

This issue of my newsletter is dedicated as a

## Thank you!

to all my friends and acquaintances who came to my aid, and to Betsy's, in the days and months after my accident.

It is only now at the end of a strenuous summer that I have the time and emotional resources to look back and really express my great gratitude to all of you for the gifts of support and encouragement, large and small, that have helped in my

# Inner Ouch My Smashes

My January 1996 newsletter concluded with the anticipation of gaining access to a "retreat space" on the third floor of my communal house. I had negotiated this with my community, saying, "I feel like the next step in my spiritual journey requires a place that is big enough for me to spread out in, and private, away from the bustle of the community life which others want in the house."

I still feel that the 1995 renegotiations with Betsy and with my household prepared the way for the harder task of changing the power balance on my inner committee. This proved daunting. My depression continued and my fortitude weakened.

In early 1997 I attempted another edition of this newsletter, in hopes that some synthesis, some new gestalt, would arise, to no avail.

One lasting accomplishment of that effort was my realization that

**for me, being a *troubadour*,  
a *singer*, means**

**"Touching hearts with words."**

By August I was anguished.

To my family and a few friends I confessed...

*"This ego-balking at the next step is poisoning my life; I'm depressed and increasingly desperate. It seems pretty clear to me that I'm headed for some form of ego-death one way or another, and my hope is I can manage it without personal physical damage, or major damage to my relationships, with Betsy, my job or my religious community."*

Last April 20 a car turned left in front of my speeding motorscooter. I managed to get my head and torso above the side of the car before impact, but my legs and feet sustained five breaks, three of them requiring surgical attention, and considerable damage to muscles and cartilage. As I write this I am still on a cane, still in pain, but with good hope of eventual recovery.

These bad breaks seem to have been a lucky break: I am neither dead nor brain-dead (I was wearing a helmet) and much of my depression has lifted.

During a vivid hour of prayer at the nursing home, contemplating a huge apple tree in full flower, I was given the image of a hand carefully and precisely cracking the eggshell of my life on the edge of a bowl, in order to make a divine omlette.

I am proceeding with a sense of rightness.

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"Gaia" is a semi-scientific way of naming "mother earth." It's a way of talking about the entire planet as a single living organism. At my 50th birthday I publicly accepted an avocation as a Gaia Troubadour. This newsletter is a chronicle of my life on this path. I'll always have copies of current and recent issues with me. I mail it to friends whom I don't see often. Let me know if you want to be on the list. AND, I want to know your Gaia-related thoughts. Approach me face to face. Alternatively, there's 651-228-1550, 1081 Laurel Ave., St. Paul MN 55104 USA, or [rfuller@igc.org](mailto:rfuller@igc.org).