



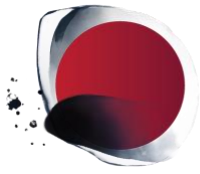
Rhythm of Relatedness Workshop



Developing your parenthood.

Week One: Spirit/Mind/Self—this is where folks will find their sweet spot, offering new perspectives on where each of us finds ourselves on our personal journey, and where we may find inspiration to explore what is next.

Imagine the following vignette: It is dinnertime, and a father calls his son to the table. The child's first response is, "No, I'm busy." In this moment, the world of the child, perhaps at play, comes into conflict with the agenda of the parent. Two separate worlds are about to collide. The conscious world of the parent has come into direct confrontation with that of the child. Dad really doesn't know what he is interrupting. From the child's experience,



everything he is doing and processing in his head and body is being impinged upon by his parent's world, which is of little concern to the child. It is safe to say that in this moment, there exists a tension between the child and the parent, and this tension will naturally build to a breaking point. Something must give. Someone, parent, or child, will have to make an internal accommodation so that these two worlds can come together. How does, "Yes, it is time for dinner" and "No, I am too busy" resolve?

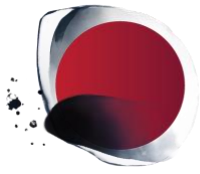
The term, Awakened Patrix, refers to an evolutionary context in which the father both holds and informs his relationship with his child as he sustains and deepens mindful attention - allowing for an unfolding of self and other into a relational identity. He consciously reconstructs the patterns that influence his child through a willingness to show up and feel while maintaining a close connection to the natural unfolding moment. This protects the moment and the child from becoming recipients of unexamined and oppressive patterns.

As a father fathers, he is a son to his father while at the same time he is a father to his children. As a father experiences the unfolding relationship with his child, he is retracing childhood experiences. This simple transposition persists throughout a man's experience of parenting: a sustained sense that as a man parents his child, he is also subjected to how he was parented.

Within this third position, the Awakened Patrix, this relational tension is internalized by both the father and the child and carries with it the potential for the "transcendent function" as suggested by Jung (1957/1969).

The shuttling to and fro of arguments and affects represents the transcendent function of opposites. The confrontation of the two positions generates a tension charged with energy and creates a living third thing . . . a movement out of the suspension between opposites, a living birth that leads to a new level of being, a new situation. (p. 90)

Carl Jung perceived the transcendent function as an intra-psychic function that was indicative of the dynamic of relational involvement:



Everyone who proposes to come to terms with himself must reckon with this basic problem. For, to the degree that he does not admit the validity of the other person, he denies the "other" within himself the right to exist--and vice versa. The capacity for inner dialogue is a touchstone for outer objectivity.
(p. 89)

This Awakened Patrix is that very cosmology within which the rhythm of relatedness between father and child takes place. From this perspective, to maintain an even tension, the father must accommodate and adjust in his relationship with his child. Metaphorically speaking, as the child loosens, the father tightens, and as the child tightens, the father loosens. This functional posturing sustains self-other, I-thou, and ego-self dialectical relating. It is in the interplay or the ebb and flow of presence and absence, self and other, permanence and impermanence, that the Awakened Patrix is established.

"Hey, it is time for dinner." What happens next is up to you.

Week Two: Body/Health—here is where we find the NOURISH and MOVE content. Great invigorating recipes. Nutrition info. Getting into new exercise and diet habits. The role of breath and relaxation. Personal practice...

I am sitting in the study, and I hear them. The entire day they have been together. I have just returned from work and am tense from a long day in the consulting room. Hearing their voices, I feel the tension rising within my body. He won't let her be. While she is trying to cook, he is constantly pressing her. I anticipate an explosion. Something has to give, and I rise from my chair to intervene. I know, also, that in this moment he needs his father. I feel it in my body. The irritation I am already feeling is growing due to the distress in their relationship. I could feel angry and follow that vector and intervene with a compounded anger that I am feeling...but I don't. I am determined to hold what I am feeling and help move their tension in a positive direction. Besides, when I am successful at doing this, I always feel better myself.

He is feeling out of control, I recognize that my son needs someone to push up against. I am that someone. Holding my tension, I go to him and suggest that we wrestle. His eyes light up. In this moment, I feel redeemed; all of my tension simply drops away. I am



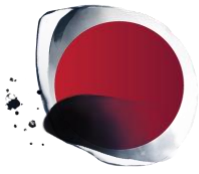
making a good choice. He has found what he is looking for and I feel it. Removing my glasses, we begin. He is laughing and letting go. I mindfully contain him, enjoying his scent, the strength in his back and the ever-so-smooth curves of his body. I love this boy in such a painful way. I do not let go; I remain conscious of his safety and am holding back so as not to push him too far. Still, he calls out for her, "Save me, Mommy!" He runs to her arms and is "home" again, but for only a moment. He returns with full vigor, and we resume our ritual. In and out of the mother matrix he moves, charting his course into life.

What brought me to this encounter was the experience I had within my own body. I just know, in the most physical way, how to hold my son, in all situations. It doesn't mean that I am always right; this simply means that I have a built in way of knowing. My hunch is that we all have this if we are willing to settle into our experience and trust the subtleties of our engagement with our children. I know when to act and when to hold back. I am also fully informed by the look in his eyes, the feeling in his body, and the behavioral exchange; there is a "rightness" in these moments.

I intervened between mother and child, not solely because it was a good idea. Rather, I did so to alleviate my own discomfort. It was simply uncomfortable to listen and internalize what was calling for my attention: the sound of their voices and the building tension. The idea to wrestle was something he and I have done since he was an infant. Virtually every day required a "match" of some sort. Sometimes, I think it has been our primary way of communicating. To this day, when we negotiate the ins and outs of father-son talks about women, school, sports, and travel, sometimes I think it would be good to "have a match." Sometimes how a father and child communicate is through an older language, one without words.

Week Three: Family and Home—LIVING content is featured this week, the choices we make about our personal environment and in relationship to those who live with us, including children, parents, pets, etc. Info about sustainable shopping, alternative energy, cleaning products, healthy options for four-legged family, gardening, and so much more. PROSPER content also lives here, as we take care and responsibility for our relationship to abundance, gratitude, and giving.

When my son was very young, we would snuggle, and I initiated several games that

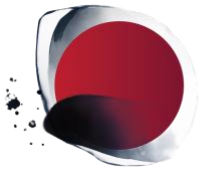


I continued to play with him for years to come. The first was “The Claw.” I started this when he was a newly born right in the hospital. At first it was a soft and subtle wisp of my fingers gently massaging his legs and arms and chest and stomach. Over the years, it grew in volume and eventually took on a persona of its own. The game would begin with me uttering, out of the blue: “Oh, oh! Oh no! Do you hear it?” He would shriek and squirm to get away. “It is coming,” I would whisper while holding him close to me. “Creepy, crawly, creep...Creepy, crawly, creep.” I would ominously tome. And then it would become visible: a hand. My hand, seemingly disconnected from my body, moving slowly, fingers crawling like a spider across our bodies. Creeping ever so steadily toward him, toward his belly, his neck... I would gasp. He would then shriek ... unable to escape because of my embrace. The unbearable, exciting tension would build until all of a sudden the hand would race toward some vulnerable and exposed part of his body: “Creepy....CreepyCreep!” We would laugh, roll around and tickle each other until we finally collapsed. Resting more often than not... when all of a sudden, off in the distance, it could be heard again: “creepy crawly creep.... Creepy Crawly Creep...”

I am so grateful for this accidental discovery. I’m especially grateful that it came at the very beginning of our relationship. This experience taught me the value of early beginnings. However, you choose to demarcate the beginning of your life together; that is when to begin.

Week Four: Neighborhood and Community—COMMUNITY content is spotlighted, on ways to connect and ways to be of service to others.

The seats and aisles are filled with early-morning commuters, families, and craftsmen. On top of the bus, travelers sit with their luggage. Off the sides, others hold on tenuously. Bulging with humanity, we rock and roll through the Calcutta suburbs. As I sway, hand clutched around a shiny, metal pole, a man wearing a well-pressed, western-style business suit picks up a runny-nose child with mascara-smudged eyes. He smooths the child's hair and rubs his cheek with a knowing, loving affection. They talk and play together for several dusty miles as the morning heat builds. The man’s briefcase remains on the floor between his polished loafers, his full awareness focused only on this child. After some time, the old bus creaks and aches to a stop, allowing an exchange of passengers. At this juncture, the man stands, kisses the child lovingly on his head and presses out into the



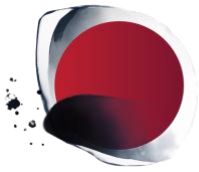
streets, leaving the boy behind.

Shocked: The man remembered his briefcase but forgot his little boy! I then watched as the child turned and slowly made his way to a woman seated a few feet away, his mother. This man, I realized, was not the father; he was just a man, riding on a bus, caring lovingly for a child.

This simple exchange often surfaces as I reflect on what it means to father. The ease with which the man attended to the young boy seemed remarkable at the time. Had this adult on the bus been a woman, the event may not have seemed unusual in any culture. However, to witness a man picking up a child with such sustained attention touched a place deep within my heart. I wondered how, when he had no prior experience or relationship with this child, this businessman was able to set aside other concerns and enter into relationship so fully, in such a short period of time.

Week Five: The World—More COMMUNITY action possibilities here, with travel, voluntourism, taking a stand on issues, petitions and activism for global issues, etc.

One of the biggest challenges a father will face is when he is called upon to manage his disappointments. During my son's first year in college, I tried often to swing by his campus for a dinner or breakfast. However, a "swing by" involved a six-hour drive or a two-hour flight, well worth the effort to spend a little time together, to stay connected as he charted his way into the world. One Friday afternoon, I realized that I could make the drive. Traffic was thick so our tentative 8:00 p.m. dinner would be delayed. As I approached his school, perhaps 45 minutes away, I received a call from him. There was an opportunity for him to attend an Improv show and "would I mind terribly if we cancelled our dinner plans, perhaps we could have an early breakfast." Truth be told, I was overly hungry and very disappointed, not in him but with an all too familiar feeling of too many years of being a boy and alone. I didn't feel I could tell him this on the phone. I wanted him to figure out his life at college, and I also understood it is a precarious balance, learning to socialize in the early months of freshman year. I suggested that he go ahead and we could text in the morning to see if he was willing to be up early. I turned the car off the highway and headed to find a hotel closer to the airport. Within ten minutes, I received another call asking me to come ahead. He was also hungry for a second dinner, and he didn't want to miss seeing me. We



ended up having a wonderful time eating some Chinese food, ending with a frozen yogurt and a walk through the campus.

Ok, so I got off lucky this time. Maybe not lucky – maybe after all these years of showing up for him, he was learning to show up for me. But how about those times that our children just don't show up, allow you to show up, or simply demand that you let go in those inevitable moments when they walk away?

Is it too much of an exaggeration, to big of a leap, that because we are present for our children, they learn on a daily basis, what it means to show up for the other: family, friends, community, culture, society and the world as a whole?

Image (search “Rhythm of Relatedness”) courtesy of: [Prasad Panchakshari](#)
[@pkprasad1996](#)

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, family, organizations, culture, society, and the Earth itself.