



Psychology can be like many/most things, a sort of 'near enemy', in the sense of being a finger particularly likely to be mistaken for the moon. Whether the finger pointing at the moon is the moon anyway, seems another question.

On a personal level, I can only say that a wonderful Psychologist I later learned had been a dedicated Zen Buddhist practitioner for many years, had a bit to do with my 'stopping' long enough to reawaken my own taste for meditation, now a few years ago. He wasn't particularly able to *teach* me anything because I didn't place responsibility for hearing on myself at the time, and the hypnotherapy methods I asked for fell short in a number of ways, such as his guiding me through meditations of envisioning layers of support in order to be more courageous in an outward sense.

I wonder if he sort of prepared/conditioned the space a bit however, for Buddhist dependent co-origination teachings pointing to groundlessness to be heard. In any event, learning to pause and to slow down enough to pay attention to what is 'really going on' with one's behavior, is a gift of unspeakable value, wherever one finds it.