

Claiming My Helpership

A Trip to the Past Offers Confidence to the Future

An essay by Jan Rigsby

My awakening process felt like hearing a voice calling to me while I was asleep. I hear it, but am unable in the moment to respond. I feel a quickening of consciousness but am still asleep. Neither my limbs nor my will respond. Although I understand the information, I cannot process it. The Now will have to be reviewed later, when I am more fully aware, remembering the details. Over my lifetime, this has happened thousands of times. Over the past 15 years, the pace has sped up, yet there is still a time lag between each awakening and full consciousness of it.

A series of circumstances has allowed me to view a videotape of myself from 8 years ago, recording a process around Ego Tricks. She – me – is exactly one week away from a fabulous awakening. She has sensed that a change is imminent, but cannot name it or see it yet. She can't finish her sentences, because the new reality has not yet manifested and the words make no sense in her current reality. I had not yet gained the confidence to 'guess' and fill in the blanks with my intuition.

Today I sit in the International Airport in Sydney Australia, looking out at the skyline of the city at dusk, magnificent in grey rain cloud shadows. I am about to board a plane and fly into a new reality, into a new future, just as unknown as the adventure I entered 8 years ago.

In 1998 I was completing my 4th year of PTP with the Pathwork of California. I had the unmitigated gall to turn my face upwards one day and make a demand. Okay! I said. Let's go! And here's what I need to be enlisted. I need clear guidance – no shuffling about – give me a verb, give me a noun, give it in English. Make it short and clear, with punctuation marks and –

That's as far as I got.

SELL THE HOUSE.

But... this is a great house! It's my first personal, wonderful home, bought after the divorce. This 2-bedroom bungalow allowed me to flower, to bloom, to unveil myself. It was a manifestation of a deeper level of my real self than I had ever experienced before. Why would I sell it?

Because you are done with this phase of your life. Now I had guidance speaking into one ear, and my real self speaking into the other!

There are times of contraction and withdrawal, and times of expansion and connection. There are no real boundaries in these life phases, they intermingle, intertwine and interbreed so that there is no real distinguishing one from the other. I was done. I just hadn't realized it.

SELL THE HOUSE.

If I get credit for anything, credit me for not wanting to piss off the spirit world. Verb, noun, English, short, clear... either do it or stop asking for guidance. I called a friend who was a realtor and put the house on the market.

I envied Moses. He got a burning bush. I got whispers.

I spent 2 months trying to figure out where 'they' wanted me to go if - oops, sorry, when - the house sold. I explored Los Angeles, then Santa Barbara, even San Luis Obispo. I went south and explored San Diego. I finally decided that 'they' weren't going to tell me where, so I started to focus upon what might be an acceptable interim step, something that I could live with until I knew what the guidance was about. I decided to buy a house in Carlsbad, a suburb just north of San Diego, an area where many of my Pathwork friends lived. I felt as if I were just punching a ticket, saying 'yes' to the change without making a fully conscious commitment.

Never assume, never underestimate guidance. Within a week of the video, 2 days before escrow closed on my new home, I found myself taking on the position of Administrative Director of the Pathwork of California. Unbeknownst to me, wheels had been turning down south, and the only reason I hadn't been spotted as a candidate had been that I lived 2 hours north. POC needed a systems overhaul, and that was my professional specialty. I had retired from the company I founded and my new home was a 15 minute drive from the POC office.

SELL THE HOUSE had been shorthand for, 'We have a task for you and we need you to be available, please relinquish your investment in the current property and relocate yourself within convenient driving distance of your new job'.

Darkness has descended over Sydney. The outlines of the buildings have melted into the horizon, and the lights look like sets of geometrically placed stars in the blackness.

The woman I am today is quite different from the woman on the 1998 video. I stepped into leadership, then into Helpership. In 2000 I retired from administrating POC and answered a call from contacts in Australia for Pathwork classes, and finished my own Helpership classes by commuting across the Pacific for 3-day weekends. I started a Pathwork Transformation Program and enrolled 29 students in classes on opposite sides of the continent, ensuring lots of frequent flyer miles to underwrite 6 trips a year back to the US to complete my Helpership training. I was supported by supervisors who would co-teach with me periodically as I completed the formal courses plus a concurrent on-the-job apprenticeship. In 2002 I graduated from HTP and was certified as a full Helper, the director of a full blown PTP in it's second year. In 2006, 13 students graduated from the Australian PTP programs.

Yet early in 2005, another awakening began. Slowly, steadily, detail by detail I began to realize that this phase was also over.

My father was an Air Force Officer. It was a common experience to come home from school and have Mom say, 'guess where we're going!' and the answer could be anywhere on the planet. It feels to me as if I was trained early for the life I would lead as a Helper.

Today I am headed to Austin, Texas. Heaven only knows why. I can imagine that it is about a call from individuals there to experience Pathwork, that my experience in Australia prepared me to work in Texas, how this builds upon what I have accomplished in Oz. But in truth, I have no idea why I am going or what I will be doing.

In a few moments, I will board the plane to Los Angeles. Perhaps in 8 years, I can write another article and explain it to you. I assure you, it will have been an adventure.

Best wishes for your journey, wherever it takes you.

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