



A Sorry Traveler

She died in a swimming pool; she was only 23, Irish, and she never saw the ocean until she came to Florida to be a nanny. The children were playing; the father was watching them when his phone rang. He was waiting to find out about his new car, and it was now ready for delivery. He left Martha in charge only days after her arrival. He left abruptly, with little instruction, and when he returned, he found her floating in the pool. **His son and his two daughters were fine; they weren't really drowning, but Martha didn't know this.** Hearing their screams, she jumped into the water to "save" them. She did not know they were playing. She could not save herself. She had never learned to swim.

When Bill was around, the children lived in an environment that had so much less to do with them and everything to do with their father. I have reflected on the tragic death of Martha. The children were just being children, I imagine. Playing in the pool, enacting in play what they knew to be true, that dying had everything to do with living. Martha could not have known this. She, new to this type of work, new to this country, and wanting to please, assumed she was dealing with "reality." The children were playing, mind you, calling for help and sinking to the bottom. Instinctually, she did what she was supposed to do; she went to their rescue. Bill blamed Martha for her own death. After all, he was on an important telephone call.

Ending is permanent and often avoided by certain personality types. The father, Bill, was one of those types. To spend any time with Bill was like suffering "the death of a thousand cuts." He didn't really do anything that was wrong; he simply made every conversation and situation about himself. To be with him, one had to simply "die." If you had a thought and wanted to express it, Bill found a way to drift away and abandon you to your tome. Or he would dynamically and intelligently explain to you, in better language and more richly informed connections, exactly why he knew more about your thought and your understanding than you did.



Bill had difficulty letting go, being in the wrong, or even feeling the least bit vulnerable. He was afraid of dying to the moment, any moment for fear of what it would mean to be reborn.

*“As long as you do not know how to die
and come to life again,
you are but a sorry traveler on this dark earth.”*

— Goethe

Thread

- DrTimothyDukes.com | Sanctuary| Reflect | Up the River Alone

Image Courtesy of: <https://unsplash.com/@sammywilliams>

The individual in the image is in no way connected to the character in the story.

The Tim Dukes Method provides an opportunity for self-reflective individuals to cultivate the capacity to receive into consciousness hidden aspects of the self, claiming your unique gifts – ensuring that today’s brilliance successfully transitions into tomorrow’s wisdom. The Tim Dukes Method is designed and implemented by Dr. Timothy Dukes for determined creatives to ensure long-term viability — as a continuing investment in the well-being of yourself, your family, organizations, culture, society, and the Earth itself.