

GROWING UP WITH FELT SENSING AND STAYING YOUNG INTO AGING WITH FOCUSING

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“Your physically felt body is, in fact, part of a gigantic system of here and other places, now and other times, you and other people, in fact the whole universe. This sense of being bodily alive in a vast system is the body as it is felt from inside.”
(Gendlin, 1978 p. 77)

“Living is a kind of knowing how to form itself further. Living is always a fresh process/formation, it is forming itself freshly, nothing is fixed.” (Gendlin, 2007)

Aging is an interesting topic. What do we, what do I associate with aging? Growing, developing, expanding, becoming . . . It feels humbling, knowing that there is no ultimate knowing, only grateful acceptance of the very little that we have learned, experienced and vaguely glimpsed. It is about allowing the grace of not-knowing. It is becoming quiet, still, content, peaceful, thankful, tolerant, full and empty, non-judgmental.

As Gendlin repeatedly points out, a concept such as aging consists of the meaning that we give it. When I focus deeply into my own sense of aging, it becomes *the process of living*, my increasingly conscious living. It is a movement in and out of new experiences, re-lived and expanded insights, a dying of outlived concepts, and a freshly experienced deeper wholeness.

Focusing sensing/feeling into this process of aging adds a uniquely individual flavor to life. There is no need for ending or change just because birthdays are adding up. Every situation continues to become another “leading edge”, a pathway into a new knowing, which can again grow into deeper hidden treasures.

Pages of stories are spread around me as I again focus into what wants to get expressed in this article. It has come slowly as I spent many hours re-living old and newer situations of my life. It wants to become an **illustration of a Focusing process, a process of living in and with my body into the bigger body**. This article will not have a beginning, middle and end, but will rather illustrate a continuous circular Focusing type of living through individual glimpses of some experiences of my life as they bubble up inside of me . . . ‘It’ wants to start with one of my most powerful experiences:

My whole body seemed like a big lump of paralyzing fear — a fear about everything, a fear that could not be tied to anything specific. A fear beyond fear — the darkest abyss of nothingness pushing me yet deeper into a void of naked terror and separation. My inner struggle and rebellion, my cries for help, were lost in this endless bottomless pit of agony.

Finally I gave up — gave up the struggle and inner thrashing around. I allowed myself to let go — let go into wherever this whirling suction was taking me — deeper and deeper, just allowing — being in and with it. Deeper yet. . . falling into . . .

Then there was Light. A gentle caressing Light surrounded me — yes — somewhat familiar . . . I had been in this Light filled space before. It was holding, carrying me now. More movement, gentle at first . . . and then the dance. DANCING IN THE LIGHT — what a glorious floating sense of effortless dancing — my body feels light, carried forward in this Light space . . . forever, slowly, gracefully moving . . .

A deeper letting go into this space caused another shift into BEING DANCED BY THE LIGHT — yes, this feels complete, whole, full. Can I stay here forever? Can I live my outer life in this awareness of EFFORTLESSLY BEING DANCED BY THE LIGHT?

I come out of this experience simultaneously exhausted and energized. There is a knowing now present, a deeper trust born out of experience . . . A deep desire of wanting to live my life in and from this place of BEING DANCED BY THE LIGHT.

Has there been a beginning, a step-by-step forward movement towards this fullness of knowing? Highlights of my path seem like shimmering iridescent spheres of Light. It feels as if all my life has been a preparation for this mind-blowing fulfillment of my deepest longing for the unknown, and yet it was always deeply known and remembered. Is this where I came from? Is this what I have longed to be reunited with from as far back as I remember? Is this what poets and saints have tried to express, and upon reading, with which I felt a deep resonating recognition?

Interestingly, the longer I stay with it inside, the more I need to sense MY OWN experience. Eugene Gendlin's "body" is not my experience. It is his sophisticated philosophical contemplation born out of his life, but what I experience is more real/authentic for me.

It's all about CONNECTION, all of it, CONNECTING PRESENCE. And this connecting presence is connecting into THE BODY as I understand Gendlin's writing; and connecting into the BODY OF THE CHRIST in Ed McMahon's terminology, which taken from the biblical phrase "The Body of Christ" from Paul in Ephesians 3:17-19: ". . . that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; that you, being rooted and grounded in love, my have power to comprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and know the love of Christ which surpasses knowledge, that you may be filled with all the fullness of God." Living and living into and connecting with THE CARING- FEELING-PRESENCE (McMahon (1993) in oneself and with each other, the ACTUAL EXPERIENCE of this mystery.

Any kind of philosophy is searching for words to describe it and the words can only really resonate when we can sense into the experiences we have in our own lives, which we are carrying in our own body, and from there I can hear what Gene and Ed and all the other teachers are saying.

Maybe we are all born with "it", what in this particular community we call "Focusing". I did not call it the "felt sense", but in searching back to where it all began for me, I

went back and then further back . . . and there I was, perhaps 5 years old. I recognized it, a knowing, searching, recognizing resonance — there was that something, that felt sense in me that knew and beheld and connected with the light that shone through the eyes of my first Sunday School teacher. It ignited a “shift” into a “leading edge” from probably my unconscious and yet sensing a longing towards a “life giving more”, more of Life, Love and Light.

“It” acquired many labels throughout the years. I am looking back over almost 80 years of many explorations, learnings, readings, discussions, teachings, searchings . . . always listening inside for a resonance with what could/would fit for me in every situation. It seems to me that I have been Focusing, listening, having felt senses, handles and shifts, leading edges, and big implicit insights since I was born. Of course, I did not have all these terms, but I know that I always knew where/what/how was right for me.

How was I searching inside of myself? How did I know what was the “right” direction for me? It seemed like a kind of outer and inner me that at the same time was not two but one integrated experienced wholeness, a moment-to-moment brutal honesty with what I experienced without hiding from myself. Oh, yes, I was hiding myself from the outer world; who would ever like and love me if they could see how I really was?! And no, I did not act out all my dark feelings; I was just the good little obedient girl was allowed to live in the outer life.

There was, however, a sensing that had to do with a “this” or “that” me. I still hesitate to use labels, but for lack of a better distinction I will say that one part was me, “the ego-self”, and the other a “Higher Self”.

When my “Higher Self” was in charge, I felt content, happy, filled with life, creativity, and loving. The “ego-self” was always searching, longing, never having enough of anything; it felt empty and wanted to be filled. Of course, it does not make sense that I did not always live in the “Higher Self” mode, and yet there did not seem to always be a conscious choice when I reacted with anger, distrust, rebellion, fear, and despair.

Only much later did I gain some more understanding about how ALL of it IS. All of it is part of our living and learning, our challenges in each moment and the ongoing process of growing into a Wholeness that can acknowledge and live with it all, the many shades of Light and Darkness in ourselves and in ALL THAT IS.

Here I need to pause, letting the image come in as I am re-sensing it now, always fresh and new: the door that recently opened in my inner world. Out of a wide-open space in which I have felt very comfortable and safe, I am again looking through this open door. There is light, lots of light and a web of many millions and billions of “strings”, all interconnected . . . no, I don’t see a pattern, but I know that a pattern exists. In awe I allow myself again to gently step into this interconnected web — I feel myself being held, becoming part of it and yet being all of me. There is nothing that I have to hide or leave behind, all of me belongs in this web — and here I am dancing in the Light again, being danced by the Light . . . ahhh . . . I want to dwell in this forever . . . there is more, much more . . .

Kind of stepping back into the room, I find some grounding. Yes, I always feel refreshed but nudged to go back into the Light . . . But here I am running ahead of myself, my story.

Could or did I live it all? Of course not. Significant adults in my life tried chipping away at me and adding what I knew was not me. I learned to play the game of needing/wanting to be accepted and loved. It actually worked quite well, even though I knew that what I portrayed was partly fake. At the same time I knew that I wanted to survive — one of me inside, one of me outside.

I did something inside me that I called “Root Knowings”. When I discovered that not everybody seemed to have these “going deeper and deeper explorations”, I dreamed of writing a book some day and sharing this wonderful “something” with the world.

And then a friend gave me the book *Focusing* by Eugene Gendlin. Ahhh — someone had found a way to teach it, and I was relieved. I did not have to write it; I could just follow his outline and enjoy the fruits of his labor!

And so began my long history with Gene. He invited me to Chicago; I met his group of “Focusers”, learned and shared with them. At some point he asked me to become a coordinator, and I was off and running with it all.

At the same time I was in the process of finishing my Masters in Educational Psychology at the University of Manitoba and almost flunked my exam when I brought Focusing into my course work. These were the days when Carl Rogers was just being softly introduced into the holy halls of wisdom. So, I put on my “good little student fake hat” again and got the desired letters behind my name.

After graduation I obtained a full-time position as an “Employment Counselor”. I researched and designed a program for people with physical disabilities, facilitating their entrance into the job market. For nine years I served as the director of that agency.

Although I taught Focusing to my employees, which they then could also use in their work with clients, I did not teach Focusing full-time, which perhaps I would have preferred.

I taught Focusing classes mostly at night: at university continuing education programs, for groups at community centers, to individuals, at the YMCA and at senior centers. Of the hundreds of people I instructed, a few became trainers, others dwindled away and hopefully are still using the skills they learned.

I don’t have many Focusing related accomplishments to show for my efforts, but I still use my skills to assist people as a Focusing Oriented Therapist in my part-time practice in Winnipeg and have no immediate desire to quit that, even though I am beginning to feel tired more often than I want to admit.

At some point I wrote and published *Energy Flow Focusing Explorations — Passageways into Your Hidden Treasures*. I still feel good about having done that. But now, here I am again, almost 10 years later with my added experiences of learning and expanding.

Is there still something more for me to share? What continued for me after finishing *My Book*?

I am thankful to Elizabeth Lehmann for her encouragement and listening presence in what feels like a pregnant “more” wanting to be born and told. She has been my friend, Focusing partner and guest editor for this article.

Ahhh. . . a deep breath. . . some silence. . . and now it comes from deep inside, an opening, a fullness that wants to overflow, wants to share without words. . . being presence, feeling-caring-presence. Reaching, reaching again into the fullness which the above quotations are pointing towards. There is more, much more. Ahhh. . . there is thanksgiving, thanksgiving for the fullness of almost 80 years of life.

Gently, I am embracing the richness that is embedded in the spoken and written words of The Masters who have provided sign posts of recognition on my way, my path towards ever expanding awareness/consciousness.

Yes, I said “recognition” because for me the written word becomes only alive when my lived experience can authenticate, can recognize some deeper meaning to which the words are pointing, when the freshness of my bubbles of experience are met by a resonating outer confirmation.

With gratitude I want to again acknowledge Eugene Genlin’s “body” as well as Deepak Chopra’s *Buddha Consciousness* and *The Third Jesus*, Lynne McTaggart’s *Field*, Eric Pearl’s *Reconnection*, Michael Singer’s *The Untethered Soul*, Reginald Ray’s *Touching Enlightenment*, and other soul companions. Special recognition again goes to Edwin McMahon’s term, “Body of the Christ” because it provided me with a link to my earliest inner experiences and all that came thereafter. How I love all these connections as I stretch even now into the more of living in and into it.

I’m beginning to sense a nudging awareness in my Focusing reverie reminding me that I cannot expect my non-verbal bubbly joy to communicate itself into the receptivity of an indulgent reader’s welcoming embrace. I need to allow words to flow from that inner place. Where to begin? **What comes freshly** from my here and now living?

She is sitting in front of me, a young woman who is reaching out for “something”. I sense her willingness to open, a wanting, and a hunger for a way out of her recurring drug dependency. I had met her socially, but don’t know much about her world and the extent of her trauma. She has made the appointment. (Over twenty years ago her mother was one of my first Focusing students and had suggested that I might be able to “help”).

After a few preliminaries I suggest some silence and allow myself to sink into a deeper space of presence, inviting her to relax and become aware of just being here. I don’t know yet how the next moment will unfold, I only sense a deeper, fuller emptiness in myself, a trusting born out of years of “being with”, a human being willing to listen, guide and companion where the “leading edge” will evolve. This is a new beginning for both of us; she is a gift to me, and together we will live the adventure into “the more”.

The above just illustrated where my emphasis is now, but my entry point into the mystery of conscious living happened in a Christian context, affiliation and interpretation. I questioned and argued the teachings because the early experiences of “MY INNER CHRIST” is different and has always been different from the Christian Religion. I still have the foundation of my former spiritual insights, but now mainly as part of — or included in — a much more open, wider context/understanding/knowing/living. It all fits into a bigger picture, a bigger space, a bigger and fuller inclusiveness, a bigger Body.

I did not know it at that time, but here is what I have come to see as the **beginning of my Focusing adventures:**

I want to give tribute to Elisabeth, my early teacher, friend, confidante, who not only showed me the way into a fulfilling and heart-centered life, but who lived it.

She left her earthly body a couple of years ago, after much physical pain and suffering. Her long illness was and still is one of the unresolved mysteries in my understanding. It should not have happened to her — of all people! And yet, she accepted her ordeal with only occasional complaints, serving the people around her with unwavering inner strength and faith.

I still see her regal presence as I met her about 60 years ago. She was with me when I had my first conscious mystical/spiritual experience that has greatly influenced my life. She was there as a caring understanding support, to hold me as I was swept into an ocean of something that I can only express as “a homecoming”, an “unconditional love sensation”. She put my experience into the context of her own limited wisdom and guided me for most of my formative teen years.

Who was this seemingly ageless wise person? She had been called to the ministry as a Deaconess (the equivalent of a nun in the Catholic church). Together with another sister, she was running a children’s nursery, and hosted a small religious group on the premises. Connected to this was a youth group, where I found a nurturing womb for my spiritual growth.

Elisabeth conducted Bible studies and provided personal counselling and guidance. I consider her unique approach to counselling as one of the most valuable experiences of my life. She never gave advice or direction; she was totally accepting without any trace of judgment. She was an attentive, listening, loving presence.

I can still sense myself sitting in her little, comfortable, quiet living room where we settled after a few moments of chit-chat. Soon, a special stillness surrounded her, and I felt gradually drawn into this emanating presence. I never asked her if it was her silent prayers that created for me a feeling of being on “Holy Ground”. Usually I was too filled with my own problems and upheavals to inquire about her preparation for these sessions. All I knew was that I was totally safe to unpack everything that felt unclear or burdensome in my life. She listened. She listened in a way I have never again encountered. Yes I have and still try to emulate her when I am with one of my clients now, but still feel inadequate when I compare myself to her and the gifts she was able to give.

She created a space for me to be all I ever was or could be. No judgment. I was free to express the totality of all my jumbled emotions, no editing or holding back. No thought or feeling was taboo. The whole beautiful and ugly truth of my complete beingness could spill out. Being received in this way, I could begin to accept all of me as an evolving, unfolding human being, perfect in all of its stages of learning and discerning.

I still marvel at the unfolding clarity I received every time I visited her. Where did that come from? Why could I not do that for myself? Is it the mystery of “Where two or three are gathered in My Name, there am I in the midst of them” (Matthew 11:20). I felt the Presence of more than the two of us. I experienced the soothing of my own inner conflicts, an often piercing insight, potential for choice. I felt my own power and strength for commitment, but most of all I felt an exhilarating awareness of Oneness with this Presence, and at the same time my own unique separateness and purpose. I always left with a tranquil joy and assurance that my life was unfolding as a marvelous adventure.

I painfully missed Elisabeth when my path took me to Canada and an ocean separated us. I know now that there were other learnings for me which she could not have provided and understood. When I visited her a few times during those later years, I had to face up to some of her limitations, particularly the narrowness of her belief system. There was disappointment, and later, loving acceptance of our differences.

However, the legacy of her wordless teaching and her “Beingness” compelled me to further pursue the career I had embarked upon. I wanted to become for others what she had been for me. I surpassed her psychological knowledge, but realized throughout my training, that no amount of learning could substitute for the unconditionally loving presence into which she had evolved. She still represents a goal I am attempting to reach.

During years of learning, teaching and continuous questioning, I developed a yet stronger sense of trust in my inner knowing. While in my teen years and up to my immigration to Canada, where I married my husband Siegfried, I had been living a sheltered life at home with my parents and siblings. During that time I had also found my spiritual home in a small Christian youth group.

In Canada I had my partner/husband/friend. We had met years before while we were both attending the same group, which had an atypical Christian-oriented spirituality. Had he found a similar group in his and now my country? No.

I was still immersed in my strong beliefs and absorbed in living the teachings. It would take a whole book to convey our searching and questioning, innumerable books read, continuous discussions, visits to many churches and other spiritual communities. I could sense some truth in all of them. I could relate deeply to some individuals who “had it”. I trusted more and more in my own sensing/feeling. Yet, I still wanted to find a group of people with whom I could fully identify. Could I find the same or a similar “enough-ness”? Could Focusing lead me towards “the more”? My body sensing into it brought this image:

I see a high mountain with a huge circumference. I am on a path up the mountain, but it seems that all my life I have been curious about what’s on the path next to mine and from there even further around and around and around. I have been on a circular path around

the mountain, but always coming back to my unique own path where I find myself alone but having been enriched by meeting others who are sort of on the same LEVEL, having arrived at their resting point from a different starting place. We are all still moving; I might join someone for a while on their path. Actually now in my professional life I meet and join many and . . . ah, that's the BEING PRESENT, that's the Connecting.

My Focusing living has always been interwoven with what I call my spiritual understandings and feelings. They cannot be separate; they are who I experience myself, my inner essence, to be. My body, mind and spirit are connected . . . My mind always wanting to move beyond the “leading edges”. Imagery in my Focusing sessions has been very helpful in sensing forward. Imagery assists me in moving out of my intellectual probing towards an inner guiding presence. Two examples will illustrate this point:

I asked, and one day a clearer answer came. I must have entered into a deep “letting go and yet staying open space”, a space where I could side-step my controlling insistence on knowing, but still allowing my deep hunger for clarity . . .

“Come to me . . . and I will give you rest” Matthew 11:25. I heard it, felt it, knew it. The Christ who I had known all along had not deserted me. In my searching, did I concentrate too much on finding some elusive intellectual all-inclusive truth?

Who knows? What I know is that I turned to that inner and outer image of the voice that spoke to me. Does it really matter how I refer to “IT”? Perhaps it does, perhaps not. I think “IT” is too big to care for any of the names we give something that I can very comfortably now call “The Christ”, “God”, “Allah”, “The Universe”, “Gendlin’s body”, “The Ocean of Energy” or simply “The Essence”.

What I did find in those unforgettable days was a deep peace and an ongoing opening up of answers. Answers for me, for my life; I still do, when I listen.

It seems important to clarify my limited understanding of the quality of the names, the mystery of the Universe, that the words stand for. Without going into too much detail, my “God” is mainly a God of love, compassion and understanding, non-judgmental acceptance, caring and harmony. How can I even attempt to know what it might mean for others?

I am moving into a deeper “leading edge”. I climb up the big mountain where I have encountered the old wise man before, but today I am again, desperately wanting to know more. I have been here before and big tables laden with fruit have been offered to me as I was also invited to share freely, which I enjoyed doing.

I remember many dreams where I handed out the bounty of fresh fruit to multitudes of people. We were always together in some joyful, contented, happy way.

But here in these moments I wanted to know. I don’t remember what was going on in my life at the time, but I was desperate to know how everything “hangs together”, what is real, what is truth, what is REALITY.

So I went up to the mountain where the Old Wise Man welcomed me. I called out to him, “I want to KNOW everything!” Did he warn me? I don’t remember, but I know that I

was very insistent. Finally he pointed towards a big board covered with a cloth and indicated that behind that I could find what I desired. Eagerly I pulled off the cover . . . and then pulled away . . . begging him to cover it all up again. I did not want to know. The sensation of a TOO MUCHNESS is still in me, along with a deep thankfulness that I didn't need to look into what I barely glimpsed.

My ongoing life seems to make every glimpse of living in, into, through, and as "The Connectedness" seem more real and "in tune" with Gendlin's "Body" . . . or does that fit for me? . . . maybe it's even more like going back to the image of DANCING IN THE LIGHT, BEING DANCED BY THE LIGHT and finally EFFORTLESSLY BEING DANCED BY THE LIGHT?

I opened again Reginald A. Ray's *Touching Enlightenment* (for me the clearest Buddhist teaching so far) where he talks about three body layers, "three *yanas*", the unfolding process of the "personal body, the interpersonal body and the cosmic body" (Ray, 2008, p. 270).

There is a YES, YES, resonating in my own being. I can feel my own living into it, can recognize where I moved, where I stood still, where I implicitly know that I will go deeper at some right moment; yet, I am not there. I have been there — I have had glimpses and then other glimpses which are never static, always moving, circling — spiraling — the evolving life/body that Gendlin talks about, the LIVING BODY that is forming itself always fresh.

There is my own mixture of experiences — and always the connecting with the BIGGER BODY, THE EVOLVING BODY — my body, The Universal Body — somehow like a drop in the ocean is not the body and yet it is — all of it IS in the body and IS the body, enfolded in it, connected, drops connecting with each other.

The following experience fits here and demonstrates an example of different levels of focusing/listening competencies. It is beyond the scope of this paper to elaborate in depth on my growing awareness of these levels as they can impact on a focuser's depth of trust and inner unfoldment.

I had waited for years for a Focusing person I felt/sensed safe enough with to go into a deep holding/waiting space in me that I felt/sensed might bring uncontrollable/unquenchable tears. During an International Focusing Conference workshop, the leader, Jane Bell, must have sensed something emerging and selected me for a demonstration. As she gently guided me, my deep well of tears opened. . . it was not scary anymore, and the words I heard were about "BEING THE LIVING WATER". She and I knew the meaning: it was the Christ in me who had left these words for His disciples: ". . . whoever drinks of the water that I shall give him will never thirst; the water that I shall give him will become in him a spring of water welling up to eternal life" (John 4:14). There was a reassuring YES in me, the living Body, the living Spirit, living in us and not in some outdated only partially understood concepts.

In our beginning Focusing learnings and partnerships we honor the Focuser's process, and as listeners become mainly a caring/feeling/non-judgmental presence and reflection. We might even stress that Focusing is NOT therapy, although it might be therapeutic. In the

above example, however, I required more than that. I had to honor my body's knowing that I needed to be held in a deeper emphatic understanding of that which wanted to surface.

My body knowing has always kept me and my more complex challenges safely hidden, until the right sensitive "Midwife" appeared. It takes years of experience and evolving inner wholeness towards becoming this deeper listening presence.

At this stage in my life I feel a strong desire to cheer all of you on! I am contented and happy that what I have put so much energy into will continue, will grow, will be carried forward. Perhaps I don't need to push anymore; I can rejoice in what is happening, what I see happening.

There is also a feeling of "finishing off" what needs to be done — a softness. Closing my eyes . . . yes, some tears are coming . . . I did not expect that aging might be that way for me. I never wanted to get old . . . and there are parts in me that reject and resist, that still want to . . . want to be young and active and living . . .

Still reaching, questioning for more and more, knowing the never ending excitement . . . reaching into The Universe . . . sensing into "The Body", it is becoming, living in and with and through it. A deeper Breath — yes, also a declining/diminishing physical body.

The world is so beautiful, the sun just came out and millions of snow crystals glitter. I can still breathe all that in and rejoice . . . Letting go gracefully, that is what I want for myself.

Do I still need to write about my past struggles with wanting to be a good wife and mother vs. wanting to be in the world with "glitz and glory"? There was a time when I felt that there could only be an either/or, and in some way I think that's how it is; but does it fully need to be that way?

Through Focusing I was able to hold and consider both options. In each one there was fulfillment and creativity and a *muchness* that I wanted. With four children and a loving husband I should/could have been fulfilled . . . and yet, my longing propelled me towards a University education which I had not been able to pursue in war-torn Germany. I did it! I feel good about the hours I spent away from my housewife duties attending the "Mature Student" program at the University of Winnipeg, and later at the University of Manitoba.

Little by little, one or two courses at a time, I succeeded; and after ten years I was ready to enter the job market with a Masters in Educational Psychology. Gene Gendlin and Focusing entered into this period of my life in the early Eighties. My children did not need my full-time attention anymore, and I started to live my "other me", my "Higher" me, with all my pent up longing for the satisfaction of making a contribution to the outside world.

There is a feeling of accomplishment and also a feeling of failure. Yes, I did a lot — and no, I did not do enough. Starting later in life when others had already reached the summit of a career that began when they were 20 years younger, I did compare myself and felt a loss . . . loss of what? I did too much, too little, nothing complete, nothing perfect. And yet, would I have wanted to give up any of the muchness and/or littleness?

I wanted and got it all. I always followed what felt right for me even though I did not do full justice to what was expected or what some part of me expected of me. Did I disappoint my children by not being the kind of mother they admired and appreciated in their peers, who baked cookies for church and school functions while their own mother preferred going to the University? Did I not pay enough attention to my beloved husband when he still wanted to fully enjoy my continuing presence and company? Did I fail my colleagues when perhaps too soon I quit a fulfilling career I had established for myself and for them? Yes, perhaps. But I do know I did what was right for me in each instant, and that's what really counts.

I did and had it all, and still feel enriched in the most important relationships I have with my husband, children, friends, and to some extent with a small beloved client group. I am happy to be able to say that as I continue to stay young into aging with Focusing, I feel fulfilled and content.

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