

James realized that his reactions to his marriage, to his role of father and caretaker, the spending his wife did, and her calling him out, were all keeping this inherited, bio-magnetic dread and anxiousness alive in him.

“Intuition, by a strange sympathy, sees Reality in its totality, while thought chops it up into parts.”

— Paramahansa Yogananda

Grandparents' World Still Alive

The disposition of the male archetype in James resonated with imminent and impending failure that he was inexorably passing down to his kids. This desire to change the generational course of this archetype compelled him to begin having long conversations with his relatives, going through old family photos, and meditating every night. During one of our intense counseling sessions, he described a dream where his grandfather showed up wearing a top hat and tails, but naked from the waist down. The setting was a stock and currencies market trading office on Wall Street in the Thirties. James could not explain the imagery, but he recognized the contrasting emotions of emasculation, exhilaration of speculating, fear, and anticipation.

In our next session he put it all together.

Just like everyone else, his grandfather lost everything on October 29, 1929. But James finally perceived that the electro-magnetic imprint from that loss in 1929 was the source moment and catalyst for his hidden disquietude. It was an emotional shadow of indebtedness that stirred a sense of his life being on loan. He always felt undeserving

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of money and bounty. It was right and just to sacrifice more of himself, give more and blood-let, just to earn his allotted share.

Many people and their offspring recovered from that event, but many had not. His experience of the male archetypic was shadowed by that event. Had he inherited this dented self-worth? At times he could conjure an inner nobility – but in the light of day, his emotional self too often retreated to a peasant's disposition and allotment. He could not figure out why.

He wrote a story of what he thought his grandfather, Timothy O'Connell, experienced that fateful Tuesday. He wanted to write it out so that he could let it breathe. He extrapolated what both of his grandparents went through. He had read some of his grandmother's journal entries. He'd spent hours reviewing old photos and letters that were piled up in his uncle's basement. There were also sensations and intuition that stirred anciently in him through hours of sitting that seasoned his story.

Hard to Move On

This is what he wrote:

“Men are mules,” thought Margaret O'Connell, as she walked home from work at about 7 p.m. on October 29, 1929. She had heard from her colleagues at the hospital, where she was a nurse, that the stock market had fallen. It had been dropping for a few days.

She could see and feel others' concern as she started her walk home. It was an uncomfortable sensation, but she worked daily amidst misfortune and

sickness. Financial loss is painful, but it, unlike much of her patients' physical woes, would heal.

Margaret had a Gaelic passion that rarely flinched. She was in continual service to her family and community as a nurse and administrator. She shared her opinions and beliefs with a rigor and a smidgeon of feminine moxie that was emphatically ahead of its time. She knew things would get better. She knew her husband was going to take it much harder.

The air turned thinner for my grandfather as she walked through the front door. He was sitting in the living room. Stabs of gray regret pushed his shoulders forward when his wife Margaret looked at him, disappointed but not accusatory. She knew the look would not help, even though she had been telling him for months to sell everything. Adding to the pall was the fact he was even managing some of her family's money.

They both heard the echo of her pleas to sell their stocks when their eyes met, but he knew she would never replay those words or judge him. She knew he was steeped in enough disgrace.

Timothy had always seemed a man destined for bigger things. His grandfather was a farmer who had left Ireland sometime in the 1840's. Timothy was anxious to shed his family's long, rural roots, so he bypassed college and entered the local Albany banking trade in 1921. The years that followed were good for him and many Americans, especially those that lent money. He was a reserved man, judicious with his emotions and money, and easily discomfited by the belittling and skeptical glances of his non-Irish

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Catholic peers. His lack of a college degree exacerbated that doubt and insecurity.

He, like many Irish Catholic executives back then, felt like an outsider, warily elbowing his way into the boardroom terrain of the established Protestant and Jewish moneychangers. There was always a latent, almost gnawing sense in him that an accumulation of personal wealth would be a victory not just for his self-worth and his family's overall benefit, but for his culture and heritage.

He was not a banker at heart, though. Serving money, transacting for money's sake, taking it from one and giving it to another while taking a slice and pieces "that drop on the floor" (a term I saw written in one of my grandmother's letters) was his daily profession, but it never really filled him. He acted and succeeded materially like a banker, but not sure he ever felt like one. Deep down he was more interested in teaching and farming, taking care of more than just other people's money. But there was this compulsion in him to undo the sensibility of loss and defeat, the one that forced his grandfather to leave Ireland, the one that haunted him and his roots.

His industriousness, logic, and persistence brought him success, earning him much of the middle-class comforts and status. His dogmatic trust in numbers and reason, and belief that decisions should be made in congruence with what his peers are doing, prevented him from perceiving where things were going during the spring and summer of 1929.

His wife felt uncomfortable with all the comforts their community was enjoying. To her it seemed too

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good. She shared these feelings and her foreboding with him, but feminine intuition was not a language he understood. If he could not see it and it could not be calculated, he felt he just needed to keep going, staying long stocks like everyone else.

But like it did to millions of others, October 29 utterly undid Timothy. The crushing exhalation of loss laid its waste on a nation, a world. He was forty-seven years old when his career disappeared on that fall day. The spirit of unreserved loss never left him. He never returned to the track of his life and bristled at the thought of sharing his misery. He brewed for long hours at home, like some boiling gin still.

His was always dressed in suit and tie. He was a restrained yet well-appointed presence in the home, riddled with emasculation, too sad and sensitive to seek help. He worked in mid-level, post-Depression era administrative jobs. By most standards these roles would be fine, but he always compared the wealth of them to the regrets of his life.

He whiled away his evenings listening to the radio, but all the Yankee game broadcasts in the world could never ease his deep-seated shame. It was as if the ancient ancestral wounds of his Druid and Gaelic kin, those who had been pushed to the damp corners of Europe's western-most shores when the Romans had tired of the battle, had re-emerged and were consuming him.

I sense my grandfather felt like a stranger as the sensation of ruin separated him from the world and life around him. It was a sadness that had an origin, but no name. It became a barren horizon for him, and

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like all parents who feel their lives are a disappointment, they silently constrict the wonder of those in their care

My grandfather never shared stories or spoke of this event to his family. Even in the last years of his life, when living at a senior home, Timothy could not release the shame. Those are some heavy oats he carried, and some pretty heavy emotions that he left his kids to eat. For Timothy's family, regret seemed to be the main course at dinner.

That silence and regret was carried into my home. That is how the crash of '29 still lives inside my belly today. It is not easy (read impossible) to shake our roots, the feelings, sensitivities, and echoes of our ancestor's lives. This event and how it lingered in and consumed my grandfather are the archeology of my male archetype. It left in me a residue of smallness in the material world, a foreboding that I could never explain. But now I know that you do not have to actually experience a dramatic event for it to have a lingering impact. You just have to live with those who were around the event.

"A truth cannot be created, only perceived."

— Paramahansa Yogananda

Knowing the Archetype Brings Awareness

James swam back up to the headwater moment that created the bio-magnetic, psycho-emotional dent in the limbic body of his family, of his grandfather. His personal history was no longer just a thought, a black and white

photo, or a few simple stories. His history was now alive. He had sat and felt the heaviness of loss that had been breathing in his bones for years, an amorphous weight that now had a beginning.

This emotion of loss and failure is not good or bad; it is the result and inheritance that he could now begin to understand. By reveling in this uncomfortableness and allowing it to surface and reawaken, by re-experiencing it through talking about it, by sitting quietly in it and writing about it, James began accepting it as a large strand of thread within the fabric of his life experience.

There is a reality of gifts and tenets to be revealed within the incompleteness of his grandfather's life and the accumulated uneasiness washing in James. It is access to this stored wisdom that James had been wrangling with for so long.

We need to consciously be consumed by feelings. On the other side of the tears and bodily ache that will overwhelm our logic is a truth – about what, who, and why we are, who our parents were and what we are supposed to learn from them. Yogananda says, “The reality that lies behind sensory perception and beyond the cogitations of the rationalizing mind, can only be grasped by intuition...a truth cannot be created, only perceived.”

James was starting to perceive that his sense of his own incompleteness and material uneasiness, which became especially acute when his wife barked those cutting, demeaning comments, were signals to look deeper inside. He needed to stop unconsciously coveting what others had, to start filling more hours a week doing what he loved: coaching, taking classes, and preparing for more ways to express his desires. He had inherited a masculine

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archetype that relied too heavily on the reasonings of institutional norms, accepted social and cultural dogmas. It was the “get a job, have kids, and that was it” world that seemed to inhibit intuition and full communication with one’s dreams.

But it was reason and simple acceptance, he felt, that got his grandfather into his personal giant, economic hole. Timothy O’Connell reasoned to stay long stocks when his wife’s intuition told him to exit. “Intuition, by a strange sympathy, sees Reality in its totality, while thought chops it up into parts,” Yogananda says. James was done chopping. He was now imbibing, letting the sensations of his family’s losses, regrets, and inhibitions fill his heart and belly in long, sitting sessions. He was letting the current of their lives and longings course through him, feeling this contraction deeply so that it could be expanded.

This physical manifestation, this perceiving, began to rattle his left brain, opening up this understanding that without loss, you cannot create space to expand into. He began to recognize knowledge within this conflict, that he had been limiting his life to what he thought it should be, what his relatives thought it should be, and not incorporating enough of what lived beyond these channels.

The Father Force

From our sessions and his at-home time sitting, James was amazed that he could now more clearly see how his and everyone else’s behaviors and reactions were impelled by the unconscious flowing of their masculine and feminine

archetypes. He had been stuck, caught in the unconscious eddy of fear that cut him off from his mission to do something additive to and with his community. It did not have to be big, just something that brought a currency of fulfillment and meaning. Dieda writes in *The Way of the Superior Man*, “The father force is the force of loving challenge and guidance. Without this masculine force in your life, your direction becomes unchecked, and you are liable to meander in the mush of your own ambiguity and indecision.”

He had not conquered indecision. He discovered that it was passed down so he could use it to somehow rekindle skills and desires sleeping inside. He would leave the judging of what success was for others to do.

A Legacy of Pinching

One of my other male clients shared comments a few years ago, highlighting his culture’s timeworn sensibilities of incompleteness. He was not mocking what was un-lived in his relatives, he was just trying to tell a story. He wanted to write a poem about how we often resent other people’s success when we are embattled with our own dented self-worth and feelings of lack.

He shared this handwritten with me in our last session:

“Yeah, my inheritance, it is like generations of injured self-worth. F’ the British. All these old, ancient Irish inhibitions, only remedied by drinking, all fear-based, live inside me. Brutal. My mom, not really doing much, not creating anything. When we are not doing, we are dying. If we are not doing what we were made to do, we are

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judging and pinching other's ambitions because we long to be doing something ourselves. I don't know. I know criticizing though. I inherited way too much pinching from this long line of pinchers and it's killing me."

This client and James had both reached across and into the buried angst, the hollow lumps of longing, the weight of unfinished dreams in their hearts. They are releasing these feelings into their daylight-busy, thinking self. By listening to these sensations, they are loosening them. It is about allowing old sensations of sadness and joy, tears and clutching hands, shortness of breath from abject rage or fear, whatever it might be, to have the floor. Our rational self will then begin to trust that this uprising of emotions will not kill it.

It can and will be uncomfortable. But it elicits deep intuition of the life that is trying to arrive and be lived through you, the one that James is now breathing up. That which he feels and desires is beginning to befriend and merge with that which he thought and believed.

Integrating the knowledge of our archetypes and using this consciousness to grow and create becomes the real mission. Helping others is a natural offshoot as well, as you begin to notice everyone's story, how the intimate coalescing of our current life with our relatives' worlds is a universal fact. James was dumbfounded now at how knowing just a small piece of someone else's family history, a brief quip about a grandfather or a mother's upbringing, could clarify how his current life was so impacted by these seemingly long-gone lives.

One of his twenty-nine-year-old colleagues talked continually about wanting a boyfriend. She said she just could not find the right person. As she casually shared