

Sutherland Memorial Lecture

The Sea Around Us

James S. Jealous, DO

(Read by Michael P. Burrano, DO)

In her dramatic message, Rachel Carson tells us a tremendously deep truth about nature and life. In her book *The Sea Around Us*, she almost passes the limit of our imagination when she speaks about molding liquid rocks fluctuating in a great Tidal sea. A Sea that has left its imprint in the hardened stones.

Who could imagine all the mountains of the earth as a liquid sea moved by a great Tide? The drama of heat, liquification and transmutation goes beyond our imagination. And so it is with nature. She is wise and unpredictable. And so it is with the Divine, an unimaginable Mystery of Love moving us always into the unexpected beyond our imaginations.

Osteopathy is like that. It seems like one settles into a comfortable belief system and suddenly one is shaken from their point of view. One is displaced into a deeper, richer understanding. One's whole life shifts. We are all on a Ship at Sea, with no known port of destination. Dr. Sutherland lived on the edge of an unknown sea.

In an effort to memorialize William Sutherland, I would like to reflect and comment upon the Presence of Primary Respiration as a Sea Around Us. My goal is to share my story in hopes it will validate others who have a deep sense of Love for nature and God, as the crucible, in which we live. Man has boldly stepped away from his natural environment and polarized the Divine into shameless dogma. In spite of our categorized beliefs, nature has a greater Wisdom than man, especially a human race that manipulates its environment unsuccessfully.

The Sea Around Us and its infinite variety of motions and expressions is our natural environment. Our awareness of it is a natural state of mind. Our emersion into it creates oneness.

Dr. Sutherland's wife created an oil painting for him. It was reportedly his understanding of the Tide. What I have been told is that this painting was a house under the sea. All the doors and windows were open and somewhere was assigned to it the words "my father's mansion has many rooms." Since the mid-seventies the picture has entered my life as a riddle, an inspiration and as a fact. This image has made me comfortable when life has been too great to fathom, and finally this Sea Around Us has become real for me.

The Sea Around Us is more than a Deep Silence. Its presence is Love. The story of how this happened I cannot say because I cannot identify specific perceptual acts that brought It into Focus for me. It came unexpected, yet is always there. Even when unaware of it, one still knows the sea and its endlessness are present. The Sea Around Us is our essential source of food, love and becoming. This palpable living process creates a change in oneself unequalled by any form of healing. It simply becomes whole, transparent and complete. One is awed by the intimate communion of life and

its effect upon one's density, destiny and the capacity for change.

Osteopathy begins for us under our hands or between our hands. We learn to feel resistance and interface with it. We go to barriers, slowly, quickly, easily and at times with frustration. If we are lucky, someone gives us a choice between barrier and direction of ease. If we persist, we learn that motion begets more motion and the whole moves the part and the endpoint of treatment is not articular release, but a change in the whole patient.

I began cranial work believing that primary respiration was inside the patient. Where, no one could agree upon. How one linked into it, other than CNS modulated activity, no one would say. One's only resolve was to go deeper—little tribes emerged, groups formed and argued about the bones, the fluid and the potency; a hierarchy of frustration appeared and one felt obligated to seek out and explore these ideas. Why? Because the patients were responding. The clinical results reflected a deeper truth. Bones, fluids, potency, layers in layers, always more precision. Motions—which one is therapeutic? Which wave is the Wave? Converging themes, diverging applications. More physics, mysteries always hidden. Where is the fulcrum? We learn and learn, patients heal, we find ourselves faced with more difficult cases and an

ego that feels threatened as it stops being the force behind the knowing and the action.

Then appear those moments of truth, when the unexpected breaks into the treatment and shatters one's prior sense of what primary respiration is.

The unexpected movement of something outside the patient; perhaps a Silence, perhaps a distant fulcrum. One searches for answers. Certainly W.G. Sutherland and his students have left us hints that primary respiration is not inside the patient. Years pass between questions and the answers. One's reference point during treatment shifts from inside to outside the patient. The outside presence of primary respiration enters our lives in moments other than during treating. The validation of its Presence of the Sea Around Us follows us into the wilderness. It follows us into moments of being blessed by persons of pure heartedness and slowly the Sea merges into our hearts. Something outside of us begins to create our "consciousness of the moment," and that created consciousness allows us to serve. One begins slowly to understand that one's consciousness is not a tool to be used but an element of wisdom that is a mirror of the Sea Around Us. One realizes one's consciousness has been transformed by the Tide and is held by the Tide and can be taken away by the Tide. In other words, our skill level only lasts while the Tide holds it, then the moment passes. The future is not guaranteed. In every treatment one begins as a beginner and sometimes the sea, its silence and its presence, emerge and sometimes there is an element of simplicity that makes the treatment brief.

Sometimes one enters into a stillpoint that seems to fill every point between oneself and the horizon. The moment lasts through the day and through the night—even at night one feels this great Sea Around Us all. Sometimes it recedes, sometimes it ebbs with a silence as deep as forever.

"The Sea Around Us and its infinite variety of motions and expressions is our natural environment."

Sometimes it comes ashore swelling with presence-creating us, sustaining us. We are given a life of service.

I have never seen this painting of house under the sea, but it has served to sustain me when my reason was fractured by reality. Hopefully my comments will help sustain its memory. The memory of the house under the sea will all the doors and windows open, the Tidal Presence, the waters moving without a rate.

One pauses in the image of this painting. All the doors and windows are open and the great sea of love passes through undiminished but who opens the doors and the windows?

One pauses. The answer lives in Forever. ▲