

BEFRIEND

JOCK WHITEHOUSE

Stories of Transformation



I'll never forget the feeling. The CEO called me into his office, looked into my eyes and said, Jock, this isn't working out.

I was 57. I had never lost a job in my life. All my career changes had been carefully planned. I was in charge of my professional life, or at least I thought I was. Never had anyone come in to yank it out from under me. As I looked back into the CEO's eyes and realized what was happening, fear rushed through me. My mind felt like it was going to explode. I had a huge mortgage payment, car payments, a family to support, and I was 57. How could I ever find another job? I didn't know then that at 59 I would again lose a job, and at 60 lose yet another. Nor did I know that these were to become some of the most transforming experiences of my life.

That night, and for several weeks, I would awaken around three in the morning to a feeling of fear. But the early awakenings led me to launch a routine that eventually transformed the nature of my fear. I started to walk and exercise at dawn, spend the mornings and early afternoons going through the process of job hunting, ate lightly, and meditated for an hour each night. The routine gave me a sense of balance, soothed my body and mind, and contributed to the glimmer of a newly forming vision: "Everything is going to be all right."

The fear still returned, however, especially at night. It would embrace me with its hot breath, make my heart pound, and bathe me in a layer of cold sweat. Then one night when it arrived, to my surprise I said, "Oh it's you again!" I had the presence to step back from it, to let it pass through me and over me without allowing it to cling. Several nights later we performed the same dance, and then one night as it washed over me, I invited it to stay. Slowly I began to move around it. It was a black shadow the size of a car!

I knew I was stepping along the edges of my unconscious. The fear was real—but not real. I knew that it came from deep inside me, and I could step back from it and watch. I also knew that it could seize me like an electric shock, but only if I allowed it. It had substance, and yet it was just a dark ephemeral energy. That night and on other nights, fear and I came more and more into balance. It shrank to the size of a large pillow.

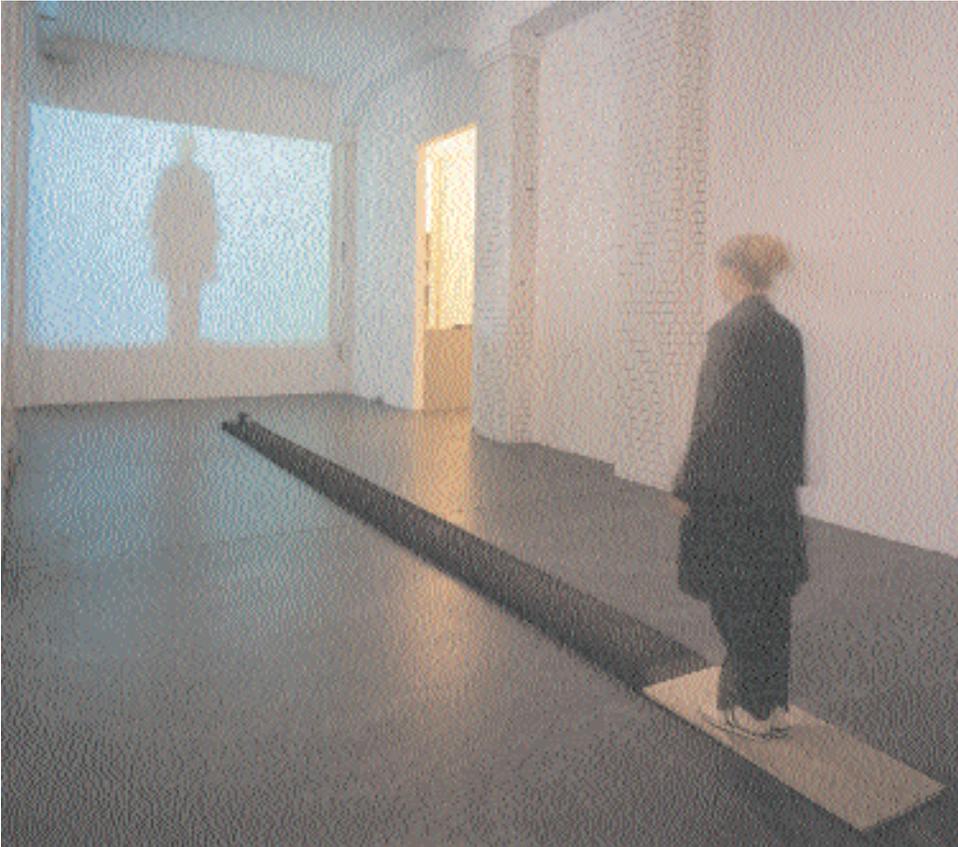
It was at this time, without my fully knowing what was happening, that I stepped out onto a spiritual plane. What I thought were overwhelming realities in my life became virtually unimportant. It didn't matter that I had no job, that my savings would last only two months, that huge bills were coming in, that I was too old to be rehired, that it was a tight job market, and that there were no prospects in sight. I was being carried by a much larger truth and embraced by serenity.

Popular psychology would say I was in denial, and ordinarily I would agree. But there was an important difference. I had befriended fear, and without fear there was nothing to deny. Instead, there was only acceptance, and a quiet sense that I was being reshaped to fit a larger order. I suddenly found myself being ushered forward with no idea what would happen, except that I should trust my intuition and forge ahead. I was learning to walk on the spiritual plane, or what today I call "the platform" . . . and everything was going to work out.

And that's what happened. Sort of. Within two months, I found a terrific job with exciting responsibilities, a great increase in salary. Two years later, however, I hadn't been able to deliver what I had promised, and for the first

ING FEAR

ROMAN SIGNER



free, and in prime professional shape. Within two months I had two exciting offers and selected one company. Later, my career turned to consulting, working three or four days a week, and earning what I had earned when I worked full-time. I am now retired, but want to pursue volunteer work—helping others, especially those like myself who are locked into their careers. I'm sure I'll tell them about the darkness of fear and the platform that awaits them.

Why did all this happen to me? It's a question I've explored since the first CEO looked into my eyes, and the answer surprises even me. I think my unconscious "sabotaged" my performance and the jobs I selected. Since my teens, I've felt a need to make a difference in people's lives. The career I chose offered little of that opportunity, and my unconscious rebelled. "Enough!" The series of job changes created virtually palpable proof for me to trust and live

time in my career I felt I had failed. One night, at a loss for what to do, I stepped out onto the platform, released all my expectations, and surrendered myself for guidance. The very next morning the CEO called me in and said, "Jock, this isn't working out." Instead of being gripped by fear, I nearly laughed out loud.

Immediately, as the CEO tried to explain the situation to me, I found myself on the platform, reaching out to touch him on the shoulder and telling him that everything was going to be all right. The same certainty, the same comfort and serenity that had swept me up two years before, had me in its arms once again.

Within two months I found another wonderful job and another increase in pay. The bad news was that after eight months the company closed down. By this time I was 60 years old, but I was solidly on my platform, nearly fear-

as much as possible on the platform. I believe that during my first encounters with fear, when I was able to step back and observe it, I reached a level of stillness, releasing a lifetime of fear-based conditioning. In its place, the seed was planted of a new spiritual self. In the intervening years, fear has faded into the background as the pretender it is.

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Following a 30-year career in marketing, IONS member JOCK WHITEHOUSE has retired to Mexico, where he was raised, to begin exploration of the direct experiential nature of consciousness and the language necessary to convey it. Contact him at jockwhitehouse@mindspring.com