

Meditations On Freedom

Dear Jack,

Here I am this morning in a lovely countryside in the land of the Queen. I am visiting with my childhood friend. It's 5am in the morning, and I'm sitting alone, as I often do here, before everyone wakes up, meditating. I'm meditating on life and freedom. That's the subject laid on my heart this glorious morning in England. I hear the chirping of the birds, and the Bee Gees crooning on a beloved antiquated CD player near the fridge in the kitchen. That's a ritual I perform here. I make the obligatory tea, and then switch on this CD player. The sun is filtering in through the surround glass windows of the kitchen. It's my favourite meditation spot in the house. The sun is particularly warm today, unlike its usual watercolour without warmth expression atypical of English weather. I see the huge garden to my left...yellow wild flowers, and a little bird perched on the immaculately barbered green ledge. It's a cornucopia of silence, the quiet wailing of the CD, the sounds of nature and the glare of the sun.

And so here I am meditating on freedom – being free from trauma, finding yourself in a good place. Being free from...is an unquantifiable quantum of life. Being free...no one oppressing you, no emotional pain... No intractable problem that just won't go away...Being free...your slave masters gone, for good! I'm talking about being free like the bird hopping on an empty driveway, not a care in the world... Reminds you of the beautiful joy with which Whitney sang some of her songs... Before the troubles... She sang with innocent freedom... You can hear it in her voice. It's raw with pleats of joy. I look out the window and I see the





sun illegally bouncing off the cars in the car lot...acts of vandalism without permission... Freedom... what a sweet word. It's as fresh as the green of the shrub, as wild as the plants in the garden... Freedom is the bird of unidentified plumage soaring from the ground 18ft into the air unto the next tree branch. Freedom is looking out of the window and there's not a fear of tomorrow, even if there's a concern. Freedom is knowing your past is over, your trauma is over...and those who traumatized you have left your life for good. Freedom...as tall as the tree shoots... tender, not yet robust and yet free to be...

Freedom...

Never trade your freedom. You're trading your life! Don't let anyone capture your life as marital hostage. Those who have been in marital slavery appreciate what freedom is. Freedom is life's beautiful poetry. It's the cute white ceramic cleanliness of white mugs. Freedom from pain, freedom from fear, freedom from harassment, freedom from accusation, freedom from under-appreciation... Freedom... what a sweet word. It's the unbound creativity of the percussion and base guitar in the music of the Bee Gees. Freedom is being free to contemplate life...being able to live in the present. Yesterday's gone, tomorrow holds fresh promises. Sweet freedom! Try and avoid the stupid mistakes of youth. Avoid marital bondage. Don't take a stupid matrimonial decision. There's something called painful darkness. It's marital dungeon. If a certain darkness envelopes you in marriage...if it feels like incarceration you're suffering from depression. When there's no light of happiness or love in a marriage it feels like a very dark dungeon. Love is not oppressive. Those who



love each other do not oppress one another. A good marriage allows the parties be! And there's no slave master or slave mistress. In a good union, there's freedom just to be, and freedom to love, and to make meaningful contribution to each other's lives. If there's no voluntary contribution of love... If love becomes mandated and is a matter of duty you traded your freedom.

The sun has grown in intensity, resolutely seeking my attention, crudely touching my arms, my face, my neck...

Freedom is growing into the light as a sapling seeks sunlight as it shoots up. Freedom is the stillness of time around you, the momentary pause in nature, everything still, suspended. Freedom is dreaming in the present...thinking of the quiet possibilities of human capacity...what you can accomplish. A relationship shouldn't kill your life. A relationship shouldn't stultify your growth. A relationship ought to be supportive... and so simple! The idea that a relationship ought to be difficult is in itself a difficult thought bordering on sadomasochism. Freedom is being free to love someone free of encumbrances and uncaring manipulations. If you're experiencing fear in your relationship your freedom is gone. Freedom is that heavy weight suddenly gone...and your life being unaccustomed to weightlessness struggles with it. Freedom is knowing you can be free and you are free...torment gone! Freedom is peace in your home...the looking forward to the love of your spouse early in the morning. There's such a thing as loving freedom...when you're free to be loved, free to love...Loving freedom is when someone loves you and gives you your space, allows you be yet is with you. There's the freedom of love, the freedom to love



and be loved... Surely this must be God's desire for us, not unhappiness.

The ultimate freedom is love. Meditate on that statement. It's not a truth you can grasp without meditation. Freedom is your tormentors so far from you, you can only travel to meet them in your thoughts. And sometimes freedom is that 5 minutes of solitude in the midst of it all... 5 minutes of dreaminess and uncare. The sun is free...free to express herself. She radiates, she's warm, happy... You ought to be as free as the sun...radiant, joyful, happy, expressive... You need freedom in marriage. If it's going to take away your freedom and put you in bondage think twice before going into it. Just thought to share these thoughts with you.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Lance Anderson".

Your mentor, LA

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