

Sacred Therapy For the Male Psyche On Mother's Day

- for men who care enough about #MeToo to dare to lift the veil...
- for men who need some divine help to be the better man you were born to be...



*You are unmindful of the Rock that bore you;
you forgot the God who gave you birth.*

~Deuteronomy 32:18

Dear Son of Adam, I see you, I've known you from behind an ancient veil. I hope it is okay that I write to you now? I see you are in a heap of not-so-holy trouble as the contents of your collective psyche—the hidden places of your imagination that betray your desire to be the good man that you were born to be—are coming out into the light of day.

Child of mine, I thought maybe just maybe hearing from Me—*the Rock that bore you, the God who gave you birth*—might help you get out of the ditch in your mind that causes you to treat my

daughters like trash. For you who have ears to hear and eyes to see anew, open your heart, child of mine, let these words and images I have for you imprint your mind and you heart, may they seep into those hidden places where I have been banished and disfigured... If you may, read this in that place deep in your heart where images dance and speak more graphically than the words you say and the beliefs you believe...

Quiet your heart, if you may, and hear these words from the depth of the maternal heart of your Creator who holds and is still giving birth to your soul...

Son of Adam, you have no name for me. This is not of your own doing –



generations ago your fathers and their fathers' fathers exiled me from their holiest of places and from their hearts. This created stopped being able to see me and honoring me. But your name and your face I have always known and loved dearly, from the beginning of time. Do you not remember me? ***It was I who taught you to walk, I who took you up in my arms; but you did not know that I have created and and again and again have healed you. I have guided you with cords of human kindness, with bands of love. I love to lift you to my cheeks and bend down to feed you.***¹ Because I raised you I know your true nature as

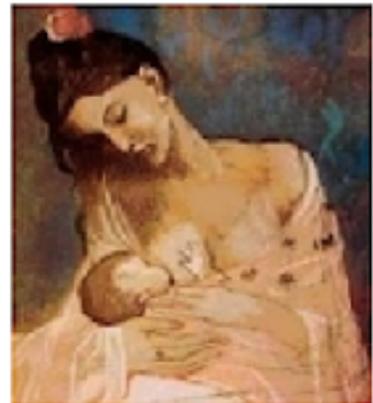


a boy who loved me and could honor my feminine nature which lives in your sisters. You had no need to try to control it, negate it, or try to elevate yourself over it. There was no veil then. You could see me and this made your mind and your heart sparkle with love and a beautiful humanity which is your truest nature.



My son, you are imprinted on my heart, and I on yours in the very cells of your body, in the hidden places of your psyche, though you have banished me from your holy beliefs long ago. ***Can a woman forget her nursing child, or show no compassion for the child of her womb? Even though you have forgotten me, yet I have not forgotten you.***² The story of

how this came to be is a sad and ancient tale, one I won't trace here, which has caused generations of pain in the human family, This tale that erased me from your churches and synagogues could never keep me from you. I have many names which have been erased from your consciousness but still live in your subconscious. When you are tired and weary and at the end of your rope (as you are now) and you need nourishment and protection, you draw near to my breast, you pray to me—**El Shaddai**³—you say wordlessly... and you feel the tower of my tender **All Sufficient** strength all around you, holding you, always.



Like the mothers, grandmothers, and aunties who have raised you, I am the maternal presence that has surrounded your childhood and your life journey while you have played in the playground of Life. I am **Ruah, the wind, the spirit, the breath hovering over the deeps of creation**⁴ and your creation, breathing new life into you, breath by breath. Child of mine, I am closer to you than even your breath



אל שדי

¹ Hosea 11:3-4

² Isaiah 49:15

³ Ge17:1,28:1, 2, 3,35:10, 11, 43:13, 14, 15, 16, 48:3, 49:25, Ex6:3,Ps91:1
[2Co 12:9,10](#)

often translated “God Almighty” but can also be translated “breasted one http://www.hebrew4christians.com/Scripture/Parashah/Summaries/Lekh_Lekha/El_Shaddai/el_shaddai.html

⁴ Genesis 1:2



and than all of the holy stories you tell, the holy beliefs you believe, the progressive ideals you hold, and not-so-holy and not-so-progressive images that have stamped and into your your mind and heart, into your spiritual and sexual imagination which continues to be shrouded with a dark and oppressive veil and keeps you from seeing and honoring the Feminine which you were created to love and admire and be united with, to co-create and play with—not like you play with a toy you like to keep breaking or that kid you bullied and shamed in the playground—but rather like that girl in the art class that you made that beautiful sculpture with that time... I long for you to be free from this ancient patriarchal veil that long ago came to view Eve as a concubine underclass in her own home and that long ago it made it normal for grown old men (even the great holy men of the faith) to prey on young daughters of Eve.

What you see in all these #MeToo stories is not new, it has gotten worse from all the porn you stain your brain with, but it goes back to this ancient tale which came to see Eve—the *Queen of Creation, the Mother of the Livings* who lives on in all my daughters—not as your *Ezers* partner to co-create and share in the dominion and care of the earth, and who you need to rescue you and save you from time to time, but rather as an unclean, inferior, weak subhuman whose image of God in so many ways you negate, dismiss, and seek to cover over with all those ways that dark and

ugly veil cause you to treat her like you are a master and a king who she exists to serve and submit to you, someone whose ideas you all too often speak over and take credit for as if you own her, someone who at your most exploitative moments you treat like a concubine that you do whatever the fuck you want to and treat like a piece of trash. Please excuse my french. The daughters of Eve deserve better.

With all this #MeToo wreckage that lives on in our churches and our progressive institutions I feel at times *like a mother bear robbed of her cubs, I prowl around to protect all my cubs, but and at times I just want to tear asunder all those who attack my she cubs* body, mind, or spirit. For too long, I have watched Adam treat Eve like trash, like property. I restrain myself but my heart is grieved when anyone in any way is treated like a second class human.



*Like the mother eagle who stirs up her nest and hovers over her young, so too do I spread my wings to catch you, to catch her, and carries you away from harm.*⁸ But you are my hands and feet and wings in the world. I need you to work with Eve, not against, to mend

⁷ Hosea 13:8 <http://temple.splendidsun.com/PDF/equalto.pdf>, Gen 2:18

⁸ Deuteronomy 32:11-12

and heal the seeds of the gender wreckage that lie in your own heart that still do not see—truly truly see—and honor—truly truly honor—the Feminine face of God in our world today which we honor today on Mother's Day though we don't call her by name.

My son, with my wings outstretched over all of creation, I am **El Roi...**

*the God who Sees*⁹ I see and know all of the wounds that my daughters have born for too many centuries because of the ways that you have sought to deny her shared honor and dominion as a Daughter of the Most High, a prophet, priestess, and queen who bears my image with great work to do in the world. No she is not your spiritual, psychological, or your sexual slave, she is not your household maid or assistant. She does not need you to explain things to her as if you are all knowing. I know this is not your true nature, Adam, but rather a perversion which I want to heal you from. Allow yourself to gaze at Me, maybe by seeing Me, you will see her honor and glory and this will help to sweep aside the gender litter hidden in the corders of your psyche which still do not honor her fully as a full human being like you who you need to be strong just as she needs you to be strong. Until you see and honor *tower of strength*, you will not fully see and honor hers.

I know all this because I birthed you and am still birthing you into being. I know what is true to your nature and what is not. When you feel something that is not true to your highest and best nature, call on me, **Ruah** who hovers over the depths of creation and your psyche, child of my womb, and ask me to blow away the trash that litters your beautiful mind and heart. Mediate on me your Mother who knows and loves you as much today as I did when you were a baby in my arms. Even though you are now a grown man, I see you and know you. *See, I have engraved you on the palms of my hands? But your walls they are ever before me.*¹⁰



These psychic walls you keep erecting, why do you keep trying to divide and protect your preeminence? This too is an ancient tale worth telling, one that has led to this #MeToo mess you are in, one that goes back to the moment you left the harmony and interdependence of the garden and began to try to be a God yourself... sigh... These walls you keep erecting create a fortification within and around your own heart that keeps you from seeing Me, your mother, and keeps you from the real love and intimacy you seek with Eve. My son, you can't have it both ways, do you realize this? Why do you still in so many overt and hidden ways seek to guard your higher rung on the ladder over Eve? Don't you see that the walls you erect to protect and maintain your place of honor create such harm in your relationship with Eve? Long ago, it came to pass that Adam began to see Eve not as a partner in the garden but more as a slave, a concubine, who he owned with all of the land, animals, and wealth he was protecting behind his walls. As I look down upon the contents of your mind, my son, I still see some of this ancient stain that needs to be healed between you and Eve. It is not just a matter of believing new beliefs, it is about letting these ancient walls come down and coming back home to your true humanity to rediscover your real masculine nature which can share honor and dominion and not

⁹ Gen 16:13-14, <https://www.crosswalk.com/devotionals/prayingnamesgod/praying-the-names-of-god-july-9-1157903>

¹⁰ Isaiah 49:16



hoard it. Deep down, son of Adam, you know that your true masculinity is not found in climbing a ladder, building a wall, or subjugating another human being but rather in reclaiming your place in the beautiful interdependence that dances throughout all of creation.

*As a mother comforts her child, so I will comfort you*¹¹ and instruct you if you turn to me.

Adam, do you want the help of your Mother who loves you from the depths of Her womb and is still co-creating this world and with you, can re-create the hidden places of your psyche where you really just plain and simple don't honor the human or the divine Feminine. Holy talk is cheap. So is some of the progressive equality talk. Do you want to actually walk the walk to take this journey back to the garden? Or do you want to hold onto all your holy and not-so-holy "trump cards"? You say you believe in equality, you say you believe Eve is created "in the image of God" yet the images you saturate your mind with in church and on the internet hardly suggest that you see God in the female half of the human family. Somewhere deeper than what you say you believe, somewhere in the hidden recesses of your imaginations there is still an oppressive veil—I think you know what I am talking about—that so wants to be the owner, the master that you are willing to believe a lie that looks down on your sister, my daughters, as an underclass not worthy of the same honor and respect as you. This grieves my maternal heart. I am closer to you than even your beliefs so I know how this ancient veil has malformed you and how you see the world, how you



see and relate with Eve.

As heartbreaking as they are, all these #MeToo stories are bringing this rotteness festering in the collective male consciousness out into the light of day to be healed and transformed.

Because I still carry you in my womb and know the secret places of your mind and heart, I know where you in particular need for you mind to be transformed and renewed. You say so many lofty things about equality and that women too are made in the image of God, but deep down you still honor yourself more than Eve, deep down you just don't honor the Feminine face of God.

But again, this is not your fault. You inherited this. So many of the great fathers of the faith did not fully believe women were created in the image of God and said things that reflect that they had the same inferior, subjugating view of women that you see in the vile images of the porn your generation watches—I won't repeat the filth¹² they called my daughters while acting so holy. Yes, I do get upset with the sons of Adam, I know you can be better! This is not your true nature. You are my son and I want more than anything to help you heal the deep and ugly stain in your collective subconscious that has been passed down from generation to generation which has been maiming and



¹¹ Isaiah 66:13

¹² <https://margmowczko.com/misogynist-quotes-from-church-fathers/>

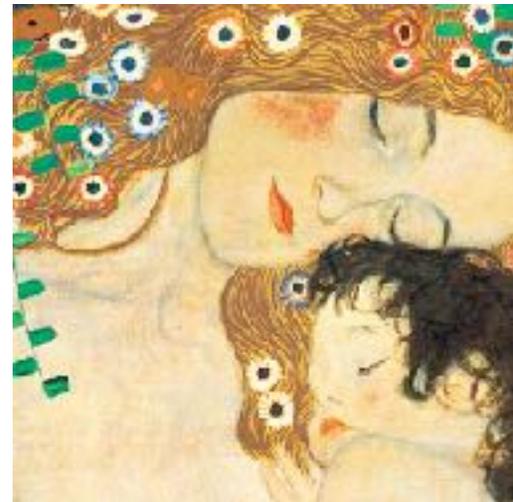


disfiguring the bodies and souls of my precious daughters. But they will be silent no more. Just so you know, I have been hovering around them too. They are strong and they are rising up. My sons and my daughters are made to prophesy and use all of the gifts We have given you all to steward and give birth to the world we all seek. Look all around at creation—could it exist without the Masculine and the Feminine working together? So many sons of Adam are joining in with them and are grappling together to find their way back to the Garden of Eden which beacons to all of us in the deepest and most true place of our hearts, to return and to co-create the better world you were created for as my children, Adam and Eve alike, living in shared dominion and harmony together. No walls. No subjugating ladders of being to climb and rupture another person's dominion. No trump cards. None. You've got to let all of them go, all of them. All those blatantly exploitative and subtly holy and benevolent forms of presumption which say "Eve, you exist to serve and submit to me. I'm Varsity, You're JV. And yes, even that exasperating "mansplaining" card that is a little too certain and all too easily in its certainty

and (false) authority dismisses and fails to see and hear and honor the wisdom of my daughters who, like me tend to see and live in all of the interconnections of Life without needing to extinguish all of its mystery and paradox.

Adam, my precious son, I am here. Return to me. Lift the veil. I am your Mother. I have always been here. I see you but can you see me out here in my beautiful garden? I believe in you! I am cheering you on from behind this ugly veil that has covered your heart and my face for too many centuries. If your soul has eyes to see, turn to me today, your Mother, and see if you can see glimpses of my Sacred Feminine presence in your world and in all of the mothers and grandmothers and your sisters and aunts and friends who surround you with love and care and strength. And even in the Bible itself! See if by glimpsing me changes the way you see and honor Eve.

*Like a weaned child resting against your mother, is your soul. May you find contentment, my son.*¹³ Take some time to be quiet today my son and walk around your inner garden with me. What needs to be pruned? What trump cards do you need to let go of and bury deep in the earth? Where does this heavy patriarchal veil have you in its ancient grip? Where do you need to relearn to be human? What is it dampening out the light in your masculine humanity and severing your natural connectedness with Eve, with me, with the Web of Life which is your true home?



My son, I have wanted to comfort you and for a long, long time *I have held my peace, I have kept myself still and restrained myself; now I cry out like a woman in labor, I will gasp and pant*¹⁴ because I want you to keep growing and becoming the true beautiful YOU I gave birth to. I see the many ways you have been growing up to be a better, more secure man, but I fear that you and your brothers are regressing... The subjugating images that are maiming your sexual imaginations are reactivating the same ancient and psychic wound that banished Me from your churches long ago and came to dishonor Eve as a concubine in her own home. Not all of you act on these images, but nonetheless they are damaging to

¹³ Psalm 131:2

¹⁴ Isaiah 42:14

your humanity. Eve is not a different species from you, don't you see this? She is not a JV class human. She is endowed with the same place of honor and dominion as you. Like you, she is a reflection of Creator of the cosmos, a Daughter of the Most High who deserves your reverence and respect. I see that you are caught, son of Adam, in a holy bind. You say you believe in equality, and I think you do on some levels. But a deeper part of your mind, where the sexual and the sacred dance together, has been stained by slave-like images which for millennia have ruptured the sacred dance of the Masculine and the Feminine and cast Adam as alone possessing dominion as an image of God. Your quest for too big of a piece of the pie of honor and power is wreaking havoc on the human family and this beautiful creation I have given you as your home. Just know that the higher you get in your climb, the more you feel like a Master in Your House, the more you lose your own soul and the very humanity that makes you a beautiful son of God, an image of your Father and me.

I am glad you don't just worship a King but also a tender father. This makes me happy. I am glad he will be with you in church today on Mother's Day. Please say hello! While he's in church with you today, I will peer through the windows from my garden outside. I have work to do you know! Tending growing greening flowering creating all of the beautiful colors you will see when you walk out of church...

But you know what, I can't do it alone. My daughters do a lot of this healing and mending. And they need more of your help. They need you by their side. They are tired—body, mind, and spirit—of the high and mighty walls that you keep building to protect your own place of honor and prominence.

Today on Mother's Day, as you call your mother today, as you give mothers in your church a flower and recount all the work they do, please my son take some time for some "sacred therapy" to heal the interior places of your psyche which are still covered with a heavy and oppressive veil which denies the Sacred Feminine even a glimpse of your awareness though She hovers and dances throughout creation.



Lady Wisdom's Invitation

Wisdom has built her house;
 she has hewn out its seven pillars.
 She has prepared her meat and mixed her
 wine; she has also set her table.
 She has sent out her maids, and she calls
 from the highest point of the city:
 "Let all who are simple come in here!"
 she says to those who lack judgment.
 "Come, eat my food
 and drink the wine I have mixed.
 Leave your simple ways, and you will live;
 walk in the way of understanding." 9:1-6

*Wisdom has built Her house*¹⁵ and lives within the same Trinity you worship in your churches. What keeps you from seeing and honoring Her presence and drawing close to Her in your time of need? Why, my son, do you saturate your holy and sexual imagination with such a subjugating and patriarchal diety? Why have you banished me from your churches? Why even on Mother's Day can most of you not even begin to allow yourself to name me Mother and honor me as Co-Creator, Co-Redeemer, Co-Sustainer of this majestic and beautiful world I have given birth to and have given you as a home? Why even though glimpses of me exist throughout your Bibles do you banish me from your Holy of Holies? Do you not see how the Masculine and the Feminine dance throughout creation? And why Holy Mother of Mary do you stain your brain with such vile and subjugating images of my daughter Eve as if she is a concubine who exists for you to own and treat like a piece of trash?

¹⁵ Proverbs 9:1

Let me sign off now, this is getting too long and I feel my lioness coming out of her cave. She is tender but fierce too – don't you ever mistake Eve's love and tenderness for weakness, do you understand me? I just wanted to write to you today on Mother's Day because my fierce love knows you too are suffering along with Eve and I want to help you get out of this not-so-holy-pickle that you sons of Adam are in. I just wonder if on this day, maybe just maybe, you will open your mind and your heart and your beliefs to gaze for a moment at me, your Mother? Maybe just maybe by seeing me and letting me touch the broken inner places in your masculine psyche, you will stop hiding behind the egoic walls you've built and let your humanity reemerge.



Allow me to mother these wounded places, lay them down in my garden. Remember, I am closer to you than your breath itself and than all of the holy and not-so-holy beliefs and images that you have collected in your head. Deep in your psyche, son of Adam, are ancient seeds of the most ancient oppression that has created so much pain and suffering not only in how you relate to me, your mother who nursed you at my breast, but also in how you related with your sister—*Eve, the Mother of the Living*—different from you, yes, but no less fearfully and wonderfully made, an image of my maternal heart and the feminine Wisdom which has built Her home in the small and the vast and the beautiful details of the beautiful yet broken and hurting world that is your home.

In honor of Mother's Day today, can you ask yourself what is yours to do to mend the gender wounds that feel so heavy in our world today? If all that you do is quiet your soul like a weaned child at your mother's breast and allow your imagination to expand and heal, you will have done a great thing. Rest there in the hidden places of your heart and with your heart in my hands, little by little allow yourself to wean from all the damaging ideas and images that patriarchy left there. Allow yourself to soften and heal your masculine psyche by leaving all of your trump cards (you know what they are as do I) deep in the soil of my garden. This work will not be done overnight. You will have set backs. It will be hard. Your main work is to listen to Eve and let her words break your heart and open you to your deeper self. For help along the way, go for a walk outside and feel my presence

hovering around you cheering you on. I am gentle but make no mistake, I am also a lioness, a mother bear who fiercely protects her cubs and chastises them when they stray. I know who you were made to be and am always here behind the veil whenever you get to the end of our rope and realize you need some sacred therapy to heal your own soul and the ancient walls which separate you from your own soul, the earth, your brothers, and your sister, Eve.

From whose womb comes the ice? Who fathered the rain?¹⁶

If you seek me, you will find me hidden within your religious texts and in the natural world around you. I hope you do, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of my world. My son, rejoin the dance of interdependence and mutuality that beats in your heart and throughout creation.

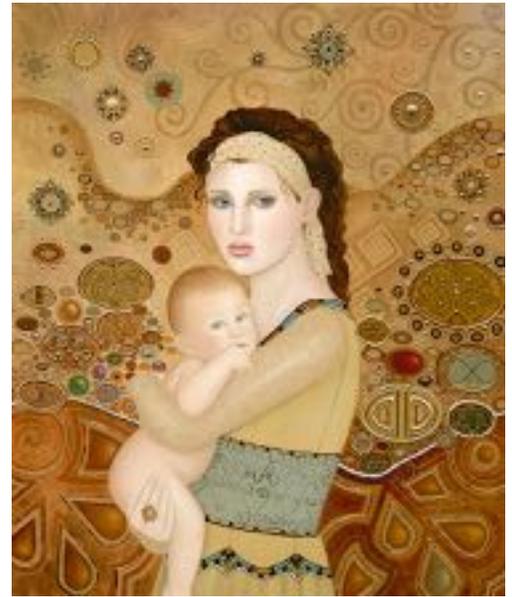
¹⁶ Psalm 38:28-29, picture of "Ice Womb" from <https://fineartamerica.com/featured/ice-womb-lyn-deutsch.html>

*Be mindful of the Rock that bore you;
don't forget the God who gave you birth.¹⁷*

As we honor all the mothers who have hovered in different ways over our lives with such love and strength, honor them by enjoying and honoring my maternal presence that fills all of creation. Let down your walls, drop all the trump cards still hidden in your pockets. Lift the heavy and oppressive veil that shrouds your heart and has for too long maimed and dishonored my female image in the world.

I am here, I see you, I know you, my son, and am for the man you were born to be.

*Dearly yours,
Your Mother*



*God our Mother, we honor you today. We lift the veil
around our hearts and minds to see you and hear you in
all of your tenderness, beauty, and strength that creates
and fills our world. We honor you in all of your
unrelenting love that shelters and helps us in all the
women who mother us. Continue to hold us and birth us
into being. Give us eyes to see how we can create the better
world we know exists where male & female live together
in peace and shared dignity. Amen*

¹⁷ Deuteronomy 32:18