

# Freedom Within

## THE QUANTUM SHIFT

### My Core Wound

This is just about My Core Wound. It is not about my thirty five year journey of discovery learning how to heal the Wound. It is about how, towards the end of the journey I discovered eventually how to heal my wound, that it took next to no time to do this, and that I could have saved myself the whole thirty five year journey, if only I had known better.

#### **Who Am I?**

So, who am I? I am my relationships. I am my story. I am my life achievements. But who am I really? What really defines me more than anything is my Core Wound. My Core Wound determines how I think, how I feel, what I believe about myself. It shapes my habits, my conditioning, my behaviour patterns, my addictions. It ordains my relationships and my future. I AM my Core Wound.

My Core Wound is my signature of entitlement, my qualification to being uniquely human. Although like all other animals I am born connected, to be human today in our culture I must be disconnected. My Core Wound holds me in separation and in disconnection. My belonging to my tribe is predicated on my disconnection. My disconnection either breaks or makes me. It is the proverbial grit in the oyster. From this grit I create my pearl. But like the pearl, I do not know or acknowledge the grit. I do not know what makes me who I am.

I have the Wound, but it sits deeply buried in my subconscious. It is my gaoler and I am its prisoner. I do its bidding without question. I am driven by my Wound, unaware that this is the driver of all my actions and the master of what I attract into my life. That is, until I eventually wake up, go on a journey to find it, and then make a conscious decision whether to hold onto it, or to let it go.

This has been my journey: being driven by my Wound, waking up and trying to discover what it is, and then learning how to finally heal it and to let it go. Now I am becoming aware of our collective wound - humanity's Core Wound - how that has made us what we are today, and how now, having been the cause of our success in the world, it is now threatening to destroy us.

So, this is my discovery: we all have our own Core Wound. Our Core Wound holds us in separation and disconnection. Our separation and disconnection is the defining quality of being human. This has been our gift and our curse. Our inheritance from Adam and Eve. Adam's curse on humanity.



However, when we discover how to be connected again, it is then really easy to heal our Core Wound. When we heal our Core Wound, we then discover a totally harmonious relationship - within ourselves, with each other, and with the planet. If humanity is to survive, now is the time for us to re-discover our Core Wound and to let it go.

### **My Core Wound**

It has taken me a life time to be able to simply articulate my Core Wound. In just a few words it is: **the Fear of Rejection, Betrayal and Abandonment**. It stems from the feeling of being an outsider and wanting to be accepted as an insider. The feeling of not belonging and wanting to belong.

	<p>The wound is a feeling. It hurts. It really hurts. It bleeds.</p> <p>I feel the pain of Jesus on the Cross.</p> <p>I feel the nails in my palms, the nails in my feet.</p> <p>I feel the thorns on my head.</p> <p>I feel the spear wound in my side.</p> <p>I feel betrayed, abandoned, rejected.</p> <p>"My <b>God</b>, my <b>God</b>, why have you <b>forsaken me</b>?"</p> <p>I feel the fear, the shame, the guilt, the grief.</p> <p>I feel the humiliation, the powerlessness.</p>
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I fight the pain. I push it down. I clamp it down. I block it off. I put on my armour. I hide my pain and put on a brave face to the world. Look, World, I have no pain!

Having repressed my pain I feel that this is the end. I can now move on. I can forget about It. What I do not realize is that the more I repress this pain, the more power it has over me. I do not realize that now I have become addicted to this pain, and I am going to find all sorts of ways to re-connect with it. I am going to find that I do not even recognize that I have become addicted. Once crucified, the Cross has become my home. I can step off it for a while, but I will always be drawn back. It is where I feel safe. It is where I belong.

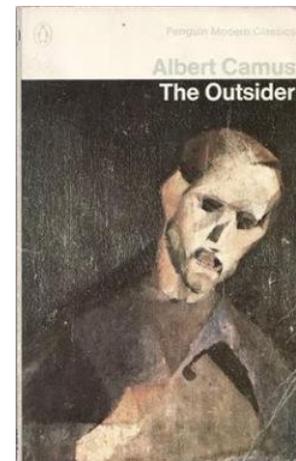
### **My Unmet Need**

From my Core Wound I develop my primary Unmet Need. For myself, this is the need to be accepted. An Unmet Need, by definition, is one that can never be met. We are driven to try and meet it, but somehow, it always eludes us. Somehow, without knowing it, we always sabotage ourselves so that we can never actually meet this Need. Even when we meet it, we cannot feel it. Whatever it is, it is not enough.

So in my life I have always unconsciously determined that there is a group of people that I admire and my greatest desire is to be accepted by this group. I want to see myself and to be seen as one of them.

As I have grown up and developed, these groups have changed accordingly. Invariably, while being accepted on the surface, there has always been a sense of rejection - sometimes overt and sometimes below the surface. I can never quite make it.

It is as if the feeling of being accepted can never be fully felt. I will always be the Outsider looking in.



### **My Parents**

How did this start? Let's start with my parents.

My parents each had their own Core Wound. What I have learned is that very often when we are attracted to a partner it is primarily because our Core Wound is very similar. Both our Core Wounds resonate at more or less the same frequency. While for each of us our Core Wound may be unique, others have experienced their pain in a similar way. Strangely, we find ourselves attracted to such people.

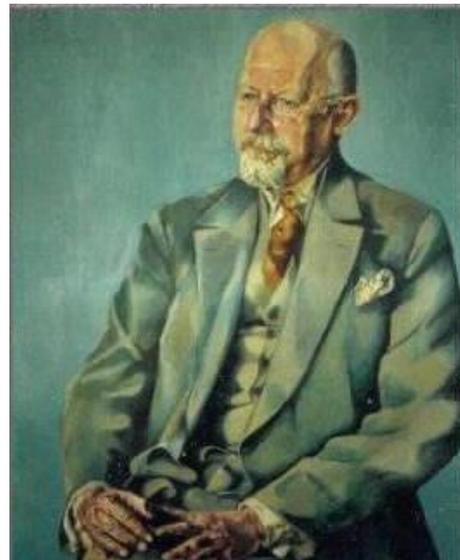
My father was born in Berlin and my mother in Vienna, in 1916 and 1920 respectively. In both cases, their grandparents had changed their religion from Judaism to Christianity. My father's family were now Lutheran Protestants and my mother's were Catholics. They were known as "assimilated Jews". Depending upon one's perspective, an assimilated Jew is neither one thing nor the other. From a Jewish perspective it has been described as "the silent Holocaust".

Others may describe it an "apostasy", one of the greatest betrayals possible and once punished by death. I inherited the capital crime of betraying my religion. I now pay the price by being betrayed myself. Meanwhile, for many Christians at that time, and especially Hitler, an assimilated Jew was still a Jew. A baptism certificate did not change anything.

So my parents' grandparents rejected their faith and their community to become part of a larger community, with a desire to be accepted by that community. So, betrayal and rejection on one hand, and the need for acceptance on the other.

So perhaps my parents also felt like Outsiders, looking backwards into the Jewish community and forwards into the Christian and non-denominational communities.

## My Mother's Family Vienna 1938



My mother's mother, who was highly spirited and head-strong, disappointed her father (who had gone to all the trouble of converting) by marrying a Jewish banker. This ended in tears when he discovered my grandmother in bed with another man. In her desperation to escape, my grandmother threw herself out of the bedroom window, landing in the street below and seriously breaking her leg and hip. Luckily her fall had been protected by an awning over a café below. Unluckily for one of the café's elderly patrons, the shock of seeing a beautiful young woman cascading through the awning caused the poor man to have a heart attack. He is said to have died instantly.

My grandmother, meanwhile, suffered considerable pain. To relieve this, she was prescribed morphine and before long she became addicted. (Addiction is a key theme in our story). To overcome her addiction, she was sent to a clinic to recover.

This was bad news for my mother, who was very young at the time. She had to be sent away to a children's home, where she contracted meningitis and almost died. I suspect that she experienced a deep sense of Abandonment, and that this is how Abandonment came to be a part of my own Core Wound. I might have felt this sense of abandonment at the age of seven, when my mother left us for six weeks to visit her mother in New York. But I cannot remember my feelings at the time.

Meanwhile, in the clinic my grandmother met another patient, Julius Karitschoner. Julius, a successful industrialist, happened to be one of the richest men in Austria. They fell in love (shared the same Core Wound) and eventually married. My mother was now rescued from her children's home and found herself living in one of the finest houses in Vienna. My mother described it as a Palais. But while my grandmother had managed to kick the morphine habit, her new husband was not so strong-willed. Unable to overcome his addiction, he went into a downward spiral and ended up losing his fortune and committing suicide. My grandmother was back to square one, almost penniless, and now having to fend for two young girls, my mother and her step sister, Giulia.

When Hitler marched into Austria, my grandmother knew she had to act. She managed to send Giulia to a family in Switzerland. My mother was packed off to Kenya, a British Colony, on the pretext of an arranged marriage. Meanwhile, my grandmother managed to escape to London, with her now third husband, Thomas, and from there eventually ended up in New York. This was all in 1939, just before the outbreak of war.

My mother was safe. She then managed to escape from her unhappy arranged marriage and married my father.

This is my early childhood home in Africa on the outskirts of Nairobi.

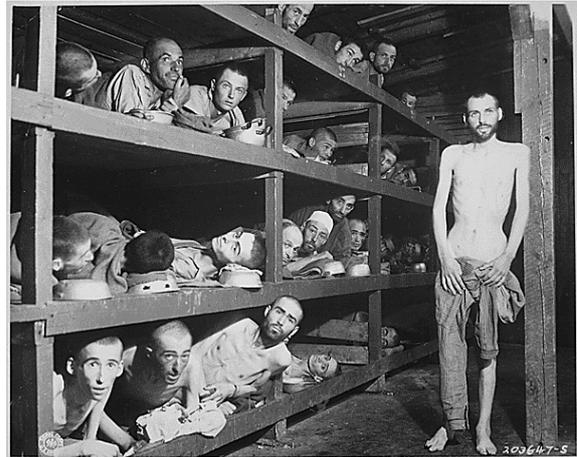
But how did my mother feel? Was this another experience of Abandonment? Had she been abandoned and rejected again by her mother.



Or had my mother been saved? Had my mother abandoned, rejected and betrayed the man, who had made it possible for her to escape from Hitler?

Meanwhile, what about her grandfather? He chose to stay in Vienna, believing that things could not get much worse. He was also in love with another woman, his wife having died several years earlier. He did not want to abandon his new love.

Maybe if he had followed the family pattern of abandoning and being abandoned, he might have survived the terrible fate that was to follow.



How did he feel when he ended up in the Theresienstadt concentration camp, where he is said to have died of "pneumonia"?

### **My Early Memories**

I think of my early childhood as being extremely happy. I was born in 1944, just before the end of the war, but neither of my parents had had any real experience of war. The early days after the war was a time of stability for British rule in Kenya. We had a happy family and everything that we needed. But my Core Wound was now taking shape. I was becoming increasingly aware of my German/Austrian and Jewish background. It wasn't a bonus with my young English friends. Germany had just lost the war. I didn't want to be on the side of the losers.

My name was German. I didn't like that. When I was six years old, I complained to my grandfather about our name and he told me I needed to be proud of it. That didn't wash. I was beginning to deny a major part of who I was, both my German and Jewish background. I didn't want anything to do with it. I wouldn't speak German and I insisted that my parents only spoke English. My father spoke beautiful English, but my mother thought that her Viennese accent was cute. I died a thousand deaths every time she opened her mouth in front of my friends.

From the age of six I was living a lie. I am not German and Jewish. I am English like all my friends. I want to be like them and accepted by them. What do I do? I decide to fall in love with a girl that manifests all the qualities of Englishness. By falling in love I am making whole what is otherwise broken. Brilliant strategy! So in my first year in primary school at six years old I fall in love with Prudence and ask her to marry me. Prudence by name but not by deed. She instantly agrees. This was not part of my plan. I immediately lost interest in her, and yes, I rejected her.

The next year, when I was seven, I fell in love again. This time I didn't tell the poor girl. But something happened in that year, because my memory for the year is almost totally blank.

All I can remember is going to the optician and discovering that I was very short sighted. I speculate that around this time I was becoming aware of the horrors of Jewish extermination in the Nazi concentration camps. This was something that I really did not wish to "see". That could have been my father or mother. I couldn't acknowledge that.

Also, I had no experience of Abandonment. But that year my mother travelled to New York to visit her mother. She was away for six weeks. I cannot recall any feelings of abandonment, but much later on, if my wife, Jessica, went away even for a few days, I would experience terrible feelings of abandonment. There was no reason to have these feelings. Nevertheless the feelings were very real.

When I was eight, I had a best friend next door called John. John was a year older than me and very tough. I had another friend my age called Hugh. Hugh and I were playing together in our garden, when John and a bunch of older boys came into our garden. They told us that a zebra had been seen down by the river. They were off to find it and invited us to come with them. In those days the story was quite plausible. We readily agreed and off we went down to the river. Just before we got there, the bigger boys suddenly turned on us and started pelting us with stones. Hugh and I ran for our lives. I can still remember the feeling in my legs. I felt betrayed by my best friend and later I felt ashamed that I had run. John and I made it up later, but I never forgot the sense of being betrayed by my best friend.

I was still falling secretly in love with a different girl each year. Each time I never declared my love. It was all in my mind. I was in love with the idea of love, not with a real person. I was in love with the feeling that this made me whole. I could magically become someone who I was not. But unrequited love is bitter sweet. There is always an edge of pain.

When I was eleven, my primary school had activities during the holidays. This time I fell in love with Barbara and she was in love with me. This was the first time that I had experienced a mutual relationship with a real person. We kissed and hugged. It was wonderful.

On the last day of the holidays as I was arriving in the morning, Barbara was huddled with her fourteen year old sister and her sister's boyfriend. They were all looking at me in a strange way. When I approached them, I was severely told off by the older sister for wanting to have sex with Barbara. I didn't know what she was talking about. I assumed later that Barbara had been bragging to her older sister. Her boyfriend told me that the next time he saw me he would beat me up. I was too young to even think about sex and felt a deep sense of injustice and betrayal. There was even an element of fear as I had to ride past the older boy's house every day on my way to my new school.

My new school was a Catholic school for boys only. So my opportunities for falling in love were now severely limited. I had a best friend called Robert. He was a Protestant like me.

Robert and I were friends for about a year. One day, at the beginning of the new term, Robert came and told me that his father had forbidden him to be my friend. Why? I said. Because you're a Jew. Another rejection, another betrayal.

How did I deal with these experiences? I remember seeing them as temporary set backs. Whatever I may have felt I pushed the feelings deep down into my subconscious and moved on.

When I was thirteen, I was sent to Rugby, a leading British private school.



It was an exciting adventure for me. I was away from home a year at a time, only going back for the summer holidays. The cost of flying long distances in those days was still pretty steep. The one thing we learned at Rugby was how to curb our feelings and emotions and to maintain a "stiff upper lip". I totally suppressed my German/Jewish side, never admitted it to anyone, and somehow managed to thrive without any further incidents of betrayal and rejection.

My nemesis came in my last year. In the summer holidays I went on a school cruise to West Africa. It was half French and half British children. The idea was to foster better relationships between two old enemies. Strengthening the old Entente Cordiale<sup>1</sup>

At that time I was thinking of applying to Cambridge. The group of people that I wanted to be accepted by now were academics and intellectuals. As luck would have it, one of the French girls, Françoise, was the daughter of French school teachers. Her father was also a poet, and I believe, an ardent Communist. I fell instantly in love.

Nothing much happened. We never even kissed. We both won a prize for the best essay about the voyage and I disgraced myself by pushing a Sunday Express newspaper reporter into the swimming pool. I thought he was bad-mouthing the whole venture.

When we were in the Senegalese capital, Dakar, I bought a couple of charm necklaces. These had quranic verses sewn into leather sachets strung together on a leather string. They were called quranic mechoui. I gave one to Françoise and kept one for myself.

That winter term I was working for a possible scholarship to Trinity College, Cambridge. I wrote to Françoise telling her how I felt, but there was very little reciprocation. By good fortune I won a minor scholarship and I was set to go up the following Autumn. My Core Wound was serving me well, driving me to achieve the best I could.



I had nine months free. My father generously gave me some money to travel the world. Over five months I hitch hiked, mostly overland, from Egypt down to Kenya. Then I flew to Mumbai and spent two months travelling third class around India. On the way back I travelled by train from Teheran to Moscow. This was in 1963 and quite an adventure in the days of the Cold War. All this time, I could think of only one thing: Françoise.

I was back in London by the end of May. I wrote again to Françoise and asked her if she would like to meet. She agreed to come to London. I was over the moon. When she arrived we decided to hitch hike up to Scotland. We travelled as far north as the romantic island of Skye. We realized how different our backgrounds were but that did not diminish my love. But there was no real warmth in the relationship and all our interactions just seemed to be intellectual. A romance in the head rather than in the heart. We never kissed, we never hugged. But this only seem to intensify my love. But the more intense my own love, the greater the turn off for Françoise. We returned to London and Françoise went home. Things didn't seem to have clicked.

A few days later I received a letter saying that our relationship could not work and confirming that she was no longer interested. Even though I suspected this was coming, I was devastated. I refused to take no for an answer.

I could not understand how someone that I loved so much could have absolutely no feelings for me. By loving her, it was as if I was loving the other half of myself. It was what made both of us complete and whole. How could Françoise fail to understand feel the same way as me!

I took the next train and ferry to Paris and went to her home in the southern suburbs. I remember walking together to a nearby park. We were standing next to a pond. Françoise reaffirmed her position and emphasized the point by returning her mechoui. I threw it into the pond and returned home.

### **Broken Heart**

My heart was now shattered into a million pieces. I have never experienced such pain. This is the Core Wound playing itself out. It's as if it was crying out to be healed but I couldn't hear the message. What did I have to learn before paying attention? I didn't know what to do. I had learned how to suppress my feelings, so this is exactly what I did. I built a massive concrete wall around my heart and vowed that I would never let myself be hurt like this again.

What I now know is that Françoise, beautiful and intelligent as she was, was nursing her own Core Wound. She had in essence become "unlovable". She had blocked off her openness, both to giving and to receiving love. I learned later that she had broken many hearts and that this was her pattern. I was just looking for someone like her to validate my Core Wound and my primary Unmet Need. She was perfect.

And now, like Françoise I had become totally unlovable - a tin man with no heart. Some five years later, I was in Nairobi again and met Françoise by accident. How in this whole wide world could we expect to meet again, as if by chance. Had she followed me to Kenya? So now it was the unlovable man and the unlovable woman. This time we had sex together. We were grown-ups. But I didn't feel anything. Whatever there had been between us had now been lost. This time (to my shame) I rejected her and we have never seen each other since.

Meanwhile, I went on to be very successful in my work. By a stroke of good fortune I married Jessica and we have been together happily for over 45 years. We have beautiful children and grandchildren. Jessica is the proverbial heroine who manages to tame the unlovable monster with her love.

Almost twenty years after my experience with Françoise, I had an epiphany and started on the long road towards healing my Core Wound. The journey has taken me thirty five years, travelling down a number of dead ends. Finally I learned how to heal the Wound. There is no longer any separation between my German Jewishness and my authentic self. I have removed all the walls, all the armour-plating, all the defences. I am able to stand naked before the world, just as I am, warts and all. In my vulnerability I have found my Power. Through re-connecting with my Wound healing and letting it go, I have been able to move from disconnection, fragmentation, alienation and pain to Love, Harmony, Peace and Joy.

## Addiction to Pain

I have asked myself while writing the story of my Core Wound whether this is a form of self-indulgence or self-healing. Perhaps it is a bit of both. However in the process I have learned something new about myself: I have learned to recognize my own addiction and what has kept putting me back on the Cross.

My paths to healing were through music, art, meditation, yoga and the Japanese martial art, Aikido. The latter became my main practice. I started thirty five years ago, and have been teaching for some twenty year.

My gratitude to Françoise is immense. Through her I was eventually inspired to embark on this journey. If, when I had first started, I never imagined that this journey would be about discovering and healing my Core Wound and about discovering and letting go my primary Unmet Need. I never imagined for a moment that what had taken me thirty five years could have been achieved in the space of a few hours, and fully integrated within a matter of months.

But I am getting ahead of myself. One of the big discoveries was that with the Core Wound and the Unmet Need comes a deep underlying addiction to pain. I think of pain as a form of resistance, a form of blocked energy. It's our body's way of telling us that energy is not flowing the way it needs to flow. The pain of my broken heart was essentially the attachment of my feelings and emotions to an idea of someone rather than to the real person. It was not about a freely flowing exchange of love - giving and receiving. It was simply a one directional flow towards an idea that didn't even exist. The resistance was all in my head and in my heart.

Having experienced the intensity of the pain, rather than healing it and letting it go, I suppressed it. But energetically it was still there. It was vibrating at a particular frequency and that was something that I could not stop.

I did not realize at the time that now I was going to become addicted to this pain. This addiction to pain is the underlying addiction - a behaviour pattern where I was constantly seeking to avoid pain, but inevitably finding myself returning to it. I created a pattern of behaviour that fed this addiction.

There are so many ways in which we can create this pattern - it could be through alcohol, drugs, sex, failed relationships, failed businesses. Whatever we choose, the inevitable outcome is the re-experience of pain. The same pain, the same sacred wound.

My initial path of addiction was through music, art and literature. Being an intellectual at this time, studying at Cambridge, it felt consistent to study and understand the works of great masters of Western civilization.

In literature I identified with the great romantic heroes: Julien Sorel in Stendhal's *The Red and the Black*; Raskolnikov in Dostoyevski's *Crime and Punishment*; Mr Rochester in Charlotte Bronte's *Jane Eyre*. All very "unlovable" characters, unable to give or receive love.

In music I discovered J S Bach. This became my great passion. In two of Bach's last works, The Musical Offering and Art of Fugue, I discovered movements that expressed my deepest pain and also a momentary release from that pain. Bach must have known something about pain, having lost his mother at a very early age, and then orphaned at the age of ten. He also lost his first wife, Maria Barbara Bach. The couple had seven children together, some of whom died as infants. Maria died after fifteen years marriage. The following year, Bach married a singer named Anna Magdalena Wülcken. They had thirteen children, more than half of them died as children. Nothing is written about his pain, but we can feel it in his work.

For me, these two short pieces feel as if a knife is being thrust into my heart, and then, for good measure, slowly heated up under a hot flame. The pain is excruciating.

**J.S.Bach: Musical Offering BWV 1079 VI. Canon 5 a 2 (Canon circularis per tonos)  
(Marriner)**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=udmjd2rtJiM>

**J.S.Bach: Art of Fugue BWV 1080 3. Contrapunctus 3 [Walcha]**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eOjen4TwdsM>

Maybe for you, you will feel nothing. But for myself, these two pieces hit the spot. In both works the pain is later resolved through these great pieces. But even here, the Core Wound is ever-present.

**J.S.Bach: Musical Offering BWV 1079 XVI. Ricercar 2 a 6 (Marriner)**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6QA212M70hM>

**J.S.Bach: Art of Fugue BWV 1080 4. Contrapunctus 4 [Walcha]**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fbHZXAusK8>

As if Bach wasn't enough, I discovered Beethoven's late Quartets. One in particular really expresses the pain and anguish Beethoven must have been feeling as he progressively mastered his art, but was gradually unable to hear what he had produced.

**Beethoven - Große Fuge B-Dur Op. 133 - Alban Berg Quartett**

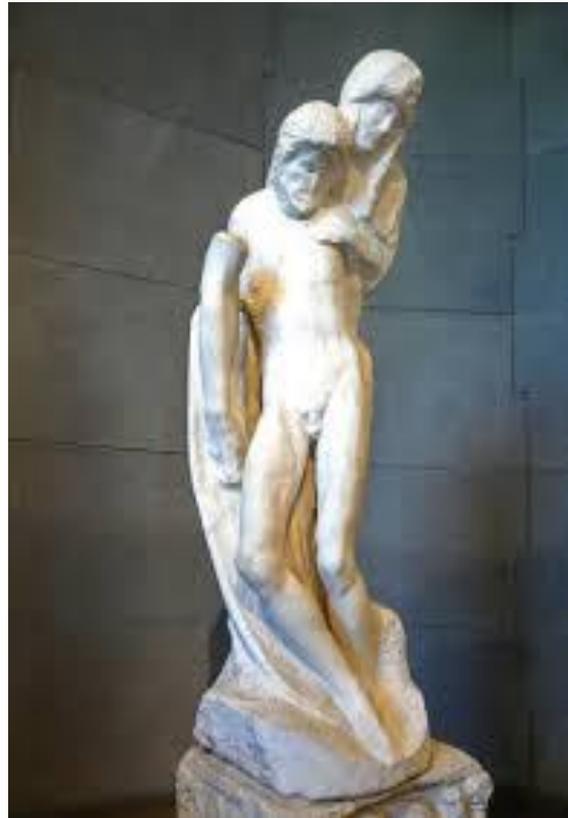
[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XEZXiW\\_s0Qs](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XEZXiW_s0Qs)

Not just classical music, but in our own time:

**Billie Holiday - Strange fruit**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h4ZyuULy9zs>

And then the great art, especially of the Renaissance. These three Pietas by Giovanni Bellini and Michelangelo respectively express most deeply the feeling of the Core Wound.



### My Discovery in Telling the Story

Since my experience with Françoise and my subsequent passion for music, literature and art, I now realize that this was my first addiction. I was addicted to continually re-connecting with my Core Wound through these works.

Through this great art, I was connecting with the pain of the great artists. I had the allusion that this was healing my Core Wound. All the time I was just manifesting my addiction to the Wound.

It doesn't stop there. Then, when I started waking up and practising Aikido and the other body/mind arts, all I was doing was more of the same. The same addiction, the same Wound.

Even after the statutory 10,000 hours of practising and teaching Aikido, I had still failed to heal my Core Wound. Either I was practising in the wrong way or for the wrong reasons.



But now I have learned, not a moment too soon, how easy it is to heal one's Core Wound, how easy it is to let go one's Unmet Need, how easy it is to stay healed and how easy it is to experience Well-being, Harmony, Joy and Love. Finally, how to share this with the world.