

## -BRAVING THE WILDERNESS—NOTES

### CHAPTER 1—EVERYWHERE AND NOWHERE

Page 3, “when I’m living in my fear”. Sci-Fi fans may recognize this mantra, from Frank Herbert’s *Dune*. I use it sometimes. “I must not fear. Fear is the mind-killer. Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration. I will face my fear. I will permit it to pass over me and through me. And when it has gone past I will turn the inner eye to see its path. Where the fear has gone there will be nothing. Only I will remain.”

Yet, fear has a place and perhaps even a purpose in our lives. An old entry from the journals. You’ll see at the end that I join her perspective:

*Fear is one of the more curious emotions we go through. Leaving aside the question of how much is unfounded and how much not, fear can be activated by a lot of things. A large number of them can be distilled down to something we don't often consider. To my mind, fear is generated when we are "pushed out of the nest". That is, when we are pushed beyond our comfort zone of experience and living, when we are pushed past our risk threshold. Good example? On the New Zealand trip, there's a resort town called Queenstown. It's where you do all the skiing and bungy-jumping and skydiving and all that. None of which I did. I went horseback riding instead. But in retrospect, I regret greatly not doing the tandem hang-gliding. What held me back? I mean, you're with the bloody instructor the whole way. What could be so dangerous? Simple...it was the discomfort of going someplace I wasn't ready to go, just right at that moment. A week later, I was already regretting it. I fear living without my parents in my life, fear them passing away. Do I need them? Rely on them? Not really, not for everyday living. But it represents a world that I've not experienced. It represents thinking about losing something that has been with you for your whole life. It represents uncharted new territory...territory that would take <work> to deal with. Well, well, will ya look at that? There's that concept of work and the inherently lazy homo sapiens again.*

*I think a lot of us, I don't know how to say this well, but I'll say it this way...fear unnecessarily. What I mean is that we are so much more adaptable and resilient than we think we can be. We are so much more able to recontextualize, almost instantaneously, and shift our alignment of what is dangerous and what is not, what is worth fearing and what is not. And we constantly underestimate ourselves. I didn't like hospitals much and was quite afraid once I knew I would have to spend time there. But, with help and support, you adapt. I was in a ward room fairly early on and one of the other residents there, he passed away in the watches of the night. Freaky...or could have been. But it wasn't. It wasn't because I was aware of the quality of care at the hospital and I was kept as informed as I wanted to be about the progression of my illness. The saying "making peace with yourself" is trite but true. It means you've brushed some of those fears into the dustbin. Sure, new ones might take their place, but that's part of adaptability too. I suppose what you hope happens is that new fears are more, well, "challenging". Or exotic. Because I do believe that most of us eventually do want to face those fears. And that you develop as a person once you do. Maybe I'm out to lunch on this one----I'll let you know when I <do> go hang-gliding. But one thing I can tell you. One of the best "cures" for this is a friend who has*

*lived through the circumstances that are generating your fear. The "I don't have to do it alone" factor....it is impossible to overestimate what a difference-maker that can be. The world outside the nest doesn't look so forbidding if a trail has already been blazed.*

Page 4, J.K. Rowling. One of the things I want to do is to accept who and what Rowling means for her from the positive aspect. I don't set aside my own feelings for Rowling and her well-documented bigotry against transgender persons, but that doesn't mean she doesn't carry value for Brene---and it doesn't mean that I'll immediately cease to love the Potter books

4-7, stories and storytelling. A much more recent Chronicles entry of mine:

*\* When the Calgary Book Study group read Medicine Walk by Richard Wagamese, I was captivated. I seemed to feel a kind of kinship with him---definitely, my song The Beautiful Truth has some imagery directly from the book. He was a consummate storyteller---effortlessly blending the tradition of his indigenous background with an approach that anyone could immediately grasp and appreciate.*

*Dad jokingly says of me, in these later days, that I should have been a rabbi. Not that, no, but I have concluded that I am a storyteller. What of that? Well, stories are a kind of living thing if you think about it, a kind of symbiosis between words and/or events and personal feelings or thoughts. I've used a story from my own past any number of times to make or clarify a point I was getting at in the present. In doing so, something happens that I don't think too many people are aware of. When you tell a story, you are rewriting it, in great or small. Because you are remembering it (sometimes altering that memory), reflecting on it, and most importantly, reconfiguring it with the context of the present circumstances that brought it bubbling up to the surface. I have a number of friends who write (off the top of my head, those I think of are all female---I should give *\*that\** some thought). Maaja, Jess, Deb, Lynn, to name a few. She who writes, thinks. Yes, they all have their fun-loving mischievous sides. But running underneath is a deep sensibility and thoughtfulness about the world and how they live within it. This may come off as kind of arrogant, but I think a good storyteller needs to hear something new every time he or she tells a story, needs to think something different each time. I sometimes—not always—have that with my music....and with some of these entries. Perhaps the balance is to not tell the story so often that it becomes stale and uninteresting. That, too, can sometimes be hard.*

Page 8-11, this is deliberate---she is opening up to us so that we can ourselves be opened up.

Pages 12-13, when you are lost to yourself, and to the people *\*you\** care about....that is a terrible, terrible loss and lessening. And yet—sometimes the strongest steel comes out of the hottest fire/crucible. Question for Brene---you have the data and the knowledge now. If you hadn't taken and gone down the path that led you to who you are today....what were the likeliest (very possibly harmful) alternate paths that you might have ended up following?

Page 14—ah, sorry—she answers here!

Page 15, ah yes, the unholy quest for approval. I may have shared this Chronicles excerpt in Immortal Diamond, which would have touched on this subject, but it's worth re-rendering. From all the way back in 2004 or so---and I *\*think\** I have, through a lot of work, largely freed myself from any addiction here:

*\* I've been thinking about, recently, The Unholy Quest for Approval.*

*Approval's a nasty little drug. I'm brought to wonder why it is we all need it so very much. Whether it's self-approval, though, or the approval of the world around us, it motivates a lot of what we do and can be the basis for otherwise completely out-of-character behaviour. Does it come from needing a certain level of love that we otherwise don't get? Does it come from needing attention? I mean, I'd hate to think we're <all> ADHD, you know. Or maybe it's the ranking. No matter what field we're in, what state or walk of life, there seems to be a need to know our place. Is it a quest for order and structure as much as for approval? Maybe it is, but one does have to ask if things wouldn't be easier if there was no drive for expectations or seeking of approval. Then again, where would the drive to do anything worthwhile come from? Oh, yeah. The NEED of others would call. Well, at least most of the time, that's a far-off dream for me. I'll certainly confess to being at least a partial approval addict. Maybe that makes me honest...but approval is, no matter what, a self-destructive path. There's only one person who needs to approve of you. And that's you.*

Page 17, top, oooh, that's a great quote!

17, middle, I'm sure part of that grief was for lost opportunities that can only happen when you are a young girl (or boy).

Page 18-19, I find it interesting that she does not—yet—mention any effect of having her own kids, which she would have had by this point of the narrative.

Page 20, the permission slip. Another saying of mine. "It is easy to say the things that are true. It is sometimes hard to give yourself permission to say those things". Her writing her permission slip? That is *\*awesome\**!

22-23, the beautiful thing is that Brene was ready to accept and understand the meaning of Angelou's words and gesture. She had **accepted the existence of grace and the possibility of grace for her.** I wrote this to Deb in an email very recently. Magic? It isn't making possibility real. It's making reality—a better reality—possible.

25, bottom. Some people *\*don't\** belong to any group. Some people start or make the group. Exceptions are the rules the exceptional people make.

26, top, some of this brushes against consciousness study.

This first chapter is so intrinsically about her fight against the three-pronged attack of Perception Deception---who other people think you should be, who you think other people think you should be, and who *\*you\** think you should be. Instead of being who you *\*are\**. I am quite motivated to leaf through Immortal Diamond again to see if there are threads of Rohr's writing on the False Self that may find their way into this narrative.

## CHAPTER 2 – THE QUEST FOR TRUE BELONGING

Page 31-32, definition of True Belonging. OK, in the “made-me-look” category, I will type out Rohr’s “Song of the True Self” in *Immortal Diamond* (pp. 56-57). **“Within us there is an inner, natural dignity (You often see it in older folks). An inherent worthiness that already knows and enjoys (you see it in children). It is an immortal diamond waiting to be mined and is never discovered undesired. It is a reverence humming within you that must be honoured. Call it the soul, the unconscious, deep consciousness, or the indwelling Holy Spirit. Call it nothing. It does not need the right name or right religion to show itself. It does not even need to be understood. It is usually wordless. It just is, and shows itself best when we are silent, or in love, or both. I will call it the True Self here. It is God in All Things yet not circumscribed by any one thing. It is enjoyed only when each part is in union with all other parts, because only then does it stand in the full truth. Once in a while, this True Self becomes radiant and highly visible in one lovely place or person. Superbly so, and for all to see, in the body of the Risen Christ. And note that I did say “body”. It begins here and now in our embodied state in this world. Thus the Christ Mystery travels the roads of time. Once you have encountered this True Self—and once is more than enough—the False Self will begin to fall away on its own. This will take most of your life, however, just as it did in Jesus.”** My own concept is the one I raised at the end of chapter 1—perception deception

While this is not directly on track, it does spark from what I just did above. I will take this opportunity to continue my intermittent campaign on this. I would \*love\* at some point, if it were considered possible/doable, to take Wayne’s good idea of themes to follow in a book and flip it. I call it Operation Taking Stock. Or Operation What Have We Learned? To have a book study without a book where, every 2 weeks maybe, we \*study\* a theme, go back and see what our various authors have had to say about that theme, and compare, contrast and discuss. Here might be some of the set-up: 1, who is your favourite author on the topic and why? 2, who is your least favourite author on the topic and why? 3, from your notes or remembrances of the various books, how do you feel your conception of the topic has developed over the years? Are you surprised at some changes in you on the topic? 4, what hasn’t been said yet to your satisfaction on the topic? 5, do you remember something that another book study participant said that really dazzled you about the topic? Sorry---I am getting carried away! (grin).

32, middle and bottom, I’m quite struck by how similar in chording this seems to Rohr’s views. Wouldn’t it be fun to have them both on a speaking panel somewhere?

“brave the wilderness of uncertainty, vulnerability and criticism” – by stating the title words here, it is obviously important text

33, not at the cost....she doesn’t mention the word “individuality”, instead it’s softly inferred.

Shared fear and disdain---is that, maybe, because one can share fear or disdain without making a true effort to understand another person, while loving another person almost invariably does require an effort at understanding them?

33, bottom, pressure to fit in and conform. A super-recent journals entry:

*\* It’s all very well to say during this pandemic “well, there’s a great opportunity now for you to search for meaning in your life”. Ah, but that rests on a faulty premise. What if you don’t know how to search? Many people—too many---don’t know how to search for meaning. They only*

*know how to be guided to it. Or herded to it. Why? Well, I'm going to go past my normal explanation that searching is more work and people are inherently lazy. Instead, I think there's another reason why many are, as a friend derisively puts it, "sheeple". The yearning for conformity. To conform, there is a subliminally inherent requirement to be subservient. If you can balance this, you can still heed others and have a core of yourself that you can simultaneously pursue growing. That would be to have subservience with meaning, or "conscious subservience". But when I say humans need a place to know and they need to know their place, perhaps it is sometimes more accurate to say that they need a place to *\*be\** and need to *\*be\** in their place. It's even OK to be a *\*little\** selfish. But that should look like "selfish-with-purpose" vs. for narcissistic reasons. I think a lot of people have fallen into the trap of subservience-without-meaning, of going along with the flow because it's the flow. I keep coming back to this concept---if you can't question, then you haven't chosen.*

34, I wonder if her definition of spirituality is interchangeable with a definition she would use for "faith". Her definition of spirituality isn't bad at all.

35, I like all those questions, especially #3

36, top, *\*has\** there been a time in your life when yours was the *\*only\** voice?

36, wilderness can also bring thoughts of "cleansing of the soul" and "openness to the wonder of nature"---at least it's sometimes done so with me.

37, from having read White Fragility---in that sphere, the concept of having hard conversations is often very, very hard

38, bottom, accountability. That's part of my definition of leadership---taking ownership of responsibility, and taking responsibility for ownership---of your vision, decisions, actions.

I have some of these attributes, but *\*definitely\** not all

39 middle—"fear will lead us astray and arrogance is even more dangerous". While I agree with the general proposition, there is some wiggle room for me. *\*some\** fear serves to keep us humble and perhaps sharpen the senses, keeps us from complacency. And the line between confidence and arrogance is sometimes very blurred.

40, top, I tend to say "the path to greatness is sprinkled with sideroads to obscurity".

40, her belonging definition feels so very much like how Rohr has spoken to us in his books.

41, and humans are creatures of contradiction

### CHAPTER 3 -- HIGH LONESOME: A SPIRITUAL CRISIS

Since we talked about certainty a bit last time, I'll add this, the currently second-last journal entry:

*"for someone unused to reaching for potential, it involves venturing into the unknown, taking risks and...leaving certainty behind.*

*I've talked a lot about how—especially now—we are less as a species and how much we suck at it. I've also talked a lot about how we are clinging desperately to certainty. Could there...could there be a corollary, a connection between these two? That being certain means...being less? Yeah, I think there is some substance there. I won't---quite—yet—go so far as to say "being wrong makes you more". But I will say this. Being confidently certain has a trap---the trap of having built your boundary fence, closing off possibilities and imagination, and therefore putting a ceiling and limit on the subject of your certainty and, ultimately, your self-growth. It is \*hard\* to not want to be right. It \*can\* be hard to watch others get things wrong. But Ralph Steadman really puts this well when he says "there is no such thing as a mistake. A mistake is just an opportunity to do something different."*

*What I'm groping at is that there are all kinds of less-ness. There is the less that you can control and the less that you can't. And there is the less that you are not conscious of that chains you. And there is the less that you accept in yourself that leads to you being more because of that acceptance. This less-of-humility is super-hard to find your path to, in the era of ich-uber-alles.*

Page 44, "art has the power to render sorrow beautiful". Of course it does. Because it makes it comprehensible, transmutes it into being something bearable. "In Flanders Fields". The movie "Life is Beautiful". Paintings of battle scenes....all the way back to paintings and sculptures of Jesus on the cross. Masses and requiems in music.

I'm going to take a bold shot across the bow here. If you have not experienced personal sorrow than you cannot be spiritually whole. Because you will be missing the essential puzzle piece of empiric empathy. Unless you've been down in the hole yourself, it is very hard to be able to lift someone else out of there.

By the way, with only a few exceptions, I dislike bluegrass a lot (grin)

Art also functions as a guidepost---of someone who has chosen to share their own vulnerability with the world. Art represents several kinds of bravery.

45, "we've turned away from one another and toward blame and rage". Yes. It is a world of shunning instead of a world of understanding. A world besieged.

46, coming back to this thought of mine, and a concomitant to what she's writing about, we also live in a world where "useful purpose" is very uncommon, especially in the sense of community benefit. A sidebar to this, something I discussed with Deb in a car ride a little while ago. Name a world-changing, life-changing discovery (and I don't include the internet---it's just an extended application of computers) since about 1970 or so. Where are the automobiles and lightbulbs and radio waves and DNA discoveries and inventions of today's world? As in, things that every man and woman and child can recognize as "wonder"?

47, I've said this before too. Democracy is having an opinion. And allowing others to have an opinion. And recognizing that their opinion may be better than yours. All of you know I've been 'preaching the gospel' about this for a few years now---the decay of democracy.

48-49, I've noticed this other disturbing trend since the pandemic really took hold, and it is present in many of my friends (and I'm trying to be sure I identify whether I'm doing it too!)----a need to be, I'll say it this way...stridently right. One of my newer niblets---"if I shout loud enough, I don't have to listen, do I?"

50, bottom, this point she's making with families and those we love. It's hard, hard sometimes, to have the strength to accept another person's weaknesses. But for me, that's part of how I maintain friendships. Maybe I miss opportunities to make people better than they are. But. It's hard not to want to tell someone how to live their life. But it's also utterly futile to try to do so---unless they're at a point where listening and thinking is still an option for them. It is the thing that almost all humans are absolutely obdurate about. The only question is how well someone might fool you into living a life that you think is yours but is actually theirs.

52, I wrote a song about this a while back, which I called Velour and Caviar. It came out of an image of a person, fashionably dressed and dining alone at a fancy restaurant (not out of a movie or anything---just an image I conjured up). But it was really about the dichotomy she talks about here---about how loneliness is a not-fun thing, but that sometimes you do need to be alone.

52 bottom, "I don't think there's anything lonelier than being with people and feeling alone". Yum---I need to keep that one!

53, this is something that I can only wildly applaud our spiritual leadership team at the synagogue for. They are making such a determined, concerted effort to make our daily virtual prayer gatherings more than just for prayer---to set aside time to get to know each other, to banter and teach and learn. It has become an important part of my daily now.

53 bottom, it's also why solitary confinement is reserved for the most incorrigible of prisoners. I wrote once, a long, long time ago, that if I was the last human left on the planet, the human species would be gone shortly thereafter.

57, let's also make no mistake about this. We have invited loneliness into our lives with our addiction to electronic communication and social media. Because all this functions to bypass and cut off the very necessary part of interacting with other people that is physical in nature. Harari asks the question as to whether we are becoming algorithms or analogs. Sometimes I do wonder.

58, this is the faint hope I now have for the Black Lives Matter movement. You saw it in a bunch of the Superbowl ads. The "cool-up" factor is in play to welcome black involvement and people in our lives. Will it last? I don't know, but there's something to work with that kinda hasn't been there before.

58, middle, another nugget---anything worth fighting for usually involves a fight

29, be the hurt. There are many, many doctors who are really good people and have gotten into their profession for all the right reasons, and who genuinely care. And yet. Not in an actual way, but if it were possible, in a virtual-reality way, I would love for all doctors and nurses to take a turn as their patient. To feel what their patient feels. To deal as their patient deals. I reckon they would all come out with a greater understanding of how and what they do.

## CHAPTER 4 – PEOPLE ARE HARD TO HATE CLOSE UP. MOVE IN

Pages 64-65, they're good examples and the split in the "message" is clear.

"it's easier to be pissed off than it is to be hurt or scared". I will address this a bit in my opening, especially her "find and replace" exercise. I would substitute a different word than "pain". I would substitute the word "work".

67, "when we deny our emotion, it owns us. When we own our emotion, we can rebuild and find our way through the pain". Strong words. Useful words.

68, anger as catalyst and life-drainer both. I do agree but want her to talk about how to effect the transmutation. Leiris' message is amazing.

70, face-to-face conflict. True. There is a stranger in each of us, even in our closest friends and family. Um, that's what makes them interesting and exciting to be around too, you know.

71, her description of the world's view of emotional safety---I come back to this---if I shout loud enough, I don't have to listen, do I?

71, bottom, dehumanizing. Alan Dershowitz, in his book "Chutzpah" (which is Yiddish for "nerve") doesn't come out and say this but he draws you to this conclusion. It is not persecution that is the problem. It is the tradition of persecution that is such a daunting obstacle to overcome---for both the persecuted and the persecutor. Is it...kismet...that I am just now rereading William Shirer's masterpiece, The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich and am just at the part of the book dealing with the darkness of the final solution and the holocaust and the persecution of everyone who was an Untermensch?

73-74, there's also a fair dollop of fear at work. You want to differentiate so that you yourself don't become one of the victims of this process, of being yourself one of those slated for dehumanization.

74, middle, shall we talk of the irony of how social media was inherently designed to better connect people and it is functioning to do exactly the opposite?

75, maybe it all comes down to that old saw "if you have nothing good to say, don't say anything"? Ahhhh, but in today's world, not saying anything....keeping quiet and listening...is really, REALLY hard.

75, bottom, "we diminish our own humanity" yup. Absolutely. This is in my opening.

76, "we're so saturated by these words and images, we're close to normalizing moral exceptions". It's a super-elegant way of putting this. Absolutely happened in Germany in the mid-to-late 30s.

76-77, so I'm going to go on a significant digression here about Black Lives Matter. The first part is a personal experience, the second part is social observation. The first part.

Some years ago, I finally got to my first Pride Parade here in Toronto. It was a special day for me as it started, to see how much \*fun\* people were having, to see so much colour in the floats and the performers' costumes...or lack thereof (grin). The marshal that year was the CEO of Cineplex Media, Salah Bachir, a fine and gentle man who I knew a little bit, and one who has been extremely



philanthropic. I loved seeing how much fun \*he\* was having. And that year, Black Lives Matter was the “honoured guest group”. They came by in their float, laughing and waving. We \*all\* cheered loudly, black and white alike.

Then, about 6 blocks down from where I was, the parade stopped. Stopped dead. Black Lives Matter had blocked the road. They held the parade for ransom, only allowing it to continue once they had achieved their demands—that the parade organizers get the police float out of the parade and sign a document stating the police would never again be allowed to put a float in the parade.

That sort of demand would never stand up in a court of law, on account of duress. But it was....not honourable. I was left---and am \*still\* left---with very ambivalent feelings about the movement. I appreciate that they felt extreme measures were needed to bring the problems to the forefront and try to effect change. This was not the way to do it.

To the movement’s credit, I think it has learned from its early mistakes (though I don’t know if they ever retracted their demand or apologized to the parade or police here). The proof-in-the-pudding came to me during the Superbowl a couple weeks ago. And specifically, watching the commercials. A significant majority of the commercials? Depicted positive, empowered scenes with black people. The movement has hit the “cool-up” factor button. It is cool to like and admire black people now.

The problem with the “cool-up” process is that it is all too often tied to the following of a fad. Will this go out of vogue? Here would be my humble suggestion for the movement. That they treat their movement as an exercise in business dynamics. We have gone through the early adoption stage and into the main market penetration stage. How do you retain market share? Where the “market” in this case is people’s attention and sympathy/empathy.

78, middle. There’s a sort of flip side of the coin to what she’s stating here, which I will express through two journal entries on fundamentalism:

*“I want to spit this out first---the next remarks will read as being denigrating. I \*don’t\* intend them that way. I am typing them out of a genuine attempt to understand, a flawed attempt because I haven’t myself been in this position.*

*My understanding of fundamentalism is that it demands of its adherents a rigid observance of its codes, beliefs, visions, goals and policies. To do that and stay sane, an adherent must do what? They must surrender **free will**. I will argue that since they have \*sacrificed\*--there’s \*that\* word---their **most precious possession**, they will do anything to keep their chosen “ism” alive and well, because it is the thing that has the most of that person bound up in it now, the thing that has cost them the most. And though it’s a negative commandment, covetousness is part of human nature. A fundamentalist relates to his or her “ism” more closely because they have given up more to do so than the rest of us. I know this is an awful thing to read---because I’m skirting closely to aligning it with demonic possession. But there’s something to this I can’t let go of. Our Toronto book club, we took a look at *Conversations on Consciousness* a time ago. There were more than a few views in that book who twined free will very closely to the concept of a soul. Wait...I’m not done. Do such people subconsciously ask themselves whether they’ve ended up giving up their free will not of their own free will? And does a hardening effect stem from a latent bitterness at having made this surrender?*

*Maybe there is some good that can come out of this “bad” sketch----if each of us can find a right and good set of ideas or process of belief or something....something worth making such a sacrifice...well,*

maybe that would be OK. But better? Transmuting the whole idea. From a sacrifice to a wellspring. You don't surrender your free will. You share it. Or in the business vernacular, you license it for use."

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"I'm still hooked on the fundamentalism subject. Here's another take. Fundamentalism is one side of a very thin coin.

*In both the workplace and in the home, commitment is hallowed as a personality trait. Very roughly indeed, commitment is often doing what you should do at the cost of doing what you may want to do. But in a positive sphere, it is a key component of a respectful and fulfilling marriage (a daily reaffirmation of the vows, if you will) and of doing work that is meaningful to you and your employer and with which both of you are happy. In the NFP arena, it can be making the extra effort to help a charity. And, health-wise, it can keep us in the gym or the pool or running on the road, to our physical betterment.*

*Commitment has stuff that drags along its coattails. Purpose. Drive. Focus. And sometimes, hostility if something or someone you are committed to is challenged. Fundamentalism? It's negative commitment. It's commitment without reason. And maybe even better or more accurately---it's tainted commitment. Because while it may entail purpose and drive and focus (and hostility), it rarely entails respect for those who are not aligned with your ism's beliefs. I think commitment without respect is a crippled, poisoned form of commitment, without the capability for true growth, certainly of character. But not without power. No, definitely not."*

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78 bottom-79 top, boundaries---in a curious way, the pandemic may help with that. At least for me, I am being extremely conscious of everyone's tolerance for risk in terms of walking together, being together, etc. and doing my best to respect their wishes in this regard.

80, first paragraph of the conversation. I can affirm that this has happily happened for me---on more than one occasion.

80, 2<sup>nd</sup> paragraph of the conversation. Even more fundamental. This type of interaction is a test---of our trust and our respect for the other person. If we genuinely trust and respect the other person and their feeling for us, we will not be afraid to get into the argument because the foundation will not be harmed....as long as we think out what we say in a respectful and meaningful way.

82, conflict transformation vs. conflict resolution. I like the word transformation too. "resolution" almost necessarily implies that a compromise has been reached. And compromise usually means that both sides are not completely happy---or not as happy as maybe they could have been.

What she's really talking about is the exercise of democracy at a one-on-one and personal level, right?

83, I know Viola Davis' work quite well. She's a fine actress

84-85, very resonant story. Something that I thought about including in my opening but shied away from. Do we hate others so we don't have to hate ourselves? So we don't have to confront ourselves? So we don't have to love the other person?

Her husband---I have a close friend (the husband is a very good friend too) who had a very similar experience and talked openly about it. Braving her wilderness.

86, "I want to be...translucent". I REALLY like that. You let light in. And you let light out.

87, she's missing a line. Probably intentionally. I will fill that line in. "This is how and why I belong to you."