



the Ray of Connection

A SOCIETY OF SOULS® NEWSLETTER



*The unfurling has begun.
beyond.*

*Fern.
All within.
Below and*

*Beach Bubbles.
For a moment sea bubbles rest. Shells
and sand will remember.*



Leigh Rosoff, Class of 2009

*Leigh's photography is about seeing and being
with the 'what is' in the moment.*

Welcome to the voices of our *A Society of Souls* world community from Australia, Dubai and various cities in the US. It is so exciting to hear how this healing work has touched you.

Please send your future submissions for the Ray to our new email address: rayofconnection.com. And, include your name and a title for your piece whether a photograph or a written essay or poem.

Sending you support for your journey,
Eileen Marder-Mirman
Erin Minta
Ray of Connection editors

A STORY FROM THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE

Annie Hilton, Class of 2011

My journey to Holland to study *Nondual Healing and Awakening* started with a journey to Central Australia, to the heart of my country. It is a good thing that we cannot know the future. How could I have foreseen that my experiences in Central Australia would take me to Europe four times a year to study a spiritual course that I had never heard of? Three years on and I have made 13 trips from Australia to the Netherlands to participate in the first European class.

A bizarre series of events in my life happened in the relatively short period of a few months. Those events have changed my life completely. Upon reflection it seems like the weaver of my life tapestry was in a bit of a hurry to guide some threads into place. Loose ends needed to be tied off - me being the biggest loose end.

At the time, my rather ordinary life was filled with little dramas, littered with unfinished work and had taken on a restless nomadic existence in search for that elusive "something". I had pockets of grief stitched tightly closed all over me. I was laden with self-doubt and feelings of unworthiness. And I was split off from it all, giving the impression of a confident, determined woman etching out a life on her own. I had everyone fooled with my many masks that I wore to suit the occasion. I had myself fooled.

Life had poked and prodded me along, quite harshly at times, but it was never enough to seriously open my eyes and heart to reality. Of course I had insights and learnings and went through amazing periods of self-development and change. I stepped up to the challenges in my life admirably. But all of this I see now was the stuff of my physical and emotional worlds. It was skin deep.

So the weaver of my tapestry decided to change all that in a way that still astounds me. As I said it started with a journey to Central Australia.

After my second marriage fell to pieces around me I decided to book a trip - an adventure visiting some sacred Indigenous sites in Australia. I wanted to sleep in a swag under the massive outback skies, lie in desert sands and dry river beds and listen to the land. Unknown to me at the time the universe timed this trip perfectly. Divine order was at play. I had booked the trip 3 months earlier and as it happened my departure

date came at the end of a tumultuous week. I attended the funerals of my brother-in-law, who died suddenly at the age of 45, and a friend who died under dreadful, suicidal circumstances. That same week my youngest son left to travel the world for 2 years. It seemed like my heart could take no more, I felt completely empty and full to the brim with sadness and confusion.

When I arrived in Central Australia the Indigenous ancestors took me in their arms. At a place called Grandmother Rock, the old wise Grandmothers allowed me to empty myself of grief. They then surrounded me and led me on whispering words of encouragement and hope. It was a healing beyond words; beyond any previous experience. But they weren't finished with me.

At Atila, another sacred site, I lay in the warm red desert sand, flesh to earth. The warmth of the sand caressed my body as I listened to the beat of the earth beneath me. The ancestors spoke to me again with a message to pursue some spiritual study. There was no question, no doubt and no cynicism about what I heard. It was real and strong. I experienced this in my body, heart and soul.

Then it was back home to the reality of my life in Brisbane. I had such a fragile hold on life. I had no money, no place to live and no idea what I should be doing. My life as I had known it was slipping through my fingers and try as I might to continue to hold onto it for my own security, I could not. The ancestors' message stayed with me. Every now and then I researched spiritual courses but came up with blanks.

One day I was reading a holistic magazine and saw an advertisement for 2 scholarships - one to study at ASOS and one for a life coaching course. I cut it out with the intention of applying for the life coaching course. I certainly could do with some of that! The day before the closing date I retrieved the cutting and out of curiosity looked at the ASOS website. That was it - the defining moment! It felt like I was being pulled into the computer, my skin tingling in goose bumps as I read about ASOS and looked at Jason's photo. Here was my answer. This is what the ancestors were telling me. Boldly I applied for the scholarship, life coaching completely forgotten. Three weeks before the first class was due to start in Holland I was awarded the 2 year scholarship.

Great! Fantastic! I wandered around on a cloud for a while until the reality of having no money hit me. I needed to pay for my airfares and ac-

commodation. Somehow though I knew it would happen. Faith led me on.

Jason had asked during my interview if I had the means to fund my trips to Holland. Cheekily and confidently I replied yes. It just so happened that a medical compensation claim I was pursuing was about to be settled after 3 years. There was no guarantee of the outcome but I placed my trust in what I felt deep within and knew this was my ticket to Holland for the next 3 years. My compensation case settled in my favor with hopefully just enough money to cover my airfares. Alas it would take several months to be paid. I still needed money for my first trip and was running out of time. I had no idea where I would find the means to get me on that plane. Then the universe intervened again. Another thread needed to be woven quickly. I was in a car accident and my car was written off. I decided not to replace my car but to use the insurance money to pay for my airfare and accommodation. Problem solved! I was on my way and it seemed nothing could stop me.

I didn't have a great need to understand what the training was, it just felt right. But while I was celebrating this amazing turn of events, my family were left scratching their heads. How could I explain to my fairly conservative Catholic family what I was doing? All I did was provide them with rich fodder to confirm their growing suspicions that I was just a little bit crazy. Here I was being handed enough money for a deposit on a house and invest in my future security but I was choosing to spend it on airfares to participate in an unheard of course that I couldn't explain. Kabbalah? Quantum physics? Not even on the radar. Psychology? That's better - something more familiar and safe. Buddhism? Whatever happened to my Catholic upbringing? Mmmm..... best not to even try an explanation. The more I tried the crazier I sounded.

But to Holland I had to go. I couldn't ignore how all the pieces were falling into place; being beautifully orchestrated by an unseen hand. All I could do was go with it aware of this deep knowing I couldn't explain. The threads of my tapestry were pulling me into my life.

And so my giant suitcase (containing too many warm clothes for this novice European traveller) and I boarded my first flight to Amsterdam. I took one giant step into the unknown as if it was the most natural thing to do. How many Aussies were doing this course with me? None! No-one

living in Australia had paved the way for me. I was the lone adventurer, and still am.

During that first class I sat in a fog of jet lag and the unfamiliar - the country, the food, the weather (I saw snow falling for the first time), the trees and birds, the people - not to mention the content of the course. Despite this, I felt a sense of belonging such as I have never experienced. It felt like I had come home. I couldn't make sense of it. I experience this each time I am in class and when I have to say goodbye to my class and return "home" to Brisbane a great missing comes over me. But as I integrate this work into my life this missing lessens in intensity.

I am now in my 4th year and the learnings, revelations and healings have slowly, but not always gently, opened me up to myself. My plane journey takes me physically up, out and across the skies and ocean. This healing work takes me deep down and into myself to settle close to a heart and soul that have been calling me home for all my life.

Four years ago I made a journey to the heart of Australia. It led me all the way to Holland - to Jason, Arlene, Eileen, Brenda, John, Ian and Jan, and a group of classmates who I now call dear friends: friends who accepted and saw me for who I really am. Increasingly I am learning to be in my life, in this world, with more stillness, more openness, more compassion and awareness amidst the conflicts, tragedies, joys and blessings that come with being in this life. This journey led me to my own heart. I continue to learn, heal and become who I really am, and as I experience myself in this new way I experience myself as a healing presence for others. That is such a gift to myself as well as to others. I can now smile inwards with kindness and love.





A JOURNEY of WABI SABI

Kerry Arnold, Class of 2009

photo by Kerry

As part of my recent Advanced Study Group reading, I embarked on a journey of wabi sabi -- the Japanese perspective of seeing the beauty of things as imperfect, impermanent, and incomplete. It is looking at things as they are and even as they deteriorate ... rusted, weathered, crude, natural.

I ventured out on several different days walking around my urban neighborhood taking photos. Prior to reading about wabi sabi, I did not perceive that there would be anything picture worthy in this historic neighborhood, a throwback, littered with garbage and riddled with decay.

On the contrary, I soon discovered that beauty was abound in the oddest and unlikeliest of places. Much to my surprise, each new sight of something worn, something deteriorated became increasingly more gorgeous to my eye, a rush coarsed through my veins as I let myself drop deeply into the heartbeat of Life. It seems the lenses I normally look out of had been re-focused, and the view has shifted, zooming in now on what is real, what is here, what is in its natural state of "what it is".

As I bent down to capture a badly rusted piece of metal, a man walked by and shot me a disapproving look, as if I was picking through garbage. I couldn't stop smiling inside.

The more profound discovery, however, did not come until after the photo-taking. As I was reflecting on these experiences while doing some light chores around my apartment, I became aware of the ease and flow of my tasks and how they didn't have the usual urgent and pressured qualities of past cleaning frenzies. What arose in this moment was that my wabi sabi experience brought me directly in relationship with reality as it is -- no mission or efforting, no desire to change anything.

And then it hit me like a ton of bricks: my former obsessive straightening and cleaning was my attempt at stopping the progression of Life. Something out of place, something that I deemed unkempt or not up to par with my standards of aesthetics was to be dealt with, controlled, even eliminated. This disallowing things to be exactly as they are has been the way I have tried to manage relationships and situations for the better part of my life. To try to control the course of something changing was my desperate clinging to the known while avoiding the terror of the unknown. I was halting Life rather than being in the flow of Life. Now, instead, Hesed (lovingkindness) was in harmonious relationship with Gevurah (boundaries) as I allowed the Klipot to return to their original form (a meditation in the 2nd year). This Magi Line comes to mind: "No control: It is not yours to do, but the purpose of the world itself."

Who knew that rusty, broken down stuff would open up a whole world of pulsating, life-giving treasures right before my eyes ?

I AM or IM

Samar Ajami, Class of 2011

The concept of compassion has always triggered contrasting feelings within me. It might be a blessing, yet it is a blessing that is short lived in my case, because of the different thoughts that it downloads in my mind space. One thought would be something like: "An enlightened soul has to be compassionate towards all human kind!" This hits me with a sense of "obligation", which is often translated in my head as: "I should allow less for myself, because someone else does not have as much." This doesn't have to be precisely about money.

Another thought is, "No matter how compassionate I might be, it is never enough", which triggers my sense of guilt! It is like an implication that I need to "DO" something, in order to be "more" compassionate. Obviously, this has led to anxiety. Yet, compassion is a state of being, a quality that is not measured!

The scenarios of the thoughts about compassion are plenty, yet one favorite of mine is that of "Self Compassion". It is already difficult enough, as part of our "human" original default system, to maintain a defenseless relationship with the self, while we are connecting to the other. Often one would be inclined to either leave their self behind or merge with the other, hence losing themselves in some way. Self-compassion seems to take extra effort.

Recently, I was blessed to learn Impersonal Movement (IM), created by Jason. The immediate feeling was of freedom. Now, I have a new relationship to the concept of compassion that is freeing me from the listed thoughts above, and allowing for a whole new way of how I can relate to the world. One of the many beautiful explanations about this new way of being is: "Here we go beyond (but include) the body, and go beyond (but include) the emotions, to that place where they all come together, no longer paradoxes or opposites but clear, dynamic expressions of the various faces of the Totality. The heart is not captured by the drama of the particular thought."

Even though I am new to the world of IM, reality is already beginning to look different. I am realizing more and more, how each and every aspect of life calls for compassion, not one that we can get educated about, rather, one that we are all hard wired to be. A smart person is happy until the moment that they meet an

ignorant one. A healthy person is joyful until he sees a person in deep pain. The beautiful is content till they run across the ugly, and so on. Everyone, more or less, has a self-judgment that is generated in comparison to or contrasted with something that is not identified as in or of them. When we have the intention to be in an intimate relationship with the world, we cannot but feel the pain of this. Compassion becomes our true salvation.

This very thing that I/we are made of, was what I desired the most, and at the same time could not get the validation that I am "doing" it right. IM opens a gate of hope where contrasts/opposites can be held together. Jason explains; "A coin has heads and tails. Most of the time, we get sided with either the heads or the tails, and we forget that both are equally important in the creation of the coin (our Life). Our defense mechanism shows us the tail, the head, and the coin as three separate things; and in truth they are all one thing: A coin with two sides."

Wouldn't it be amazing to acknowledge that it doesn't matter which side of the coin we are on, as long as we don't get identified with it, or as long as we don't have to fight and attack the other side; and to realize that there would have been no coin if it was not for both the two sides coexisting together? Opposites are crucial for our existence. And we are forever flipping sides. It is the game of life.

In life, this can be challenging. One might be *willing* to include the other when the other is intolerable; or love the other when the other is toxic... One step at a time, or not!

I arrive at where I started from: my favorite thought, *self compassion*.



BEAUTY, BOLD AND BITTERSWEET

Lili Zohar, Class of 2009

In the plains of Colorado a dusting of frosty snow and a dollop of cold air has descended at last. This autumn, magnificently mild and dry, has showered us with a canopy of colors evocative of a New England Fall. The dancing golds and flaming reds are juxtaposed against the vastness of the endless cerulean blue sky. Joining the jubilant celebration, I bask in this sea of lively color when I gaze out my living room window or stroll in the gardens and parks. I have been roller blading with the abandon of a teen, avoiding the slick panoply of vibrant leaves and twigs on the path, knowing these days of Indian summer are nearly gone.

Amidst the stunning beauty, my steady companions broken-heartedness and delight are exquisitely entwined. I worry about the warming trend's impact on the critters and mammals' hibernation, the birds' migrations, the soil and the seeds. I recall another autumn, in 2001, which was destined to be my son Eli's last. That year we had weather more reminiscent of the Colorado of my childhood, with a cold snap and chilling frost before September's end. The leaves turned brown on their branches and blandly departed, listlessly falling to the yellowish hard earth below. Of all years, that one I yearned for the colors to be glorious, the days to be warm, bright and clear. I wanted beauty to surround us like angels, making it all softer and less bleak.

I have a snapshot of Eli playing in bundles of leaves from that autumn, a gregarious eight year old who didn't seem to mind shades of brown and gray. He rolled in the carefully raked piles in front of our home where he had sold lemonade in the warmer months just before. Eli called out to strangers, beckoning them to slow down and partake of his treats. He liked them to laugh at his silly stories and share his infectious goofy grin. The nurses whose job it was to blast his brain with radiation, he noticed, were the saddest people he had ever met. So he brought them pictures of our golden retriever Sunshine to help lift their spirits. The moment of cheery exchange was all that Eli was after, which is why he insisted we stop and give something at every corner where a beggar was in need. This magnanimous display irked Eli's older brother Henry who feared we were financing some nasty habits. All our choices have implications, the pre-teen argued. No matter how well intended, even innocent deeds can cause unintended harm. We compromised by offering

healthy snacks to the homeless, but Eli's generosity otherwise won the day. He liked the moment of connection when we reached out the car window offering a small ray of light, an ounce of nourishment and hope.

Clearly, the disappointment that the colors weren't more vivid and brilliant that Fall was mine alone. In the photo, Eli's smile covers his whole face as he plays in that lifeless pile of debris. He seemed to have had a color scheme of a different magnitude and hue, one that allowed for warmth and humor while we who loved him hoped it could be some other way. The last year of his life, everything seemed sweeter, fuller, and more alive.

Those of us who live on still wrestle with humanity's dilemmas, be they mighty or mundane. The biting air tonight reminds me that winter, like death, is surely close at hand. I want to live to the end of my days fully engaged like Eli, without second guesses or regrets. He relished each point of contact as if it were the last delicious taste of something sweet and final, encountering each gift or challenge on its and his own terms, exactly where they met. The majesty of the colors this autumn is poignant, for in their splendor is the exhalation of summer's inevitable demise. Tonight each wisp of wind and dying leaf feel so very precious.

We are made of this Beauty that enfolds us, as bold as it is bittersweet.



ENLIGHTENMENT ON LINE

A free site for seekers of freedom

Eileen Marder-Mirman, Class of 2000

En-on.org is a unique and alternative way to connect with a spiritual community. In addition to listening and viewing dharma teachings from Jason and other teachers, the social networking aspect brings in a personal level that allows you to hear opinions that you ordinarily wouldn't know others have had. It brings back what we often leave out as spiritual seekers, deep relationship.

I have gone to the website to listen to the teachings, to be inspired, to feel connected and to hear what the newest hum is in the spiritual healing world connected with A Society of Souls. Whether it is listening to Jason, Brenda or Jeff, or to teachers that are not on the ASOS staff, keeping up to date with Elizabeth Hermon's astrological forecast, viewing Bob Sherman's photography, or reading the various blogs that members of the web site have created, I have been touched over and over again.

Annie Hilton, from Australia has been a blogger on the web site. Here is a short excerpt from her piece titled, "*Overcoming Bloggers Block through Enlightenment Online*": Some of you may have read my blogs on Enlightenment Online. Writing my first ever blog was a huge risk for me and certainly took me out of my comfort zone. I remember checking the blog site daily to see if anyone read and commented on my writing. I was, and still am, totally amazed that others appreciate and connect with what I write. I love writing but it never goes further than my journal or reports for my work. I have no idea really what prompted me to write my first blog except that my experience with my dying mother inspired me.

I wrote a reply to one of my blog comments and I think this says it all for me: Writing a blog on Enlightenment Online eases the sense of loneliness and isolation, knowing some other like-minded traveler(s) will get

me. It is a way of connecting with others in the suffering of my humanity. It is also a way of connecting when a moment of inspiration or beauty overcomes me and I am left with a yearning to share it.

Here's what Lili Zohar had to say: Enlightenment Online has been a wonderful resource for me, an easily accessible way to stay connected to the ASOS community. Jason's continued teachings have been manna for me in the sometimes long spaces in between my treks to the East coast. The interactive nature of the site makes me feel really close to the community. Jason often answers questions directly or through his inspiring and insightful video teachings. I have been working with a buddy on Jason's latest offering, "The Difference Project," and it has helped me stay with dissonance in a deeper way, enhancing my work in conflict resolution and with the *MAGI*. I have also learned a lot from the guest teachers and love the astrology, poetry, and art offerings. My current favorite is Bob Sherman's photography, stunning images accompanied by insightful teachings.

I also appreciate the opportunity to find my writer's voice through the blog feature. Often I think about the work of the school and take the material I am processing into my practices, meditations, and life. I often share this process in conversations and practice groups with fellow journeyers. Writing about the work of ASOS and putting it on the site brings me to a deeper level of integration. Sharing in this way feels like a kind of touching and being touched by others, who are reading and blogging. This allows me to feel connected to the community at large. I also like to be able to offer the site to students of the six-week nondual healing study groups who are interested in learning more about Jason and about the community. All in all, I am grateful for this opportunity to keep learning and staying in touch with the work of ASOS. Thanks to Jason and the En-On Team for taking us into the 21st century!

Please visit the web site at www.en-on.org!



IKH AND DAY TO DAY INTERACTIONS

Gary DePice, Class of 2000

Thank you for the invitation to name and articulate what is for me an on-going daily practice.

To help inform my relationship to myself and the world, I will take a phrase, suggestion, concept, an idea, or a compelling thought and use it as a mantra. For example, I will repeat the statement from the *MAGI*, "Stay there, stay there, stay there," when I feel lost and need to locate myself, right here-right now. In time, repeated over and over again, the statement begins to reveal itself to me as an inner force/vibration that comes forward as a source of support, even before I have willfully invoked it. Whatever phrase I have practiced with becomes a part of my being-ness. The statement is now part of the fabric of my way of being.

At the present time I am working very consciously with the concept of "no merit," which essentially is about the extent to which we seek praise and acknowledgment in our lives. I have found it astounding how much I seek praise and want to be noticed even when I am alone with the lights out with no one in visible sight. I have been repeating the phrase, "no merit," over and over again, particularly in my dance movement class. This has helped me to connect more with myself and my inner flow, with the life force, the dance, and my self-consciousness.

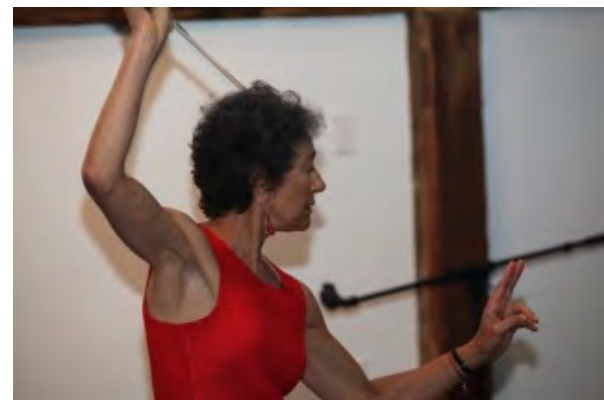
This is a great practice and has opened me to other daily mantras that keep me awake to my sleeping.



Hanging out at the ASM 2010



Talents: Kerry, Larry, Leah and Deb



Wendy and her sword form

Photos taken by Jamie Mirman, ASM 2010



A VIEW OF THE GREAT BEAR MOTHER

Ian Bain, Class of 2007

A number of our Advanced Study Groups this year have been working with a long poem by Jason called "The Great Bear Mother: The Song of Impersonal Movement." This poem describes the great impersonal/personal force of this universe (talked about in the poem as the Great Bear Mother). The poem is about becoming ready to dare to be in Her presence.

For me, the Great Bear Mother is the all-enduring promise. She is the antidote to my fear and separation although she holds both as easily as she does my courage and wholeness. She is the nurturer of my willingness to dare and the forgiver of my readiness to flee.

The Great Bear Mother is the bringer of the profound realization that I do not have to give up who I am to be who I am.

The sadness that has seemed for so long to overwhelm me has been my refuge from life, from awakening. And yet, that sadness is a vital part of me.

The Great Bear Mother asks me to consider where I would be without the ravages of my childhood, the life-sapping traumas, the heart-breaking betrayals of parents, friends and lovers, the anger and the despair, the shame, the guilt and the self-hatred. And the absolute grief for myself.

The Great Bear Mother allows me to see that all the potentially crippling aspects of my life's experiences have helped to bring me to this place and this moment.

She helps me to see - through these same eyes - the bodhisattva that I am with my capacity for love and compassion, my innate goodness and godliness. And she holds with grace and equanimity where I have felt so cursed - and where I feel so blessed.

PRECISION AND VISION IN THE DIAGNOSTIC PROCESS

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Taken from a conversation with an Advanced Study Group...

Jason: I was thinking as I was meditating that the two wings of the bird of the diagnostic process are precision and vision. In order for the diagnostic process to be an alive process it needs precision. This means if you desire to have mastery in this process you really need to know the healings. That's part of the precision part: You need to be thinking about them not only as your job while you are working, but to have a kind of philosophical frame of mind where you think about these things and are interested in really knowing the technical aspects of the healings and the willingness to go from one thought to another kabbalistically. That means you look at everything carefully and sometimes need to challenge yourself. So, for example, when you notice you haven't done a Healing of Certainty (as an example...) in a year, is that because you really don't know it well enough to do it? Or if you find yourself doing Gevurah and Hesed five times per week or the Healing of Immanence five or six times per week, is that because you are not looking at the other healings?

So you get the picture. The precision of really knowing this - and this is a skill set that you must be willing to learn, means that you are willing to do all of this because you truly want to have mastery of this process so that you can be of service, because the better you learn the details of all of the

healings and your responses to them, the more you can help people. You really can help people with this. But it takes effort on your part. So precision is tied to effort, and is tied to writing about this and thinking about this. And also knowing that it is endless: you'll never get it fully!

Now that I am doing healings again, boy, I have to re-adjust how I am thinking about it and really examine my thinking. How has it changed? How is it different? How is it the same? Where have I forgotten about things? Where have I moved beyond things? That is also the precision side.

The other side that I can offer is the vision side. The vision side is different. It is the only place that you can answer questions like: how, when I am feeling 1) sick myself, 2) closed off myself, 3) irritable, 4) (you can add anything you'd like here!) can I still be a master healer? How can I make the frame big enough to include everything I am and encounter so that the deepest penetration into reality happens? You can see that if you do that without precision, you can get into a grandiose, intuitive, dreamy thing that is not grounded and does not have the creator sitting on his or her base. Because if you kind of just do that and include everything but you don't know what you are doing with the healings, you don't have the healings really in your hands, then you just have this kind of foggy thing and you don't know why things work. That level, of vision but no precision is not the level of mastery.

Mastery happens when the diagnostic process is a way of life. That means that in every way you are in life, in every situation or variable, you should be able to do the diagnostic process because it is not *separate* from life. It is not a thing that life *does*, it *is* life. It is actually a remarkable process that is in its essence like having a more or less constant good attitude toward life. And you can't do this unless you have this precision and vision. If you only have the precision, then you will never have those leaps of grace and poetic associative vision that make the process alive. And if you only have vision without the details, then where are you?

Let me tell you something. This may sound neurotic and it probably has neurotic elements, but every time I do a healing I really think about them a lot. I think about them before. I think about them after. I worry. Did I do a good enough job? It is a little neurotic but it is also not, because I am recapitulating what is happening and wondering, did I really get it? Did I really understand? Did I avoid something? I usually come to some resolution. Like, "Oh, I am looking at this the wrong way. Here is a new way to look at it." In other words, I learn something by doing this. Then suddenly I have the vision part. The precision part was my being willing to examine all of this.

Is this clear to everybody? In my mind, my heart, I feel that you should all want this. I want this for you because this is the best possible way of life whether it is with the diagnostic process or whether it is coincident with whatever you do in life. Vision, breadth of vision, wideness of heart, along with not being lazy, going into the precision. Being willing to look at everything is, in my mind, the best way to live.

And we have a process which we can use, not to work those two things in an abstract way, but an activity, a process, which will bring us *to* those two things. It is not like you have to have the vision and precision first. If you engage the diagnostic process you *develop* vision and precision. So it is not like you have to have them before. All you have to be willing to do is to engage in the relationship of the diagnostic process and those things become apparent.

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