people! Yes, of course it made sense: I was often bored by superficial relationships so I needed to get below that for myself but there was no denying that appearance was important in this world! I also learnt at Anugraha on this visit that Subud was still only a small part of my life: I had now to work to bring the latihan more and more into the details of my ordinary life.

I was not sure how to do this then but I knew that more than two or three latihan a week were required of me. I would look again at my notes from the World Congress on the "Latihan and Daily Life" workshop. I would begin by having more pauses in my day: times when I would sit, as before a latihan, with no particularly wilful thoughts and just see what "came up". As so often happens to me, an outer crisis was the means to drive me desperately "inwards" and this was once again to teach me far more than any of my intentions for change! It was three years since my wife had moved out...

My Greatest Fear Becomes A Reality: Saved By Surrender

When I arrived home from Anugraha a bombshell was waiting for me. True enough, my wife had now decided to move away to another part of the country! I heard this again through my children telling me when they first came to stay with me on my return. Their mum had applied for jobs in various parts of the country: near Wales, Kent and Yorkshire. My worst fears had come true; and very quickly all the benefits of my being at Anugraha scattered in the stormy winds of strong feelings that this news caused. Again, I was in a panic and as low as I imagine I could get.

The promise not to move the children away from me was now obviously forgotten. I really did not think I was going to be able to cope with this. I immediately turned to the latihan for guidance and, hopefully, help: testing simply said I should not support her in this wish to move and that I should “stand strong and look BEYOND it!” I had no idea how to do this. The overriding feeling I had was of the power my wife still had over me. She could move those children away and devastate me! Worse, the latihan left me feeling totally unable to influence her at all: once again I felt the victim of events over which I had absolutely no control. My pain, the children’s pain, was not strong enough to stand up against their mother’s wishes. I spent an afternoon trying to “reason” with her- all to no avail. The talking soon became heated: “I have spent all my life doing what other people want,” she screamed, “I am going to do what I want now. Yes, there were disadvantages for the children but they would be leaving her in a few years time so she could not live her life for them now. You have already distanced yourself from them,” she said to me, “and soon you will distance yourself completely from them!” I was staggered by this. I was still having the children to stay as much as ever. True, I had been away at Anugraha for a week but my wife had several times taken the children away- for three weeks at one point! I simply could not believe she was being fair here. “You have always been selfish,” she continued, “You only played with the children when you wanted to!” Clearly, I was no longer the “good father” of former days! I found this extremely hurtful and so unfair. The conversation plummeted into one accusation after another. So many people had warned that relationship breakdowns “more than likely” lead to bitterness and irrationality. This was clearly the point where ours did!

I tested again about it all. With my son I had to try to be “manly” and show him a “strong, upright example”; with my daughter there was to be a deep sharing of the suffering we both felt and through doing this we would be brought closer together and somehow the suffering could be “spiritualised”. For myself, I should allow myself to shed floods of tears and not try to inhibit them. Rather, I should try to go through the bitterest pain and cry every ounce of it “out of my system”. Only by doing this would the agony eventually “empty itself out” and I would survive. I then felt I should try to see myself as “an American Indian going off on his own to prepare for an important event in his life” (I believe this is called making a “lamentation”-aptly named, I think!). I felt I had to withdraw completely “for a time”. I wondered if this inevitably meant a nervous breakdown was finally coming? It was at this point that my son spoke to me again of his dislike of his “stepfather” and his hurt and dislike at the idea of moving away, so I tested about this also and received a surprising

receiving: I should again speak to his mum but this time I was to go there prepared to be “aggressive” with the “two of them”! This I did. I walked into my old home feeling upright and extremely tense. Almost immediately my wife started talking again about “her needs” whereupon I butted in with: “I am sick of hearing about your needs. Let’s think about the children.” At this point, my wife’s partner spoke and pointed an accusing finger at me---that was like a red rag to a bull. “The only good thing for the children,” he said “was what was good for their mother”. I was scandalised by this and immediately gave him a firm “piece of my mind” (much to my son’s cheering delight) and he said not one word more. The effect on my son bewildered me: his pleasure at my shouting at his step-father was too extreme. It was only years later when I had the full story that it made any sort of sense. Anyway, for once I felt I had dominated the conversation with the two of them and I came away feeling some important things had at last been clearly said. It did absolutely nothing to change their minds, however. Something far more significant than strong talking was needed.

Things looked increasingly desperate for me when my wife was interviewed for a job in Yorkshire (about 250 miles away!). She got through the first day’s interview so that she, and ONE other, was to have a second interview the next day. She was confident she was going to get the job and on the strength of this she had already put down an offer on a remote farmhouse, which she was intending to “renovate” (much to the children’s disgust!) That night I was in alternate panic and despair. Then, after tiring of the almost unbearable emotional storms, suddenly there was a shift in my emotions from panic and utter despair to what I can only describe as a “state of surrender”. Suddenly, there was relief as I felt the matter had now been taken up by God! This meant that I could no longer blame my wife for whatever was to happen: it was God I would have to blame because whatever happened now was His doing. This did not seem to be rational but nonetheless I was utterly convinced of it! God was now involved with my children, me and, of course, my wife, in a more intimate way than before. This completely calmed my feelings so that I went to bed on what was one of the most worrying nights of my life and slept more soundly than for ages! The next morning I woke up inexplicably convinced that she had not got the job! This conviction stayed with me all day so that when my friend came round that evening, I had a celebratory glass of whisky in my hand. “What are you looking so happy about?” she asked as soon as she came in and saw me. “She has not got that job!” I replied. “Oh, has she rung already?”(my wife had promised to phone me as soon as she knew whether she had been successful or not). “Oh, no!” I replied, “I KNOW she hasn’t got it!”

As it was my wife did not phone me that night or any night. It did not bother me. I never faltered from my conviction that she was not going to be moving off to Yorkshire and thereby severely limiting my contact with my children. Three or four nights later the children just happened to mention that they were not now going to be moving because “mum had not got that job”. By then it was all so low-key that it was almost said as an aside! Who would have believed it?!

I was to look on this incident as one of the few times when I somehow managed to experience a true surrender in my life. As is so often true with me I had to be brought to a point of real desperation for it to happen. I think I was brought, through extreme emotional pain, to a point where there was no “me” left in the situation! I know that is an odd thing to say but it is exactly how I felt. The “me” was simply exhausted, totally defeated, and that it seems brought another “force” into play and that “force” was definitely of a “higher” order. It was one that was greater than anyone’s self will! It was unmistakable because it immediately took away all those previous emotions and I was left with a complete conviction that the situation had now been taken up by God and whatever happened now was completely and utterly His doing. I think, too, it was a bit of a miracle that at a time when I felt most bitter towards my wife for wanting to separate the children from me in this way, I was to feel now that SHE could not any longer be blamed! The blame surprisingly was now all God’s! I could not argue with Him, could I?!

Actually, my wife was still to move but that was only to be to the next village about 10 minutes drive away. And that was to be where she, and my children, were to stay! My ex-wife is still there today, although both the children are grown up and moved away now. I remember that moving day well, too. It had been arranged awhile in advance but when it came the weather was so bad that the children told me that it was all going to be postponed. However, I sat quietly that morning and felt extremely depressed; suddenly isolated. I felt, for sure, this was because they WERE moving! Then, after a little while, I suddenly became very peaceful and even content. It felt as if there was an absence all around me and that meant that this village, where we had both lived, now became, more fully than before, MY home. I did actually feel stronger, somehow more “me”, as well as happier and more content, for their going! After this, life did settle into a new and easier routine: I would collect and deliver the children at pre-arranged times and my wife and I became more civil to each other again.

The value of “Quiet”- Again!

There were more “Quiet Times” at the Schoolhouse for me now as the initial period of my moving in and coping with one problem after another subsided. I was able to get more times for latihan also and I remember suddenly realising one day that I had allowed my solitary latihans to go by the board because of my being so busy. When I began my first solitary latihan after this break, it felt as if I was meeting a long lost old friend again! I could not believe I had let my outer life take control like this--- especially when I had only recently been warned that I needed to make more space for Subud in my life! And I knew full well how important this house was for my inner life too. Not for the first time, I had failed and I have to say it was to happen again, more often than I really want to admit.

My Quiet times were to bring me some helpful feelings and not just for myself. I remember two occasions concerning my wife, for example. Both were warnings! First, I felt she was arranging something for the weekend that she should not go through with. She was naturally very annoyed to hear this but she did agree she was arranging “something special”--- and, surprise, surprise---she said she would cancel it, “reluctantly”! The second was more alarming. I was convinced that she was “about to do something that was putting her life in danger!” She could not think of any such thing but agreed to be careful. Well, two days later she was overtaking a lorry on the motorway and had a front tyre “blow out”! Fortunately, she had her wits about her and was “unhurt”. It is easy to think the two were connected but ...Certainly, it is the only time she had a tyre blow like this AND she was being more careful generally at this time because of the “warning”!

I Learn More About My Father In A Surprising Inner Way

There were also times when I felt sure that my father was present with me and again this was particularly at those many difficult times. One of the most interesting for me, though, was on a lovely summer’s day when I was sitting completely alone in my overgrown back garden. Although, the tennis courts were next to me, people came and went completely unaware of my presence beside the blackberry bushes! This was a time when life was good: I was happy on my own and doing nothing in particular. Gradually, the bird song and the warmth led me into a slightly withdrawn state and that is when I felt the presence of my father again. All of a sudden, I had this image of a young man, in shirt sleeves, standing in front of me, smiling. Suddenly, I realised: “It’s my father!” This time I again learnt more about him: I learnt that he was feeling guilty

for the tragedy that led to his leaving me when he did! He was feeling his death could have been avoided- and I suppose it could have because it was the result of a group of his friends fooling about at an old sand pit (there were lots of these where we lived at the time). One of them had thrown his wife's shoe across a little stretch of water (about 15 feet or so across, I think) and my father, being the only one who could swim, had volunteered to swim over and retrieve the shoe. When he was just out of reach, he got into trouble and apparently the sand had dragged him down and he drowned. How awful! I actually felt at one point as if I was standing at the water's edge, making the decision to jump in. I could so easily have made the opposite decision, which would have completely altered the course of all of our lives. What a responsibility it suddenly seemed. It felt as if so many lives turned completely on these few moments! I had not realised before, however, that my father was still blaming himself for misjudging the water and taking such a stupid risk. I felt he had a real sense of shame about all this; a sense in fact of irresponsibility. I felt, also, that he was letting me know that he was sorry for leaving me in such a needless way. It did also seem that he was, none the less, doing his best to help me now and was probably helping me more now than he could have done if he was still "alive" in the more usual sense. Well, that was something of a comfort and I could see a number of times in my recent life when it seemed to be absolutely true. As a result of this I felt I knew my father a little better again and I also felt he was becoming more "real" and certainly more "human" to me.

My father also had some advice for me: "Son, I am bringing higher influences to bear in your life. Your inner discontents are well known to us: they are both a help and a barrier to the development you seek. You must live your life for its own sake; don't deny the experiences it brings you in your search for the "other-worldly". Rather seek to ADD to the NORMAL experiences of life. This is the best kind of spiritual life; it brings a MORENESS...Accept this life more completely: it is worthwhile in itself. Spirituality can begin through ACCEPTANCE. Begin each day with complete acceptance of what is spread out before you in your day...Get as much out of your life as you can: LIVE!" Yes, all this made sense to me: I was in danger of wanting too much "withdrawal" and less of the "ordinary". As it was, of course, life was making sure I got plenty of the "ordinary" but I have to say mostly I did not want it. For some reason I had got the idea that the spiritual life was a withdrawn one i.e. a life apart from worldly active as possible, in some kind of monastic way. I was to encounter this in myself over and over and not only was my father warning against it for me but so was Subud- and that more than once. As it was, such a physically inactive life was never

to be an option for me. Sure, my life was not so stressed at this time but with a demanding profession and part time parenting and step-parenting it was anything but “withdrawn”! Perhaps the wish in me to withdraw was not a helpful one to have?! Anyway, I took the advice to heart and felt more accepting of all the “jobs” and demands of my life, which so easily annoyed me. Finally, there came a time when my father seemed to be withdrawing from me at least for awhile. I felt that something had been “achieved” and that he was now going to be less needed in my life. It was as if we were now going to be more independent of each other- at least for awhile. It was as if he was now going off to attend to other things! I had no idea what they might be. I felt though that he would still be around in times of real need but I hoped now that I would not see any of them for awhile at least!

Morning Solitude And Afternoon Quiet

I began to enjoy my times of Solitude and I felt I got so much from them. Morning Solitude often gave me inspiration for my day, so it became a necessity for me to get time on my own first thing in the day EVERY day. Sometimes I got ideas for things to do with my children at school; sometimes how to handle difficult adults there. Sometimes I received reassurance or a reminder of things received before. “The link of love will always remain with your children,” for example, “and it is important that you listen carefully to them and keep the “channel” between you open. THEY do not reject you as their mother does. It is important, too, that you are a VOICE between them and their mother” This was to be so true. How often I was later to have to talk to their mother about things that the children felt she would not listen to! I was also reminded often and very clearly of just how different my wife and I were. We were not so much as selfish as different in our values, activities, needs etc. My wife wanted “out of the houseness”, worldly change and excitement and had a huge dose of professional ambition. Even her choice of friends was so different from mine. I felt hers were self-centred materialists; she felt mine were odd and boring! I wished for more quiet domesticity, going for walks, conversations about books, listening to music, family games--- all boring to her! I was reminded, too, that she still carried a great deal of bitterness, anger and even hate towards me at times even now, some three years after our separation!

Sometimes my Quiet Times brought one off experiences that seemed full of meaning but were also sometimes quite puzzling. This was more often true of my late afternoon times. I had by now discovered that my best days included two Quiet Times: early morning (for inspiration, energy

and even enthusiasm) and late afternoon (for relaxation, refreshment and a feeling of inner wholeness). For example, one afternoon I sat completely alone, after a lonely rather depressed day, and suddenly my feelings were raised by the exuberant song of a solitary blackbird on the school roof outside. The fact that it was singing so strongly, powerfully and so completely alone, seemed to be infectious: it is possible to be happy on one's own, I thought! Then I looked around me and I found myself appreciating the quiet tidiness of my room- I had always liked those afternoon moments when the jobs of the day were complete and I could relax for awhile. Then...suddenly there was a quiet, dignified presence in the room! The presence, I thought, of a religious. I could not see his face; all I could "see" was a brown "monkish" robe and sandals on his feet! He seemed to be praying and, in some unfathomable way, supporting me. I felt such a benevolence coming from the man; a real kindness. I spoke to him but it was as if he was not there to talk to me but to remind me of God's Love! I felt a strong attraction to his life: I wished I could always feel so sure of God's Love as he did. I thought then that I would probably only feel it while he was with me. Nonetheless I felt more and more grateful for his presence and this reminder that he brought me. Then just as quietly as he came he went, leaving me with a happy feeling of God's presence which stayed with me for a couple of hours or so and left me thankful but also somewhat puzzled! I thought his name began "Padr..!"

Although my life was easier now it was by no means easy. I seemed to always have far too much to do or to be far too much on the move: going to pick up the children, or returning them to their mother's or, if not that then I would be coming or going to my lady- friend's or chasing round to buy essential supplies: food, paraffin, calor gas etc. With the car repaired, there was no excuse now! It was sometimes very difficult to get the time on my own that I needed but I began to learn that if I did not do that then I would plunge into negative feelings again- of depression, unfulfilment and even loneliness whilst surrounded by people. It was made very difficult for me by the fact that the people around me usually did not understand this part of my nature and, unfortunately, I tended over and over again STILL to try to hide it or be secretive about it. Even now it was to be YEARS and more hardship before I was to get near to sorting this out...As it was I tried to do everything and I tried to be everything to everyone: and this, unsurprisingly was to prove a recipe for near disaster! But all that was still to come. For the moment I tried to keep everything going and what happened was I had both relaxed, happy and inwardly strong times AND too many times of physical tiredness and emotional negativity. When the latter got too bad I would somehow find my way

back to the Inner, either through times of solitary Quiet or latihan. Both would unfailingly pick me up and give me the wherewithal to carry on. Not only this, but it seemed that the Inner life was also about increasing the challenges and the growth and so often in the most unexpected ways. That was AGAIN to happen to me... This time I was to receive some warnings and understanding in the most unlikeliest of places...