Pathwork™ Steps

**The Idealized Self Image PL 83 & Main Image PL 93**

3 Stories from Participants during Online Meetings July 2018

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I’ve been observing myself closely regarding how I idealize others. My childhood felt very dark; people were bad, love didn’t exist. Believing in ideals was my solution.

Many years ago, I had a boss I could not stand. I ‘fixed’ this in my mind. I not only idealize people, I idealize concepts, such as marriage. I see how these both affected my relationship with my husband. Now that I see that, I am happier – because there’s nothing really wrong with imperfection. The problem became that I was trying to force square pegs into round holes my entire life.

I always believed I was a flexible person. Now I see how rigid I have been. Letting this go was frustrating. I had these fixed ideas, a ‘curriculum’ of what I needed to do. That’s where I was rigid, yet flexible about how to hold on to these concepts.

Now I need to relax. I am no longer the ‘maker’ of the curriculum. It has been hard to surrender to my real self, but I think it is happening.

A friend from Europe made plans to visit. She kept changing the time and day we would meet. Finally, she decided to visit with me the same say she arrived (even though I would not be home until later that night) rather than waiting to meet the following day.

Our Pathwork meetings were held on that evening. I was afraid I might be tired after the meeting and not want to bring up the energy to listen to her for the rest of the night. Yet also wanted to say ‘No problem, come any time’. Neither response was to my complete satisfaction – so I decided to punish her! I didn’t give my key to the doorman/concierge, so she had to sit downstairs in the lobby and wait for me for several hours.

I realized that I am not what my Idealized Self Image says I ‘should’ be.

After I spend some time admitting to and experiencing my own rage, I began to experience real pleasure. I feel I have been living my whole life in opposition to my mother and her rage, as a ‘creation’ rather than just being me. I became super rational and composed, even if I fell apart later. As I have let myself fall apart a little bit more, I realized that I haven’t ever behaved spontaneously before.

Now, I don’t feel any guilt. I just say what I need to say in order to be real. I doubt that my mother is going to have an epiphany and be different. I see how I was putting a demand on her to be rescued. I can’t ‘save’ here. “Saving” anyone is arrogant. It’s a big change in consciousness, feels very profound.

I have also realized how other family members would flatter me, saying I was wise. I got off on that. Now I see that they were trying to get me to continue to take care of my mother instead of their having to help.