

The view from my bedroom window was a cemetery. At the center of the cemetery stood a monument to a Confederate soldier who died in battle and was buried on the battlefield.

Eventually, the battlefield became a segregated cemetery; the east side of the grounds became the “White side” and the west side of the grounds became the “Black side.” The Confederate memorial stood as the centerpiece of the cemetery; a row of trees running north to south intersected the monument and divided the grounds into an east/west, Black/White divide. This divide, this split, radiated out into the community from the perfectly ugly centerpiece of the collective consciousness, and unconsciousness, of the area based in the collective traumas of chattel slavery, Jim Crow, segregation, and horrors faced by Black children as they left nurturing environments and entered hostile environments during desegregation.

How did my neighbors survive? They survived because they had access to the imaginal and to transcendent experience: music and celebration; presence and community that affirmed life in the midst of trauma, suffering, and death. The art of lament had been well rehearsed in this community. To this day, when I see a marginalized individual or community, all I can see is the conditions that created the marginalization. And, like my neighbors of color from that time and place, I read sacred scriptures from the bottom up, not from the top down. In acknowledging the colliding visions of bottom up religion versus top down religion, Abraham Lincoln, in his Second Inaugural Address, stated: “Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other.... The prayers of both could not be answered.”

I have been privileged with a lifelong front row view of the experiences that social scientists now refer to as intersectionality, a term coined by law professor, scholar, and civil rights advocate Kimberle Crenshaw, to describe a lens, a prism, for seeing the way in which a variety of forms of

inequality often overlap and exacerbate each other. We tend to talk about race inequality as separate from inequality based on gender, class, sexuality or immigrant status; in doing so, we often miss that some people are subject to all of these phenomena and that the experience is not merely the sum of its parts. Crenshaw's intersectional theory is the study of ways in which overlapping or intersecting social identities, particularly minority identities, relate to systems and structures of oppression, domination, and discrimination.

I have witnessed the crossroads of racism, sexism, education, and poverty: where being poor, Black, and female means being born under the "three strikes rule." This rule is the Southern American caste system in which the cultures of marginalized people are in part created by outside forces. Social ills have particular ways of playing out in particular times and places; in the American South, these manifestations occur at the merger of the cultural complex, the racial complex, the shame complex, the inferiority complex, and the religious or God complex; these intersections create a psychospiritual field that provides a backdrop for the manifestations of collective phenomena. Failure to thrive within this cultural context is based on failure to grieve, failure to grieve is based on failure to acknowledge, failure to acknowledge is based on indifference, and indifference is based in shame and defenses against shame. Shame is relegated to the other side of the tracks. Cultural entropy is rooted in failure to do the work that leads to repair, restoration, and reparation. The death instinct prevails when historical traumas continue to take up too much space, when the past remains present. My contribution to Jungian theory lies at the intersection of religion, psychology, spirituality, sociology, and social justice. My stance is necessarily political because standing at this intersection is to stand at the gathering place of forces that attempt to lay claim to the human soul.

My childhood community, on the edge of Tupelo, Mississippi, is the same community that Elvis Presley grew up in, a poor, marginalized, predominantly Black community. My Black neighbors seemed to possess an ability to be in the moment and to experience and express happiness and joy that surpassed my own and my family members. How did my Black neighbors live so fully? Looking back, the ingredients seemed to be communal struggle and transcendent experience. The collective suffered together and accessed the imaginal that had not been severed, mostly preserved in the music and message of the Black church. In fact, the ruptures in the souls of the oppressed are the birthplace of field hollers, chain gang mantras, spirituals, soul music, and the blues. The wounds that were portals for introjection of social ills also became wombs, portals for soul to be born into a soulless place, entry points for God in a Godless place. “Sanctified” ladies on Wednesday nights, Sunday mornings, and Sunday evenings, expressed a beautiful and striking defiance. Many of these women clearly had identities informed by a different place, a transcendent experience, a higher level of authority, expressed as a palpable lack of apology in their existence. They were embodied; their hard-won identities had not been given and therefore could not be taken away. They literally had nothing to lose, and they experienced an obvious freedom in that knowing. What has become of this transformative power in the current age of religio-political tribalism, literalism, fundamentalism, extremism, and domestic terrorism? Jung stated: Our blight is ideologies — they are the long-expected Antichrist! We are far better protected against failing crops, inundations, epidemics, and invasions from the Turk than we are against our own deplorable spiritual inferiority, which seems to have little resistance to psychic epidemics.” The Jewish term ghetto refers to an area overflowing with humanity but lacking in resources due to intentionally being cut off from the collective. How can we address the external

ghettoes while we continue to create internal ghettoes, split off from psychic energy, from libido? How can love win when love is blocked in a multitude of ways? What I will here term *analytic love* is active participation in spirit and manner, as in the consulting room; our task is to see, to hear, to learn, to know, to bear witness, and to respond; to be by, with, and for another; a particular other, in a particular way, in a particular moment. This work begins within. Our inner worlds are neighborhoods. The splits inside of us inform the splits between us. All of us are capable of redlining, zoning, and bussing in our inner cities and in our “inner” cities. Our painful parts, be they feeling states or housing complexes, fester in isolation. These cutoff places require not just integration, but also relationality, mutuality, and identifying and reclaiming exact missing ingredients that created the original separation. Marginalization, whether internal or external, is an affront to integration and wholeness.

I recently co-hosted a documentary with New York Times bestselling author Dr. Jemar Tisby at the site of Emmett Till’s murder, the site where his body was recovered from the Tallahatchie River, and the courtroom where his murderers were acquitted by a jury of their peers. Our task was to bear witness to the ugly truth and the sacredness of attempting to do so. Emmett Till’s mother bore witness. With her choice to have an open-casket funeral for her son, Mamie Till showed us ourselves. Her bold move was at once individuating, teleological, and a call to collective shadow integration.

Jung’s focus on finding the telos, the ways in which such suffering can move us into fragmentation and wholeness, creates a connecting point with Mamie Till: where meaning, purpose, presence, and bearing witness meet, where the broken human heart is the end and beginning of many waves that radiate out into the field of interconnectivity, the telos hidden in

the symptoms pointing towards wholeness, restoration, recovery, rebirth, and service via endless inner deaths this work requires. The *telos* (*bearing purpose*) is the goal or purpose of a particular person.

In a letter to Oluf Bernsten, Jung wrote: “There is a telos in each community. But I should add that this telos is a summation of the individual tela. Each man has his telos and inasmuch as he tries to fulfill it he is a real citizen. The community is nothing without the individual and if a community consists of individuals that do not fulfill their individual telos, then the community has no telos or a very wrong one.” When this does not happen on the group level, symbols emerge, lines and guns, are drawn, and crucifixions and human sacrifices occur. The sentiment, “Women and children first” is inverted.

**The Crucified Child:** Traumatized children are crucified because they hold the capacity to love their enemy; some children carry the projections of, suffer on behalf of, absorb the sins of, and die for, their enemy. How does a person proceed from crucifixion? What is resurrection for the traumatized human when enactments and reenactments abound; when the emotional shrapnel lodged in the body serve as proof of past pain, vibrate with recognition of present pain, and twist with anticipatory pain? What is the motivation for living fully, for being present while being here? William Blake’s painting entitled “The Christ Child Sleeping On The Cross” powerfully represents the crucifixion of the child: innocence and experience, the world of sensation and the world of imagination, the world of joy and new life, and the world of inevitable suffering and death. The painting image reflects the world we are each born into, a world that cannot tolerate innocence. A world that is, in the words of Merton, “a demented inn that has no room for the divine child.” Merton wrote: “Into this world, this demented inn, in which there is absolutely no

room for him at all, Christ comes uninvited. But because he cannot be at home in it, because he is out of place in it, and yet he must be in it, his place is with those others for whom there is no room. His place is with those who do not belong, who are rejected by power because they are regarded as weak, those who are discredited, who are denied the status of persons, tortured, exterminated. With those for whom there is no room, Christ is present in this world. He is mysteriously present in those for whom there seems to be nothing but the world at its worst.”

In Jungian philosophy, the divine child is past, present, and future. As a symbol of potential, the divine child is the ultimate archetype of the Self. In trauma, the divine child is crucified. The divine child threatens the status quo, representing radical change and new beginnings as well as a reordering of human-made structures in which the first are last and the last are first. The divine child appears when and where least expected, bringing new potential birthed from the unconscious and representing the creative union of opposites that brings about new beginnings. But a culture of death seeks to separate spirit and matter via the innumerable liturgies of death surrounding us. The crucifixion of the divine child and the plight of the marginalized child are intersecting realities. The slaughter of the endless possibility of new life is crucified. Hate kills possibility. Literal truth and archetype intersect. The crucified child is the symbol par excellence of marginalization, alienation, and devaluing other people. The archetype of new life is reversed, becoming the archetype of the devil. Beyond literal death is archetypal soul death, death of the soul of individual and collective. Somehow, the Christ-haunted culture in which I grew up could not fully see that the Black body and the imago Dei are the same. Underneath the voice of the preacher who states that no one should bring asunder that which God has joined together, the marriage of spirit and matter is brought asunder in mass incarceration, capital punishment,

underfunded public education, poverty, and the prison to cradle pipeline; all day, every day. All amount to elements of the image of the crucified child.

After completing graduate school, I took a job providing transitional counseling to people coming out of federal prison. One day I recognized a name on the intake paperwork. A few minutes later a tall, thin, light-skinned Black man stood in my doorway. He was Marcus, my childhood neighbor and friend, who continues to live with his parents in his childhood home three doors from my childhood home. As Marcus walked through the threshold into my office, we met in a different way and, for the first time, we talked about our experiences growing up. Marcus had been two grades ahead of me; his sister, Gayle, was my age. During our childhood we rode the same bus, played basketball in my backyard, rode our bikes around the neighborhood for our entire childhoods. He had been the flag boy on the bus, and I had inherited the flag from him when he graduated ninth grade. We had eaten the same food in the same lunchroom, played on the same playground, shared the same space and time for so many years. The view from Marcus' window was the same cemetery outside my window, his view was of the other side of the cemetery. We only lived three houses away from one another, but he was, and is, on the other side of the split that radiated out from the cemetery. I had never felt more distant from him than in this moment: him, the bad guy, me, the good guy; him, with questions, me, with answers; him, the criminal, me, the professional. This circumstance seemed so absurd. I could not buy into this illusion; I knew better. Marcus is the crucified child. The original innocent life of his inner child was stolen from him. Following the inevitable murderous track of racism, the child part was, in fact, crucified. The young man who walked through the threshold into my office carried the archetype of the crucified child. The split had consumed him, as the split had

consumed almost everyone from that time and place in our childhood. This unfortunate truth has many manifestations on the group level. The Bible Belt, the Slavery Belt, the Jim Crow belt, the Execution Belt, the Mass Incarceration Belt are in the same geographical location, and the Trail of Tears runs straight through it.

**Bearing Witness To The Crucified Child:** When my son, Silas, was 8 years old, our family visited the Civil Rights Museum in Memphis, the site of the assassination of Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. This visit was the first for Silas. Because of the color of my skin and having been blessed by obtaining a higher level of education and, therefore, a higher level of income, I had the privilege and the opportunity to largely shelter Silas from some harsh realities of the world and to introduce him to and interpret those realities to him. That privilege is simply not possible for many people. I believe my privilege comes with an enormous sense of responsibility. I do not want Silas to grow up in denial that there are injustices, inequalities, and other major issues in the world. Although these issues are right before our eyes, I do not want Silas to be blinded to the pain of other people due to a high level of personal comfort, a lack of being affected personally, or because he has assimilated to a political, social, or philosophical paradigm. I do not want him to be afraid to follow his convictions and, therefore, shrink in the face of pressure, bullying, or fear of exclusion by peers. I do not want him to grow up to react to the acknowledgement that Black lives matter with the rebuttal that all lives matter. I do not want him to grow up to ask, “What about Black on Black crime?” and to not want to explore the deeper meaning of and answers to that question.

When we looked at the conditions on the slave ships and the treatment that enslaved people endured Silas was dumbfounded. “How could people do this?” I could answer that the



perpetrators' personal and collective psychology was denial that these captured humans were fully human and had worth. Their lives did not matter. The consensus was that a superior race has full dominion over an inferior race.

When Silas saw visual representations of babies being taken from their mothers' breasts and separated from them for life, we were all three visibly upset. He positioned himself between us and held onto us. So we huddled up and talked about the experience: "What if that was us? Even under the best circumstances, do you think that trauma would find full healing in our bloodline by the time our great grandchildren got here?" When he's older I will ask, "Do you think people can find resolution in a hostile world that imposes developmental traumas, attachment disorders, mental illness that results from such comprehensive suffering, the internalized hatred toward self, and the justified but unexpressed rage that gets stuck in the psyche and the body?" "Do you see ways that not only individuals, but also institutions or societies, can suffer from collective narcissism, projection, and denial?"

Racism is one of the many manifestations of evils that occur when a group of individuals succumb to the downward pull of the collective human. The exhibit about Ole Miss and James Meredith became more real for Silas. Silas loved Ole Miss basketball and his mother and I were teaching at Ole Miss at the time. This exhibit included footage of Mr. Meredith's three denials for enrollment as well as footage of Governor Ross Barnett coming up from Jackson to "personally deny Mr. Meredith admission in order to preserve the integrity of the institution," with a hateful smirk and haughty, superior, unloving tone in his voice. This got to Silas. He recognized the setting. He saw the familiar streets, houses, buildings, and trees. The story became real for him. After the video, Silas took a minute to make sure he could maintain his

composure before going to the next exhibit featuring a Ku Klux Klan costume, and Silas asked many questions. His mom told him that when I was younger, I was arrested for protesting the Klan. He looked at me and grinned. A seed was planted. The museum has a bus with a statue of Rosa Parks sitting in her rightful place. Silas wanted a picture with Ms. Parks. He sat behind her and put his hand on her shoulder in a loving way. Silas exhibited a softness and a desire to be affectionate toward her. If Mrs. Parks had been a live person, Silas would have embraced her. At the end of the exhibit, we saw rooms 306 and 307 and the balcony outside these rooms. That perspective offers a view of the place Dr. King was standing when murdered as well as the location the bullet came an account of Dr. King's nervousness that interfered with his sleep the night before he was shot. He was afraid. Larger forces in the world wanted him dead. King knew that many people carried hatred in their hearts, even more dangerous than disinterest toward him. This spot offered the following quote from his father, Martin Luther King, Sr.: We had waited, agonizing through the nights and days without sleep, startled by nearly any sound, unable to eat, simply staring at our meals. Suddenly, in a few seconds of radio time it was over. My first son, whose birth had brought me so much joy that I jumped up in the hall outside the room where he was born and touched the ceiling — the child, the scholar, the preacher, the boy singing and smiling, the son — ALL OF IT WAS GONE.” As I simultaneously looked at my son sitting in this spot looking at the place another man's son was murdered and read King's father's words about losing his son in such a horrific way, I recaptured the appropriate kind of heartbreak that I hope to carry all of my days. My grief is a sacred heartbreak. Witnessing this heartbreak my son felt as well is so affirming that his heart loves people appropriately and, therefore, he can be broken over what breaks the heart of the divine.

On the way home he said, “That stuff back there, that’s terrorism.” My heart smiled. Silas understood. Mission accomplished. Martin Luther King, Jr., is the crucified child. Emmett Till is the crucified child. Trayvon Martin, Michael Brown, George Floyd, Ahmaud Arbery, Tyre Nichols, Breonna Taylor, Elijah McClain, Philando Castile, Tamir Rice, Ezell Ford, Eric Garner, Atatiana Jefferson, Sandra Bland, Daunte Wright, Botham Jean, and countless other people, are the crucified child. To say their names is to bear witness. What guard stands in vigil at the tomb of the unknown crucified child? What national day of remembrance do we have for the crucified child?

In the Fall of 2019, I provided therapeutic crisis intervention for youth affected by ICE raids at chicken processing plants in seven Mississippi towns. Children came home from the first day of school to empty houses, their parents having been detained and transported to holding cells in Louisiana. The trauma was comprehensive. Roughly half of these children described physical symptoms in the days following the raids. These children developed headaches, digestive issues, and panic attacks; one teen male child complained of feeling like his body was going to explode. Witnessing the particular ways trauma manifest for these children made a substantive impact on my conceptualizing the connection between emotional suffering and concomitant suffering via the body. Several teens explained that children in their culture do not dare speak of suffering because of their awareness of the enormous degree of suffering their parents suffer on their children’s behalf. Another generational disconnect is reflected in children developing within the dominant culture’s focus on expression of emotions; in direct contrast, their parents grew up in a different time and place. The children were emotionally multicultural, but their parents were emotionally unilingual. In their voicelessness and forced abandonment, the children’s bodies

spoke loudly about their distress. I took this picture at a rural Hispanic Catholic church. I, a White man, provided interventions for brown children at the feet of this Black Jesus in Mississippi, where Native children, Black children, and, now, Hispanic children have separated from family by White Christian men standing on pro-life and pro-family platforms. CNN. Children often cannot differentiate between their feelings and their identities. As a result, children often process their traumas on the level of identity. As a White man, I am honored to acknowledge and honor these children's unwarranted suffering by bearing witness, by naming what needed to be named, and by speaking to any introjected social illness that might have been seeking a host in their young psyches, "This feels wrong because it is wrong; this feels bad because it is bad, this feels evil because it is evil." I was heartened to see some of these children protesting on the town square a couple of days later, holding signs containing messages such as, "Our Parents Are Not Criminals" and "We Are Humans, Too."

While his mother attempted to find their father who had been taken into custody by ICE but could not be found in the database, I spent time with Gaspar, age 5, and his infant sister. While we talked, Gaspar worked on a coloring book. He colored a picture of Jesus and colored him brown. As I held his inconsolable infant sibling while listening to him describe the stomach ache he was experiencing, all three of us in earshot of the wailing of his dysregulated mother frantically searching for his captive father, I once again witnessed the crucifixion of the child.

**The Black Feminine:** The field of psychology has much to learn about Marginal Psychology, or the psychology of margins. The United States, in particular, has much to learn from the most unheard voices within its boundaries: the voice of The Black Feminine. The voice of the most unheard, objectified, sexualized, colonized, used, and abused people within our borders contains

voices of particular souls who carry a particular knowing: the collective grief, loss, trauma, and wisdom of a knowing that must be distributed to and borne by the collective. We must bear witness as well as bear our crosses. I once heard a story about a K9 Unit dog that was run over by a car fleeing a crime scene; her hind legs and hips were crushed. The veterinarian gave the officers new information: the dog was also pregnant. Although she was not expected to carry to term, she delivered each puppy successfully. When the puppies started learning to walk, they copied their mother by dragging their bodies across the floor using only their front legs. The puppies were put in a kennel several times per day with dogs that walked on all four legs: the puppies soon started walking on all four legs as well. I, too, had models who taught me how to walk. Ms. Linda Witherspoon was my 7th and 9th grade science teacher. She was also my best friend and surrogate mother. One day, she pulled me aside in the lunchroom and said sternly, “I need you to promise me that you will remember everything that I am about to say to you.” I loved her so much that I would have locked away anything that she was about to say to me, and I did. She continued, “When you breathe, you must close your mouth. You cannot walk around like a salamander. And, when you eat, you cannot monkey grip your fork. You must hold your eating utensil correctly. Because you are really intelligent. But, if you don’t do those things, no one else will know how intelligent you are. And, if they don’t know, you will forget.” I have treasured that moment since it happened. Ms. Spoon lives in the core of my heart. She lives in my heart because she wanted to, which was her greatest gift to me. She saved my life. Her love was subversive. She inoculated me against racism. I loved her more fully than I was “supposed to.” And, then, it was too late. We spent time together during the last years of her life. She told me that she had been very depressed at that time. Despite pouring herself into me and other

students who looked like her oppressors, she had been continually looked over for promotions because she lived at the intersection of being Black and female as well as carrying the projection of “the angry Black woman” when she exercised her voice. Although she had been held back and held down by people who looked like me, she lifted me higher than she was allowed to go. For me, her essence is the true meaning of being Christ-like. I do not need anyone’s theology, I knew Ms. Spoon. Words do not communicate as loudly or as deeply as her life, her presence. I long for, and work toward, a day we hear no more stories about benevolent Black women who gave more love, nurturance, and care than they received in return.

Dr. Debra Moore has been one of my closest friends for half my life. I know her story and her pain that result from living at the intersection of being Black and female: I know the oppressive factors in her life did not end when she earned a PhD or when she rose through the ranks of the academy which offers the illusory promise of being a more evolved and conscious container. The academy had a shadow hidden under terms such as equity and inclusion. Although the academy claimed an identity of superiority over less evolved members of the majority, the academy was also quite adept at assumed and untested moral authority in terms of race, it’s own supremacy.

Another of my closest friends, Dr. Jandel Crutchfield, and I often collaborated in collective shadow work in the form of racial healing events throughout Mississippi. We co-wrote a chapter in a textbook and she gave a TedTalk about our shared work. In 2019, we both moved our families from Mississippi after it became unsafe and unwise to continue raising our children there due to backlash related to our work.

Each of these women have modeled mutual participation, holding suffering while maintaining access to the imaginal, walking in dignity, with and without the world’s blessing; and these

lessons helped me to build a home inside of myself. These women have modeled individuation for me. These women stepped into personally meaningful archetypes in such a way that each of them are indeed my family.

Jung: “What the public still doesn’t know and can’t get into its head is that *the collective man* is subhuman, nothing but a beast-man. Any organization in which the voice of the individual is no longer heard is in danger of deteriorating into a subhuman monster.”

Many symbols of Confederate abuse occur in human form. When just four years old, Mr. E.W. Higginbottom saw his father, Elwood Higginbottom, lynched. Community members in Oxford, Mississippi helped memorialize the life of Mr. Higginbottom’s father with a historic marker at the site of his lynching. I had the honor of being present for the dedication to Mr. Elwood Higginbottom at the opening ceremonies of the Equal Justice Initiative in Montgomery, Alabama where his name was recorded at the National Memorial for Peace and a jar of dirt bearing his name from the site of his lynching was placed alongside other jars at the Legacy Museum. Mr. E.W. Higginbottom was able to be present for these activities though he passed a short time later. My friend and musical collaborator Effie Burt is a Confederate symbol. I accompanied Effie when she addressed the city councilmen in Oxford, Mississippi, asking them to relocate the town square Confederate statue her grandmother, mother, and grandchildren were raised under so that her great- grandchildren would be spared. The council, consisting solely of White males, promptly denied Effie Burt’s request.

Just as John Lewis had one foot in Alabama and one foot in The Beloved Community, Mr. Higginbottom and Ms. Burt had one foot in Mississippi and one foot in the Promised Land: a land of new identity, of liberation, of relief from the powers and principalities of this realm. But

the southern collective required them to become dual citizens, citizens of Mississippi and the Promised Land, in order to have access to wellsprings of joy and a full awareness of their innate worth and full citizenship.

**Individuation As Liberation:**

Souls, like the soil they arose from, have been colonized. Attempts to erase internal cultures, internal heritages, internal pantheons, relationships to daemons, deities, and the Earth, the true home, have largely prevailed. Jung's work, combined with our own analytic processes, can open a new/old place, a place of reclamation, a place where the true essence says: I used to be afraid of returning to the ground because I forgot that the ground is holy. I used to be afraid of returning to myself because I forgot that I am holy. Now I am home. I am not afraid.

The gift of analysis and the world's great need meet on the path to the call to individuation. Dr. Howard Thurman characterized this process as listening to the sound of the genuine. The following is from Thurman's 1980 commencement address at Spelman College: There is something in every one of you that waits, listens for *the sound of the genuine* in yourself and if you cannot hear it, you will never find whatever it is for which you are searching and if you hear it and then do not follow it, it was better that you had never been born. You are the only you that has ever lived; your idiom is the only idiom of its kind in all of existence and if you cannot hear the sound of the genuine in you, you will all of your life spend your days on the ends of strings that somebody else pulls.

There is in you something that waits and listens for the sound of the genuine in yourself and sometimes there is so much traffic going on in your minds, so many different kinds of signals, so



many vast impulses floating through your organism that go back thousands of generations, long before you were even a thought in the mind of creation, and you are buffeted by these, and in the midst of all of this you have got to find out what your name is. Who are you? How does the sound of the genuine come through to you?

The sound of the genuine is flowing through you. Don't be deceived and thrown off by all the noises that are a part even of your dreams, your ambitions, so that you don't hear the sound of the genuine in you, because that is the only true guide that you will ever have, and if you don't have that you don't have a thing. There is something that waits and listens for the sound of the genuine in your mother, in your father, in the people you can't stand. There is something in you that waits and listens for the sound of the genuine in other people. And if you can't hear it, then you are reduced by that much. If I were to ask you what is the thing that you desire most in life and you were stripped to whatever there is in you that is literal and irreducible, and you tried to answer that question, the answer may be something like this: I want to feel that I am thoroughly and completely understood so that now and then I can take my guard down and look out around me and not feel that I will be destroyed with my defenses down. I want to feel completely vulnerable, completely naked, completely exposed and absolutely secure.

This is what you look for in your children when you have them, this is what you look for in your husband if you get one. That I can run the risk of radical exposure and know that the eye that beholds my vulnerability will not step on me. That I can feel secure in my awareness of the active presence of my own idiom in me. So as I live my life then, this is what I am trying to fulfill. It doesn't matter whether I become a doctor, lawyer, housewife. I'm secure because I hear the sound of the genuine in myself and having learned to listen to that, I can become quiet

enough, still enough, to hear the sound of the genuine in you. Now if I hear the sound of the genuine in me, and if you hear the sound of the genuine in you, it is possible for me to go down in me and come up in you. So that when I look at myself through your eyes having made that pilgrimage, I see in me what you see in me and the wall that separates and divides will disappear and we will become one because the sound of the genuine makes the same music.

**The Imaginal:** Jung called the imagination “the mother of all possibilities.” To hear the call of the genuine but not answer the call is to lose access to the Self. Dr. King saw a dream inside of the nightmare. After all, his trip to the mountaintop, his transcendent experience, occurred while he was sitting at his kitchen table in Montgomery, Alabama. Drs. Jung, Thurman, and King pointed to individuation, to finding identity independent of socialization, as a remedy for succumbing to deadening and deadly effects of collective man. The following excerpts are from the first of a series of sermons concerning “Problems of Personality Integration” that King preached during the summer of 1957 at Dexter Avenue Baptist Church in Montgomery, Alabama. King began: “It is probably true that the inferiority complex is one of the most stagnating and strangulating and crushing conditions of the human personality. It distorts the personality and plunges it into the abyss of inner conflicts. And so one of the first things that individuals must do to integrate themselves and to be sure that their personalities are integrated is to seek to overcome a feeling of inferiority. This is one of the first and basic conditions of life. Psychologists tell us that the more individuals attempt to escape the realities of life the thinner and thinner their personalities become until ultimately they split. This is the split personality. Individuals become so accustomed and absorbed in running away from the conditions of life, in trying to escape their actual selves, that their personalities actually become so thin that they split

and the real self recedes into the background. In conclusion, quoting Jung, Dr. King said the following: “If you really want to overcome this sense of inferiority, develop an abiding religious faith.” I’m sure you’ve read of the great psychoanalyst Carl Jung. Jung said some years ago, “Of all of the hundreds and thousands of patients that have come to me for treatment and counsel over the past few years, I think I can truly say that all of them past the middle of life had conditions which could be cured by the proper religious faith.” That isn’t a preacher talking. That’s a psychoanalyst talking.” “Proper religious faith” is the relationship to the Self, the source of an expansive identity that is informed by the imaginal. Members of the Beloved Community are dual citizens, living in light of the imaginal with feet on the ground. This is the marriage of heaven and earth. This is the new heaven and the new earth. Like King having his mountaintop experience while sitting at his kitchen table, like John Lewis looking into the hostile faces of police officers carrying weapons that they intended to use against him and seeing the Beloved Community, the transcendent function is experienced during crucifixion by holding the tension of the opposites. As Jung stated: “The transcendent function does not proceed without aim and purpose, but leads to the revelation of the essential man. The meaning and purpose of the process is the realization, in all its aspects, of the personality; the production and unfolding of the original, potential wholeness.”

**Conclusion:** Dr. Maya Angelou, who deeply knew about descent, famously said: “I wouldn’t take nothing for my journey now.” New dimensions of life are made possible by reclamation of a deeper and truer identity, an identity that is neither given nor taken away. This growth, this recovery, happens in the bottom of the retort, in the fruitful darkness, in the light of the shining darkness. Core shame, grief, and trauma as identity takes lives, just as it took the lives of several

people referenced in this paper as well as many others whose stories are yet untold. My friend Sharon Risher, whose mother, cousins, and lifelong friends were killed by Dylan Roof at Mother Emmanuel AME Church in Charleston, South Carolina, has since dedicated her life to writing a book, traveling, speaking and lecturing. She also fights against the death penalty at every level of government; Sharon aims to prevent the execution of the man who took so much and so many from her. Sharon often tells her story, which rips her wide open every single time. She is willing to be cut open and sutured back up in the pursuit of collective wholeness. At a certain point, she says, retelling is reenactment unless the process serves a higher purpose of healing. I stood with Sharon as a gun was being melted down; the leaders invited Sharon to the anvil to help beat the hot metal into a gardening tool. Her small body could scarcely lift the hammer; her strikes were so gentle as she let out moans and screams from the deepest part of herself, where her mother, now her ancestor, resides. As she screamed and moaned and lamented, a chorus seemed to join her. Not only was her voice a representative of countless other voices, her voice contained all sorrows. All people present also wept. I need no theology of resurrection, I experienced resurrection in this moment with Sharon. The organizers later presented Sharon with a small hand shovel, made from the melted gun, with which to tend her garden. Embodying the ethos and instruction of her spiritual lineage, she had literally beaten a sword into a plowshare. Sharon is a living image of the crucifixion and resurrection of the crucified divine child.

The lives I have sought to bear witness to and honor here were, and are, precious and invaluable human lives. I echo the words of Drs. King and Thurman in proclaiming that these people were, and are, indeed the children of God as my experience of each person and my experience of the divine have been one and the same. May the thought that we might have the ability to effect

change to any degree haunt each of us in the best of ways, prompting us to tend to the inner and outer work required for any amount of movement toward individual and collective wholeness.

May we clearly see our acts of commission and omission that contribute to or perpetuate marginalization. May we be moved into necessary communion with the forces of personal, collective, and archetypal grief, shame, and trauma. May we also hold the larger truth of who we are and who we are becoming. These intentions are the work of psychic survival. Individuation is the soul's response to marginalization.