

离别，更是启程

——写在存在人本两年系统课程结束之际
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(English Translation Begins on Page 7)

两年的学习，是我离开学校以后第一个长程的学习旅程。两年，在人生的时间长河里不能说太短，特别是在我步入不惑之年之后，两年的时间太珍贵了。当我看到课程最后 Lucy 出现并道别的时候，我的眼泪止不住地流了下来。这几天胸腔中似乎有什么充满着想要倾泻而出，但是又无法化作言语来表达。面对离别，有难舍、留恋，还有更多。

这两年曾经发生的一幕幕在我的脑海中，像放电影一样的呈现出来。内心的情感，有时候像掀起滔天巨浪，有时如小溪潺潺流过；有时候像在夜里穿越一片荆棘丛生的森林，有时如同在小雨里倾听雨落下的声音；有时候像在悬崖边站立无法向前，有时像在飞机上看一朵朵白云飘过……这两年的生活，有彷徨、无助、撕裂，也有坚定、欣喜、欢畅。我很庆幸选择加入这样一个课程，更感恩于和这么多老师和同学相遇，这是生命的乐章在弹奏，是生命的深流在涌动。

在两年的课程体验学习中，我看到了允许，允许质疑、允许特殊性、允许更多的可能性和创造性，我们课程的场里充满着“存在人本”的味道。我看到 TA 在课程里一直在旁流泪，我听到 TA 可以在大组分享中大声地表达愤怒不解；我看到一个个同学开放自己在课程里，给我们奉献了一个个真实的咨询场景，一个个个人生故事在我们面前展开，我钦佩他们的勇气，敢于暴露自己的脆弱、痛苦、疑惑，更惊叹于大家营造的安全的场。

两年的课程并非一帆风顺，相反每一步都在坑坑坎坎中摸索。我们表达对课程设置、内容的质疑、不解，对小组氛围的愤怒、对组长的不满，我们求变的、向好的心促使我们不甘于现状。我开始带着不安、忐忑，小心翼翼的说出不同的声音，这在以前怎么可能，我可是个“听话”的好学生，老师在我眼里是神圣不可侵犯的，怎么还能再要“自行车”？但欣慰的是，我们的一次次诉求都得到了学院的回应，我们也参与改变，我们是课程的主人，课程因我而变，我让课程更完备。

存在人本的场是让我痴迷的，我上过很多课，加入过很多的团体，但在这里

我的体验是最不同的。每一节课，很多老师都会自来听课，特别是 Mark，他就像个定海神针，保持时刻这场，这让我很感动。这里没有高高在上的老师，没有置身事外的老师，有的只是身在其中、心随我动的老师，有的只是“我们都是一个本真的人”在其中，我们一起投身到当下，在其中体验、沉浸。

现在，只要想起这个团体，心里就涌过一阵阵的暖流。有些同学我从来没想到能和他们有交集，可是现在我们常常谈笑风生。当他们说我是偷能量的“魔鬼”时，我笑开了花，我感觉我们的距离更近了。我们还种下了“人在存本树”（这个梗是第二次地面课睿睿同学的口误）。我们的树现在正在茁壮成长，我还和有些同学在蚂蚁森林里互相调侃，不亦乐乎。



最让我难忘和惊叹的莫过于我们自主创造的苏州地面集训。我们住在富有设计感的民宿里，在寂静的寺院里上课，特别是课程结束前各组的作业让我收获了高峰体验。每一组的水准超出了我的想象，我以为来到了春晚现场。诗歌、戏剧、小品、舞蹈、烘焙、电影，老师和同学们似乎化身艺术家，呈现了精彩纷呈的、让人沉思的、赞叹的、喜悦的、感慨万千的、开怀大笑的节目。一种超越自我的、实现自我潜能的体验扑面而来，悠然心会，妙处难与君说，让我不知今夕何夕，感觉那一刻就是永恒！

寺院的风铃声

悠扬的佛音

我静静的聆听
宜人的村落
清新的气息
把我悄然唤醒

这一次的相遇
震撼了我的心
惊艳了过往的岁月
在平江路上走一走
生命的意义
我还在追寻
等到江南的烟雨落下
我还会再来

这是我在苏州课程结束时写的一首小诗。



(诗垣做的一周年生日蛋糕)



(我们的教室)

在课程里，我深深地体验到了生命的无常和自身的有限性。作为一个插班生，我错过了第一次开课地面课，第二次地面课的最后半天由于妈妈住院我又提前离

开，那一刻面对全班同学，我竟然哽咽到无法说出“再见”，因为不想离开。第三次地面课由于老爸住院，我遗憾缺席。当我真正爱上存在心理学，当我开始践行成为一个存在主义者时，当我爱上了每个老师，当我们一起在小组团体里呐喊、挣扎、奋力改变并在小组中收获了信任时，我又要与课程告别了。两年的时光如此漫长又那么短暂，而我还没有做好离开的准备。

——意欲成为他自己乃是人生的真正志业。

如果让我回答，你学到了什么？我一时还无法系统组织答案，但是我能深切的感觉到我的改变。

我开始接近诗歌，接近自己的心灵深处，让内在的真诚、热情、痛苦幻化成诗句，我不再逃离苦难、不再封闭内心的黑洞。我慢慢地走近了自己的真实，我 da 不再惧怕本真的我。我开始懂得敬畏的含义，更加全然地投入到此刻的生活体验当中。在苏州集训开始前，我对自己说“体验、体验再体验”，那时我已经愿意接纳“生活就是冒险”这个事实，带着谦逊、好奇和勇气踏入未来的不确定和一切未知。我参与到更广阔的人际关系中，带着敬畏的心去倾听感受 TA、也愿意带着真诚去面对影响 TA，我明白了爱与意志不可分割。我体验到了什么是活在当下，我可以全身心投入到美好和痛苦中去体验，我在大剧院音乐会的美好中度过了跨年夜，在博物馆里我惊叹于一件件艺术品的精美绝伦，在即将离别的这一刻我痛快的流泪，在新冠疫情肆虐的每一天，我担心害怕，牵挂着身处疫区的战友和朋友。

——如果我的魔鬼要离开我，我担心我的天使也会飞走。

过去的年月里，我一直追寻生活中的美好，我远离那些所谓的负面信息，我期望自己成为大家眼里正能量的化身，给他人带来希望、力量。但是在这两年的学习过程里（学习不太准确，更多是体验、浸泡式的训练），我把自己当作“试验品”，投身到课程里的各个议题，特别是第二年存在主义的学习，自由、孤独、无意义、死亡，我开始照见以前没有触碰到的自我，开始扩大自我觉知，就像我在生命的江河上航行，我开始敢于深入水中，看到之前不能、不敢或不愿去看到和碰触的暗流、暗礁，在黑暗中探索的过程充满了焦虑、抑郁、恐惧，这个过程很痛苦，但最终我发现了属于我的意义，我开启了通往成为我自己的自由之路。每一篇作业都是我的真实体验、自我意识觉醒的再现，我和自己在我的心灵之处

相遇了，我常常为自己对自己的共情而泪流满面，我和“我”握手言和，我开始理解“我”，这个自我体验的过程超过了找很多位个人体验师，因为终有一天，我要离开体验师，走上自我探索之路。

我开始走出“闭锁”，在关系中向前走一步。我不再恐惧妈妈的“歇斯底里”，当我镇定地为她的情绪命名时，当我不再纠结于问题的“无解”而去思考解决办法时，我发现妈妈也有同理心，连小姑也体会到了妈妈的改变，妈妈也说她变得不再那么急躁了。我开始在老公面前呈现自己的脆弱，我可以在他面前流泪，告诉他“我害怕孤独，我不愿和他分开两地”，我在直面自身的孤独时感动了无助、茫然，我伸出了求助的手，这对我来说，是我鼓起了最大的勇气，而之前我是对孤独视而不见，我把它藏得很深，不愿也不敢看到它。当我在关系中呈现我真实的情感与需求时，我看到对面的他也向我伸出了手，我们一起面对困难，珍惜彼此的相处时光。

我很喜欢电影《三傻大闹宝莱坞》的片头曲《他像风一样自由》。这是其中的几句歌词。

他如风一般自由

我们靠前人指路

但他却自己铺路

跌倒，爬起，他无忧无虑的前行

我们为明日之忧烦恼

他只顾畅想当今

让每一分钟活得充实

我们惧怕，桎梏于蛙井

他无所畏惧，在水中前进

面对涛浪，从不犹豫，迎面直击

他如云莱般寂寞漂泊

但是我们最亲爱的朋友

他去了哪里.....让我们去寻觅

活得充实、无所畏惧、直击涛浪，追寻自由，这就是我想要的生活态度，也是一个存在主义者的态度。

朋友问我，你为何要继续学习“存在人本”呢？我说：我的自我体验告诉我，这不仅是为了成为心理咨询师而学，而是我今后生活的内容、看待世界的方式，是成为自己，是突破阻碍，在关系中更成为自己，所以，义无反顾。

伤离别，离别就在眼前。但我不说再见，因为在这条路上，我才刚刚启程，我还要继续去寻觅.....

Parting, Even More So A Setting Off

By Li Yu Li, First Cohort Graduate

These two-years of study was my first long-term course of study after leaving school. Compared to a life-time, two years cannot be considered short, especially after encountering some periods of confusion in my life, these two years were quite precious. When I saw Lucy (local instructor) appear (via video) at the end of the course and say goodbye, I couldn't stop crying. There seemed to be something in my chest that wanted to pour out in the past few days, but I couldn't put it into words. Faced with this parting, there were sadness, fondness, and more.

The scene that had occurred in the past two years was presented in my mind like a movie. The emotions inside, sometimes rising like a monstrous wave, sometimes like a stream rippling through; sometimes like walking through a thorny forest at night, sometimes like listening to the sound of a light drizzle; sometimes like standing on the edge of a cliff unable to step forward, sometimes like watching a white cloud float by in a plane these two years of life, there was indecision, helplessness, tears, but also conviction, joy, and cheerfulness. I am grateful to have chosen to join such a course, more grateful to meet with so many teachers and students, this is the melody of life playing, the deep flow of life in the surge.

During my two years in the program, I have seen permissiveness, permission to question, permission to be special, encouragement for more possibilities and creativity; our program was filled with the essence of being existential-humanistic. I saw faculty shed tears in the course, heard them forcefully express their anger and disbelief in the large group sharing; I saw students opening themselves up in the course, giving us a real counseling scenario, a life story unfolding in front of us, and I admired their courage to expose their vulnerability, pain, and doubts, and marveled at the safe environment created by everyone.

The two-year course was not smooth sailing, rather we fumbled through potholes along every step of the way. We expressed our doubts; doubts about the curriculum and content, our anger at the group atmosphere, our dissatisfaction with the group

leader, and our desire for change for the better that drove us not to resign ourselves with the status quo. Thus, I began to speak up with anxiety, apprehension, and caution. This was not possible in the past, when I was a good "obedient" student and teachers were sacrosanct in my eyes. How can I dare to ask for more? But indeed we are the owners of the curriculum, and the curriculum has changed because of me, and I made it more complete.

The existential-humanistic environment is something that has captured me. I have taken many classes and joined many groups, but here my experience was very different. I was touched by how many teachers would voluntarily come to every class, especially Mark, who was like compass, keeping us in the present. There were no authorities from high, no aloof instructors, just teacher in the midst of it with us, hearts aligned, just real human beings immersed in the experience of the moment with us.

Now, when I think of this group, I feel a surge of warmth in my heart. I thought I would never cross paths with some of my classmates, but now we often talk and laugh together. When they say I am the "devil" who steals energy, I laugh out loud and feel closer to them. We even planted an "bass-ackword tree", the result of a twist of the tongue utterance by one of our classmates during a workshop. Instead of laughing at his mistake, we embraced the it and tease each other light-heartedly. This tree is now growing strong.



Nothing was more memorable and amazing to me than the on-the-ground intensive training we conducted in Suzhou, which we created on our own. We stayed in a custom-designed B&B, conducted our classes in a silent monastery. The group projects at the end of the course were a special peak experience for me. The caliber of each group performance was beyond my imagination. I thought I had arrived at the Spring Festival Gala. Poetry, drama, skits, dance, baking, and film, the teachers and students seemed to transform into artists, presenting wonderful, contemplative, awe-inspiring, joyful, emotional, and belly-laugh type of programs. The experience was transcendent, where each actualized their potential. It was a meeting of the hearts that goes beyond words and transcending time delivering us to the eternal now.

I memorialized my experience through the writing of this poem:

Wind chimes of the monastery
Mellifluous sound of the Buddha
I listen quietly
the pleasant village
the freshness of the air
awakens me gently
This encounter
quivered my heart
stunned by the passing years
A walk along Pingjiang Road
the meaning of life
I am still in pursuit
Upon the smoke and rain fall in Jiangnan
I will come back again



(A Classmate baked a birthday cake to celebrate our first anniversary)



(Our classroom in Suzhou)

In the course, I experienced deeply impermanence and my own finiteness. I joined the course late and missed the first workshop and had to leave the second one early due to my mom's hospitalization. At that time, I was so choked up that I couldn't say "goodbye" to the whole class because I didn't want to leave. I was sorry to be absent from the third workshop because my dad was hospitalized. Just when I really fell in love with existential psychology, when I started to practice being an existentialist, when I fell in love with each teacher, when we shouted, struggled, fought for change and gained trust in the group together, I had to say goodbye to the course again. Two years had been so long and so short, and I wasn't ready to leave.

--The true ambition of life is to become who you are.

If I were to answer, what have you learned? I can't provide you with a

systematically organize answer, but I can deeply feel the change within me.

I began to draw near to poetry, enter the depths of my heart, to let my inner sincerity, passion, and pain become verses, and I no longer ran away from suffering, no longer closed the black hole inside me. I slowly came closer to my own truth, and I am no longer afraid of the real me. I began to understand the meaning of reverence and became more fully engaged in the experience of life in the moment. Before the training in Suzhou, I said to myself "experience, experience and experience again", and by then I was willing to accept the fact that "life is an adventure" and step into the uncertainty and all the unknown of the future with humility, curiosity and courage. I engaged in a broader range of relationships, listening and feeling with reverence and will to influence with sincerity, understanding that love and will are inseparable. I experienced what it means to live in the present moment, and I could experience the beauty and the pain with my whole heart. I spent New Year's Eve in the beauty of the Grand Theater concert, I marveled at the beauty of a piece of art in the museum, I wept bitterly at the moment I was about to leave, and I worried and feared every day when the Coronavirus epidemic was raging, and I was concerned about my comrades and friends in the epidemic area.

-- If my devils are to leave me, I am afraid that my angels take flight as well.

In the past few years, I have been looking for the positive in my life. I stay away from the so-called negative messages, I expect myself to be the embodiment of positive energy in everyone's eyes, to bring hope and strength to others. But during these two years of study (study is not quite accurate, it's more of an experiential, immersion training), I treated myself as an "experiment" and plunged into the various topics in the course, especially the second year of existentialism, freedom, loneliness, meaninglessness, death, and I began to see myself in a way that I hadn't touched before and began to expand my process of explorations in the dark, full of anxiety, depression, and fear - a painful process. But in the end I discovered my own meaning, and I opened the path to the freedom of becoming myself. Each assignment was a reproduction of my real experience, my awakening to self-awareness, and I met

myself in my spiritual place. This process of personal growth is beyond what one can find in personal therapy, because one day, I will leave the therapist and proceed upon my own path of self-exploration.

I began to step out of "enclosure" and step towards relationships. When I stopped fearing my mom's hysteria, when I calmly named her emotions, when I stopped worrying about not finding answers and begin to think about solutions, I found that my mom had empathy too. Even my sister-in-law realized my mother's change and mom herself admits that she's become less irritable. I also began to reveal my vulnerabilities in front of my husband. I was able to cry in his presence and tell him "I am afraid of being alone, I don't want to be separated from him." I was helpless and bewildered when I faced my loneliness, but I reached out for help. This was the biggest courage I could muster up for me. I hid my loneliness so deep that I was unwilling and afraid to see it. When I presented my true emotions and needs in the relationship, I saw him across the table reaching out to me, and we faced our difficulties together and cherished our time together.

I love the title song (He's Free as the Wind) of the Bollywood movie "The Three Idiots." Here are a few of the lyrics:

He is as free as the wind
We rely on those who came before us to show us the way
But he paves his own way
He falls, he rises, he walks on without a care in the world
We worry about tomorrow
He only thinks of the present
Living every minute to the fullest
We are afraid, shackled to the frog's well
He is fearless and moves forward in the water
He never hesitates in the face of the waves, but strikes head-on
He's as lonely as the clouds
But our dearest friend
Where did he go let us go and search

To live a full life, to be fearless, to fight the waves and to seek freedom, this is the attitude I want to live by, the attitude of an existentialist.

My friend asked me, "Why do you want to continue studying Existential-Humanistic Psychology?" I said, "My experience tells me that it is not only for the purpose of becoming a counselor, but also for the content of my future life, the way I see the world, to become myself, to break through obstacles, and to become more myself in my relationships.

It hurts to part, and parting is just around the corner. But I won't say goodbye, because on this path, I have just set off, and I need to continue to search