

# Running Commentary Following Gertrude's Death

## Part 31 of 53

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I propose to make a review of the events and of the developments, particularly subjective, that have taken place since the passing of Gertrude.

First, however, we will consider something which transpired last night. I had retired as usual, but around eleven o'clock I awoke, and I found myself in a state like a kind of panic. I don't know what would make one feel panic, it's just a report of what actually happened. I brought one of the lamps that burn out in the hall into the room to give some illumination. I felt that I did not want to have my head low, so I used a reading support, frequently used by Gertrude, with my pillows on it and tried to get to sleep in a more or less leaning position. In this I succeeded to some extent, but there were remnants of the feeling of panic in the morning. It seemed to develop a little. I asked Tom to get some of the others up here, because in the presence of other people it seems to be less developed. They came. And Lillian channeled the voice of one whom I knew. I got reinforcement out of that contact and have stood fairly well to the present time which is 4:35 in the afternoon. But there is a slight jitteriness in this organism. Now, what this means is not clear. It does imply that I do not have in this organism the stability I used to have, particularly in those days that I was associated with Gertrude. And I'm quite sure this experience would have not transpired if Gertrude had been still with me.

Now, what does this imply? In the discussions I've had earlier with Dr. Brugh Joy, he told me that statistical studies made by the medical profession showed that a man who loses his wife has an expectancy of about two years; while, on the other hand, the woman who loses her husband, though she may grieve as much, does not seem to have her life expectancy shortened. All of which implies that the feminine nature has a greater resistance to the effects of the loss of loved ones by death. What does this imply? I have felt something subtle, particularly after about two years since the transition of Gertrude, that seemed to be connected with the life principle itself—something like a weakness in it. It is now thirty-three months. We're well beyond the two year period, but I am maintaining the will to live, particularly as I have been requested to do so by one whose wish I certainly shall try to honor, and that may be a factor there. But I've never felt that I have the grip on life, out here, with the vigor that I used to have when associated with Gertrude. I maintain myself a great deal by will—the will to live—and sometimes it is rather shaky condition that I feel, as though I am just barely succeeding, though apparently the fact of this is not apparent to others.

As compared to my experience in the days before the departure of Gertrude, I now seem to maintain myself by will; whereas, in those other days with her beside me a principle of spontaneity and delight seemed to be the base on which the life was founded. I find myself often seemingly just barely able to maintain the functions, skating near a

point of a threatening collapse. Although apparently I've been able to do this well enough so that it has not been apparent to others. It is difficult living and it's not attractive.

As I look back over the thirty-three months since the passing of Gertrude, it appears like a journey through a desert where there is constantly the threat of entering into a psychological state of desolation. I have struggled with the problem of living. I have not been tempted to go into excessive use of alcohol or of either psychedelic or narcotic drugs, but there has been a wish to pass in, and at moments of desolation struggling with this wish has been quite difficult. That deliberate self-destruction leads to a condition worse than the one I'm now experiencing and that that is no way to solve the problem, this much reason tells me. But there are states in which I feel desolation so strongly that rational considerations lose their force. Nonetheless, I have so far been able to resist the tendency to self-destruction and its action today is considerably diminished as compared to the early days after the passing of Gertrude. But it is difficult to live and often I have had to struggle through each day as a problem, a really difficult problem. The result is, I would like to pass in legitimately, but I have been requested by one whom I honor to strive to live longer, and it is my determination to comply with this request. But it is not at all easy. It is a journey through the desert. There have been in that desert some oases, and there was one very high point. I have spoken to even more than one whom I greatly honor and they have spoken to me.

But what is there to lead one to want to live here any longer? I am alone. I have the help of one of the *sadhakas* who prepares my food and drives the car and does the things that I am no longer able to do, there has been, so far, always someone here to render that necessary help which renders continued life here possible. I have been invited by Helen to go to her place and terminate life there, but that is not my home. I enjoy being a guest there for two or three weeks very much, but it is not my world and I do not rule in it as I do here. And furthermore, this place has the touch of Gertrude on every side. It has been my policy not to change anything that was left in the emplacement given by Gertrude unless it is necessary to do so, but otherwise to leave everything as she left it. She mothered this house. She cared for it. She mothered the yard. And I might say she even mothered me. The touch of her hand is everywhere. No, this is the only place that remains with the quality of being home, though it's an empty home compared to what it formerly was.