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Note that this is a personal narrative. The content, links and views expressed do not necessarily reflect APC-UK's position.

Justice for humans, in particular for those trapped in a half life in the psychiatric system, has long been important to me, and was central to my changing careers and embarking upon clinical training in mid-life because of my outrage at the treatment of a friend who suffered a mental breakdown. I started to connect these values with environmental issues in the 1980s. With my late husband, the physicist and mathematician Chris Clarke, we became active in the Creation Spirituality (later Greenspirit) movement, but it was involvement with a road protest, locally, at Twyford [Down](#) that engaged me at a visceral level. Here was a beautiful and ancient landscape wantonly destroyed to cut a few minutes off the car journey between London and Southampton, and here were young people (the Dongas Tribe) living in the open, Summer and Winter, putting everything on the line, to defend the land – with theatre, music, humour and dogged determination. With my career as a Clinical Psychologist, embarked on in my 40s, just starting, my family (Chris and 2 teen-age sons) threw ourselves into the struggle.

Because of the relational perspective I was developing within clinical psychology, I saw that, as a psychologist, I had a role to invite a new vision; one where our relationship with the natural world and the non-human creatures needs to be embraced and developed; where our inherent instability is recognised; science is honoured for what it can achieve, but its limitations are accepted. Specifically, I wish to empower, to enable people to face the unbearable; the fate towards which we appear to be rushing headlong, so that they do not escape into addiction and denial, but make common cause to tackle the terrible predicament we find ourselves in. and to discover that visceral love of landscape and planet that I first encountered at Twyford Down. My medium is emotions – using them positively; permission to shed the tears, but then engage the strength in the anger without bitterness or destructiveness.

Of course, what I personally can do is pretty pathetic in the face of the challenge – services training to operate more holistically and writing [about](#) that and about that incompleteness of human beings ([e.g. Madness, Mystery and the Survival of God. 2008, O Books](#)); supervising and hopefully inspiring (inevitably) younger therapists, and doing a bit of therapy myself – also working as a volunteer with [the Spiritual Crisis Network](#), which holds a candle for an alternative viewpoint to the crushing psychiatric system. I go on demos, but no longer put myself on the line as I used to. I am glad to see my profession of psychology signing up to the struggle and want to be part of that.

I am lucky. I have always been lucky. My life is in its last phase. I will have a get out before too long – becoming part of the wood in the beautiful woodland burial where we laid my husband, the lynch pin of the whole of my adult life, in 2019 – but in the meantime I want to continue to work as hard and as long as I can, not least for the two amazing families we somehow have responsibility for, and those four bright, gorgeous, grandchildren who are faced with God knows what sort of future.