

Psalm 131: Your Way Out of Funky Religious Ideation About Anxiety Ken Wilson, 4/19/20

Somewhere along the line, thank God, I got out of some **funky religious ideation** I had fallen into regarding anxiety. [FRI— This is your brain; this is your brain on drugs.] Through 20's & 30's didn't notice anxiety if I had it. Saw myself as the calm in crisis person who can handle a lot. But then father died, 15 years after my mother passed away ... and started having anxiety I couldn't ignore [night in ER]

That's where my Funky Religious Ideation came in. Not only did I feel anxious about being anxious, but I felt guilty for being anxious—the anxiety, in my mind, indicated there was something wrong with my God connection.

The APOSTLE, Robert Duvall: GIVE ME PEACE! Wife Farah Fawcett has an affair rallies church to her side, tries to oust him.

Man, that's some Funky Religious Ideation, yelling at God to give you peace. But I could see myself in that.

Around that time I learned about Lectio Divina.

Came across Psalm 131

*Lord, my heart has not been haughty,
nor have my eyes looked too high,
nor have I striven for great things,
nor for things too wondrous for me.*

*But I have calmed and contented myself
like a weaned babe on its mother—
like a weaned babe I am with myself
Wait, O Israel, for the Lord,
now and forevermore.*

First lines were counter-intuitive to my renewalist Christianity. “Movements”—life, church world-changing. Breeds delusions of grandeur.

I found opening lines so APPEALING

Lord, my heart has not been haughty,

*nor have my eyes looked too high,
nor have I striven for great things,
nor for things too wondrous for me*

I was tired of being on cutting edge of latest spiritual movement, tired of changing the church, let alone the world Or tired of my **addiction to those ideas** Clung to, inhabited those words as my ticket back to sanity, religious sobriety.

*Lord, my heart has not been haughty,
nor have my eyes looked too high,
nor have I striven for great things,
nor for things too wondrous for me.*

***But I have calmed and contented myself
like a weaned babe on its mother—
like a weaned babe I am with myself***

*Wait, O Israel, for the Lord,
now and forevermore.*

OH! I can learn how to calm *myself*? Like a nursing child, has to learn how to do as part of growing up? I can learn how to be with *myself*?

***But I have calmed and contented myself
like a weaned babe on its mother—
like a weaned babe I am with myself***

It doesn't mean I'm calm-contented all the time. But it means there are things I can do, like a weaned child learns to do, to calm myself.

For kids it takes a while to be weaned, to calm themselves without nursing —a lot of fussing-crying [AMY bad colic, Mia vacuum cleaner]

This Psalm became my portal into that process of learning to calm myself

Began with the process for me of **self-deflation** Yes, a lot of people counting on me, blah-blah-blah, but the whole world is not in my hands

When we are overwhelmed with feeling responsible—for kids, for elderly parents, for things at work, it really helps to remember that's we're small not big. Even when we have an important role to play, we can't make everything happen that needs to happen.

STEVE GRAY

No one I'd rather have running that agency than Steve Gray.
But Steve Gray is just Steve Gray, not superman.
He's just a human being

Then those last few verses helped me to see myself in the weaned child on its mother—and the mother is God and the mother is myself.

In relation to God I am a weaned child, and in relation to me, God is a mother. I, in relation to myself, am a mother

*Lord, my heart has not been haughty,
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like a weaned babe on its mother—
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Wait, O Israel, for the Lord,
now and forevermore.*

Today for our meditation time, we'll do a little Lectio Divina; simpler than it sounds. You imagine yourself in scene. We do this naturally when we are watching a movie. So let's take ***"But I have calmed and contented myself like a weaned babe on its mother."***

Suggest that you begin, if you like, by placing one or both hands over your heart. Take a couple of deep breaths in and out.

And now, as though you were watching a scene like this in a movie, let the image young child, newly weaned, calm and contented, laying on its mother. Pay attention to

any surrounding details, could be the child has come in to wake up the mother in the morning, and she's picked the child up to snuggle. Or the mother may be sitting in a comfortable chair. Take a little time to let the setting form in your mind's eye. And now hold that image in your mind—it doesn't have to be vivid, it's really the feeling associated with the image that matter.

Then as a last step, imagine you are the young child, calm and contented laying on its mother like that. Stick with that for the next 30 seconds.

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