Ethnography and Spiritual Direction Varieties of Listening¹

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Introduction

This paper challenges the "ethnological imagination" to envision a rare border crossing between ethnography and spiritual direction and to consider the ways in which deep listening may in effect be considered a form of spiritual practice. A word about language: this has been one of the most challenging papers I have ever contemplated offering my academic colleagues. Should I speak with the voice of the academic, the feminist, the mystic, or the advocate? If I did choose the latter, would mine be labeled the delusional ranting of a midlife feminist or New Age gobbledy-gook? My perspective here is best captured in Ruth Behar's wonderfully evocative phrase, that of "the broken-hearted ethnographer" engaged in an "ethnography of love" (my phrase yet inspired by Domínguez' "politics of love"). Feminist scholars have long noted how writing in the "mother tongue," as Ursula Le Guin calls it, gets us into trouble in the academy (Behar 1996, 1999; Domínguez 2000; Le Guin 1989). From my own Italian (Terracinese) family I've learned the phrase: "Parla como t'ha fatto màmmota," "speak as your mother made you"-naturally, in other words, from intimate, lived experience. This is how I intend to speak here.

Personal Reflections

How and why have these spiritual and professional identities merged in this peculiar way? Let me allude to a few of the existential crises which launched me into this exploration. Partly, they were forced upon me by professional doors (close to home) which refused to open. It seemed that no matter how hard I worked (e.g., a string of academic publications, production of public programs and conferences, teaching), I continued to be invisible and unheard.² The nonprofit Italian Oral History Institute in Los Angeles which I had founded and directed-willed out of nothingness-accomplished significant things, but finally at too great a personal cost. Approximately ten years into the venture and weary of carrying this labor of love almost singlehandedly, I decided to close it. Aware of the need for rituals of closure (I had read Magliocco 2004), I threw a party which was more of an Irish wake than an Italian funeral. I personally prepared a feast for about 60 guests. Musician friends played pizziche, we danced together, we ate, I made the last IOHI award, expressed my gratitude, and said my goodbyes. The grief was unbearable. I thought my heart would literally break. At first, I went into withdrawal, suffered prolonged illnesses, and experienced an intense desire to simply disappear, like Bilbo Baggins of the Hobbit, and find myself magically transported to some lovely oasis like Rivendale. When I regained some energy, I began to wander the city for 2-3 hour walks at a time-urban tourism, I called it, but really, it was more of a spiritual pilgrimage. Grief-mixed with rage-over thwarted professional ambitions and personal loss, contributed to years of wandering in the desert.

I began earnestly reflecting, sorting out, painfully re-living the past, trying to understand the deeper meaning of it all: was I being told a cosmic NO? Was this professional defeat a way of pushing me out of a place I no longer belonged? Had I simply failed to convince others of the intrinsic worth of the subjects to which I had devoted my life (e.g., Italian folklife)? Was I a casualty of an academic, socio-political class struggle? Where was I to go now? I stopped attending professional conferences. I could not walk anywhere near the UCLA campus, I started looking for jobs far afield... And I am still trying to discern *where* and *who* I am called to be.

Throughout these years, ethnographic writing, much of it an exercise in spiritual archaeology (e.g., faith healers, therapeutic dance rituals, food altars, gastronomic utopias), as well as engagement in a variety of spiritual experiences, have sustained me—literally saved my life. I confess that I am a recovering "retreat junkie" who may have attended one too many spiritual retreats for her own good. I have spent time in Benedictine Monasteries, Zen *sanghas*, the wilderness. I even enrolled in a six-month intensive Jungian program (entitled "Psyche and the Sacred") and a three-year training program (the "Art of Spiritual Direction") to become a spiritual director.³ All the while attempting to address the questions, to cite poet, Mary Oliver: what was I to do with this "one wild and precious life" ("Summer Day")? And how was I to save "the only life I [could] save?" ("The Journey").

Parallel to all this was my intense activity at St. Alban's Episcopal Church,⁴ ironically, situated directly across from UCLA. I was always extremely careful to keep this private and never to mix company, to keep my academic and spiritual communities separate.⁵ As I slowly became aware of the *many* intersections of ethnicity and spirituality at the core of my own life, my research, and advocacy (especially as it has evolved toward crosscultural and interfaith peace and justice work), I marveled that it took so long to see and articulate the intimate connections between these two powerful presences in my life.

Of course, ordinary academic discourse certainly does not encourage articulation of such connections. And I only stumbled on this realization while reading Carol Lee Flinders' recent book: *At the Heart of this Longing* (also the author of *Enduring Grace*, on women mystics, Flinders 1998, 1993), where she presents the integration of her own warring inner life (that is: her feminism and Zen Buddhist practice, only apparently oppositional). So, I too, began a process of re-integrating the split-off parts of myself in order that I might more fully inhabit my life. For someone raised in an archaic Italian peasant milieu, but as an immigrant in Toronto, relocated to Los Angeles and now living a rarefied Westside Los Angles life, I certainly knew something about multiple identities, and was fairly adept at social and linguistic code switching.

Spiritual Direction

There are various descriptions of spiritual direction, many of them laced with "God" language, which I willingly eschew.⁶ As a folklorist, I prefer to describe spiritual direction as "an ancient ministry of listening to sacred stories and accompanying persons along their spiritual path." It is also referred to simply as "holy listening" or "compassionate listening." A contemplative practice of prayer (however we conceive that activity) is central to its workings. Although it seems to have Christian origins, it is currently practiced within Buddhist, Islamic, Jewish, and other traditions, or in altogether non-affiliated settings, and tends to align with the mystical currents within these traditions. It is not strictly-speaking, faith-bound, although participation in a spiritual community is advised (cf. Guidelines for Ethical Conduct). You can't be a lone ranger in this world. Previously applied largely in the area of discerning calls to ordination,⁷ it is now used by all sorts of people as a practice of spiritual presence, focusing on what one is called to be/do in life. It helps in identifying one's life work, one's "vocation" (cf. Palmer 1999). As it is primarily a tool for "discernment," it seems especially useful in times of crisis and transition (hence the large numbers of midlife types).8 It can be practiced one-on-one or in group settings. A spiritual director is not a guru, nor a therapist-and not even much of a "director"-but ideally, a spiritual companion, listening with us for the "third voice" of the spirit. Synaesthetically, I like to describe this three-way relationship as two people looking into the well together and listening for reverberations-both acoustic and visual: What do you hear and see in the darkness?

Varieties of Listening

How does one listen as spiritual director, ethnographer, or oral historian? How do these disciplinary discourses and perspectives merge and diverge? What are we listening for? How does listening affect consciousness and personal transformation (for interviewee and interviewer)? What is *our* role in this process?

Spiritual direction speaks of ears and hearts: of *deep* listening, listening *to*, and *with*, one's *heart*. (The Spiritual Director International's newsletter is entitled, *Listen*, and its journal, *Presence*.) It uses the mystical language of longing and desire for wholeness and union. Teasdale (1999a) states: "Deep spirituality [...] grants us the *capacity to listen*, the quality of this listening is much more subtle and comprehensive than ordinary listening; it is a complete inner attention, a listening with the heart [...] a good listener is a deeply spiritual one."⁹ In spiritual direction we are admonished to seek solitude and silence (by literally turning off the noise of radio, TV, e-mail chatter) in order to hear the "still small voice" (cf. Elijah, 1 Kings 19, 1-18). How much, I now realize, has my ethnographer's ear been atuned to this sort of listening, and how receptive it has been to the language of longing, joy, grief and suffering.

Ethno-Spiritual Autobiography

My own ethno-spiritual autobiography begins with cacophony. My childhood in a multi-family immigrant household (as the third of four sisters and the runt of the litter), trained me in listening and in tuning out. I prized silence and solitude. I remember not being much heard nor seen, and was not much encouraged to express myself verbally. I was a young, silent observer-participant—an ideal future ethnographer perhaps and indeed early on engaged an impulse to collect, analyze, and make meaning. I listened for turns of phrases, proverbs, stories, names, especially song, sucking all the meaning I could out of orally-spoken or sung words (Del Giudice 1990:a-b). My earliest work, in fact, was on folksongs (late 1980s to mid-1990s). I considered them excellent initial guides into a cultural dimension of archived sound rarely heard by immigrants.¹⁰ Music opened my "inner ear," providing access into a remote past where I discovered a host of other voices calling me forth.¹¹ My attraction to the art of spiritual direction, I can see in hindsight, was a direct outcome of experience with ethnographic fieldwork; and my training in spiritual direction improved my listening skills as an ethnographer and oral historian. Call it circularity or else two springs flowing from the same source.

This listening to my family and its broader cultural history, was deeply, emotionally, spiritually transformative. The exploration of mythologies, belief, collective healing and ritual practices, directly illuminated my own path of spiritual self-knowing. Each stop on my curriculum vitae was a stop on that spiritual journey. Sites on my overlapping maps of ethnography and spiritual autobiography closely aligned on specific fault lines and *topoi!* Each ethnographic project became a spiritual revelation: lullabies helped me understand motherhood (Del Giudice 1988); work on tragic ballads, erotic metaphor, *neo-tarantismo*, helped me come to terms with issues of sexuality and marriage (1989a-c, 1990a-b, 1994, 2003, 2005); gastronomic utopias helped with my relationship to food (2001a-b); faith healers with my own female spiritual heritage (and perhaps calling, 2001c). Some of the metaphors formed one-to-one correspondences.

I asked myself how the culture of my tribe had shaped my experience and worldview, my sense of the divine (and aversion to other forms)? E.g., in a male-worshipping culture such as that of Italians, it would appear self-destructive for a woman who grew up in a family of four sisters, to then place a male god on an altar. It would be redundant.¹² Further, was it a coincidence that I experienced the divine in breaking bread together around a table, in feasting ("God as hospitality")? Is it a surprise that I am moved by cultural practices of redistributing wealth as food (e.g., St. Joseph's Tables)? ¹³ Had I inched my way toward the altar, (as a Lay Eucharistic Minister) because it felt so natural to serve wine to others (as I had so many dinner guests over the years)? Why had the Catholic Church (and other conservative Christian denominations) kept women away from the sacred dinner table—the Big Table—refusing to officially sanctify their daily work in the world?

Diasporas, Border Crossings, and Mediations

Multiple dislocations resulting from a double emigration (from Italy, from Canada), make me acutely aware of the state of my being "between and betwixt." Perhaps a tendency resulting from this existential state is to strongly resist boundaries. It has made me a compulsive contrarian ("yes, but..."). But on good days, it expresses itself in the need to see the other side of the wall, to break it down, to be inclusive and to connect. Perhaps those who live in such states tend to favor cross-cultural, interfaith, and other mediating dialog, or may display relative ease with ambiguities and paradoxes. Life at the margins has its advantages and may even liberate us from framing institutions (church, university, museum) each insisting on exclusive allegiance and linguistic orthodoxy. The liminal *space between*, may therefore also be considered a place of heightened creativity. Further, it provides a privileged place where one can rant and rave! I have come to increasingly embrace it.

Intersections of Spiritual Direction and Ethnography

Just as therapists are admonished: "healer, heal thyself," I believe an ethnographer's imperative might be: "ethnographer know thyself"—ethnically-speaking. Until an ethnographer has made that journey through the byways of his/her own personal and cultural history, I think it is harder to do one's job well. This process of self-reflection requires an "ethnology of solitude" *before* engagement with the other.¹⁴ This process of reflexivity presents its challenges and dangers. "Extreme empathy," as I call it, which blurs the boundaries between I and other (especially in auto-ethnographic settings), can spiral into reflection on reflection, discourse about discourse, where objective truth vanishes and subjectivity endlessly chases its tail. Davies refers to this as "radical reflexivity."¹⁵

Let me give examples of extreme empathy from my own experience: I began to see my professional crisis of invisibility and thwarting against the backdrop of larger Italian cultural history. I concluded, to repeat scholar of comparative religions, Ernesto de Martino's term (in studying those afflicted by the spider's bite, e.g., *tarantismo*), that mine was a serious "*crisi di presenza*" (de Martino 1961)—an existential crisis of non-presence, of nonbeing (or belonging) in the world. I identified with the defeated peasants in Nuto Revelli's *Il mondo dei vinti* ("The world of the defeated", 1977). My professional struggle had become a class struggle—which I/we had lost.

How are our ancestors with us always: genetically (a father's nose, a mother's anxiety, a grandmother's mystical tendencies), or through other legacies (e.g. class struggle, immigrant displacement, etc.). Historic debts may be carried for many generations, and never be fully paid off. I had recently begun feeling oppressed by the weight of this past, and by moral obligations to family, class, culture. I wanted to cast it off, travel more lightly. I concluded that I had done my time, so could the ancestors please release me now, or would they haunt me forever? (Cf. Gottschalk's "Ethnography as Exorcism, 2003" and the hauntings of Holocaust survivors' lives).16 We all must make peace with our past as best we can, assess how much space it will take in our own lives, and deal with our frequently related collective and personal shadows (e.g., for Italian immigrants, feelings of homelessness, food disorders, poor man's mentality). There are many other collective neuroses which I will not mention here.

Ethnography of Compassion: Listening and Social Action

The practice of deep listening—however one practices or names it—inevitably leads us to hearing needy voices of all sorts—the well-articulated as well as the barely audible needs. And the accumulated effect of such listening frequently leads to a tipping point. We hear and begin to ponder ways of alleviating suffering, to the best of our abilities, talents, and resources. Can one hear without being moved to some sort of action? Engaging this ethical response is frequently transformative. In my experience, the path from deep listening to practicing compassion in the world has become shortened, and it becomes easier with practice.¹⁷ But it requires constant self-reflection and repeated returns to one's sustaining sense of the divine (to keep us focused and humble; to reduce inevitable "compassion fatigue"). The heart, head, and hands must be in it.

Perhaps in the process of opening our hearts we may expand toward a "global" ("trans-traditional" or "inter") spirituality".¹⁸ UNESCO's Earth Charter is a wonderful example of this global approach to our current problems. It is utopian, of course. I encourage reading it with the ear and heart of an engaged ethnographer so that we might consider our own ways of reflecting and acting upon it in our lives and in our work. Here are some of its imperatives, as they pertain especially to the intersection of ethnography and spirituality (Earth Charter Initiative: http:// www.earthcharter.org/):

Recognize and preserve the traditional knowledge and spiritual wisdom in all cultures that contribute to environmental protection and human wellbeing II.8.b

Recognize the ignored, protect the vulnerable, serve those who suffer, and enable them to develop their capacities and to pursue their aspirations II.9.c

Protect and restore outstanding places of cultural and spiritual significance III.12.d

Recognize the importance of moral and spiritual education for sustainable living IV.13.f

We, as folklorists and ethnographers, deep listeners to the world's people, are immanently trained to engage this transformation of consciousness in ourselves and in others. Our job may be to translate/mediate the languages of plurality and unity in *both* directions, as we participate in sustaining local, national, and global communities. Can we envision our lives within such a framework? Direct experience and being with others who have made this "leap of faith" tells me that spiritual contemplation and social action are circularly linked, that is, one leads to the other, and then back again, as we recharge for more action. The world of contemplation and solitude—the ivory tower—in other words, should offer only a temporary "refuge" from the world, a vantage point from which to more consciously engage with it.

I have become undeniably attracted to organizations which combine these two approaches, one actually named: the Center for Action and Contemplation, in Albuquerque, New Mexico, directed by Franciscan, Richard Rohr. These are people who work in the soup kitchen while lobbying Washington to eradicate the need for soup kitchens. That is, they engage in philanthropy *and* advocacy for systemic change—the so-called "two legs" of social action. I am certain we can imagine parallel impulses for our own ethnographic work. There is no way around the practice of "being the change you want to see in the world"—however impossible an ideal that appears to us at times.

Transforming Ethnographers

Freeing the ethnologic imagination means that we must be open to letting more of our *own* experiences as ethnographers doing ethnography surface. It will mean that our language too must expand. Could we tolerate the language of longing or make space for expressions of compassion and "transpersonal hope" (or as Václav Havel has it: "to work for something because it is good"¹⁹) and to say so? What is it that deeply informs your work? Many experience this spiritual dimension of their work but very few speak about it. Again, echoing Behar:

They will say that the reflexive musings of broken-hearted ethnographers are nothing more than solipsism and the palm reading of gypsies. [...] I say that more than ever, if ethnography is to realize its emancipatory promise, what we are going to need are strong, personal, heartfelt voices, the voices of love, trust, faith, the gift. (Behar 1996: 17)

More than one Holy Book could agree on two fundamental imperatives: a) recognize the divine, and b) practice compassion in the world. (In Biblical language: "Love God with all your heart, soul, and mind" and "Love your neighbor as yourself.") It is that simple—or at least, seems so to me. World peace has never been more critical to our survival. And a search for lasting peace can only be fostered today through global initiatives (e.g., Make Poverty History, or Global Warming). As academics, we are largely averse to utopian discourse, but our academic cynicism must be transformed if we are to be a part of this global justice and peace movement—beginning with ourselves. For me, it has become the *only* way I wish to speak any longer, the *only* action I wish to take—as an ethnographer, or perhaps not.

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^{1.} This paper represents a preliminary and oral version of a larger enquiry, entitled "Ethnography as Spiritual Practice." This paper has been presented (under the title

"Ethnography as Spiritual Practice") at: the joint meeting of the American Folklore Society (AFS) / Folklore Studies Association of Canada (FSAC), Québec City, October 16-22, 2007; the quadrennial meeting of the Société Internationale d'Ethnologie et Folklore (SIEF), Derry/Londonderry, June, 2008; and the annual meeting of the American Italian Historical Association (AIHA), New Haven, November, 2008. It specifically addresses the theme of the 2008 SIEF meeting "Liberating the Ethnological Imagination."

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- 2. This may also represent a legacy of cultural violence still practiced by classist and the male-dominated Italian academic milieux, an issue which will not be explored here. [While revising this paper for publication, two unexpected honors in recognition of my scholarly and public sector work, were conferred upon me during the month of October, 2008: I was named a fellow of the American Folklore Society and I was knighted ("Cavaliere") by the President of the Italian Republic.]
- 3. The former at Pacific Graduate Institute, a Jungian institute in Santa Barbara, and the latter at Stillpoint Center for Christian Spirituality.
- 4. E.g., I chaired various speakers and retreat programs, committees (peace and justice, discernment), and served on various boards (Vestry parish's governing body, Westwood Canterbury Foundation in support of the UCLA chaplaincy, etc.).
- 5. The dilemma, needless to say, pointed in both directions. On one hand: what if my Episcopalian congregation knew how quite unorthodox I was in my own beliefs and practices (many incorporating expressions of Italian folk religion). On the other: what might my academic colleagues think if they knew I was so active in this religious community? Would they mistakenly associate me with the Christian Right?
- 6. I avoid cultural and religious constructs which reinforce male hierarchies, especially those that so literally speak of patriarchy (e.g., traditional Christianity), as well as *personalized* gods (male and female) in general. I prefer more gender-neutral language which speaks of the "divine," the "sacred," and is open to a greater variety of *personal* expressions (including emergent forms) of this Other dimension of life.
- 7. Spiritual direction training has enhanced several areas of my corporate spiritual life: e.g., as a member of the Los Angeles Episcopal Diocesan Diaconal Committee (which reviews candidates for the ordained diaconate), as chair of a Discernment Committee (for a fellow parishioner and female academic exploring her call to the

priesthood). I also participate in an ongoing small group whose sole purpose is to provide spiritual direction for one another.

- 8. It is frequently in midlife that many become acutely aware of the question: what was I meant to do with my life? And a critical midlife review/crisis often precipitates change, or at least initiates transition and realignment. (In this context, a director may be seen as something of a spiritual chiropractor.). Spiritual direction is particularly useful in addressing these questions and accomplishing this task.
- 9. "Closely associated with the ability to be is the capacity to see: reality as it is, to see ourselves as we are. This *seeing* arises from the depths of contemplative interiority, from spiritual discipline; it is a seeing with the heart [and leads to] spontaneous acts of compassion, kindness, mercy, charity, love, patience, and gentleness."
- 10. Indeed, my husband and I have since donated our collection of Italian traditional music to the UCLA Ethnomusicology Archive, in order to make these sounds more accessible, as well as to encourage scholarly interest in them. Cf. finding aid for the Luisa Del Giudice and Edward (Fowler) Tuttle Collection 1950-2000: http://content.cdlib.org/view?docId=kt7870289c&chunk.id=dsc-1.2.6&brand=oac
- 11. Cf. Bendix 2000, the special "pleasures of the ear" in ethnography, and the history of ethnographic listening.
- 12. Yet, the search for the *feminine* face of the divine, I concluded, was also limiting. I can no sooner do "Goddess" than "God" talk (cf. note 5). Indeed, these personalized metaphors for the divine (e.g., mother, father), appeared to be the comforting projections of needy children (which we, of course, remain). Was it indeed possible to bypass gendered language in order to better understand Ultimate Reality? To no longer focus on "the finger pointing to the moon" but rather, the moon *itself* (to use a Buddhist metaphor)?
- 13. The focus on practices of the periodic re-distribution of wealth in society (e.g., pardoning of debts, dismantling of patterns of hierarchy, wealth and power, on a regular basis), has been described as "Sabbath Economics" by Myers (2001). These combined practices are also referred to as "Jubilee" Justice, which denies wealth accumulation and the concept of the "limited good." A contemporary movement which enacts some of these concepts is the "Simple Living" movement, which seeks to teach concepts of sufficiency (What is enough?) and global sustainability ("Live simply so others may simply live."). It requires that we all embrace, to some degree, the traditional vow of poverty. Many would contend that the Biblical "kingdom of God is simply that social condition in which there are no rich and poor."
- 14. Cf. González 2003, wherein she argues for a "spiritual ethnography." Such an ethnography would be ideally suited for studying issues that go beyond the biological, psychological, and social and would, in itself, constitute a spiritual practice involving meditation, introspection, and reflection. The article outlines the principles for practicing spiritual ethnography.
- 15. For a discussion of the problematic nature, as well as the riches, of a reflexive anthropological approach, cf. Davies 2007.

16. In pondering this psychological dynamic, I was especially captivated by ethnographer, Gottschalk's own work (in a mental health environment) with Holocaust survivors (cf. incidentally, his call for more spiritual methodologies in the social sciences.) In his essay entitled "Ethnography as Exorcism," Gottschalk builds on the work of Bauman, explores those literally and figuratively "possessed by ghosts," reflects on why the research interview can be seen as an interaction wherein people don't only speak "to" each other, but also "through" and "for" each other, and asks "how is the research interview like therapy, like exorcism?" He reflects on how many informants had told him that they had never before talked with anybody in such depth about their experiences, had never put it all together in one narrative, and had never been heard as they had been heard by him. The spiritual dimension of his work, he concluded, was in being a catalyst for people.

Further though, he also examines how the subject matter of one's ethnography impacts an ethnographer's psychology and spirituality, and turns back on him. Perhaps the Jewish ethnographer had heard too much, and so eventually required anti-depressants. He started noting certain collective cultural peculiarities: jogging beyond exhaustion because one never knew when one would need to outrun one's captors; gathering one's riches in portable form (i.e., gems), or resisting attachment to objects, because one didn't know when they might be taken away. Collective neuroses are part of our spiritual inheritance, like it or not. Ethnography (among other tools) helps us piece together the puzzle of our personal spiritual journeys.

17. E.g., I have recently become involved with the Beijing Circles movement (a means of working on Millennium Development Goals, and particularly on MDG #3: promoting gender equity; http://www.un.org/millenniumgoals). In February of 2008, I attended the United Nations Commission on the Status of Women congress in New York, and became acquainted with the Beijing Circles "process" by attending the parallel Beijing Circles gathering, organized by the national women's ministries office of the Episcopal Church headquarters in New York (cf. the Beijing Platform for Action: http://www.un.org/womenatch/daw/csw/52ses.htm). Since then I, along with UCLA Professor of Public Health, the Rev'd. Joanne Leslie (also an Episcopal Deacon), have given workshops and have formed the first Los Angeles-based Beijing Circle, at St. Alban's Church, Westwood. On Beijing Circles, see: http://www.ecusa.anglican.org/women.htm and http://www.beijingcircle.org/.

Of course, as women used to "fixing" broken things in our families and communities, we must also be alert to this *danger* in social action. Indeed, the Beijing Circles process encourages women *not* to jump to action, but rather to sit still, to think, to learn, to reflect. Holding a space, in which contemplation can occur, one is reminded, *is* an action.

- 18. Many (especially post-9/11) are increasingly devoting their energies to this effort, e.g., the Spiritual Paths Foundation, working on behalf of inter-spirituality and promoting spiritual literacy through education about the world's faith traditions; The Forge Guild, a professional association for trans-traditionally oriented spiritual leaders and teachers, et al. Cf. Lancetta 2007.
- 19. (http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/authors/v/vaclav_havel.html).