

Words Behind the Words

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As a youth, my body surrendered to disease. I now know that the asthma, bleeding and kidney failure were rooted in the fear and anger of family dysfunction. Being first born, I bore the brunt of my parent's unfinished business . . . as my children bear mine.

Personal pain, acted out as willfulness and defiance, filled my life with opportunity to discover my limits and those of others. I slowly began to learn the difference between submission and surrender. It may not be possible in life to hurt oneself without hurting others. I did both. As I was abused, I abused. They know. I know. God knows. I attracted people into my drama, as I was attracted into theirs. I am well versed in making amends to self and other.

As a midlife adult, my mind surrendered to the First Step of the Twelve Steps. I accepted my life as unmanageable. By myself, I am powerless to change my behavior patterns that feed my destructive life cycles. I find hope in the belief that a power greater than myself can restore me to sanity. I would be insane to continue on the path of my defects of character. I decide each moment to turn my will and my life over to the care of God.

Now, I surrender to Spirit. Body, mind and spirit are now joining in a harmony and unity that is engendering compassion for self and thereby others. I see life through the lens of the mysteries. Life for me is a prayer. Life is grace. Today, I enter spaces in which there is no need for theology. Today, the mystical windows to God are open and directly accessible. God is. I am.

Motifs of mythology often put me in accord with the universe as reflected in the depth wisdom of the inner self. One mythological motif is that of weighing the heart of a dead person against the weight of a feather. If the heart is lighter, then one is eligible for a spiritual life. At the end of this life, as I look along my yardstick and the marks I



put upon it, I pray that I have lived so that my heart is lighter.

I once heard that the best things cannot be said and the second best things are usually misunderstood. The best I can hope for is that sometimes my prose will consist of words that will, as with great poetry, allow the words behind the words to be heard.

I question myself about writing intimate, personal and spiritual experiences. Then I recall how I am served by others who have chosen to write, be they misunderstood or sacrificed. Take what you wish and leave the rest. Perhaps, in small part, my spiritual and psychological fixes might assist you in your awakenings.

If my insights provide value to others, it is because I have found and identified myself with an inner path to the divine. My first pilgrimages were outward to person or place. Today my pilgrimages are inward. Visits to places of great personal awakenings are more out of respect than attachment. I like one particular description of God: “God is an intelligible sphere whose circumference is nowhere and whose center is everywhere.”