

Subject: Philosophy
Genre: Essay/Commentary
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Publisher: StarGateLibraries.com
Date Published: 15 June 2017

The Adult Nursing Community

Since man first looked up at the stars and realized he was more than simply the sum total of his biological parts, he has contemplated his place in the universe and envisaged there must be more to life than just being alive. As early man evolved toward sentient awareness, he came to the realization that woman was not just a biological anomaly whose only purpose was to serve him, but a soul-mate inherent to his own spiritual evolution. Since this intellectual metamorphosis so long ago, man has sought not only the carnal pleasures of sexual intimacy with his mate, but moreover, the empyreal intimacy that lives within the heart of his soul-mate.

In our own antiquity as allegorized by art, artifact and literature, the piety of breast feeding has long been apotheosized as elemental to social and religious conviction. From ancient Egypt and Isis, patron Goddess and Protector of each descending Pharaoh, to early Rome and the story of Roman Charity, the ability of a woman to nature from her breast has been revered as the eidetic symbol of womanhood: for without life from her womb and sustenance from her breasts, there would be no human race.

However, as society clammers ever forward into an uncertain future in search of unrestrained personal liberty and sybaritic self-identity, the milky breast, the once symbol of piety and morality, has strangely become taboo. Where in days gone by, the milky breast was the very symbol of grace and piety, today has come to be seen as a barren appendage meant only for sexual pleasure, and then only when dry. Demanded by those who perfidiously deem themselves as evolved, should the breast be milky, it is to be ever shunned: relegated to the shadows of society as to not offend the sensitive.

While it is easy to transmute the rules of any given society to suit the needs of the few, the evolutionary needs of the individual is not so easily disregarded. Over countless millennia, women have evolved the need to nurture, while men have evolved the need to be nurtured, and whether good or bad, one cannot so easily castrate one's inner-self. And whether good or bad, while women have fought for equality in a long male dominated world, many have discovered the emotional cost has outweighed the intellectual gain. And like our ancestors, both men and women

look up at the stars and envisage: there must be more to life than just being alive.

Where in a time gone by, spiritual and emotional intimacy cemented the imperishable bond of soul-mates; contemporary couples today more often opt for emotional and intellectual individualism. Because of the resulting societal sentiment questioning the healthfulness of emotional and intellectual interdependence in relationships, couples sometimes feel isolated and unsure of where they fit in this new world. And when committed couples do feel the need to connect on a deeper spiritual and emotional level, they can be unsure of how, or even if they should.

Neither man nor woman was ever intended to be an island in the universe, rather from the beginning, the intent has always been that life be a shared experience between man and woman. The true richness of life is revealed only when man and woman are united as one. For many loving couples, adult nursing has become a pathway to true spiritual and emotional completeness: for the only true path to spiritual sentience begins with the Transcendental Coalescence of the male and female soul.

Almost mythical, the adult nursing community has no meetings, no dues, no membership roles, only the common belief: there must be more to life than just being alive.

Essay/Commentary by Hudson