

*Like the proverbial pebble dropped into the pond, the shifts of consciousness we make in our personal and professional lives send out important waves that ripple over the surface of the whole.*

# Ripples

## Home

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### TELEPHONE COUNSELLING

Even though we now live outside of Sydney, we are still available for the counselling and support work that helps lots of people. This can be done in two ways. Many people are enjoying giving themselves a special day to come up and see us in Corlette for a counselling session. The second way is via the telephone. We find this to be equally effective.

Ring Barbara or Terry for details.

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Lifespring is an Australian company owned and managed by Terry and Barbara Tebo.

The purpose of "Ripples" is to reach out and support our friends as well as being a vehicle of communication and inspiration with and among Lifespringers all over the world.

By TERRY and BARABARA TEBO  
The Founders of Lifespring



Ed Mitchell was on his way home, which at that moment was 250,000 miles away. He could see planet Earth

responsible for his own present journey. This wasn't something he was thinking in his mind, but an overwhelmingly powerful feeling, as though he were physically extending out of the window to the very furthest reaches of the cosmos. Ed Mitchell would never be the same again.

Ed hadn't seen the face of God. It didn't feel like a standard religious experience so much as a blinding epiphany of meaning – what the Eastern religions often term an 'ecstasy of unity'. It was though in a single instant Ed Mitchell had discovered and felt that he was truly home.

**WHERE IS HOME?** Many people say that 'home' is in their house or flat and if it is somewhere else, they're not sure how to get there. Most religions teach that going home means *going to heaven* after our body dies. By saying this they mean that home is when we 'return to God'. We believe that we can never return to God, because we never left God – *and our soul knows this*. So if our soul (higher self, spirit, life force, whatever you choose to call it) already knows this, what is our soul trying to do during our lifetime? What is the purpose of life on earth, from the soul's point of view?

Neale Donald Walsch in his most recent book 'Home With God' answers this question in four words. Our soul is seeking to **experience what it knows**. It's really very simple! Our soul knows that we never left God, and it is seeking to awaken and remind us of this experience of unity. Life is a process

through the triangular window of the command module of *Apollo 14*. Two days before, he had become the sixth man to walk on the moon. The trip had been a triumph: the first lunar landing to carry out scientific investigations. The 94 pounds of rock and soil samples in the hold attested to that. The return module called *Kittyhawk* was slowly rotating, like a chicken on a spit, in order to balance the thermal effect on each side of the spacecraft; and in its slow revolution, earth was intermittently framed through the window as a tiny crescent in an all-engulfing night of stars.

It was then, while staring out of the window, that Ed experienced the strangest feeling he would ever have: a feeling of *connectedness*, as if all the planets and all the people of all time were joined together by some invisible web. He could hardly breathe from the majesty of the moment. There seemed to be an enormous force field here, connecting all people, their intentions and thoughts, and every animate and inanimate form of matter for all time. Anything he did or thought would influence the rest of the cosmos, and every occurrence in the cosmos would have a similar effect on him. Time was just an artificial construct. Everything he'd been taught about the universe and the separateness of people and things felt wrong. There were no accidents. The natural intelligence that had gone on for billions of years, that had forged the very molecules of his being, was also

whereby the soul turns Knowing (the spiritual realm) into Experiencing (the physical realm), and when what we have known and experienced becomes a *felt reality*, we have arrived Home. So Home, it turns out, is a place called 'Completion'. It is the Complete Awareness of 'Who We Really Are' through the Complete Knowing, Experiencing and Feeling of this reality. It is the End of the Separation between the Source and Us.

Completion (Home or Heaven) is therefore defined as the moment when Separation ends, the moment of our reunification with our Divinity. In this moment what occurs is that we simply remember Who We Really Are, that we and God are One. This experience of Unity with the Source is sometimes called Enlightenment.

**ENLIGHTENMENT** Most people today are trying to be happier. When we ask them what makes them happy they give us a list of things. Not just material things but other 'things' like good feelings, love, family, peace, etc. In all these cases there is something to attain. Let us tell you; there is nothing to attain. There is only stuff (beliefs, attitudes, feelings) to discard. This leaves us in an enlightened state where we totally Know, Experience and Feel Who We Really Are. Here is where we find real and lasting happiness. But don't only very special people achieve the state of enlightenment? Yes. But we are all very special people because we are all divine human beings. Enlightenment is simply uncovering Who We Really Are and allowing more light (unconditional love) to shine through our physical being. Let us put it another way. When you are enlightened you liberate yourself from the physical world. This means:

**1. YOU HAVE THE ABILITY TO WITNESS YOUR THOUGHTS.** Our thoughts create our present and future physical and emotional reality. Most people live their life inside their thoughts and don't realise that their thoughts are separate from them. The vast majority of our thinking is conducted without us being aware of what we are thinking. We ride our thoughts to fruition, often to our detriment. When we are enlightened, we free ourselves from being swept up in our thinking process and therefore free

ourselves from any result that is not our choice. It's like standing on the beach where we watch the waves of our thoughts come in and go out and we only jump into the water when we choose to. How many times have you allowed yourself to be in the water at the mercy of your thought waves? It just takes a little bit of practice to be aware of what we are thinking.

**2. YOU ARE FREE FROM SUFFERING.** We currently suffer every time we resist the pain in our life. There is a difference between 'pain' and 'suffering'. Pain is part of the human condition. No one can escape pain. When we are free from suffering we will still say something colourful when we stub our toe! However how we react to our pain determines how much we will suffer. *Resistance to our pain is the root of our suffering.* Two women are in labour. They're both screaming as a natural response to pain. For one of them the pain represents the heralding of the long-awaited child. She has never felt so alive. For the other woman, the pain of childbirth is what she's been afraid of since the onset of pregnancy. When it arises, she is unable to push it away. Her pain becomes a source of suffering.

**3. YOU ARE FREE OF DESIRE.** Desire means we are unsatisfied about something and in this state our wants are driven by our feelings. Without desire we can still have whatever we want, but our want becomes a *preference*. When you experience this you will understand what freedom from the material world means. This doesn't mean you can't have or pursue chocolate. It just means you don't lust after it and you are unaffected if you don't get it. Some people on a spiritual path 'shun' the material world rather than free themselves from it. When you shun the material world it means you are going left, driven by emotion to

reject possessions. When you are caught in the material world you are going right, driven by emotions to acquire possessions. Freedom is in the middle.

**4. YOU CAN SEE THE TRUTH.** The truth is the way the world really is. Being able to see the truth means we see beyond the physical shell of others. We see who they and we really are. It means we can read between the lines and really hear what others are saying. We've all seen a child throw a tantrum in a supermarket. When this happens sometimes a distressed mother or father shouts and screams at the child. This, of course, usually makes the situation worse. When you are enlightened you remain calm in all situations. You allow the child to have their tantrum and then you distract them with something else.

**HOW IS THIS RELEVANT TO US TODAY?** Two women came for a counselling to me, Barbara, a number of years ago. The women were both mothers of teenage sons. The women did not know each other. Both sons had ended their earthly lives by suicide within the same week of each other. Both mothers were understandably very distraught. This must be one of the most difficult challenges anyone would have to face. The first mother, let's call her Susan, totally blamed herself and everyone around her for her son's death. If she had seen it coming she could have prevented it, she kept telling herself. She believed she was the worst mother on earth. I accepted and loved Susan just as she was. I accepted that nothing I said would help her deal with her son's death and her own grief in any other way than she choose too. She became quite ill and her family split apart.

The second mother, let's call her Betty, was an entirely different story. I explained to Betty that I believed her son's soul had gone home because it had accomplished what it wanted to in his lifetime. I told her that each person's soul decides when to return home. We

(Home continued)

have no control what someone else's soul decides let alone our own. I shared my belief that the death of the body is a 'graduation' into the next chapter of life. While Betty would continue to painfully miss her son, on a spiritual level they would always be close. As she and her family gradually worked through this very challenging event, they began to reach out and help other families experiencing similar losses.

Susan saw 'home' as the physical plane while Betty could see beyond this and ground her life on something less transient, i.e. the spiritual plane. Betty began to 'see' her son as he really is. The day-to-day life that followed from this decision was dramatically different for the two women and their families.

### **WHERE IS YOUR HOME?**

How often do you visit it? And we don't mean the one that is on our database. Knowing where our spiritual home is helps us with many of the daily decisions that affect our life and the lives of those we love. We suggest to you that your spiritual home is at the centre of your being and you can visit it as often as you choose to. Meditation is our favourite way to do this. When we ground our life in the spiritual and the time comes to let go of our body, it will be an easy, calm and joyful reunion party at home.

## **The Child**

The day the child realizes that all adults are imperfect he becomes an adolescent; the day he forgives them, he becomes an adult; the day he forgives himself, he becomes wise.

Aiden Nowlan Thanks to Leonie McMahon for sending us this thought.

## **Autumn 2006**

### **Dear Friends,**

Didn't we have a magical 'Indian Summer'? And as we write this letter to you the days are still lovely and warm. We celebrated Easter in Mudgee 'Meriah' (our caravan) has taken us on ten trips so far. When spring comes around we're going to invite Lifespringers who want to join us in country caravan parks (with your caravan, tent or stay in a cabin) to have fun together, meditate together and discuss spiritual topics together. Watch this space!

**Family:** Molly and Josie have been 'on the road'. Molly just returned from Poole in Dorset, England, where she attended a special training seminar with the company she works for. Josie has been to Auckland, Kota Kinabalu in Borneo, Darwin and she's planning a trip to Chile. Josie, as you may have guessed, is a travel consultant. If you're planning a trip overseas, Josie will look after you. We so miss the girls when they are out of the country but they keep in close contact by email and telephone.

### **www.freetobeme.com.au**

Our new website is almost up and running. Be sure to check it out. All of the 'Free To Be Me' teachers are profiled on the website as well as some lovely surprises!

**Congratulations** to Jane Lee Chapman, David Cole, Jane Edser, Iman Iskander, Lawre Suttor, John Wagner & Peter Wagner who have recently completed the 'train the trainer' seminar to teach FTBM Part 1. Congratulations also to Sonia Anderson, Jane Lee Chapman, Louise Cosgrove, Terry Eichmann, Iman Iskander & Peter Wagner who have completed the seminars to teach FTBM for Kids (Super Kids) and FTBM for Teens.

## **Upcoming Events:**

### **Free To Be Me Part 1**

The weekend of June 2, 3 & 4 in the Lilian Fraser Garden in Pennant Hills. The seminar fee is \$440.00 and includes a one hour individual consultation after the seminar with Barbara or Terry.

**Free Preview evening on Mon. 22 May at 7pm in the garden.**

### **Free To Be Me Part 2**

Five evenings and one day: August 8, 14, 18, 19(all day), 22 & 29 taught by Gitta Laub (9970 5165) and Tim Harvey (9413 4059) The seminar fee is \$540. Part 2 is a powerful experience.

### **Free To Be Me Part 3**

Three evenings and two full days: begins on May 18, May 20 & 21 (2 days), 23 & 25 in the Lilian Fraser Garden in Pennant Hills. This is the last Part 3 that we, Terry & Barbara, will be teaching Part 3 is about relationships and communication. The fee is \$645.

### **Counselling Skills**

#### **Seminar**

Occurs over two weekends at our home in Corlette, Port Stephens – July 1 & 2 & July 15 & 16, 2006. The essence of this seminar is learning how to accept and love ourselves and others unconditionally. This is a very special experience. The seminar fee is \$595.

### **Free To Be Me Part 1**

#### **Teacher Training**

We may be teaching this 'train the trainer' seminar in Brisbane at the end of July. Please contact us if you are interested.

#### **Support**

We are doing a lot of counselling over the phone and face to face. If you choose to have a session with one of us on the phone we will pay for the call to a land line. Just ring us (02 4981 0777) to make an appointment. If you have any friends who would like to receive 'Ripples', ask them to send us an email ([tebotebo@iinet.net.au](mailto:tebotebo@iinet.net.au)) and we will put them into our Ripples database. If we can support you in anyway in the future, we'd love to hear from you.



# The Beginning of My Plunge

*In this article Terry talks about the beginning of the first personal development seminar he ever attended.*

It was 1969 and I was a young Catholic priest living and working in the archdiocese of Milwaukee. I had been ordained two years earlier and was a little bit disappointed that my first assignment as a parish priest was in a middle class suburban parish. Surely the archbishop's office knew of my interest in the civil rights movement and experiences I had with Martin Luther King in Selma, Alabama.

A priest colleague told me about an amazing seminar that he had experienced in Chicago. This course was for ministers of religion from all over the U.S.A. who were working in inner-city ministries. This was for me! I tried to get more information from my friend but he was a bit vague and I later found out why. All he would tell me was that the seminar was conducted by Saul Alinsky and Ivan Illich who at the time were giants in their field of social reform. I wrote off for more information and received a course syllabus. The letter that came with the syllabus said that course participants were to tell their families that they would not be able to be contacted during the first two weeks of the seminar.

**Chicago The Windy City** In early February I took a train to Chicago. The weather was bitterly cold. I was surprised to find that the seminar was being held in a semi-derelict church at the top of Monroe Street which in those days was the beginning of skid row. Skid row was about a mile and a half long clustered around Monroe Street.

Forty people and five tutors were in attendance at the seminar. I knew no one that first day but I recognised a young Jessie Jackson. The church was drafty and cold and we huddled around a couple of small heaters. A tutor told us that the first two weeks of the seminar each of us would be experiencing 'the plunge'. This would be followed by several days of debriefing and then we would individually construct a model to bring about structural change to help the poor in our own cities of residence. We would then return home, put our plan into action for six months and then come back to Chicago to fine-tune and improve our plans from what we had learned.

**A Homeless Person On Skid Row** I was excited. This was exactly what I was looking for. I began wondering what the "plunge" was all about. I soon found out! We went down into the crypt of the church and in the middle of the room was a pile of old and ragged but warm clothes. We were told to take off our clothes and pick out old clothes that fit us, put them on and get ready to plunge into skid row as a homeless

person for two weeks. During this experience we would be living life as a member of the under-class and if we survived we would also be learning how the poor and homeless we wanted to help, experienced their lives as they struggled to survive. The 'plunge' was a plunge into a whole new world.

What did he mean when he said "if" we survive. I became very frightened. My heart wanted to jump out of my chest. The temperature in Chicago in the middle of winter can go down to minus 30 degrees Fahrenheit at night and rarely gets above freezing during the day. We were told to make up a story of why we were on skid row. Everyone on skid row has a story of why they are there. We were each given five dollars and told that the plunge was a solo experience. They wished us good luck and told us to report back at 2 pm in 14 days. Before I knew it I was on the icy cold streets.

Those first 24 hours on skid row are burned into my memory. I can almost remember the day minute by minute. Skid row is a very sociable place. People in various degrees of drunkenness come up to you all the time and introduce themselves and ask you for your 'personal story'. You also trade hats, scarves, gloves and coats several times a day. It's a skid row ritual. Many skid row residents buy a half bottle of cheap white wine early in the morning, drink it quite quickly and then keep it pumping through their bodies all day by drinking water. The wine helps to dull the cold and ease the pain.

**My Story** I was an out of work writer who couldn't make ends meet, lost my girl friend because of my drinking problem and was only planning to be in Chicago until I could get enough money together to get back to California. At the beginning of the first day I was asked by almost everyone if I was a student or a cop. They didn't believe my story. I didn't look like I fitted in. After the first few hours, however, people believed me because I became one of them – every thought I had and every action I took had to do with surviving. How would I avoid freezing to death in the windy city during my first night? One fellow 'traveller' told me he would be staying in a dos house that cost five dollars for the night. Was it warm, I asked? Yes, he replied. I thanked God. I followed him to an old run down factory. We walked up seven flights to the top floor which was divided into one hundred wood cubicles. The cubicles were just big enough to fit in a single bed. Each cubicle had a wire mesh over the top of it with a naked wire and light bulb on a cord coming through the mesh. On the bed was a dirty stained mattress, no bedding or pillow but the temperature inside was warmer than the snow-filled streets outside. At first I thought I had spend my five dollars wisely.

I asked the attendant to wake me up at 5 am so that I could queue up at the slave market. He told

me everyone was turfed out at that time. The number on my cubicle door was sixty-seven. As I lay down on my bed and pulled my coat around me, I noticed for the first time all the noise coming from the other 99 cubicles. The sound was sung by a choir of crying, coughing, swearing singing and sick alcoholic men. I turned off my light bulb and said a prayer. My next recollection was being awoken by a sharp stinging pain in my right leg. I pulled up my trouser leg to see two big bed bugs who had come out of my mattress and were getting ready to suck my blood. I screamed out in fear and the sound of my screaming joined in with the choir. I then knew I was no longer a visitor on skid row.

**The Rats** Somehow I fell asleep again but was awoken by a thumping sound. The cubicles we were sleeping in were set off the ground about ten inches by corner posts so that the concrete floor could be easily hosed down in the morning. The sound I heard was coming from a pack of rats as big as small cats running around under the cubicles. My heart skipped a beat when three rats ran through. After that I left my light on hoping the rats would give my cubicle a miss. Before I knew it, there was a loud bang on my door and everyone was rising from their bed although the sun would stay asleep for another three hours.

**The Slave Market** The slave market I attended was about a ten minute walk from my 'zero star hotel'. There were about forty men in the cue by the time I arrived. The slave market was a small empty shop with one desk and a telephone sitting on top of it. Two men ran the show and they were looking for reasonably fit and young men who they would send out to various factories for one day's work. Factories would ring the slave market when they were short of labour. I met their qualifications so I was given the bus fare to go to an Encyclopedia Britannica warehouse about fifteen miles away. My job was to load trucks. I arrived at the warehouse about 8 am. The other workers knew I was from the slave market and they avoided me like the plague. I couldn't blame them because I hadn't been able to shower for more than three days. I worked hard all morning and when we broke for lunch my back was aching and I was starving. I realised I hadn't eaten for 24 hours. I had no money and I hoped someone would share a sandwich with me. Instead all I got were looks of scorn, pity and rejection. This experience of rejection would occur many times while I was on the plunge. Each time the hurt seemed to burn into me deeper. I was being rejected because of my social position. I was very angry and I wanted to scream out at those workers that I was as good if not better than they were because I had two master's degrees! When my anger and rejection subsided, I began to realise why I was on the plunge.

The afternoon dragged on slowly and I could only think of my growling empty stomach. We stopped work at 5:30 pm. It was dark and snowing. I went to the foreman and asked for my money. He said my money

was back at the slave market. When I asked how I was supposed to get back there, he shrugged his shoulders.

**A Helping Hand** It took me four hours hitching to get back to skid row. The last five miles I hitched a ride with a motor cyclist. This was better than walking but I almost froze to death in the cold wind. When I finally arrived at the 'employment bureau', it was dark and locked. I went down on my knees in the new fallen snow crying in despair. Whenever this happened during the next two weeks of the plunge, whenever I didn't know how I could continue, a hand from another homeless man would come out of nowhere and offer to help me. When I explained my predicament, this good Samaritan explained that my money was in the tavern across the street. All I had to do was to tell the bartender my name.

**Food, Glorious Food** When I counted the money I had received at the tavern I realised that the slave market had taken about 80% of my wages. They called it 'administration fees'. This left me with only a little over five dollars. I headed for the nearest 'greasy spoon' (American slang for a cheap hamburger joint) and ordered the biggest burger with fries that my five dollars would buy. My body was crying out for food. When it finally arrived the waitress noticed how big my eyes were! I smothered the fries in tomato sauce. My feast was about to be devoured when a man sitting next to me at the counter who was having an argument with the man sitting next to him, slammed his fist down on the counter overturning a large cardboard ashtray full of cigarette butts and ash onto my meal.

I couldn't believe it! I started crying again. I felt too weak to get angry. When I recovered I picked out the cigarette butts and blew the ash off of my meal and started eating. It still tasted wonderful! The waitress who was watching this drama unfold, came over and asked me if I realised that today was Ash Wednesday!

My next task was to survive that night and I was wondering what tomorrow would bring.....



## The Hebrew Talmud

It is written in the Hebrew Talmud: "Be very careful if you make a woman cry, because God counts her tears. The woman came out of a man's rib. Not from his feet to be walked on. Not from his head to be superior, but from his side to be equal. Under the arm to be protected, and next to the heart to be loved."