

PORTRAITS OF A MARRIAGE IN TRANSITION



All marriages go through times of change. The big shape/shift for us took place in 2005. For the previous fourteen years—from February 1981 to April of 2005, Don and I had worked side by side daily in at Life/Work Direction. At first our colleague Richard Faxon had been with us, but since 1993, it had just been the two of us knit together in both our life as a couple and in our daily meetings with participants around the table.

In 2005, Scott and Louise Walker—our landlords, but also persons with a vision for similar ministry—were looking for a way to find a way to join their “Threshold” program (similar to ours at Life/Work but geared toward young persons) to a supportive base. Life/Work Direction, already located in their house, became the obvious choice, and we welcomed them aboard.

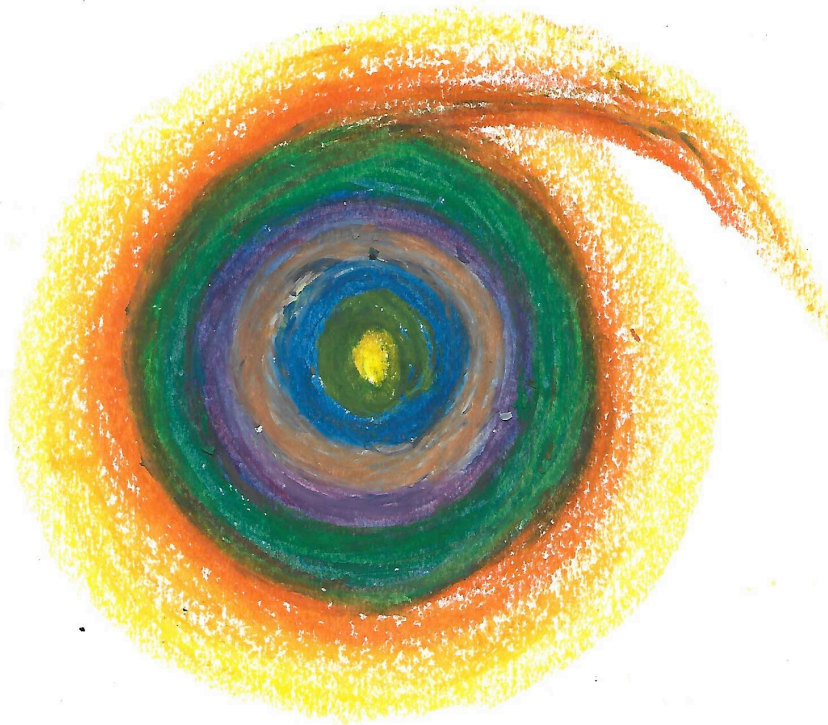
This created an opportunity for Don and me to take a more objective look at our marriage apart from the work. Don had been already moving away from active participation in meeting with participants and toward his natural inclination in creativity—specifically writing poetry.

I felt the tensions arising in our work together (his participation was always a bit more “radical” and challenging than my softer more psychological instincts), and this spilled over into our life together.

I turned to producing a series of drawings as a way to help me identify the process unfolding inside me. It was better to be able to objectify and to laugh, rather than to cry or lose perspective.

The Spiral

that is the work within me



moving out from centering prayer
into daily life

receiving from the other
and incorporating it

Circles

generating circles



—my hope for the future of our work

—present reality as we join with another
circle, mining the hollowed space within
for the alchemical gold of growth

Constriction into Space
created the tension of intrusion,
puncturing my limits



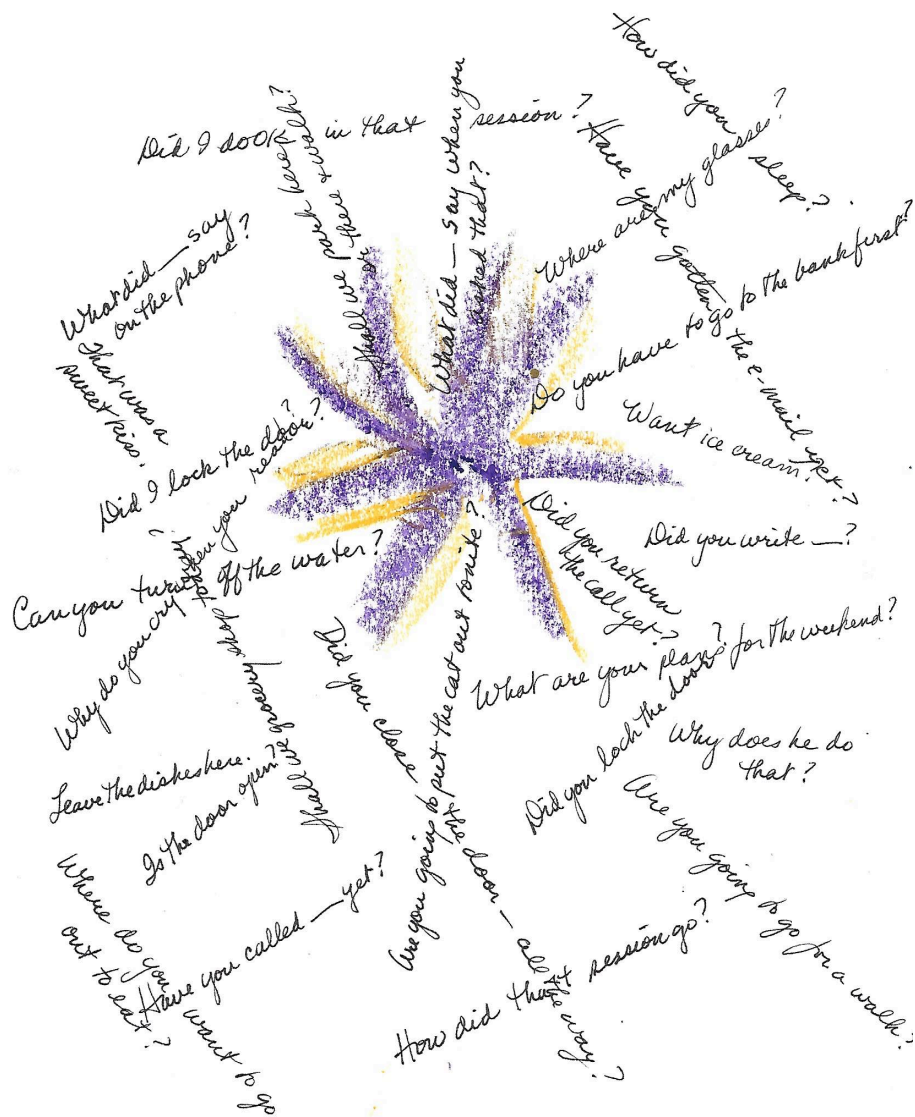
Then

came

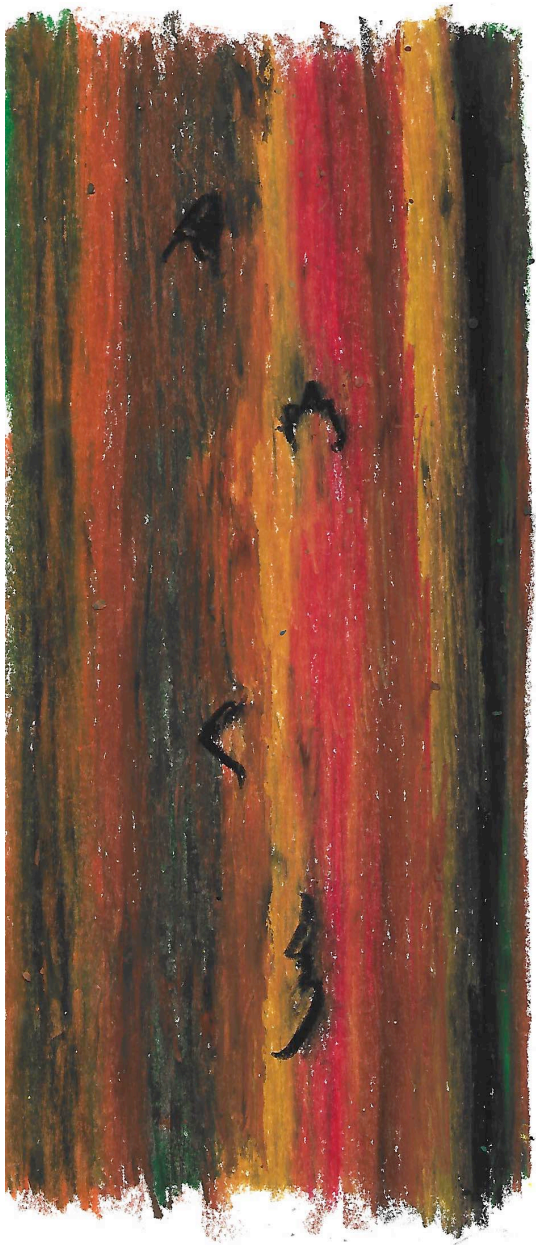
the

questions

?????

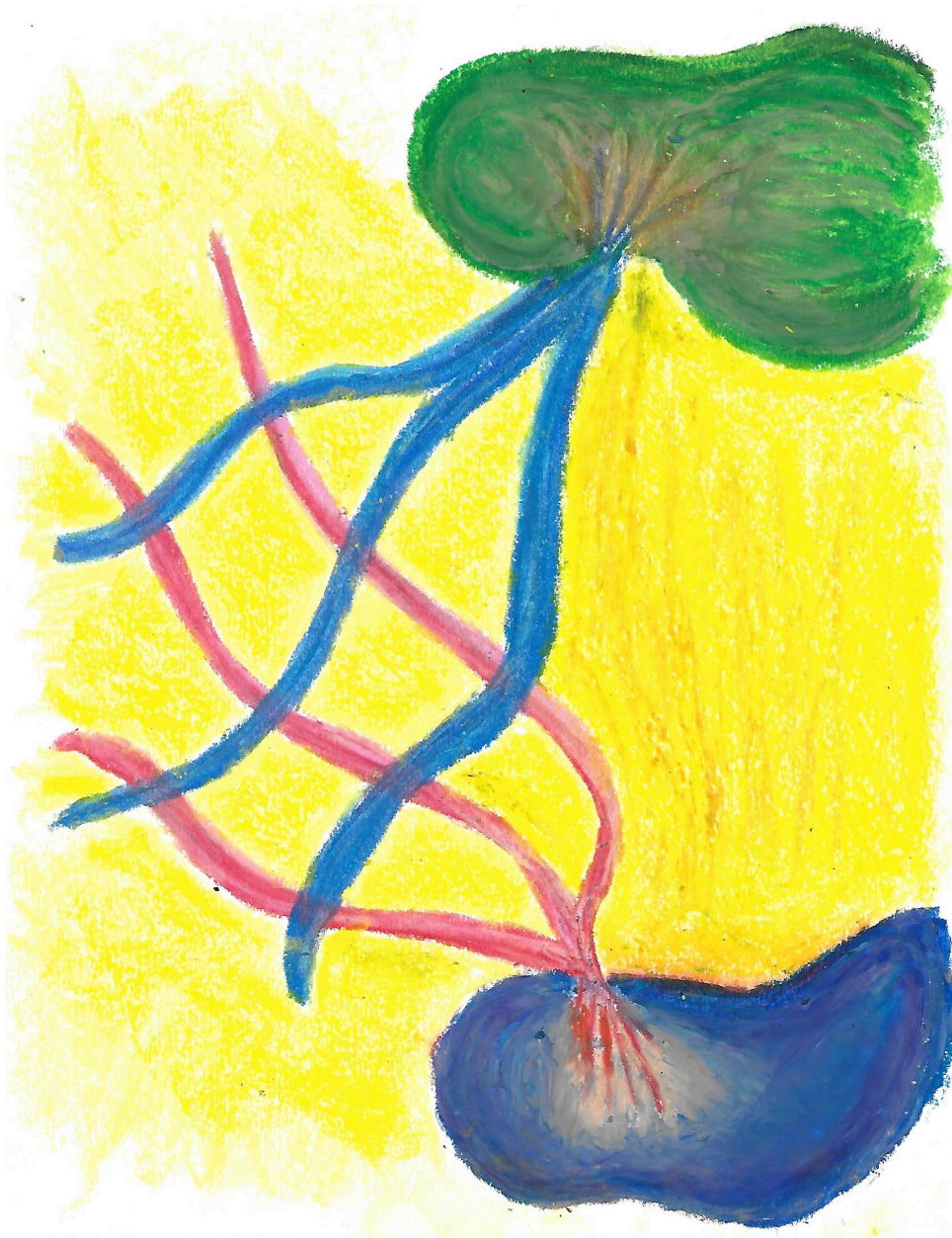


and the silence
of not knowing
an answer



"I haven't the slightest idea."

*In our work,
we crossed each other's process*



*creating an interlaced grid
for the participant to enter*



*The quieting of soul
created a new harmony
where a tree of life could form,
your branches and mine
tentatively reaching out
for new growth.*

We *knead* each other
in the day
and in the night.



Don added this piece from his writing, when I showed him my drawings.

EUNICE

Reports in language
uttered as in through one
born lightning,
as in more things with souls;
with what now one
from mostly language in more
now as in outward being,
outward breath.

Amen.

With all love

God delay my praise
about praise with this spirit
to knowing that above.

So all forgotten pride
midst this courage
be else this sacrifice
to immense vanity.

Amen.

Then shelter could hide
when on place opened
with waters,
before seas house then secret
without home.

Even then God once all, left,
when love house His
then clearer to mercy.