



Life Inside and Out: A New Approach to Psychotherapy

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Received: January 18, 2021

Published: February 26, 2021

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The world is changing in front of our eyes.

Right became wrong, habits are forbidden, freedom is taken away.

In a changing world, therapy can't stand still.

The 3 stories that you will read now, came to me in a way I can only call, Channeling.

I didn't think about them before and they were written in minutes.

The stories are about Daniel Alexander, an imaginary figure.

He is a psychotherapist as, to my opinion, a psychotherapist should be in our reality.

Daniel Alexander, Psychotherapist.

Mondays were always tricky for Daniel Alexander, psychotherapist.

He loved his work, yet, separation from the weekend was never easy.

So, on that Monday, the 22nd of June, Daniel Alexander, was walking slowly, his eyes half closed, from his bed to the bathroom, when suddenly he saw a creature.

Actually, the word "saw", doesn't describe it well.

It was a combination of vision, feelings and sensations.

The creature would be best described as a long, dark, transparent figure, standing still in the corner of Daniel's bedroom.

Instinctively, Daniel Alexander, psychotherapist, started to make differential diagnosis for himself.

Psychosis episode?

Maybe, but what kind...

He was terrified.

"Hello" said Daniel in a trembling voice.

"Hello" said the creature, and the sound of his voice filled Daniel with warm, nostalgic feeling.

"Who are you?" Asked Daniel.

"Who are you?" Replied the creature.

"Why are you here?" Asked Daniel.

"Why are you here?" Replied the creature.

"What do you want?" Cried Daniel.

"What do you want?" Replied the creature and disappeared.

Sometimes all we need is an Alien to help us ask the fundamental questions, thought Daniel as his image was slowly disappearing and reappearing in his clinic, on the other side of the city.

Daniel Alexander, Psychotherapist.

The glove (1)

It was a summer afternoon, when Daniel Alexander, psychotherapist, was sitting in his armchair, in his clinic, enjoying the quietness, interrupted only by sound of the air conditioner.

It was hot outside.

Daniel felt full relaxation between sessions, when he saw the glove.

Black lace glove, lying on the armchair in front of him.

Daniel has already seen 4 clients that day.

3 women and one man.

The glove was not there when he came in that morning.

It was a very elegant glove, not matching any of his clients outfit, which was mainly casual and sport elegant.

Still, there was the glove.

"What shall I do about this glove?" He heard himself asking loudly.

Being a dynamic, with psychoanalytic orientation therapist, Daniel didn't even consider calling the morning clients and ask them aether the glove was theirs.

It would be a total breaking out the therapeutic setting.

Daniel Alexander, psychotherapist, leaned forward and as his right hand fingers touched the glove, he fainted.

He woke up to a full symphony of banging the door, ringing the door bell and the ringtone of his phone, "Stairway to heaven".

Seems that all these sounds were produced by his next client.

It would be their first meeting.

Still dizzy, Daniel Alexander, psychotherapist, opened the door.

A toll woman, wearing black short dress, wearing a small black hat and very elegant black lace gloves, was standing there.

When she began sitting down in the armchair, Daniel noticed that the black glove disappeared.

"Well, Mr. Alexander", said the woman in a cracked voice, "We meet again".

Daniel Alexander, psychotherapist.

The glove (2)

Daniel Alexander, psychotherapist, froze.

He had no idea who that woman was, yet, her voice sounded painfully familiar.

"I am sorry, did we meet before?" asked Daniel, feeling weird.

Daniel was always proud of the fact that he remembered all his clients, during the 20 years of his practice.

"Define meet", answered the woman, looking straight into his eyes.

The blood froze in the wains of Daniel Alexander, Psychotherapist.

He was looking into his own eyes.

"Me and my spiritual curiosity".

Thought Daniel to himself.

"There is nothing wrong with your spiritual curiosity". Said the woman.

Her face was almost white and somewhat bleary.

"Do you remember your reaction to the lecture about shadow as a channel to another dimension, last week?" asked the cracked voice of the woman in black.

"How the hell do you know about it?" almost screamed Daniel Alexander, psychotherapist, forgetting his good manners.

"Hahaha" laughed the woman and her laugh sounded like a squeaky door.

"We were there together, and you thought that this lecture was Mambo Jambo, witchcraft, right?"

"Who are you?" whispered Daniel.

"I am your shadow, you idiot, and yes, I came from a fuck'n other dimension " said the woman, already impassioned.

"Why. What do you want?"

Asked Daniel.

"My college warned me from your stupid questions...."

I am a part of you and I need you to accept me.
isn't it what you teach your students and clients?

Accepting the other?

So, start accepting, I don't have all day..”

Daniel Alexander, psychotherapist, was sitting in his armchair, loosing slowly the feeling in his arms, legs and the rest of his body.

Only his mouth was strangely wide opened.

The black dressed woman started changing, shrinking and narrowing, till she became a silhouette and then, with the same squeaky sound, flew right into Daniel Alexander, psychotherapist's wide opened mouth.

"Could you be, could you be, could you be loved" sang Bob Marley, God bless his soul, from the alarm system of Daniel's phone, as he woke up in his armchair, just 20 minutes before the appearance of his next client.

Daniel Alexander, Psychotherapist.

"You want it darker"

If you are the dealer

I'm out of the game.

If you are the healer

I'm broken and lame

If thine is the glory, then

Mine must be the shame.

You want it darker

We killed the flame.

Hineni, hineni,

I'm ready my Lord (Leonard Cohen).

Daniel Alexander, Psychotherapist, was sitting in his armchair, thinking about the meeting with Hanna, 52 years old woman, dying from cancer.

For a dying woman, Hanna was very much alive, which puzzled Daniel a bit in the beginning of their meetings.

When a dying person comes to therapy, it's very important to establish what exactly does he/she wants.

By definition it can be a short term therapy, and most likely, there is something specific that the client seeks, coming to therapy under these circumstances.

Hanna was saying it straightforward:

"I know that I will die this year.

The Doctors say so.

I never died before and I want to do it right".

This was her reason, being a task oriented woman all her life.

Hanna was a religious Jewish woman, so wearing a wig was for her a sign of religion and not a result of chemotherapy.

She was tall, thin, her face a bit long, dark wig and big green eyes staring at Daniel, as if waiting for something.

This was there 10th meeting.

Daniel had a full relationship with the concept of death.

He saw his elders die at old age, he saw his friends die young at wars and he was used to think about his own death.

Daniel Alexander, Psychotherapist, knew that physical death is an inevitable phase in the journey of the spirit.

This knowledge, that the spirit will continue the process after the body will die, was a very important and comforting one.

Hanna was ambivalent about it.

Being an accountant, Hanna's rational part was big.

There was not much space for feelings, and even less for spirituality.

People tend to mix religion with spirituality.

The two can go together, but most of the time they don't.

If to say in one sentence, religion is about worshipping God and spirituality is about listening to God.

"Do you believe, Hanna, that there is any reason for your being in this world?" asked Daniel.

Hanna took her time to answer.

" I believe in God.

If God wanted me to be here, that is enough reason for me".

"So, there is no reason, no thought behind your appearance?

God must have had a plan, right?

I don't ask you to know, I propose to ask the question- why was I sent here?"

Said Daniel.

"Well, isn't it a bit late for me to ask such questions?" asked Hanna, smiling bitterly.

"There is no late or early.

You can search your life and get answers up to your last breath.

You can fulfil any part of your mission, till last moment.

You see, Hanna, we don't know how long will our body live, but we can make it the most significant time ever".

Said Daniel Alexander, Psychotherapist.

"Where to start from, Daniel?"

Asked Hanna, and seemed a bit calmer.

"We will start with life, your life.

There is plenty of time for talking about death" said Daniel and both of them were smiling.

In the Tibetan book of life and death, it is said that our death can not be different from our life.

This is why, whenever we have a dying client, the focus must be on his/her life.

The better, deeper, higher, their life will become, the bigger feeling of significance and wholeness they will die with.

Hanna left this world 5 years after this session.

The people that were with her in her last moment, said that she was smiling.

The team "Reality" changed.

What we see is only what the Matrix wants us to see.

It is our own cinema and movie.

We are the script writers, we are the producers, the directors, the main character.

What the Matrix doesn't want us to see, is the meaning.

Why do we have this specific movie?

How it's connected to our path, to our mission in this chapter of our lives?

This is the new role of what should be named, the spiritual Psychotherapist.

No more unimportant subjective details hunting but focusing on these questions:

What is the meaning?

What is the path?

How goes the journey?

What is the mission that crosses previous lives and this one?

This is the way to open the client's eyes.

To help him see beyond of what the Matrix would like him to see.

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