

Changing Perspective

How Little Stuff Changes Big Stuff

14 Years ago the Pathwork Lectures presented me with a new reality that turned my world upside down. I thought the joke complaint ‘I didn’t ask to be born’ was true, even if it wasn’t terribly useful or productive. My version was that I was a mistake, one of those accidents that everyone just has to live with.. I first considered suicide at 11. I thought of it as a solution: since I was the problem, taking myself out felt like an act of consideration. Each time my life seemed to collapse, I thought about suicide. The guilt felt much worse later because I had dragged two children into my world as well.

The lectures said I’d gotten it wrong. I wasn’t an accident, I was a plan. My kids hadn’t been ‘captured’, they’d deliberately come into my life, precisely because my struggle – and their father’s – was exactly the accelerant they needed to propel them into their own life task, just as I had designed my life to ignite my task based upon the faults, deficiencies, visions and gifts of my own parents.

I had to really chew on that. It changed everything. It invalidated all my apologies. It took away all my excuses. Instead of my being a bit player who couldn’t manage her lines, I was the whole show. My kids had come to see how I managed my particular set of gifts. They’d known about my cowardice, my lies, and my resistance to life. They’d decided that the wounds they would receive from their dad and me were exactly what they needed. They also must have known that one day I would see the futility of how I was living my life, and whichever way I turned, there must have been something there they wanted to learn.

It got worse. If what the lectures said was true, then my parents had agreed to allow me to be born to them, at my request and because it served their life tasks as well. I wasn’t an accident. I wasn’t the problem. I was part of the solution.

This news rocked my world. I was going through my first conscious experience of having my self-images shattered. A desperate medical emergency led to divorce, near-bankruptcy, and new lives filled with hope for everyone involved – that looked nothing like any of us had imagined possible. As I was hitting bottom, suicide again seemed like a solution to everyone’s problems. The idea that my life had been designed by me to reveal my distortions so that I could transform and purify them in order to more fully support the plan of salvation – just imagine how hard that was to digest!

Humour helps, and I found an odd place to start laughing instead of crying. Douglas Adam’s Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy series was becoming popular at the time. In it, the race of white mice (that built the earth as part of an experiment and were just about to blow it up to make way for an intergalactic expressway) had also built a supercomputer to answer the question of “What is the meaning of life, the universe, and everything?” After a million years of computations, the computer announced that the answer was... 42. (The white mice were furious, but the computer simply said that it hadn’t been asked to find the explanation, only the answer – which was, like it or not, simply ‘42’.) By the time I was digesting the lectures, I had hit 42. I was the answer. Now my job would be to understand why, and like Douglas’ computer, it might take a while. Standing in the shambles of my former life, I had nothing to lose and nothing else better to do.

Over the last 14 years the Pathwork Lectures became more and more central to my life. My decision to train as a Pathwork Helper surprised me, as I had felt entrenched in manufacturing management as a career. I have surrendered now to the notions of human energy systems, spiritual healing, and channelings from a multitude of sources despite my initial scepticism and demands for proof.

Yet I feel that I still base my teaching of the lectures on the initial shift in paradigms that helped me to understand and accept myself and my life during 1991. I do sessions with myself from exactly the same starting point and perspective that I use for my workers: that I am exactly where I am supposed to be, doing exactly what I am supposed to be doing, and all the tools I need are already present. The trick is to figure out what I am trying to do from the evidence that is in front of my face. Sometimes, the answer seems to be that I have to make changes, and then take another look from that new perspective. Often the answer is that I needed awareness, and a specific difficulty activates this awareness for me, bringing unconscious beliefs and distortions forward.

Pain is essential in this process of growth and change. It signals that something is wrong, out of alignment, or not functioning. Pain is the messenger, not the problem, the effect rather than the cause. . By changing our perspective, we can try to understand the message rather than running from it -- and delaying the real work of addressing the cause. A simple change of perspective allowed me to examine my life from a radically different point of view. From that small change, my life today was born.

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