Review of Nicholas C. Demetry & Edwin L. Clonts’ Book: 
Awakening Love: The Universal Mission: Spiritual Healing in Psychology and Medicine

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ABSTRACT

Demetry and Clonts were inspired by the late Stylianos Atteshlis (Dakalos), and they wrote a wonderful book on spiritual healing from a Christian perspective yet there is overlap with other spiritual traditions, including Islam, Taoism and Buddhism to name a few." You can find this book at Amazon http://www.amazon.com/Awakening-Love-Universal-Spiritual-Psychology/dp/1577330757/ref=cm_cr-mr-title.

Key Words: spiritual healing, psychology, medicine.

Demetry and Clonts' "Awakening Love" is marvelous, and what better words can be added in a book review? The challenge I face is serious. One does not need to go far to find the Triad, or the Christ-self noted as Power, Love and Wisdom (see page 15-20). Among the nine enneagram personality types these three vertices (once perfected) are represented by the minister of purpose, the spiritual warrior, and the defender of truth (see chapter VII). Demetry and Clonts tell us that the Triad as the law of three is the most fundamental experience, and it evolves through each of the remaining seven personality types in the enneagram, leading to perfection of the self. Demetry and Clonts write in great detail, while providing practical meditations in chapter VIII.

Purification comes with awareness of the Christ-self within. For example, greed is betrayed by our provisional nature; greed and other vices are examples of "negative elementals" (expression coined by Demetry and Clonts) that are all too easy to observe and feel as reported by detached spectators that judge action. The negative elementals generate an irritation, and when we put our hand on the hot stove we remove it. Likewise, only the blind overextend their inventions in a quest to take more and more, eventually doing much injury to themselves and others.

This is why the only real guru points to his own provisionality. It does not end there, however. One finds the Christ-self from within, but this self is not me standing on top of a soap box demanding that others must surrender their autonomy. Nor is this discovery the emergence of additional layers of religiosity. My only point is that the Christ-self feels, and this feeling is not greedy computer output; feeling is as the hand on the hot stove.

As an example, Demetry and Clonts say as much, and to read this book with a critical eye is to discover provisionalities that cry out for better words, at least in theory. And when better words come what is intended becomes closer to a work of art. It seems that the tension we feel can be translated into better words, preserving what is there in the name of a greater artist. We write better words because we can feel and discover a more significant resonance.

But my challenge for better words is daunting. In chapter VI, Demetry and Clonts present a master work that reconnects the Parable of the Prodigal Son to the Seven Chakras and the negative

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elementals of the subconscious. Their effort is pure genius, noting that the separation from the Christ Self is followed by a return to source and the advent of healing. And we see again how spiritual healing reconnects with complementary medicine so far neglected by Western medicine. What really strikes me is the universality that is felt (resonance) by Demetry and Clonts' treatment. It does reconnect with mere words and their felt tension. It provides a framework for a universal grammar that supports our understanding of spiritual healing.

On page 88, Demetry and Clonts present a wonderful poem by Donna Overall, "Understanding Zorba", and it provides a good summary of their chapter VI with the negative elementals felt with the Seven Chakras:

I dance the pain until it stands
in acrid drops like olive brine
upon my face

I dance the crystalline tears
that long ago turned
my shoulders into stone

I dance the sorrow
of love turned to hatred
and hatred to indifference

I dance the fear of
loneliness and the anguish
of abandonment

I dance the anger
until it rages free
and runs down my arms
like rivers

I dance the disappointment
of expectations unfulfilled
and dreams too long
defered

I dance all my demons
into dust beneath my feet
sweeping them away
in spiraling centrifuge

Only then can I dance
that which sings
the heart and blood

In the space
between the spaces
that lie between the words

Where words have no meaning
I dance and joy IS ...

References