

A talk by Zero Mahlowe to be given at Tabley House on  
October 3rd 1999

## DAVID

### **A contribution from Zero**

In our lives David and I worked together - we worked together to develop the potentiality of our beings. This was the only true meaning in life for both of us. Together, and separately. David taught me a great deal and I'm sure I taught him a great deal too.

Let me go back to when we all last saw one another, all of you who came to David's funeral. I'm sure that his death was a great shock to you as it was for me. There wasn't enough time at the funeral and it wasn't the proper place to actually tell you some of what had been happening within David during the last few months of his life. So I felt that there would be a time when it was proper for us to meet again and to fill in some parts of the story that you couldn't possibly have known. Which I feel is very important for the whole meaning of all our participation in this society that is called Ishval. Ish meaning Man and Val meaning Value. ISHVAL, Man's evaluation of life for himself, the evaluation of Man. The evaluations that we make about ourselves, about others, about our lives and what is meaningful to us, what are our priorities, what is our hierarchy of importance in life - that's us!

David's hierarchy, was learning to perceive, evaluate and understand his deepest motives and willingness to try and see himself in the light of truth.

You may remember the last lecture he gave called "The Last Step To The Cross". Before that, he had written "Steps To The Cross". The idea in the "Steps To The Cross". of keeping an open palm, was very significant and important to David. He wrote this talk out of his meditations and intent to free himself from his own inner constrictions and fears. I would just like to remind us all of what he wrote here.

"When on Palm Sunday Jesus enters Jerusalem to face his death, he kept an open palm; He accepted step by step everything that was presented to him. That openness was His guarantee of the Spiritual alertness which alone allowed him to recognise and reply to every problem of the wonderful and terrible week we remember today. "Take up your cross and follow me," says Jesus.

When David wrote "The Last Step To The Cross", he was looking very deeply into himself, to try and understand the cause of a very big difficulty that he had experienced in himself the whole of his life. This difficulty ran counter to the other part of his being, which was so spontaneously kind and loving, very intelligent and most importantly, willing to work both for his own development and to help others, who also wished to work on their own self development. But counter to this Jupitorean, open, happy side of himself, having experienced some very painful earlier traumas in his life as a child and as a young person, there was this difficulty in him, that held him into himself. It made him seem very reserved and at times unapproachable. Really he was very tender and easily woundable!

David had a great deal of energy, he was a Saggitarian. This means that

he was a fire sign and that he felt in himself the need to act, to do, to be. At the same time running side by side with his out-going energy, was an energy that was deeply involved and interested in words, the meaning of words, words as powers. Words are powers in themselves. He loved writing, he loved discriminating in himself to each word next to its brother, its proper partner, to express precisely what he wanted to say.

As I have said , he had a great deal of energy. Energy has its own will to express itself, wanting to do what it wants to do when it wants to do it. This is untamed, untrained energy and David was well aware that the work he was doing with Eugene on himself and with all of us at Parklands, in the classes that he took, and working with individual beings, was a consciously made preference within himself. This preference bound him into himself.

Eugene was David's teacher, whom he loved deeply. And when Eugene died, if you remember, David made it possible for us to come together around Eugene's body in the theatre. During that extraordinary experience we all spent long hours in the theatre, talking over the coffin and in groups and progressively feeling more involved together, sharing this very special experience. And every night when everyone had departed, David would go down to the theatre and light the candle for Eugene in honour of his being, to thank him for all the work he had done for all of us. Every morning David went to the theatre first thing, and blew out the candle to greet the new day.

Before Eugene died, he asked us to carry on the work in Parklands.

David and I were then asked by Fred and Yvonne if we would be willing and would like to carry on with the work that Eugene had initiated at Parklands. We were very honoured to be asked by them, and we accepted the challenge with some trepidation.

So followed seven years. During these years we developed our

work from Eugene's teachings. These years for David and I were wonderful productive years. So unlooked for years, where all of us became involved in gaining insights into ourselves and one another through our co-operative participation in the life of Parklands, Ishval.

The responsibility that David undertook in looking after Parklands was very tiring as well as enriching. Certainly David felt himself to be very fortunate to be placed where he was. But after a cycle of seven years he felt that there had to be a new emergent for himself. He felt the work that was being done, had in a way come to its natural term and that all of us needed a new stimulus. We had participated in - in the arms of Parklands - very specialised work and he felt the need to continue his work from a different base. This base being for David and myself, our own home.

By this time David and I had been married for thirty eight years and we had never had a home of our own. Apart from six months, I think it was, when we were first married, we had never lived, just the two of us together on our own. It was to be a new adventure!

David felt that he would like to finish gathering the main body of Eugene's work together, from our home base. This would constitute in total, fourteen major works. And he was very concerned to make the tapes safe as they were beginning to show their age and really needed re-recording. Perhaps being transferred onto C.D. He also had long wanted to create an Ishval magazine, to make Eugene's shorter works available and to give us all the opportunity of enjoying some of Eugene's work as an artist, often wonderfully humorous! We were also going to be invited to make our own contributions to the magazine. David called it to himself our 'in house' magazine.

He felt he couldn't do this work, as well as having the responsibilities of running Parklands. So we spoke to Fred and Yvonne

and they were tremendously kind and understanding and accepted our reasons for wishing to make a change in our lives. And through the great generosity of Fred and Yvonne we were able to buy a house of our own. We called it "Stable Cottage". We moved there in 1994.

The day we left Parklands it teemed and teemed and teemed and teemed with rain. We felt very vulnerable - actually like "Babes in the Wood"! David wrote me this poem to cheer me up, for it felt to me that we were stepping out of our sacred space and into the great unknown and unchartered waters. Thirty years is a long time to live and grow in such a hot house, in such a potent place at Parklands.

For Zero from David. 24 July 1994

Within this park protected  
Have we worked and worn  
Our everyday to proper end.  
Within its bounds sequestered  
Have we suffered, undisturbed  
But worldly traffic, all  
That heaven sends  
For chastening of soul and flesh.

But now, sweet sharer,  
Time's rugosities within our brows,  
We open up the gates we fashion'd  
Step into the wilderness beyond  
With what north-pointing needle  
Of our compassed years? But this,  
And this is all. We dwell within

The pale of our defining spirit's place:  
That is our Parklands now, and all  
Beyond is desert, waterless  
Except for that sweet springing  
Stream of love we struck each  
From our rock by God's grace  
To succour us. That fountain still  
Make Parklands inward blossom  
in us a secret rose.

With this feeling-idea we stepped out of Parklands leaving it clean and blessed by all of us.

Do you remember that last Parklands evening that we all shared? Sharing it as a family that we had become? We were warmed and moved by that evening and that evening's response, that we all gave, to that which had taken place in that sacred space Parklands, for those thirty years.

At Stable Cottage we were very busy, in many ways; we continued to work with one another and keep in touch with all who wished to see us. Our lives took on a different outward shape, but not an inward one. A few extra delights were added like gardening, going to concerts and the theatre occasionally and we enjoyed meeting our neighbours. We didn't have neighbours at Parklands! And we were able to see Philip and Ursula a little more often, a happening which was always full of interest and happiness.

During this time we never lost touch with Ishval. Classes were continuing. Abel giving his Witness and Boheme classes, the Ladies' Yantra was alive and well and the work was being carried forward at Tan Y Garth, under the lively and dynamic leadership of Donald and Anne's

very special dedication for the well-being of everyone attending the week-end meetings there.

David felt it would be very valuable for him and hopefully interesting for us if he gave a series of lectures. We found this chapel, Tabley. It felt a good place for such a venture and by this means we were able to meet on a fairly regular basis, take in some food for thought and keep in touch with one another. Very Important.

Because David had more time now to feel into his own process, he consciously began to tune into the difficulty that he had always experienced. He wanted to break through the barriers that his ancestral, engramic nature put up, in certain situations. He willed for himself the possibility of breaking that barrier in himself, to become open and freely feeling with everyone, instead of withholding himself. He wanted to break through those internal barriers, out into the free. The ground of free, that is in us all, but tends to be fractured in many ways.

The last three lectures that he wrote really gave an indication of what was going on inside him. I became aware of his real sense of failure about himself, that he had not measured up to what had been asked of him in his life. Nothing I said reassured him, this was not so. He became ill and was diagnosed as having liver cancer. This was a terrible shock.

David faced into this diagnosis bravely, gravely and calmly. I put energy into on-going practicalities and withheld my true feelings from myself. I couldn't bear the pain of the thought of losing him.

His illness developed rapidly and he was taken into the East Cheshire Hospice where I was able to visit him and be with him most of every day. I found this a very enriching experience. David and I were not alone on this journey. Every being in this place was facing their own journey's end and I never saw anyone uncaring about their neighbour. Actually, love abounded in this place together with very kind practicality.

David made friends with everyone in his ward and was genuinely interested in all of them. I witnessed him steadfastly accepting what he said, "God had placed before him". It was a precious time!

William Hood, one of David's friends, visited him shortly before he died. He wrote down the content of the conversation that he had that day with David. He most kindly sent me a transcript of it. It is a most marvellous gift. Here is some of what was said.

**David.** "I tell you, William, you know the talk in May, the dark night of the soul, you know. Did I let it in! The floodgates opened. I let it all in and I tell you, here I am knowing the Ego is useless, absolutely useless. It is of no use at all. We have to let go."

**William.** "When we're ready, David, that's right, I'm sure".

**David.** "Knowledge is more knowledge, and nothing in the face of love".

**William.** "Well, knowledge makes such a good defence against letting love in or out, that's the problem".

**David.** "I know, how I've learnt so". And you know, I thought that if I didn't make it this time, I'd go under, you know, lose ground so to speak, but no, that's not so. I know you are where you are. I am where I am".

**William.** "And that's yours, David, whatever happens".

**David.** "I know, I know. This illness, being so helpless, it's taught me. Not being able to get up and go. It's taught me you are where you are

inside. And that doesn't change or go under. Its here now always. And you know, Bill, I thought people didn't like me very much. But the letters, the cards, everyone has shown me such care".

**William.** "Many love you, David. You are loved very much".  
My hand is held in his and there was silence.  
"When are you going home?".

**David.** "Soon. Soon" He replied and closed his eyes to sleep.

This tells me that David is safe. Safe in knowing that he is where he is, the only true place to be, safe in the arms of Jesus, being himself. The fear of being unloved resolved into Love.

Thank you William for this.

A week later, I was alone with David and reading to him, from St. John's Gospel, when very, very quietly and very sweetly----and I can only describe it as being very beautiful, his Spirit left his body and during the time that it took for this to happen, I felt and experienced it as if he was in a birthing process. That he was being birthed into his spiritual life. I felt that there were spiritual beings waiting for him and when he joined them he was welcomed into their company. He looked so calm and relaxed and complete.

I found a little later at home in a drawer, this simple poem that he had written. I think it is beautiful.

Is this the changing moment  
Between death and life that

All our life leads into our beyond?  
Then it's an open door.  
And if God's will decrees  
It shall remain ajar  
Or shut behind one's passing heels  
So be it. Do not hesitate.

This year for me has meant travelling through unfamiliar territory, how to take on the work of self-initiation----initiating my own hierarchy of preferences. And painfully learning, though I have had the most wonderful help in this field, how to manage with the business issues in life, like paying the bills on time! Practising being in the 'NOW' keeps me from falling away into feeling utterly bereft, my life shattered by the huge loss of David. I didn't look into the future either, for I know that the 'NOW' shapes the future. I just try and put my foot down in faith that I can walk a proper path in God.

As soon as you heard that David was ill, my friends, your caring for his well-being became instantly apparent. Both of us received so many, many cards and letters offering your concern and wishes for David's return to health. This really warmed our hearts and helped us in our many hours of need. David, as I have already mentioned, was deeply affected by the input and help you gave to him. It helped to turn him around in himself and finally realise that he wasn't the 'failure' that he had felt himself to be for most of his life.

I speak from my heart, when I thank you for all the wonderful and generous, loving kindness, that you have given me and are still giving, to help me come through the shock of my personal loss of David, and all our loss of David. As Eugene used to say, "We's we, ain't we?"

I thank Ghreta for giving me love and support all the way through

this experience. Interrupting her own life to share and help me through mine. One cannot do more than that! She was always open to my cries for help and answered them unstintingly. I don't know how i could have managed without her. A friend IN DEED.

And to my much loved Brother and Sister, Phillip and Ursula, I say thank you for being with me in my hour of need, for making me feel part of your lives, for caring about David, and so sensitively organising his funeral. Making it a memorable occasion.

I thank David for being always my loving husband and best friend, to whom I say,

You are alive my beloved,  
I feel you  
As a wondrous puncted light  
Gently around me,  
Illuminating Field where you are.  
Lost I am not  
But found.  
There is no death  
But illusion.  
Truly only there is life,  
In-going, through-going, on-going,  
Life living forever.

Have not we all been fortunate persons in our lives, having been given the opportunity to be introduced to these life giving ideas, through the teachings of Eugene and the support of David?

I think we are very privileged to have known them.

Amen.