

## Too Busy!

Meanwhile my home life was to become very busy and demanding. Our new home needed furnishing, painting and decorating and this took care of just about every holiday I had! Each weekend I went over to see my “wife”. I helped her out financially and found myself helping her with jobs, like lawn mowing etc. Generally, the relationship was quite amenable and for a long time my “wife” felt that I was the only person helping her in any way at all. A lot of the people telling her to give me the angry rejection and the hostility I deserved were not prepared, it seemed, to give her any of the practical help she was getting from me. I am pleased that she felt that way and was able, for a long time, to feel that I genuinely did support her in these, admittedly, small ways: it seemed the very least I could do. And this went on for the next several years.

All this busy-ness meant my spiritual life was now running at a rather low level. I still had my times of Quiet but not as often as I would have liked and even then they could all too easily be overrun with thoughts and feelings about my outer life. I suppose I was, for a long time still, to feel as if I was on a psychological roller-coaster ride. My new partner and myself went to the Subud latihan as much as ever and, after things settled down outwardly, my latihan seemed to become more settled and predictable. I was not sure that was a good thing but that is clearly what happened. I began to notice, in spite of myself, really, that our latihan seemed to have become rather repetitive and that began to bother me. I felt my own latihan was not really going where it should. I began to worry that it was all becoming too much a mindless routine like getting up in the morning! There seemed to be no growth or even change in it. My own testing was ill-used and unclear at this time and I am not sure why. I had not tested about my second inspection as I did for my first and I had, for some time now, stopped testing my own problems, or even non-personal issues that had been so helpful to me in the past. Perhaps, for too long now, my attention had simply moved from inner experience to a concentration on outer things. If that were true there was soon to be a heavy price to pay...

### *An Important Inner Prompt*

It is interesting that the beginnings of any sort of awareness of any such a “price” should come completely from some inner “promptings” which became more and

more insistent as time went by. Every time I walked down to the group latihan, I would think that I should now change my G.P. to one that was closer to my new home. This was a surprising thought to me because I had moved home previously and not bothered to do this-and then I was living further away from my Doctor's surgery than now! In fact, I hardly ever went to the Doctors and had decided that on those rare occasions when I would need to I would simply make the slightly longer than I would choose journey to my old surgery. This I had done for several years but it would not seem to do now and not only did these thoughts become insistent but my feelings began to get involved and I felt there was even some urgency about it! They must have been pretty strong feelings because I eventually found myself actually ACTING on them.

I went to register at a local Doctors, only to find that, nowadays, a change like this involves what is called a "new patient check". So, I was measured and weighed and then fitted up to have my blood-pressure checked. The first little "modern" device failed to work- and then, when I was wrapped up in the older instrument, we discovered why: my blood- pressure was so high that it could not register it! My blood-pressure was so high, in fact, that the nurse taking it went immediately to try to find an available Doctor to come and see me and left me with the instruction that I was not to leave the surgery until I had seen a Doctor. So, I was left in this room surrounded by oxygen tanks and all sorts of scary-looking "surgical" equipment, wondering what on earth was going on. I had no feelings of being unwell (apparently you don't with B.P – described as "the silent killer"! ) and yet I had visions of being rushed off to hospital in an ambulance or something equally scary! Eventually the nurse came back to tell me that there was no Doctor available to see me there and then but I was to make an appointment to see one the next day and to begin to take some "ominous-looking" tablets she had in her hand! Good heavens I could hardly believe this! I was so confident that my "health" was not so desperate as this that I refused to take the tablets until I had seen a Doctor to explain what they were and why I needed to take them. Worse, I declared I could not afford the time to see the Doctor until a week's time. With that, I said I was off to "have my tea"! What that poor nurse must have thought I just do not know!

Anyway, a week later I was back at the surgery, this time having my blood-pressure checked by a Doctor. Sure enough it was "sky high" and I could see why the nurse was so concerned. It looked as if I was at high risk of a stroke, or worse,

and I needed medical help straightaway to try and get this B.P. down and, hopefully, thereby reduce the risk “significantly”. This actually proved extremely difficult to do. Why, I even had another occasion at the surgery when, in spite of medication, my B.P. was still so high that the nurse went off for a second time to get a Doctor!

After years of hardly ever seeing a Doctor, I now went through a long period of seeing one every two weeks, then every month, and that is how it stayed for at least two years!! Wow, how grateful I am to the inner promptings that urged me, so strongly and insistently, to change my Doctor. If I had not heeded that I would almost certainly have had a heart attack or stroke and goodness knows where that might have left me! Such is the significance of such inner “prompts”, inner thoughts and feelings, huh?!!