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## JESUS IN THE HEART: THE ARCHETYPE OF ARCHETYPES

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### **Inviting Jesus through Imagistic or Inner Healing Prayer**

Jesse was thirty when she came to see me. She was having trouble with feelings related to raising her daughter. Her difficulties were similar to those of several other patients I was already treating, and I had resolved to avoid taking any new patients with her kind of problem for a while. However, something inside nagged at me, making me think I should treat her. I went to the Lord in prayer, laying out my conflict and seeking direction. I heard very clearly in my intuitive inner voice, "If you will treat her, I will bless you."

With some lingering concern, I decided to follow this leading. As I expected, she was challenging, but I kept looking for the blessing. She was not a Christian. In fact, she had dabbled in the occult as a teenager. Nevertheless, it became natural for us to have spiritual discussions. I was gently proposing that she might consider the possibility that Jesus could help her in some way that her other spiritual efforts could not.

During one session, we were working in a particularly intense way. Using inner imagery, we were seeking to understand more about the nature of Jesse's turmoil.

What presented to her vividly was a turreted castle keep. Jesse was on the outside of the keep, but she could see that there were many wounded children inside who represented hurt parts of herself that needed healing. They were surrounded by an ominous cancerous growth.

It was an extended session, and Jesse worked until about an hour into the session, trying to find some way to get inside the keep to help the distressed children. She struggled mightily with all the energy that her intense maternal instinct could provide. She tried different symbolic maneuvers, like trying to break through the wall, trying to talk to the children through a window, and other things, but the children got no relief and continued to cry for help.

After she had struggled on her own for a long and futile while, I suggested she try a different approach. She had been open enough previously in considering Christianity that I felt safe suggesting she might like to try asking if Jesus would help her. Her frustration and desperation were strong enough that she was willing to try my suggestion.

She asked Jesus to join her in her efforts. Immediately, the image of Christ appeared to her, accompanied by a sense of holy light from God. As he stood there beside her, she went back to her struggles, trying to reach the children, but nothing was different. I suggested she try to wield the light like a tool to get through the wall. She did but was unable to penetrate the wall or find any kind of relief.

Our time allotment was drawing to a close. I personally did not understand why the vivid Jesus presence just stood there and watched as Jesse struggled. He did seemingly nothing to help her, and it did not look like Jesse was going to make any more headway that day.

I began to go through the process of drawing a session to a close. About a quarter of the way through the process, Jesse suddenly cried, "Wait!"

Once Jesse gave up her struggle and it seemed hope was gone, Jesus took the offensive. He effortlessly broke through into the castle keep's interior. There he walked among the children, offering love and healing. The cancerous growth receded. The sense of contamination and

ominous danger left. And in a moment, Jesse felt intense relief, release, and a godly sense of wholeness unlike anything she had ever experienced.

She was amazed, and frankly, I was, as well. By that time, I had seen Jesus help in a variety of ways in incremental healing, but for him to swoop in and heal in a last-minute dramatic surprise was something I had never witnessed. To Jesse, the utter astonishment of it all was a convincing testament to the fact that this healing was not from Dr. Caldwell and was not from her ego efforts. It was from Something outside of her that was larger, higher, and more loving than she had imagined.

Now, this session did not cure all of Jesse's difficulties, but it was an important start on a new kind of life and healing process that she had not known before. Forever after, she referred to this time as her miracle. And truly, it was.

The technique that Jesse and I were using together is called *inner healing prayer* or *imagistic prayer*. It began as psychotherapy in a state of deep relaxation where I set up a very general scenario with guided imagery. Then, I let her soul and unconscious take it from there. Typically, I start with a symptom and then suggest that the symptom take the form of an image. I suggest that the image/symbol can lead us to something important for the person's healing that day. I may be more specific, suggesting a particular memory to go to if I know of something, but the higher unconscious is more insightful about the person than I am. I like it to lead as much as possible. This psychological technique is sometimes called an *affective bridge*. Any feeling can be turned into an image/symbol. Jung added this insight to psychology. Jesse's work prior to Jesus' coming might be considered psychological. Once Jesus arrived, however, it became prayer.

## **Jesus in the Heart**

If you have read the gospels, you know who Jesus is historically. We know who he is theologically if we have studied his life as part of a faith tradition. But do we know who he is in our souls? Of course, Jesus can do anything he wants to in our souls and elsewhere, but he seems to show up when invited into inner healing prayer with encouraging regularity. Certain patterns of the image of Christ within people emerge with this technique. I hope this chapter will enlarge your vision of Jesus' potential ministry within you through the stories and teachings I offer.

## **The Archetypal Christ**

Archetypes are conceived by Jung as dwelling in the zone between human psychology and spirit. As a result, distinguishing them from full spiritual entities is often tricky. Further, when we speak about the archetypal Christ, this is not to suggest that Jesus, as he ministers in this present era, is merely an archetype. He is not. Nevertheless, he has been depicted in ways that have certain archetypal qualities. Once our consciousness arrives at the experience of the realm of spirit, we are also near the realm of archetypes. There can be an overlap of symbolic styles. In addition, both angelic and unwanted spiritual sources may choose to work through archetypal structures within us. Please do not take offense, therefore, when I speak of the archetypal Christ.

That said, let me tell you an insightful story that moved me greatly. Unknown to me at the time of my first reading, one of the novels of Charles Williams depicted Jesus amidst the archetypal powers. Since I was growing in my understanding of archetypal phenomena at the time and was wondering how God fit into it all, this story filled me with a holy awe.

Charles Williams is best known for being a part of the Inklings, a literary discussion group involving C.S. Lewis and J.R.R. Tolkien in Oxford. Amidst this erudite group, C.S. Lewis is known to have considered Williams the greatest mind among them. T.S. Eliot, Williams' personal friend, wrote an introduction to one of Williams' novels, describing the novels as a "supernatural

thrillers.” They explore the intersection of the physical with the spiritual while also examining the ways in which power, even spiritual power, can corrupt as well as sanctify.

Williams was an unwavering Anglican, and poet, W. H. Auden, related that many years after first meeting Williams, he recalled that interview as marking one of the events that led him to embrace the Christian faith.

For the first time in my life, [I] felt myself in the presence of personal sanctity.... I had met many good people before who made me feel ashamed of my own shortcomings, but in the presence of this man... I did not feel ashamed. I felt transformed into a person who was incapable of doing or thinking anything base or unloving (I later discovered that he had had a similar effect on many other people.) (Cavaliero 2007, 4)

Such was the effect of the Charles Williams’ presence. People often felt a God-presence around him.

### **The Trump Card of Christ**

In *The Greater Trumps* (Williams 1977), we meet a young man, Henry, who heralds from a gypsy family. He is engaged to Nancy, the daughter of a curmudgeonly Englishman, Mr. Coningsby. Nancy and her father live together with Nancy’s aunt, Coningsby’s sister, Sybil. In contrast to her brother, Sybil was unflappable. Her presence was much like the aura described around Williams by W.H. Auden above. Nancy called her “a saint”—particularly when compared to her father with his insecure, peevish nature.

A friend bequeathed Mr. Coningsby an ancient playing card collection, and on an evening when the gypsy, Henry, was visiting the family, Nancy urged her father to bring out the collection for all to enjoy. He grudgingly obliged. As they look through the collection, they came upon a Tarot deck. The Tarot is used by the gypsy community for fortune telling, and as Henry gazed at the specifics of this particular deck, he made an important observation. Saying nothing of it, he later visited his grandfather, who was the keeper of a wondrous gypsy community secret—an apparatus thought to be a product of Egyptian technology and magic.

If [the grandfather’s] voice shook a little, it was with excitement and not from senility.

“What do you mean, Henry?” he asked. “Have you found out anything? Have you—have you the secret?”

Henry sat down on the edge of the table, and idly fingered one of the cards. “Don’t believe me too much,” he said. “I don’t believe myself. I don’t know about the secret—no, I think we still have to find that out. But I think”—he dropped the card and looked burningly at his grandfather—“I think I have found the originals.”

Henry and his grandfather discuss the figures on the cards and compare them to what their lore says are the original Tarot’s traits. One by one, the cards are confirmed. They decide to verify their findings by looking again at their ancient Egyptian technology. Its Tarot symbols were thought to be primeval shapes, as well.

The old man got up, and...walked slowly to the inner door, and Henry followed him. He put the key in the lock, turned it, and opened the door.... Directly before them, there hung from ceiling to floor thick



black curtains...and [the room] was filled with a curious pale light, which certainly did not come through any window or other opening.... The color of that pale light was uncertain; it seemed to change softly from one hue to another. To this changing phenomenon of light the two men paid no attention; they were gazing at a table which stood in the centre.

But the top was hidden, for it was covered by a plate of what looked like gold, marked very intricately with a pattern, one of squares, and one of circles, so that the eyes...saw now one and now the other as predominant. Upon that plate of gold were a number of little figures, each about three inches high, also of gold, it seemed, very wonderfully wrought.... For to any hasty spectator the figures might have seemed like those in a game; only there were many of them, and they were all in movement. Gently and continuously they went, intermingling, unresting—as if to some complicated measure, and as if of their own volition.

They...stood gazing at the figures, the young man in a careful comparison of them with his memory of the newly found cards. He saw among them [all of the various Tarot forms embodied.]...After a few minutes he looked round: “They’re certainly the same; in every detail.”

The old man [spoke] in a low voice, and pointed to the Fool in the middle of the field. It alone in the middle of all that curious dance did not move, though it stood as if poised for running; the lynx or other great cat by its side was motionless also. They paused—the man and the beast—as if struck into inactivity in the very midst of activity. And all about them, sliding, stepping, leaping, rolling, the complex dance went on.

Henry stood for a moment longer. “I wonder if you can know the dance without being among the dancers,” he said.

“But we are,” the old man answered hurriedly; “we are; everything is.”

Henry and the grandfather plot how they might get hold of Mr. Coningsby’s cards so as to bring them into the proximity of their wondrous table. Mr. Coningsby would not take money for them. His duty was to give them to the British Museum upon his passing. They decide to invite Mr. Coningsby’s family for a Christmastime gathering, asking him to bring the cards with him. They would show him the fascinating machine in the hope that he would agree to let the gypsies experiment with the cards.

The Christmas gathering occurs, and there is an event that astounds and perplexes the gypsies. Sybil, unlike everyone else, fails to see the Fool in the middle of the machine’s golden

platform. Instead, she finds the center empty; but the Fool she sees scuttering around the board at near infinite speed, stepping with the great dance, filling up empty spaces left by the other dancers. The Fool is in continuous activity while at the same time appearing to be totally motionless at the center to everyone else. It is a mystery they do not yet comprehend, but Henry has enough insight to realize it must have something to do with Sybil's incredible self-possession, equanimity, and inward peace.

So it is with the risen Christ within us. We see him holding together the meanings inherent in this intermediate zone between physical and spiritual. He invisibly fills up the gaps and harmonizes the movements of our archetypal, instinctual nature, wooing and guiding us toward the One, the True, the Good, and the Beautiful, which are often described as the four voices of God.

### **What Kind of Fool is the Cosmic Christ?**

The idea of Jesus as Fool among the Tarot archetypes will be found distasteful to some. Yet, it is often through unfamiliar symbols and paradox that we enlarge our imagination regarding higher things. Here is a description of the meaning of the Fool.

THE FOOL is a wanderer, energetic, ubiquitous, and immortal. He is the most powerful of all the Tarot Trumps. Since he has no fixed number he is free to travel..., often upsetting the established order with his pranks....he survives in our modern playing cards as the Joker. Here he still enjoys confounding the Establishment.

Like with Jesus, the Joker unites two realms—the everyday world and the realms of the archetypal and imaginal, populated by the Tarot characters. Like Shakespeare's Jester, Puck, the Tarot Fool moves freely between these worlds.

In the Waite version of the Tarot (above) [a small dog] appears to be warning his companion of impending danger. [Yet], the Fool is in such close contact with his instinctual side that he does not need to look where he is going in the literal sense; his animal nature guides his steps. In some cards the Fool is pictured as blindfolded, further emphasizing his ability to act by insight rather than eyesight, using intuitive wisdom instead of conventional logic. (Notice in the version we depict, he is getting ready to step off a cliff—or is he?)

Our inner Fool urges us on to life, where the thinking mind might be overcautious. What seems like a precipice from afar may prove to be only a small gulley when approached with the Fool's gusto. (Nichols 1980, 23-24)

The Tarot symbols have a long history of being appreciated as archetypal in nature. By utilizing the symbols of the deck, those who desire to bend the archetypes to their will and understanding—sorcerers, if you would—enter a realm of powers.

The archetypes are powers, indeed. Recall my story of the pastor relating to the Bad Seed archetype within her. Unlike regular memories that could be dealt with and readily healed, Bad Seed left the pastor shaken. She would leave our visits where Bad Seed was seen and be unable to relieve a sense of doom and dread that she was eternally, by definition, a bad seed. I was even shaken just hearing about it. I emailed and called my directee between visits to make sure she was all right.

Archetypes underpin our sense of identity, and Bad Seed would have convinced the pastor that she was doomed to the identity the archetype assigned her. In Bad Seed's presence, and for hours and days afterward, it felt like the numinous, ultimate truth was that the pastor was a bad seed forever.

This is the power of the archetypes, and it is hubris to think a mere conscious ego could walk among them by itself and not be overcome. The main advice I gave my pastor-directee was to ignore the archetype and his messages between our sessions. The one-sided archetype spoke untruth, in spite of how numinous her statements felt, and the pastor should hold on to the truth of her identity in Christ. An ego cannot argue with an archetype and win, yet our young gypsy man in Williams' novel was going to venture into their midst. He had better watch out!

### **The Sorcerer's Folly**

Henry obtains the Tarot deck by guile, only to accidentally foment a devastating storm by the powers of the archetypes out of control. The storm attacks repeatedly. The house where our characters seek shelter trembles as the doors and rafters strain and rattle. Within the mist outside the windowed door, the inhabitants think they may see vaporous, transient figures of men carrying clubs and other elemental Tarot figures. Eventually, the house's integrity is breached, and snow and wind, along with utter chaos, come hurtling inside.

Sybil seeks to help all of those she comes across, an oasis of calm amidst the storm. Among the house's occupants walks Sybil's psychotic sister, Joanna. Amidst the storm, she is looking for her missing child. Her actual child has died some years previously. Yet, mad-Joanna still looks. She has grabbed the remaining Tarot cards and is now carrying them about, flames flying from her fingers.

Nancy and the now remorseful Henry are at the top of the stairs. Sybil is at the bottom. Joanna is between them, on the upper staircase.

[Joanna]...cried out accusing and cursing the whole world of things that had caught away her [child]....She broke into a paroxysm of despair and desire, supplicating and reassuring the lost child, denouncing the enemies that held him apart [from her]....the distracted voice of Joanna pealed on.

Nancy, however, heard a [deeper,] more human cry. She heard the wail that rang through the curses, and it was a wail that went up from the depths of the world.... The sound of that universal distress terrified her young soul. From the [stairs], from the house, from the earth, misery beyond telling lamented—to men who could not aid, to gods who made no signs, "Ah! ah! ah!"—something final was gone, something beyond description precious: "Ah! ah! ah!" The little child was dead. They were weeping for it everywhere, as they had been always.... The litany of anguish poured out as if it were the sound of the earth itself rushing through space, and comfortless for ever the spinning globe swept on, turning upon itself, crying to itself; and space was the echo of its lament, and time was the measure of its sobs.

[Eventually, Joanna fell into a] silence of impotence. The cry of the world was choked.... The mad-woman reeled once, as if she had been struck on the mouth. Then turned darting eyes to Sybil in the hall below. Through the silence Sybil called to her: "The child's found, Joanna; the child's alive and lovely. All's well; the child's found." Joanna tried to

speak and could not. She...turned her pointing hands...downward towards another, new confronting form [solidifying from the mist]. Sybil took a step forward and called again: "He's here. Come and adore."

Miss Coningsby held out a golden hand towards the staircase down which Joanna was beginning to creep.... [The Fool] was there, very still, the centre of all things, the power and the glory, the palm glowing with a ruddy passion—the hand of all martyrs, enduring; of all lovers, welcoming; of all rulers, summoning. The cloud of gold rushed down towards it, but it moved in shapes and figures, the hands of all the symbols stretched towards the [Fool's] hand that, being human, was so much more than symbol.

Nancy and Henry from above beheld them, hands imperial and sacerdotal, single and joined, the working hands that built the [Tarot] Tower, the helpless hands that formed the [Tarot] Wheel, white hands stretching from the snow, fiery hands thrusting from between Joanna's that burned downwards and vanished, all activities rushing towards that repose through which activity beat in the blood that infused it.... So the hand of the Fool had at last fulfilled the everlasting promise and yielded its secrets to the expected hour. The cloud [and cloudy forms] swirled once around that open palm, as the intermingling shapes trod out a last circling measure, hiding all other forms, so that the hand itself was all that could be seen as the rapturous powers [of the once stormy archetypes] wheeled inwards to it. For an infinitesimal fraction of time the immortal dance stood still to receive the [tranquil] recollection of that ever-moving and never-broken repose of sovereign being.

Then suddenly they were gone. Over the [entire house,] the light shone, exquisite and full of promise, radiant and full of perfection. The faces of those who stood around were illumined from within.

It was Christmas night, but in the sunlight, between Sybil and Joanna, seriously engrossed, two small strange children played. [There] poised behind Joanna as if he supported and protected her, [was] the vivid figure of the Fool.

He had come from all sides at once, yet he was but one. All-reconciling and perfect, he was there, running down the stairs as he had run down the storm. [Then] the figure of the Fool was gone.

We thus witness the cosmic Christ, Archetype of archetypes, and Fool of fools. Shall we be fools enough to seek him in our souls?

### **Jesus, Integrator of Opposites**

Joanna and Sybil are opposites—chaos of psychosis and equanimity of holy contemplation. The Fool walks in the place of the opposites, ultimately uniting that which was separate into the oneness of his peace.

Life brings us dilemmas. These result in ambivalence—feeling opposite ways about the same person or situation. Dilemmas challenge us, and they tear at our souls, making us feel divided and lost.

## Exercise for Reconciling Opposites

An exercise I often do with individuals caught in irreconcilable inner opposites is much like the scene on the stairs above. I have them imagine a theater stage. I guide them to build up a sensory-rich image of one side of their dilemma on the left side of the stage. When that is firmly established, I ask them to build the opposite side of their issue on the other side of the stage. They then invite Jesus to join them in the middle of the stage, and we ask him to somehow enable the reconciliation of the two opposites.

In such situations, one of two things usually occur. If we have healed enough of the issues behind the inner division, the Lord may create an image/symbol that will empower a psychological integration. Jungians might call this a symbol of transcendence or transformation. Jesus, and the spiritual intuition, create a previously unimagined third possibility that allows the two opposing forces of the mind to embrace. We then can see the fighting mental factions come together into this harmonious third. Love replaces hatred, grace replaces vengeance, and forgiveness replaces hardness of heart. In *The Greater Trumps*, the two divine children, peacefully playing, were the outcome of the union of the opposites.

The second possible outcome is that if there remains an unassailable block to this kind of integration, the scene will not progress. This suggests to us we need to dig deeper into the conflict for hidden wounds or lack of forgiveness. In Joanna's case from *The Greater Trumps*, she had to cease denying her son's death and die to the psychotic illusion she had created. She had to experience the archetypal sorrow of the world—the pain of every mother who has ever lost a child. Only with her death on that cross, could she find her resurrection. Only with the comfort of Christ could she bear to do so.

## Jesus, Hero, and Son of Man

There is another manner in which Jesus in the soul can be thought of as archetypal. This understanding derives from both the Bible and other historical sources. In the Bible, we first see this meaning in the Old Testament book of Daniel. Daniel sees a heavenly vision of a man, “coming on the clouds of heaven, as it were a son of man (Dan. 7:13, NJB). Later in the New Testament, the term “Son of Man” is found sixty-nine times in the synoptic Gospels, twelve times in the Fourth Gospel, once in Acts (7:56), and twice in Revelation (1:13,14:14). Throughout the Gospels, Jesus uses the term exclusively in reference to himself. In context, sometimes he uses the term to emphasize his humble humanity or earthly ministry. For instance, in Matthew 20:28, Jesus says, “The Son of Man came not to be served but to serve, and to give his life as a ransom for many.”

At other times, Jesus starts to sound prophetic like Daniel. He says,

The Son of Man will send his angels and they will gather out of his kingdom all things that provoke offences and all who do evil, and throw them into the blazing furnace, where there will be weeping and grinding of teeth. Then the virtuous will shine like the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Listen, anyone who has ears! (Matthew 13:41,43)

This is archetypal language of the extremes.

New Testament scholar Frederick H. Borsch in particular argues that the expression “Son of Man” most often denotes the idea of a primal or archetypal human being. He traced the idea of a Son of Man to sources earlier than the Christian era. There he found a core of ideas and images about an Original Man of a legendary character in many parts of the world, but they are particularly abundant in the Near East.



This First Man was depicted in myths as a Man who had to fight a great battle, in which he was temporarily overwhelmed by the powers of darkness and evil, but from which powers he was eventually rescued to emerge a victorious and heroic champion. According to the legends, this primal hero, who was once on earth, is also a Cosmic Man who lives in the heavens. This Man shared in human fate and existence, but emerged triumphant from evil and death, and his adherents can benefit from his victories. Borsch believes that Christ combined all of the aspects of this primordial legendary Man in his own being. In Christ we see the ancient Primal Man reborn in a new way and in a new context. (Borsch 1967)

Those who have heard or read Joseph Campbell expound on the Hero find this kind of thinking familiar. (Campbell 1972) Campbell shows the universal and archetypal nature of the hero myths around the world. He summarizes the typical pattern of a hero story as follows.

The mythological hero, setting forth from his commonday hut or castle, is lured, carried away, or else voluntarily proceeds, to the threshold of adventure. There he encounters a shadow presence that guards the passage. The hero may defeat or conciliate this power and go into the kingdom of the dark, or be slain by the opponent and descend in death (dismemberment, crucifixion).

The hero journeys through a world of unfamiliar yet strangely intimate forces, which severely [test him], some of which give magical aid. [He eventually] undergoes a supreme ordeal and gains his reward. The triumph may be represented as the hero's sexual union with the goddess-mother of the world (sacred marriage), his recognition by the father-creator (father atonement), his own divinization (apotheosis)... his theft of the boon he came to gain. [The boon] is an expansion of consciousness and...being (illumination, transfiguration, freedom).

The final work is that of the return. He now sets forth under [the gods'] protection; if not, he flees and is pursued. At the return threshold the transcendental powers must remain behind; the hero re-emerges from the kingdom of dread (return, resurrection). The boon that he brings restores the world (elixir).

How Jesus' life path parallels this Hero pattern is apparent. His reference to himself as Son of Man also suggests this pattern. The psychological meaning of legends about a Cosmic Man who lived as a hero on earth is that this "Son of Man" is an Archetype of archetypes whose journey is that of the Hero. The Son of Man is a way of referring to the archetype of our complete humanity, which exists within the soul and is the guide for and the goal of our maturation. Christ as Son of Man relates us to our humanity and our need to be heroic; Christ as Son of God relates us to God.

Perhaps this sheds some light on the relationship between the historical Jesus and God. The historical Jesus can be understood as a person who was uniquely aware of what we would call today the Self, or, in religious language, the reality of the image of God (*imago dei*) within the soul. From this there emerges a radically unique consciousness, a consciousness that transcends that of the collective mind of his time. It is a consciousness who can walk the heroic path and successfully bring the boon to mankind—the fire of God, the Shekinah glory, salvation of the soul, hope of resurrection, and all the other gifts he bestows. Jesus as mediator of the Son of Man archetype affects us like an inner magnet. It calls us to his heroic path. Archetypes have the ability

to create in us uncanny attractions like the archetypal mist flowing into the Fool's hands. As Jesus, himself, said,

No one has ascended into heaven but he who descended from heaven, the Son of man. And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of man be lifted up...and I, *when I am lifted up from the earth, will draw all men to myself.* (John 3:13-14; 12:32 RSV)

### **Jesus, Dancer amidst Paradox**

One experience of foolishness that often winds up being wiser than conventional wisdom is the experience of paradox. As God's fool, Jesus' life was a playground of paradox. We must become like a child to enter the kingdom of heaven (Matthew 18:3); "...you have hidden these [truths of the Kingdom of God] from the wise and the intelligent and have revealed them to infants." (Matthew 11:25) Yet, contrarily, we are urged to be like a wise man who builds his house upon a rock (Matthew 7:24) and to be wise as serpents but harmless as doves (Matthew 10:16).

Whoever finds his life will lose it, and whoever loses his life for my sake will find it (Matthew 10:39). Whoever wants to become great among you must be your servant (Matthew 20:26). Even Jesus' very essence was paradoxical—God and man united—Unity and diversity in harmony.

Jesus seemed to have no trouble living the tension of these things. We, with our mental tendencies to dichotomize, viewing things as either or and mutually exclusive, have greater trouble conceiving it until we have grown our imaginations. Growing the imagination to contain God's greatness is part of the activity of the image of Jesus within us. It often uses the tool of paradox. To grow the imagination is also to develop the *nous*.

A song, which epitomizes this paradox, is the Irish folk tune, "Lord of the Dance." It is better heard than read, and no one does it better than John Fisher. I hope the reader will take the time to listen to the Fisher version at the following site:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OfjZkE3dTiklisted> (Accessed March 5, 2015)

In the Fisher version, one can sense the paradoxical foolish joy of picturing Jesus dancing on the cross. In fact, the whole Fisher song sounds as if it is sung by some kind of holy fool.

### **Lord of the Dance**

I danced in the morning when the world was begun,  
And I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,  
I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth,  
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

*Refrain:* "Dance, dance, wherever you may be;  
I am the Lord of the Dance," said he.  
"And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,  
I will lead you all in the Dance," said he.

I danced for the scribe and the Pharisee,  
But they would not dance and they wouldn't follow me;  
I danced for the fishermen, for James and for John;  
They came with me and the dance went on.

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame,  
The holy people, they said it was a shame;  
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me high,  
They left me there on a cross to die.

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black;  
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back;  
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone,  
But I am the dance and I still go on.

They cut me down and I leapt up high;  
I am the life that'll never, never die, and  
I'll live in you if you'll live in me;  
"I am the Lord of the Dance," said he.

Michael Card also sings of the foolishness of Christ amidst paradox. The song is titled "God's Own Fool" and can be heard at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8fXFlqHS9Ho> (Accessed March 2, 2015). Note the powerful phrase, "but the power of paradox opens their eyes and blinds those who say they can see."

Paradox, physicist Neils Bohr tells us, explodes our everyday linear concept of truth and falsehood by positing two qualities that exist on a single continuum. "The opposite of a correct statement is a false statement. But the opposite of a profound truth may be another profound truth." Paradox thus points us to the mysterious place where two or more profound truths pull against each other in a tension that cannot be resolved by the clever machinations of the rational mind. Mysticism is all about paradox. It is all about the ways in which God and faith always seem to be pulling us in two directions at once.

In the words of the French Orthodox theologian Jean-Yves Leloup, "God has no name and God has every name. God has none of the things that exist and God is everything. One knows God only through not knowing. Every affirmation, like every negation, remains on this side of God's transcendence." (Leloup 2003, 59)

Those who want their faith to be watertight and easy to control do not always warmly receive paradox. If you have invested your heart and soul in the idea that God makes everything neat and tidy and your job is simply to obey the rules, then you will have no room for paradoxical statements in your spirituality. After all, if the goal is an unassailable faith, then seemingly contradictory truths must be eliminated. But for those who regard faith as a *relationship* rather than a belief system, paradox is not nearly so threatening. When faith is large enough to encompass "unknowing" rather than mere certitude, paradox can be a source of joy and wonder rather than fear or doubt.

Spiritual paradox provides evidence that God is bigger than our limited human capacity for reason and logic. Is the kingdom of heaven within or among us...or not of this world (Luke 17:21; John 18:36)? Are we justified by faith apart from works, or is faith without works dead (Romans 3:28; James 2:26)? These seeming inconsistencies may pose a challenge to some but are a source of delight to others not because they introduce an element of chaos into the landscape of faith, but because they point to an ultimate mystery that is beyond human control, beyond what passes for common sense. (McCollum 2010, Kindle 712-724)

## Jesus, Bringer of Enantiodromia

The story of Jesse at the first of this chapter includes the element of enantiodromia. That is a big word that few people know, so let us look at the definition.

Enantiodromia is a principle introduced by the Greek philosopher Heraclitus and emphasized by Carl Jung that the superabundance of any force inevitably produces its opposite. Jung saw this as a feature of the psychological archetypes. It is equivalent to the principle of equilibrium in the natural world, in that any extreme is opposed by the system in order to restore balance.

This characteristic phenomenon practically always occurs psychologically when any extreme, one-sided tendency dominates conscious life. Eventually, an equally powerful counter position is built up, which first inhibits the conscious performance of the extreme and subsequently breaks through the conscious control. A perfect adage that fits this is, “Pride comes before a fall.” You see the breakthrough to conscious control also in emotional overreactions you might experience in response to circumstances. In *The Greater Trumps*, it was Sybil’s trust that God would bring about enantiodromia, not just psychologically, but cosmically that allowed her to remain at peace while the destroying chaos of the untethered archetypes raged around her.

One of my church’s pastors liked to refer to God as the God of brinksmanship. In the same way that Jesus came roaring through the castle keep at the very last moment when Jesse’s human abilities were spent, he often turns the table on our expectations and despair. He opens the imagination to things not yet dreamed, righting our unbalanced lives. This rebalancing, we have learned, is also a function of the dream. We might say it is not Jesus who is doing the rebalancing, but natural forces. Yet, in our exploration of Jesus as Fool, we saw that he and the Archetypal Self are one in the same, or nearly so. The Archetype of archetypes who coordinates and integrates the activities of lesser archetypes and soul has within it the hidden wisdom and foolishness of Christ. Only Sybil’s eyes were able to behold the full meaning and movement of the Fool. Following the voice of the Spirit and intuition, which led to both her peace and her daring deeds, was the foolish way she lived.

I once had a big decision to make. It came to me by means of a patient who had a prophetic gift. Her reliability had been very well tested and discerned over time. Her message was definitely from no source of grandiosity or delusion or pride. She was a most reluctant bringer of this message and a self-debasing person in whom many would never expect such a powerful gift.

The decision was that I could choose to live life the way I had been and maintain my modicum of professional standing in the community and my enjoyment of helping people. However, there was a higher way; but that way involved more suffering. I had to choose which one it would be.

This was an awful dilemma. I was enjoying life and the revelations I was learning about the soul. Yet, I had always urged my psychotherapy patients to embrace the hard road of their suffering in order to know the great things on the other side. One of my spiritual directors called it, “Leaning into God’s hedge trimmers.” Was I going to practice what I preached or stay with the status quo? I knew what I *should* do, but my fears were too great to say, “Yes.” I offered my inability to God, admitting my powerlessness to change. That is when I had my *big* dream.

I was looking out the window of our house toward the backyard and golf course behind our house. Instead of a golf course, there was a military landing strip. Circling toward a landing were two giant 747

cargo planes painted in military light green. Each of them had trailing behind it a trailer that was as long and tall as the 747 itself. The trailers were designed with two stories and looked like an automobile hauler but much larger. They carried an assortment of military equipment.

As I watched, a large set of wings extended from the retracted position in order to stabilize the trailer for a landing. The first plane and trailer landed, inspiring a sense of awe that something so large and complex and seemingly unstable could land like it did. It took intricate skill on the part of the pilot.

The second plane then touched down for its landing. This time, however, the inherent instability of the sky-trailer proved too much. The trailer began to wobble. Then I noticed a third, normal-sized trailer behind the large one. It was black and shaped like a gasoline hauler. It was fishtailing wildly and then broke off and went careening away from my house toward some buildings in the distance. It finally exploded in a field beside the buildings, leaving a flame-blackened area.

As the flames died down, I saw as from a helicopter's eye view a golden young boy playing amid the ashes of the explosion. As I watched, a Russian submarine surfaced from the ground under the boy's feet and lifted him onto its deck. I feared the hot metal would burn his feet, but it was no problem. Crewmembers exited and criticized how bad any mother was who would let her child play in such a dangerous place. I thought their criticisms were unjust, since I could plainly see that the boy was happy, safe, and beautiful.

This dream was my numinous enantiodromia. The trailered 747s, I decided, represented the complicated sets of ideas I had developed over the previous decade of treating patients and studying. They were awesome but so complicated as to be unstable. They needed to be simplified, and for that I needed to be purged. Going through the flames of trial would be hard, but out of the ashes would arise the Divine Child, a recognized archetype, symbolizing rebirth—the enantiodromia. He would be the simplicity and humility that God was offering to develop in me. My skeptical side, like the submarine captain, would say that whoever placed me amidst the suffering and ashes was not nurturing or motherly enough. But, though grief would last for a night, joy would come in the morning, for there is always resurrection after death, in the economy of God.

Now that I understood the meaning and the good behind the prophetic offer, I was enabled to say, “Yes.” A week later, I was in an ICU suffering from toxic shock syndrome. The coming years brought significant other trials, as well, culminating in what was my Dark Night of Soul, my prelude to the Unitive Way.

When the trials died down, I discovered an unexpected change in my consciousness. God was nearer now than ever before. It was like the Twila Paris tune, “Bonded Together.” Take a listen: <http://www.amazon.com/Bonded-Together-Same-Album-Version/dp/B000THKGNK> (Accessed March 2, 2015)