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proress in school or athletics, a definite identification with their success. But I also dropped a very heavy burden—the burden of guilt over their mistakes.

During this period I drove to Cambridge several times to continue my psychotherapy. The doctor and I talked about religion and about my relationship with my parents. I reiterated that I wouldn't dare to make an actual break with my parents' religion because they would be so disappointed in me. The doctor led me to a point where I could see that we have to base our lives on an honest relationship with God, and that all other relationships must fit in around this as well as possible.

People spoke to me at this time of the tragedy of losing one's faith, but the fact was I was finding faith. Books threw some light on my path. The Bible was one, and an English psychiatrist's explanation of its inner meaning (*The New Man*, by Dr. Maurice Nicoll) was another. I read Aldous Huxley's *Perennial*

*Philosophy*, and the wonderful sacred Hindu book, the *Bhagavad-Gita*. I read and am still reading P. D. Ouspensky's *In Search of the Miraculous*. I cannot say that I have found God—only the direction in which He lies. All the great religions are pointing in that direction.

While my thoughts were finding their direction, so was my daily life. One morning my husband telephoned me. He said, "I'd like to come home. May I?"

### A New Beginning

Dozens of times I had tried to imagine how it would be if he ever called me with those words. I could see him in my mind, in a phone booth somewhere, his nice face earnest, and in his few words I sensed the struggle he had weathered. Compassion all but overwhelmed me, and a good new feeling—respect. I said, "I want you to," and I meant it.

I never did find out in detail about Babs. She went back to her husband, and they moved away. I think about her

sometimes, and I think I can understand a little about what happened to her and my husband. They were growing up, too.

My husband and I don't talk about our lost year very often. Since then we have lived together for six years, fully and gratefully, although not always peacefully. We are as different psychologically as any two people can be, but we have learned to accept one another with humor and with love. In a way, we are leading our quite separate lives *together*.

The last time I saw the doctor—almost five years ago—he said, "Where do you go from here?" I said, "I don't know, but I'm not afraid." Then I thanked him for the thousandth time for sharing his light with me during the dark time. This, I believe, is what a good parent must do for his children—share his light until the child has light of his own. This is what a doctor worthy of the noble Greek-derived title "psychiatrist" ("healer of the human soul") does for his patient.

THE END