

The logo features a stylized window icon on the left, followed by the text 'Window to the World' in a large, elegant script font, and 'review' in a smaller, bold, sans-serif font below it. The background is a gradient from green to blue.

Window to the World review

Volume 1, session 32 Blog: Eckhart Tolle Made Simple Class

Written by Paulette Renée Broqueville

<http://www.broqueville.com>

February 22, 2010

The Soul versus the Ego soon becomes Soul-to-Soul Contact

“If you are not going to do the exercise then GET OUT!” I said to the students in an 8th grade theatre class on the second day of class.

15 of them got up and walked out of my class!

The kids who walked out were all Africans.

Since this was Minnesota I can safely say that the rest of the kids were Norwegians and Swedes. They did what I asked. It was an exercise to prepare them for acting in plays.

We had just finished the exercise when the door opened up and in walked the counselor with 15 Africans behind him.

“I know what you are trying to achieve here and I have asked the students to come back and try this exercise.”

“Fine” I said, *“If they will do the exercise they can come back.”*

I asked them to lie on the floor on sheets; which I had brought from home. My previous request got a protest from the Africans, “I’m not going to be laying on any floor!”

This time everyone did as told. Settling in, they jostled themselves into comfortable positions.

“Get your foot off my sheet!”

“Well, move your hand then!”

Finally they were prepared for the exercise.

I began talking them through an imaginary woods.

Close your eyes and see the blue sky and the woods around you.

Hear the birds chirping in the trees.

Smell the flowers growing along the path that you are walking on.

See the bush with the blue berries on it. Pick some and eat them. Taste the sweet flavor.

Walk to the lake and put your toes into the water. If you know how to swim go for a swim, if you do not know how to swim just wade in a little bit.

Feel the sand on your toes.

Now turn and walk out of the water, feel the wind on your face and the warm sun.

Lie down on the beach and relax.

Now say your name out-loud, open your eyes and sit up.

Well! You should have been there. The excitement was exhilarating. They were wide eyed and smiles from ear to ear.

“How many of you could see the forest, the sky, the bush and the lake; feel the sand on your feet, taste the berries, smell the flowers and hear the birds?”

I hardly had time to finish the sentence when the hands shot up into the air.

“I could see!”

“Yes, I could too! I could taste the berries and feel the water!”

“I could hear the birds!”

“I smelled the flowers!”

They were all talking at once with glee—starry eyed: a new world had opened up for them. (Yes, I meant to say glee—for that is what it was.)

The bell rang just then as someone was asking if they could do it again.

“Well,” I said, “If you hadn’t walked out on class you would have done it twice but now you have to leave, the bell has rung.”

I never saw such joy. They gathered around me and someone gave me a special handshake—fist first up then down, upside down, round and over with his hand on mine. I had never seen this before but I was pleased. It obviously meant that he liked me.

I should tell you that this was in my first years of teaching school. I had graduated from college and I was in my early twenties. I looked like one of the students. On sign up day, all of the teachers and I were in the gymnasium. Students were coming up to sign up for my theatre class when a teacher came over to say:

“You can’t have all of those kids in your class! You have five gang leaders signed up.”

To which I said, *“Well I don’t judge a person on their past, I judge them on how they treat me today. I will wait and see how they are.”*

So all—yes all, the kids stayed on my class roster.

When the first day of class came, the day before their rebellion, I wore a dress and high heels—I had to because the boys and the girls were so tall—I realized I needed the height. Now, my older brother is 6’6” so I am accustomed to tall males and I am 5’8 1/2” tall so I am not short. My father’s great great-grandfather was 7’ tall: a Norwegian and he was 6’5” tall himself.

Teaching giants like the Norwegians and the Africans meant that I had to use all of my height and then some. I knew that I had to gain control of the class immediately to assert my dominance. The students entered the class. When the bell rang I walked over to the door and **slammed** it shut. Then I began giving them the rules in my classroom with my most serious voice.

1. I gave them my name
2. You cannot enter my classroom after the bell has rung.
3. If you are late you must get a tardy slip from the office.

Now, mind you, this was not a private school; this was an inner-city school in a metropolitan area. Rules like this do not pertain to these kids. They run wild; there are no rules; there is no detention; there are no parents to call if the student is misbehaving; grades are given out just for attendance.

I was teaching them as if they were in a private school.

The exercise that I taught them on the second day of class was intended to help them in getting into character in their acting sessions. Instead what it did was help them find themselves: the soul without the ego.

They experienced their souls without their bodies. After this first showdown; this first and only rebellion, they knew me. They knew me as someone who saw their souls and loved them.

They were very affectionate with me, always standing close to me and even playing with my long hair. Occasionally one of the African boys would say,

“Oh, you’re just prejudice Miss!”

To which I would retort, “Oh get over it—do your exercise—get busy.”

To which we would both laugh.

One day the counselor came into my empty classroom, he had a request:

“Would you please sign these forms. We are going to kick these five students out of school. They never come to class.”

I started teaching as if I were a private school teacher and I continued to teach the same way: I took roll every day. I opened my roster and showed him the attendance of each of the five students: perfect attendance and no tardiness.

He was shocked, *“They are coming to your class from the streets!”* he said.

I remember them running into the room, huffing and puffing looking up at the clock. I thought they were just dilly-dallying. But they always beat the bell.

One day, as I took roll, one boy was absent.

“He’s in the hospital; he had to get his tonsils out but he will be right back as soon as they let him out.” One of my girls said to me pleading for him.

They were so adorable—my kids.

They knew that I loved them all; and I felt that they loved me in return. That is souls who connect and when that happens children want to be with you, learn from you, behave around you. You are an example for them. This is what we need to be for our children. Children do not need money, things or status they need soul-to-soul attention. Do you know how to give soul-to-soul attention? That is what my book *Unraveling Your Past® to Get Into the Present©1998,2002* teaches you page for page. I am trying to give you this example in my blog. I am speaking to your very souls. Feel the hearts of people you meet. Begin there.

To you my Minneapolis, Minnesota students I send my love with all my heart and soul.

Reference #75 in the comparison table: *A New Earth*, chapter: Finding Who You Truly Are, p. 186 First ask the most fundamental question of your life:

Who am I?Others may appear to be more evolved because they think of themselves as an immortal soul or divine spirit. But do they really know themselves, or have they just added some spiritual-sounding concepts to the content of their mind?

Reference #75 in your comparison table: *Unraveling Your Past to Get Into the Present*, chapter: The Soul/Sole Personality versus the Ego-Personalities p. 24 "If I am not me then who am I?" The real you is your soul/sole personality who has been hidden away, staying quiet for fear of reprisal.

Reference #64 in the comparison table: *A New Earth*, chapter: Role Playing: The Many Faces of the Ego, Conscious Parenting, p. 104 How do you bring Being into the life of a busy family...The key is to give your child attention...As you look at, listen to, touch or help your child with this or that, you are alert, still, completely present...you are the alertness the stillness, the Presence that is listening, looking, touching, even speaking.

Reference #64 in your comparison table: *Unraveling Your Past to Get Into the Present*, chapter: The Soul/Sole Personality versus the Ego-Personalities, The Functional Personality is the Soul Personality p. 17 When they were little...they were made to understand why things were done the way they were. Their questions were encouraged and answered. Their parents listened to them, the they listened to their parents. P46 How can I change to being my soul speaking, feeling, and thinking?

Thank you for taking my class sessions. Paulette Renee Broqueville

What's in this issue?



- The Soul versus the Ego
- Experiencing your soul without your body

©copyright 2010 by Paulette Renée Broqueville **Please contact us through the website.**