



Rumblings and Ruminations Newsletter

October 2007

Triune Healing- Integrating Science, Psychology and Spirituality



Mum and I

Triune Healing

Website www.sharonsnir.com

Products To purchase a copy of Sharon's latest book, *The 12 Levels of Being*, please go Sharon's website and click on The 12 Levels of Being

Services: Counselling and Psychotherapy sessions are available Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday from 10 am to 8 PM. For appointments call: 0418249739

More About Us: Triune Healing came into being in year 2000.

It embodies the integration of science, psychology and spirituality. To live and work in harmonious cooperation, loving and open communication, and unconditional Light- Heartedness through these three aspect of Being is the mission of this organisation.

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TRUTH

The Bridge between the Mind and the World

Walking along the esplanade of Balmoral Beach listening through my ipod to Fr. Timothy Radcliffe - former Master General of the Dominican Order and Oxford based scholar giving a lecture about the *Crisis of Truth Telling* is pretty close to a perfect experience for me. I drive the 35 to 40 minutes to this beach in sheer joyful anticipation of seeing the view from the top of the hill. I pretend I am flying as I drive down the hill and then begin my walk by popping in my earphones, tuning into a podcast of my choosing and off I go. And for an hour or so I have not a care in the world.

This morning was no exception.

"I went to the beach this morning," I told Greta a resident of the Special Care section of the 'home' my mother has just moved into. It seems impossible to believe that in only four weeks our lives have been turned inside out. After years of slowly deteriorating dementia and Alzheimers, my family made the monumental decision to put my mother into a home that will care for her physically, emotionally, mentally and indeed spiritually. The process was excruciating and although 'goodbyes' are still difficult she and indeed we all, are settling into this new stage of

our lives.

One of the things that I now love, however, about visiting my mum is the brief yet poignant interactions with the other residents. From example today, David walked up to me and I greeted him with a warm smile.

"Hello David. How are you?"

He cocks his head to the side as if to say, not too bad, considering.

"You look wonderful in that sports jacket," I tell him. He replies, to my mother.

"She like me." I do and I tell him as much. He asks my mother, "You know why she likes me?" I answer him. "Because you are so handsome and you always have such a beautiful smile. You are lovely."

He continues to look at my mother and says, "I am lovely".

We laugh.

Another resident comes up and is obviously agitated. She tries to say what is upsetting her but the words come out jumbled and confused. I tell her I am not sure and offer to call someone who may help. She gets more angry with me. Strangely seeing her this way confronts me and also comforts me as I can see how similar to my mother she is. A nurse comes over and softly says her name, over and over, takes her hand and they walk away.

Joan sits down and I greet her. "It's very hot outside today", I tell her.

Joan tells me she went out this morning. I listen. A story comes out and although it reminds me of a crumpled sheet after and restless night I nod and laugh and join her in conversation.

What strikes me, or more accurately gently

nudges me, is how truth in this place is not about accuracy. Truth here is not cloaked in suspicion or draped in scepticism or distrust. Truth here is the unconditional acceptance that the bridge between the mind and the world is totally aligned with each person's unique perception of their world.

Truth in this home is simply about joining with the other respectfully, openly and with a dash of curiosity.

My mother puts her arms up to hug Sasha who is pouring her a cup of coffee.

"You look wonderful," she says. "I love you." Sasha accepts the hug and returns it. "I love you too. Here is your coffee."

My mother and I sit at a table and Greta joins us.

"I went to the beach this morning."

"I did too."

"Wasn't it wonderful."

" Yes, Yes it was wonderful," she answered, eyes closed, remembering a moment in time.

We all smile and nod and appreciative agreement.

Now *that* was a perfect moment.

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