

THE UNANSWERED QUESTION, by Marj Britt

Stories have been my beautiful friends, part of the way in which life has woven itself. They have been part of my delightful experience of finding my way, of weaving my role with the realness of living the questions.

I've loved my life, and examined it from thousands of ways in this amazing journey that has transcended and included. A childhood that started with religious 'rules' evolved into a mystical path that dissolved the rules. Questions were often answers. And answers were often questions.

The platform of my life was speaking and teaching with only a minimal amount of writing. I never really thought of myself even as a speaker. It was a total surprise to have an email from LinkedIn, on the event of their reaching 200 million members, telling me that I was one of the top 1% most endorsed in the United States for Public Speaking. I was shocked...and probably secretly pleased.

Stories were 'my way' of weaving, translating complexity into simple words. Being a minister and spiritual teacher, Jesus was my guru and way shower. A religion editor in the East Bay of San Francisco interviewed me once. She told me that my saying Jesus was my guru wasn't exactly what she wanted to hear.

Then she told me about an amazing retreat center overlooking the Big Sur coastline that Bernadette Roberts wrote about as she discovered her experience of No-Self. It is quite incredible how authenticity can lead into revelation. Stories often beget stories. I immediately went there, and have returned many times. More stories...

Stories, for me, are about ordinary words for ordinary and extra-ordinary people.

And then...the questions and the answers, and even the stories dissolved into the experience of Love beyond the human mind.....

He called it Children in Love...like 'two peas in a pod'...when we were 13, 14, and 15. Then a day and a night in our 20's...and I ran in emotional overwhelm. He found me again in our early 70's. He called himself the 'earthy one' and called me the 'ethereal one'.

Our lives had been very different. He was fascinated with my spiritual path and asked questions, often email questions...from the heart...with stories and ordinary words. I would respond...writing emails, sometimes long ones, in our shared language of the ordinary coming from the heart, the meeting place of our different worlds.

"You need to write..." he said.

"The only reason I write is because you ask me questions..." I said.

“If I give you questions, will you write?”

I said ‘Yes’. He did... And I did...

The first question was “Who am I?” He said it was to be about me. The second question was “Who are you?” He wanted me to write about what I saw in him after our long conversations...with all of the stories. I saw his Essence. And the stories were the way that the blank spots got filled in for all of the ‘in-between times’.

The third question was “Who are we?” ...

I wrote...pages and pages. I quoted poetry, This Is My Beloved by Walter Benton and Sweet Tuesday by John Steinbeck, books he had given me. Sweet Tuesday was one that I left behind when I ran away. The writing was a container of the most Pure Love I have ever known.

“Who are We?” was open on his computer when I found him. We had talked about it on the phone. He had read it over and over again. It was the last thing that he had ever read. He had moved from his desk to his recliner... The phone had rung and rung, I got an inner message, drive the 100 miles to the desert... They wrote ‘Cardiac Arrest’ ...

“What Is Our Purpose?” has not yet been written... Or has it? In part? Is it part of the twelve notebooks scribed in the year following his going through the veils?

My tears often were evident on the hand-written lines, scribed front and back of every page in simple spiral notebooks, written like a telephone conversation, heard yet not seen. All of my human feelings simply came, the missing, the yearning, the clear Knowing of such a pure love. He would often respond to my unasked questions and have some of his own.

“It will just take time to get used to this strange Bridge between the visible and the Invisible. How did this happen? I see more clearly than you now... How did we change places???” ... And then I could experience the laughter in his dis-belief, his smile and his playful twinkling eyes...

The Subject Line of one email, written before he went, was:
New Words

A startling new radical intimacy
A path of conscious love,
Tantra, touch
A path of devotion and mutuality,

Full of ecstatic bliss
Free from inhibition or
 Repression of any kind...

The faithfulness of two hearts
 Across time and space
Uniting body, mind, heart,
 Soul and Spirit
Seen and unseen

Oneness, state of unitive love,
 Union
Turning within again and again
 To the true heart

It still sits framed on his desk... And stories are gentle on my mind.

And still.....
there is the Unanswered Question.....



The text from Marj Britt above is referenced on the page: "Intersections in Time that changed my life with Roger Housden at <http://livinglovinglegacy.com/intersections-time-roger-housden>

We are looking forward to hearing you live on Living, Loving, Legacy this Wedn. September 17th:

**ROGER HOUSDEN
WITH MARJ BRITT
ON LIVING, LOVING, LEGACY
LIVE WED. SEPT. 17
@ 10:00 AM PDT
1:00 PM EDT
(OR LISTEN TO REPLAY ANYTIME)**

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