

Running Commentary Following Gertrude's Death

Part 27 of 53

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How are things now with respect to the departure of Gertrude? When I am alone, as I frequently am, and I am not occupied in such a way that my mind is focused on some other subject matter, it seems that the pain—heart's pain—produced by Gertrude's departure is as great as it ever was. But as compared to a year ago, I find myself more experienced in living with this pain. I no longer have the automatic expectation of that beloved presence, but as a result of sixteen months of experience, I've learned to live much better with this condition. I no longer expect automatically the richness of the life that was known during those nineteen years. I use various devices to effect alleviation. When the mind is directed upon some subject matter other than this, somehow I am not so conscious of the pain. By focusing the attention upon some material, one attains alleviation. But it is not always possible to thus focus the attention. There are times, I find, when one relaxes, and there he finds the pain as it was before.

This is the personal side of the problem. And, in fact, in the discussions with Dr. Brugh Joy, this seems to have been the only aspect with which he was concerned. But the relationship with Gertrude was not only a personal one-to-one relationship. She entered into a relationship that was highly important for the work. She wrote my letters for me and through the years had so acquired an understanding of how I thought, that she wrote them essentially as I would have written them; and the result was I rarely had to suggest a correction. She also knew where things were; and now I do not know how to find many things. She enabled me to give a good focusing upon my production, which I find very difficult to do now. It is true I managed to produce four tapes for Convention of a more or less philosophic sort, and one of them definitely a very heavy tape—this, beside the psychological tape—but it took me much longer to make the production than had been the rule hitherto. This I have elsewhere attempted to interpret.

Back in March 9th and 10th, I had the sense of recovering the interlock with her, but on a high inner level. It enabled me to do what I could not do up to that time. But the translation of thought to the outer form from the inner, spontaneous form is much more difficult than it used to be. I direct my attention as much as possible to various subject matters, and by focusing the mind away from this heart's pain, I become unaware of it to a greater or lesser degree. I expect much less from life than I used to expect. Somehow I manage to work through each day; but each day is a problem for working it through. I no longer have here in this word my best beloved *chela* and *shakti*. By directing the attention to whatever problems there may be, the pain is assuaged for a time or I am unconscious of it. But I wish to finish up what remains here to be done so that I may cross over to that other side where, from all the accounts that we have, it seems to be a happier side if one has not been guilty of grievous wrong.

As far as possible, I try to maintain the life pattern which Gertrude and I had worked out together. I do not change the emplacement of objects which were last touched by her hand unless it becomes necessary to do so. She could today return and find most things here as she left them. I try to maintain the garden she cared for and loved as it was. The place now is a beautiful place, for things have grown and have become a kind of garden here; and everything in it reminds me of her—everything outside and nearly everything within the household. I imagine her as still with me; that we still are functioning together; that the work which we started is not dead because of her departure. I indulge in the fantasy of sometimes being over in the domain where she now is and reproducing all that we have here including the mountains and the valley, and all the artifacts in the house, as well as the house itself, and from that base starting out for other labors together. We were both dedicated to the Wisdom Religion and its propagation for the benefit of mankind. But from time to time her absence strikes hard. I no longer am tempted to self-destruction. I would like to go in, but last February one of the Brothers requested me to live longer—and this is a request that I feel completely bound to honor—and that has cleared the problem of a tendency toward self-destruction. I feel that my interests over on the other side which I cannot now serve will be cared for.