

Carol Lee Flinders, author of the highly acclaimed Enduring Grace and At the Root of This Longing and coauthor of the million-copy-bestselling Laurel's Kitchen, holds a Ph.D. in Comparative Literature and is a well-known speaker and teacher who has taught writing and mystical literature courses at the University of California, Berkeley.

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Chapter 2 : THE ROOT OF LONGING – Susanne Marie

At the Root of This Longing has ratings and 33 reviews. Christina said: Flinders articulates so well the tension I feel between feminism and religion.

What do we ultimately, most intimately long for? It is intimate, poignant, and probably the most real thing we know about ourselves. That and the absence of ourselves, is what we know. The absence reveals itself as that which has always been there and the same since you can remember. What has always been here, and not changed, no matter what age you are. This absence is so intimately close to ourselves, that it can be easily overlooked. What we long for, is for this knowing, to become consciously known. For the one that is always the same to reveal itself, consciously be known and then felt into. Because we are sentient beings, we can feel into the truth of our being. The one that is always the same can be felt into. Even though it is empty of content, not located in time timeless , and is absent of any personal sense of self the me that is a layer overlying this one that is always the same , when felt into through the body, it has a felt sense. The sense of You. The You feeling, the feeling that has always been there, and is right here, right now, looking out of your eyes. It walks around with you, sleeps with you, eats with you, cries with you, plays with you, and dies with you. It is that which always has been, and is. And even the death part is not so clear. This is a science experiment, not a spiritual belief to swallow. What has always been here, as far as you know, is like a clear, empty screen, on which everything occurs. Like a movie screen, for instance. Our moods, experiences, our thoughts, even the sense of me is superimposed upon this felt sense of being. These layers can and do take on so much meaning and felt sense of reality, that we forget that underlying it all is this empty, always, isness. We are the characters on the stage, playing our roles so well, that we get lost in these roles. As children, we played roles, and why did it feel so good? Because once we were done, we let them fade back into where they came from, imagination. We were not afraid to take something on and fully believe in it, and then also to let it go, like wisps of smoke. Putting the cloak on, and taking it off, on and off, over and over again. That is what all the other adults are doing, right? Believing in the roles they are playing. This hypnosis is passed on from generation to generation. Many of us feel the pain of it, as childhood begins to fade away. Children do not have a need to maintain a sense of self, a center, the way that adults do. This need crystallizes over time, becoming more and more solidified. The sense of self. When asked where are you? Where do we point? We orient and locate ourselves around this center here I am , creating along the way, a central character, more and more complex, around a simple feeling, a sense of self. Something to believe in, and to orient oneself around, like a planet with its gravitational pull, pulling in debris and all sorts of things into its orbit. The self becomes individuated as we grow up. Layer upon layer of experience and thoughts, crystallizing that felt sense of me. That just seems to be the way it is. Once it occurs, once the doorway closes, and there is that moment, perhaps not remembered, or many moments, when there is no more going back to that ability of letting go of the need to have to locate oneself, of knowing that you are playing a part, the part of good girl, or unhappy person, until play sweeps you back into not needing to be anything, again. Once the center is solidified, and the ego the belief that you exist independent of the whole , is solid, the longing for what was lost begins. What age does this occur? For me, it was around the age of 9, but I felt into it, starting at the age of I was very aware of what I called my childhood coming to an end, something I deeply mourned. I even expressed it to my Mother, who did not quite understand it. That was part of the problem, I felt alone in the losing of what felt like wholeness, exchanged for a divided world, a world divided into parts, but one which everyone else seemed to believe in. I longed for authenticity from the adults around me, looking for moments when the veil of persona would drop from their eyes, and be here, present, nakedly meeting me. It was food to me, those moments with others. I experienced this as a very painful, and difficult time of my life, which went on for many years. Silently suffering from what I saw the adults around me being drawn into, into which I felt that I had no control. The gravitational pull of mass unconsciousness being too thick for me to push away, forever. I likened it to a cloak descending over me. An apt description, the wool being pulled over my eyes. What do you remember from your childhood? Do you remember having moments of being aware that something was changing for you, that

the adults around you were inauthentic at times? For many, it can be earlier, it just depends on how early conditioning takes hold. The lost age of innocence, it can be called. The innocence, being, when we lived without the need to assert our sense of self into our environment. Here I am, with every turn, with every thought, with every moment. And even that is seen as play with children, something fun to explore: Delighting in the expression of me. It feels good, at least initially, when not forever believed in. We were children, once. We flowed from moment to moment, not needing to impose ourselves upon it, the fluidity of the moment taking us with it. Wanting things to be different than what they are, is the first step in the loss of innocence. And even this is an innocent thing. This is truly the disease of humanity. The generational conditioned thought, passed on in mass. We place this character, that was meant to be playing a role on a stage, as we did as children, and was meant to come back down when needed, as the central character in every moment. We place ourselves, created in time, a creation of imagination, as something real, overlaying what is in fact, timeless, boundary free, fluid, known as this moment. No wonder it does not feel real, or good, or enough. No wonder we are searching for something lost. This searching of course, takes the shape of anything. It is whatever you are doing in order to make yourself feel better about being here. Spiritual searching is the same as wanting another car, or wife, or ice cream cone, if it is filling up a hole inside. Those things in themselves, are not the problem. They are made out of the same emptiness that you are. They have no center of their own, either. We give life meaning. We make meaning, like conjurers at a magic show. This is what is going to make me happy, fill in the hole, give me a moments peace in this endless search for meaning. But, we are the ones who give life meaning. Just as we are. On our own, we just are. The one who always was, the one that is in the background, silent, aware, and is the point of awareness out of which all creativity emerges, is empty of content. Turn your attention there. Return to being a child without the need for a center. Location is created by consciousness in many of its manifestations, in order for the body to survive. It is an important detail for the food to go in the right mouth, and so on. This is the simple felt sense of you. On its own, it is innocent and not a problem. It becomes one when believed to be all that you are. But in truth, you are the whole. Location, the feeling of having a center is a survival instinct. The mind, with its brilliance, creates the sense of being a continuous I, and bingo, with this idea, comes all the pain and suffering that ensues. But, it is made up. You are made up. Feel it melting away, allowing the costumes to be put back in the closet, come down off the stage, leave the theater, altogether.

Chapter 3 : Buy At the Root of This Longing - Microsoft Store

At the Root of This Longing: Reconciling a Spiritual Hunger and a Feminist Thirst - Kindle edition by Carol L. Flinders. Download it once and read it on your Kindle device, PC, phones or tablets.

Table of Contents provided by Syndetics. Marriage,son, health, work, friends: Later on, I would learn that many women experience something very like whatI did that summer and fall. Some speak about it in terms of cleaning house,an almost reckless desire to simplify and streamline. For one friend knittingis more to the point: The flutters were real,but so was a certain exhilaration. When Ifirst heard of the phenomenon I thought I was being asked to believe synchronicitiesare planted in front of us by an unseen hand like clues in a cosmic scavengerhunt. This was way too anthropomorphic for my taste. But gradually I came to understand that these events, or recognitions, have to do with somethingmystics have always tried to convey: Certain insights want to break out into daylight, but we hold them down,fearing the kind of change that might take place if we knew them experientiallyand all at once. We throw the I Ching, we dealout tarot cards, we analyze our dreams, and through these fissures in ordinarylogic we can in effect nudge ourselves along--Self talking to self in aheavily coded language. Perceptions of synchronicity work, I believe, in about the same way. Whena message wants to move from the unconscious to the conscious level, weexperience a kind of turbulence first, the flutters that signal disequilibrium. This was exactly what happened to me now. A beguiling little bit of synchronicitygave me the gentle shove I needed--and put me in touch with someone ideallsuited to keep me company. I had been on good terms with Julian of Norwich for more than half my life. The version of the Revelationsthat she wrote when she was fifty is actually a rewrite. A much shorterversion was composed when she was thirty, soon after the experience it describes. What an astonishing thought: As coincidences go, this was all pretty tame stuff. But long exposure tomedieval visionary writings gets one into the habit of treating even small"wrinkles in time" with respect, for throughout the Middle Ages,long before the term synchronicity was coined, the visible world was understoodto be crisscrossed with "the footprints of God. Reprinted by permission of HarperCollins Publishers, Inc. Available now wherever books are sold. Excerpted from At the Root of This Longing: Flinders, Flinders All rights reserved by the original copyright owners. Excerpts are provided for display purposes only and may not be reproduced, reprinted or distributed without the written permission of the publisher. We are currently experiencing difficulties. Please try again later. An electronic version of this book is available through VitalSource. By purchasing, you will be able to view this book online, as well as download it, for the chosen number of days. A downloadable version of this book is available through the eCampus Reader or compatible Adobe readers. Please view the compatibility matrix prior to purchase.

Chapter 4 : At The Root Of | Definition of At The Root Of by Merriam-Webster

In At the Root of This Longing, Flinders identifies the four key points at which the paths of spirituality and feminism seem to collide--vowing silence vs. finding voice, relinquishing ego vs. establishing 'self', resisting desire vs. reclaiming the body, and enclosure vs. freedom--and sets out to.

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I long to long for God more than I do. And I want this for you too. Yearning for God is how we grow spiritually. When being with the Father, Son, and Spirit is our joy then we will naturally be carried into a good life with the power to love our neighbor, even to bless those who curse us. Delighting in God is the ultimate cure for depression, anxiety, compulsive behavior, or whatever ails us. His confessions of sin are intermingled with longing for God, which is what makes them so healthy and helpful to us. May these words enrich your soul and draw you up into the heavens where your real life is hid with Christ in God Col. Late have I loved you, beauty so old and so new: And see, you were within and I was in the external world and sought you there, and in my unlovely state I plunged into those lovely created things which you made. You were with me, and I was not with you. The lovely things kept me far from you, though if they did not have their existence in you, they had no existence at all. You called and cried out loud and shattered my deafness. You were radiant and resplendent, you put to flight my blindness. You were fragrant, and I drew in my breath and now pant after you. I tasted you, and I feel but hunger and thirst for you. You touched me, and I am set on fire to attain the peace which is yours—I do not hide my wounds. You are the physician, I am the patient—My entire hope is exclusively in your very great mercy. My God, give me yourself, restore yourself to me. In this short article I teach an uncommon but delightful approach to fasting that is powerful for furthering our love for God and the people around us. Appendix One features an outline for eight messages or studies. Subscribe to our weekly email devotional! Leave a Reply Your email address will not be published. Learn how your comment data is processed. See what we offer. Are you looking for work? Consider joining our team!

Chapter 6 : Confessions of Longing for God - Soul Shepherding

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Chapter 7 : About | Nostos Restaurant

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