

## **Adrian G R Scott**

I am a poet and writer, I practice as a Spiritual Director and I am the Weaver for the UK. I live in a very beautiful area in the North of England called the Rivelin Valley in Sheffield. I have been married to Wilma for 23 years and have three grown up children, Eva, Lara and Tom.

### **How and when were you introduced to male spirituality?**

I made a retreat with Richard Rohr at the CAC in early 2001. He gave me an hour a day for week and talked to me about the four male archetypes. He encouraged me to trust my story, my journey and myself. I also met Stephen Picha who told me I had to make the Rites. I went out to Ghost Ranch in 2002 - it had a deep effect on me that I am still coming to terms with.

### **How has your participation in Illuman/M.A.L.Es fostered the use and development of your gifts?**

Having made the Rites I was on fire. The UK had an MROP in 2003 I was ritual assistant. I started the Sheffield Men's Circle - still going ten years on. We struggled to keep things moving - then in 2007 I sent out a letter saying if men were not interested I would stop trying to organize anything. Four or five men came out of the woodwork and we haven't looked back.

I was ritual elder on our Rites in 2007 and then for the next few years, having assisted Stephen Gambill in the US. We struggled to find a permanent Weaver Elder so in 2010 I was nominated by the Men in the UK and accepted by MALEs. This work has fascinated me and made me search deeper, deeper into the literature, for mentors in Illuman, and into myself. I have grown up and into an elder because of this work.

### **Describe a recent Illuman/M.A.L.Es event you attended. What was the impact on you.**

I attended the recent Soularize and found it profound. The spirit of honest apology and contrition for the things we do to wound each other and the deep counsel that we sought and created together was wonderful to be part of.

### **What's one thing you'd recommend to a man starting on the spiritual journey?**

To trust your story, your journey and yourself and in that you will be trusting God.

**To conclude** I want to share a poem I wrote last year. In April 2012 my 16 year old son was diagnosed with type one Diabetes and this is what I wrote for him. It reflects the cave of our wounds that we must constantly enter to be transformed.

### **Initiation**

The hug you gave me in that first moment of diagnosis was vice like, sob racked.

Type one diabetes, at sixteen

a hammer blow and a terrible fear  
realised in the time it takes  
to go in and out of the surgery door.

Now you prick your fingers everyday,  
that sharp droplet touched to the blue strip,  
a trill pronouncing the amount  
of sugar sweetening your blood.

Then the second wound, insulin in,  
to the flesh of your stomach,  
a place I once made raspberries  
with my lips to make you laugh.

Initiation the ancient art  
of wounding the boy, teaching  
him that his bleeding could  
become a place of wisdom,  
that he needed to learn to weep out loud,  
to wield his new found strength  
in the service of something larger,  
that he was part of a greater story.

What kind of a Dad do you need now?  
One who has done his own bleeding,  
who is not frightened by his own shadow,  
who can call time on his own ego.

A man ready to start the next chapter called your story,  
an on-going narrative that he will leave before it ends.

But Son, in the time we have left  
can we embrace again like on that day.  
Connected as men, sharing our pain,  
at sea on a strange ocean,  
initiated by all this unasked for suffering.  
Distinct - your journey not mine,  
yet for a time in the same boat.

Carried by the true tide of courage to a shore  
I want to reach first and wait for you to join me.