

### **The Regular Column - Self & Society - 39.3**

Dear Readers,

This is my last column for Self & Society, which began in 2008, and so I want to begin with giving thanks. To Maxine, Alexandra, Neil, David and Joseph – thank you for giving me the space, for your encouragement and feedback – for the connection. Thank you readers, past and present, for engaging with my writing and with me, I appreciated knowing (sometimes actively, through your feedback, and at others indirectly) you were there. I wish you David, Jennifer and Richard good luck in the important task you have taken upon yourselves. Humanistic psychology in Britain deserves a serious voice, and I am grateful for the efforts of helping Self & Society take a further professional step.

Yet I am sad to be leaving you ☺. It feels like ending therapy, and I am not sure whether I am the client or therapist (or possibly both?). The regular column travelled with me as we moved back to live in Israel and was a reminder of democratic normalcy amidst the Israeli political insanity. During this regular column we have miscarried three pregnancies, one of which at week 17, and had one healthy (touch wood) and lovely girl – our second. While writing the column I completed my PhD and finished writing my first book which will hopefully be published by the end of this year. Self & Society (and, dare we admit, Humanistic psychology in Britain) nearly ceased to exist, yet with the help of members and activists it had resumed its strength and reclaimed its rightful place among psychotherapy modalities in the UK.

When I was twenty two, just after finishing my mandatory military service in Israel, I travelled in Scotland for a few weeks. One day, when stuck in a youth hostel in Loch Lochy because of a train strike, I met the (then) sixty-two-years-old Charlie who told me about his mountain climbing adventures. He agreed to let me join (I lied when he asked if I had any experience in mountain-climbing). The day began at four in the morning.

When we reached the first top - we were supposed to climb four- Charlie was still as quick and jolly as a goat in his shorts and t-shirt, but I wanted to die. I was aching all over, short of breath and utterly amazed that the fact it was snowing and raining, did not strike Charlie as a good enough reason to go back. The only thing that helped me through was my pride and shame.

But Charlie noticed. He helped me up and pointed his hand at three mountains in the horizon: "we're going to climb them," he said, "and this," he continued while turning me around to watch the amazing view below, "this is the incredible journey we've already made!"

You have come with me a long way, and I hope I accompanied you too through good times and difficult ones. Thank you! Wishing you incredible journeys ahead and grateful for those we had

Asaf