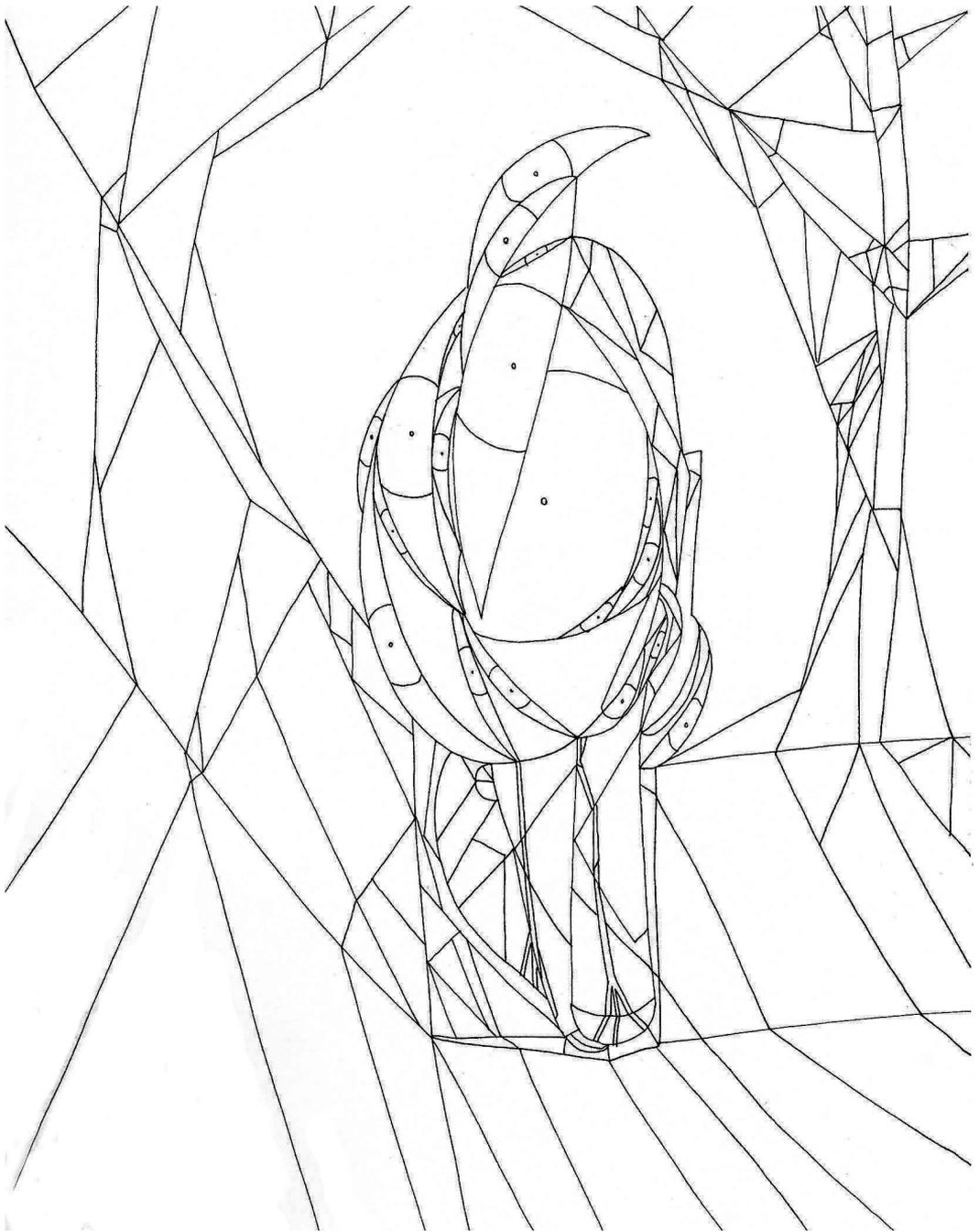


THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

the metaphysics of survival and the evolution of humanity



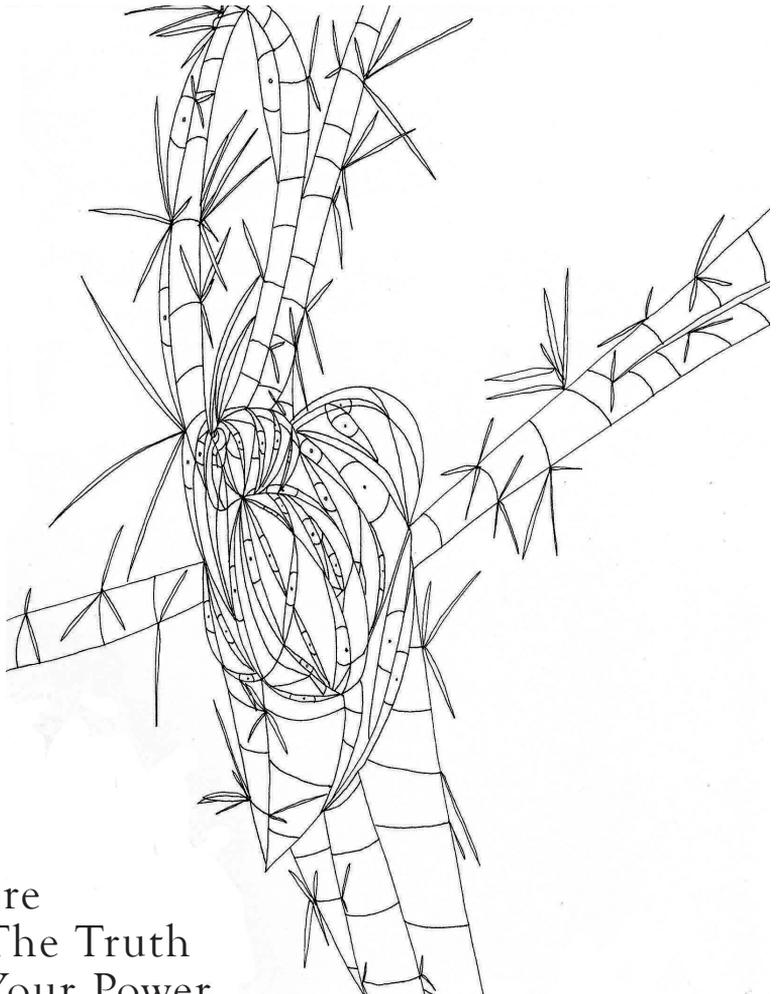
by Motavenda Melchizedek

First Edition

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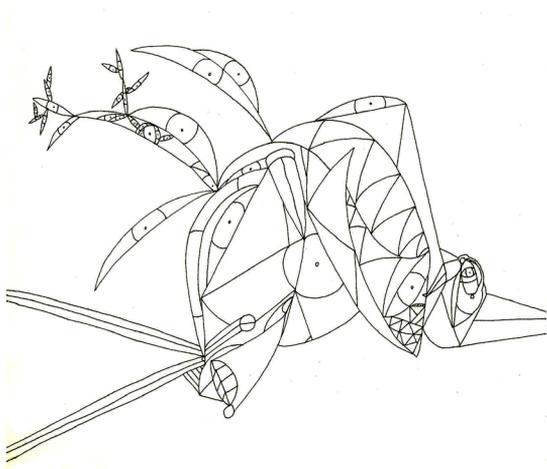
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Go To The Core
Return With The Truth
Return With Your Power





Dedication

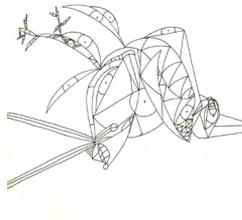
...

In my devotion to the sacred, I offer this work to strengthen those among us who have fallen prey to the darkness pervading our world, but have stayed true to the light. It is those who have refused to be ultimately bound and subjugated by these energies....but who are not yet sustained here.... who are the greatest spiritual warriors of our time.

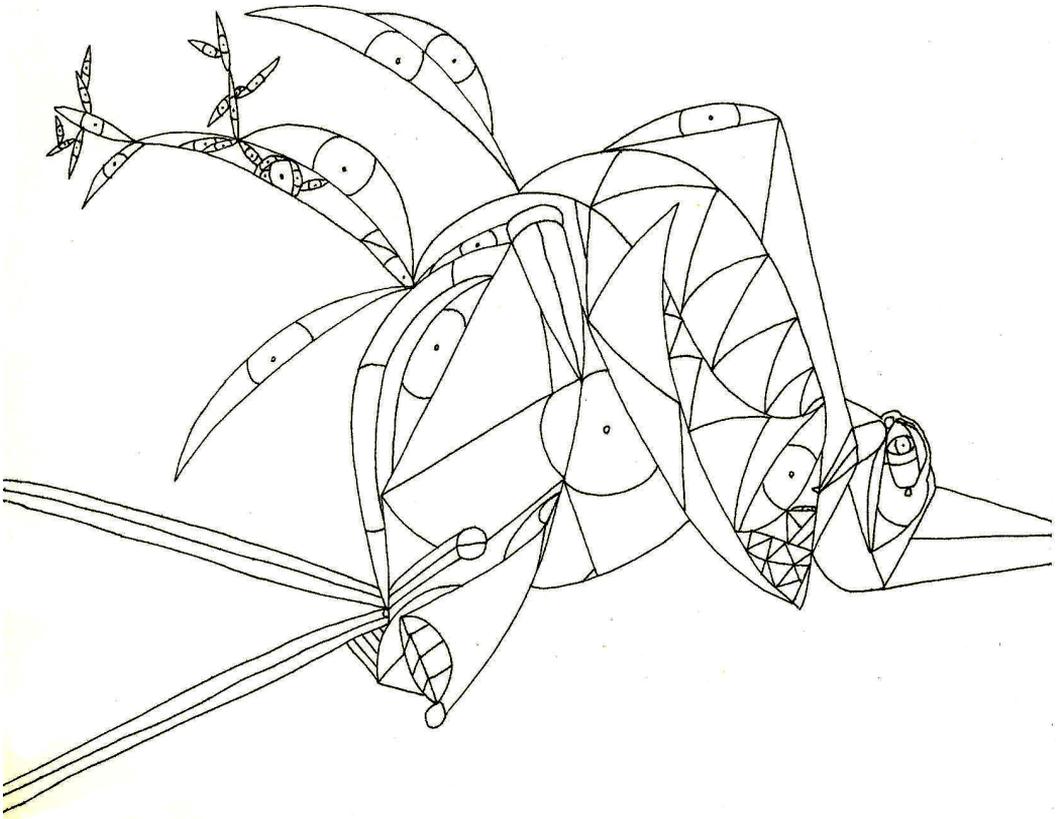
...

And I dedicate this work to my precious pup Nina....the best friend I ever had. She showed me that I am worthy of love and safety and sanctity.... and she made me raise my standards. She died by my side in the days that I was finishing this piece for publication.

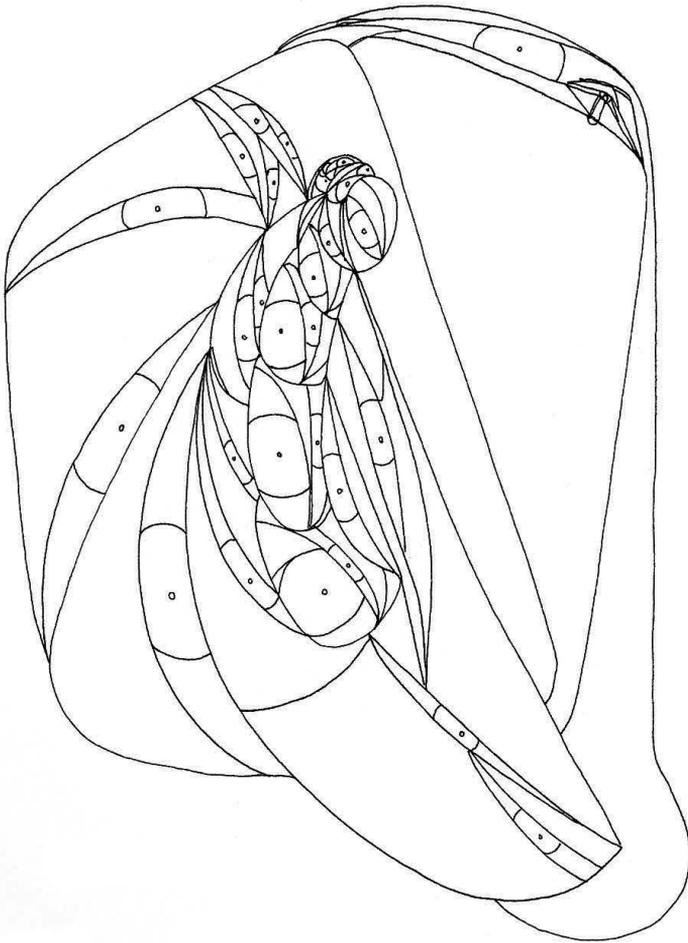
I will always love her, with eternal gratitude, for the time we shared in this world and for the great joy she brought to my heart and for the healing she brought to my weary soul. What a profound gift in the face of such overwhelming odds.

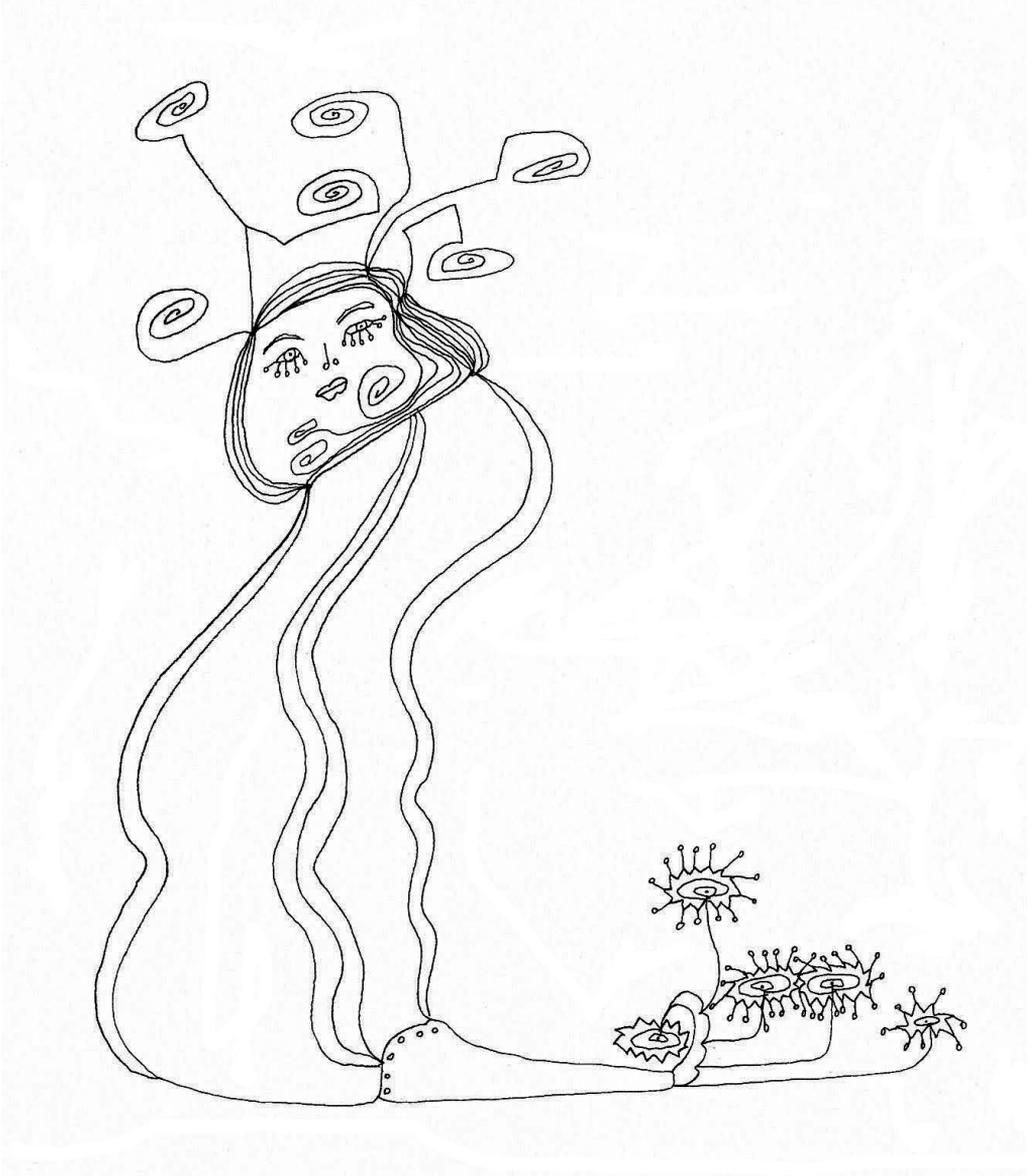


THE EDGE OF THE WORLD



It is a such a strange and viscous cycle that ensnares me.
And there are different things mixed up inside it. And I
am trying to become free.

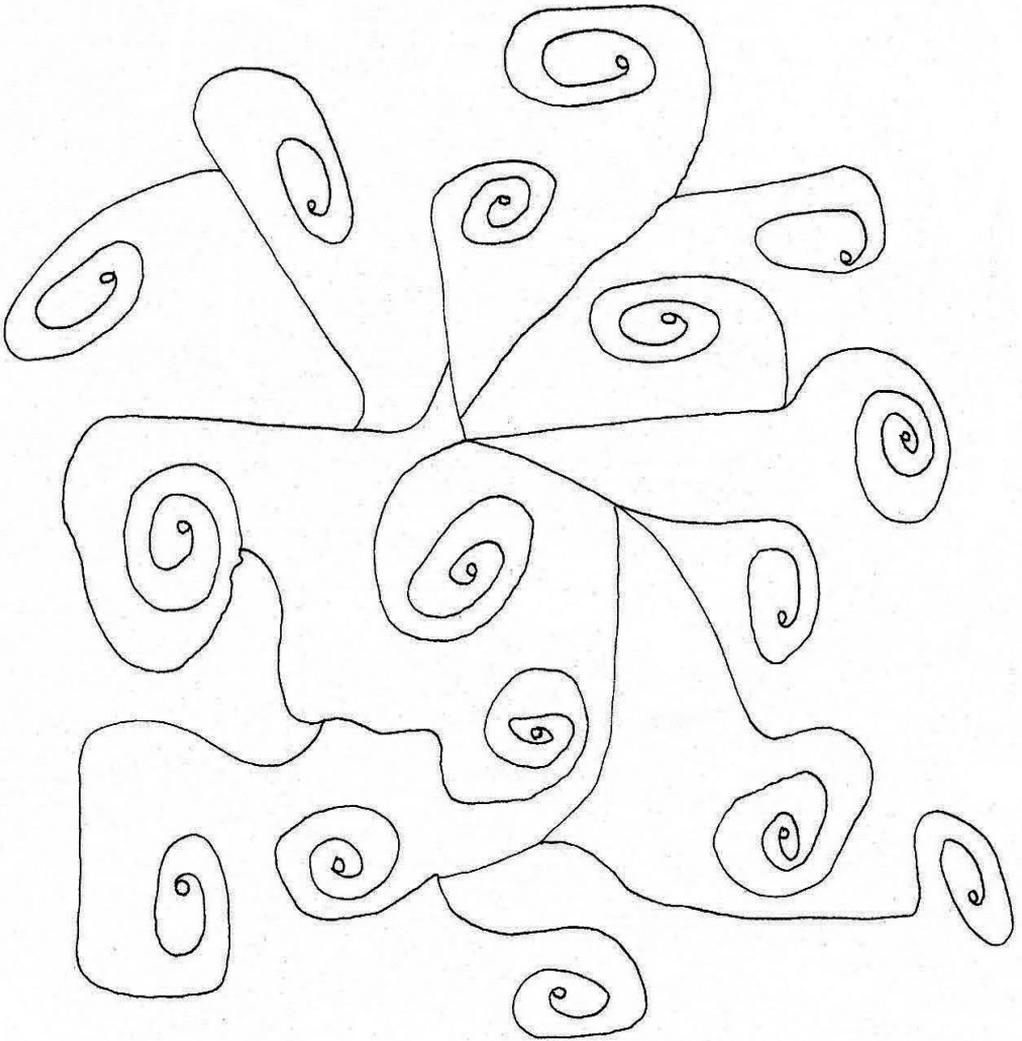




I feel so many mixed feelings about my life, my destiny and my power.

I have traveled for so long with this focus and it seems now that it has led me nowhere. There is this strange contortion of myself that I have somehow become inside of this box.

I look through endless pages of writing and I want to burn everything. I want to forget it all. Cut it loose. Because I haven't found a way to say what I need to say. And what I have written so far is all about being ensnared.



I am not alone in this arena. There are others. We are trapped in similar ways. It seems like it has to do with openings. Finding openings and not finding openings.

I have not yet seen that I have the power to affect things.

You know right now I don't even know what makes me happy.



I don't know what my dilemma is about really. It has to do with me and the world. And me feeling like I can't be who I am in the world. That I know things that I am not allowed to know in this world. I keep letting the outer world determine whether I can own my own view with confidence. I ask the world one by one to accept me. And when I am met with rejection, which I invariably am, for some part of me they don't understand or agree with, I am devastated and thrown back into the trap and ensnared again.

It's what I have done with those I have loved. It's what I have done with my family. With my mother. With everyone who can't see me. I spiral into this sense of entrapment. Like I have to live underneath them. Like I am trapped inside their world and I can't become who I am until they see me and allow me there.



It is very much the infant in me. The little tiny little girl. This is how she felt. It is how she feels now. It is like I am this tiniest of creatures in the arms of whomever I happen to be with. Open, totally open, and then they become my mother. They reject some part of me and I feel this craziness. This overwhelming powerlessness in the face of their view of me. I feel no option. I feel like a BABY! No mobility, no strength to leave. It's like I haven't developed into even a toddler who can crawl away and know I have a choice. I can not walk. I can not speak to defend myself. I can not go away into another world and decide on something else. I feel stuck with it. And I become desperate and completely overwhelmed.

There is nothing for me to do but cry and try to get someone else to hear me.
Someone who might help me. And rescue me from my mother. Or make her see.
Make her evolve to love me.

I was so pure. A pure pure baby.

That is what my lover whispered. "You are so pure."
And then he too abused me.

You know it is so strange that I have never seen this
dynamic clearly. I have lived it again and again. But
only now do I get it. I need to show up for myself. I
need to take the tiniest purest me that I have laid in the
arms these others and carry her away.

I am so embarrassed.





It is very hard for me to know how publicly I have acted this out.

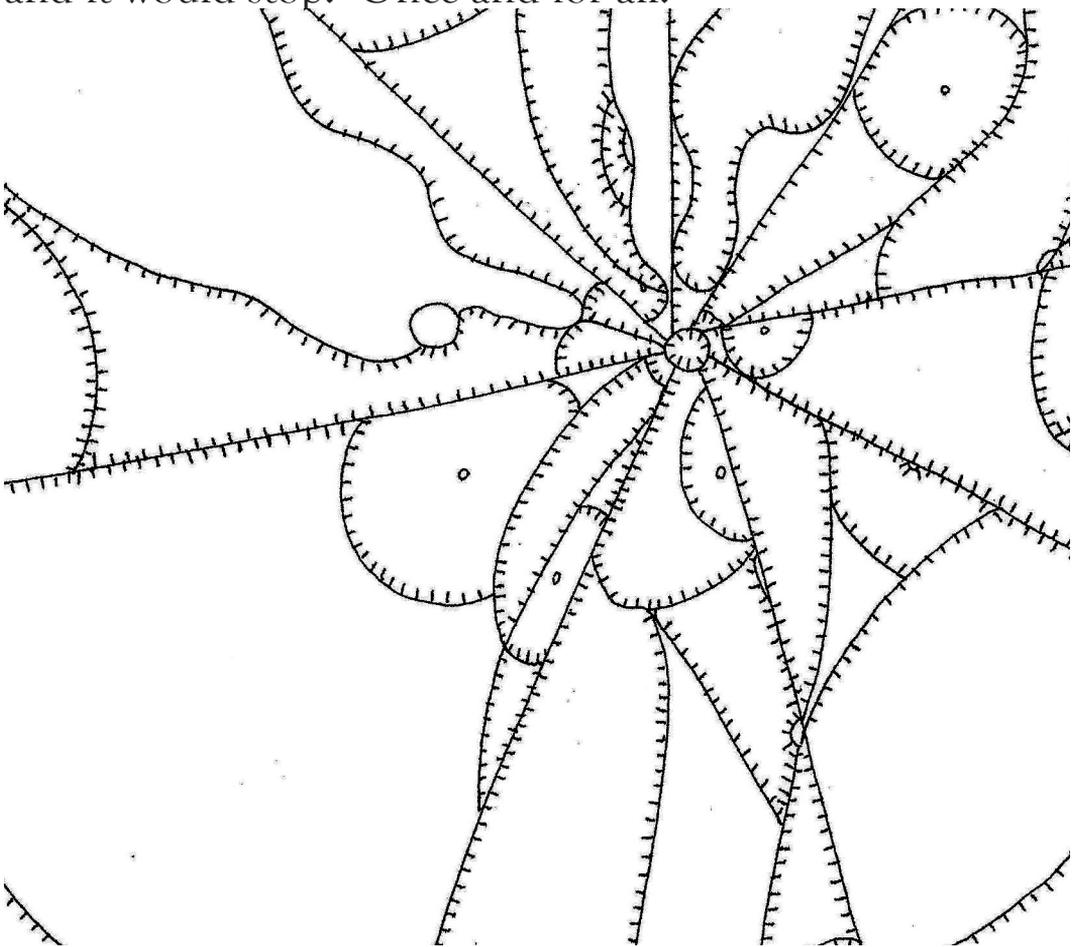
I try to explain it. Why it is I speak to issues of abuse. Try to explain it to all the wrong people. And they are so appalled in the face of my confusion about my work. They reject that squealing, crying, helpless child. They say I need to heal. That I need to accept what happened to me....that there is a reason for everything. I need to get over it.

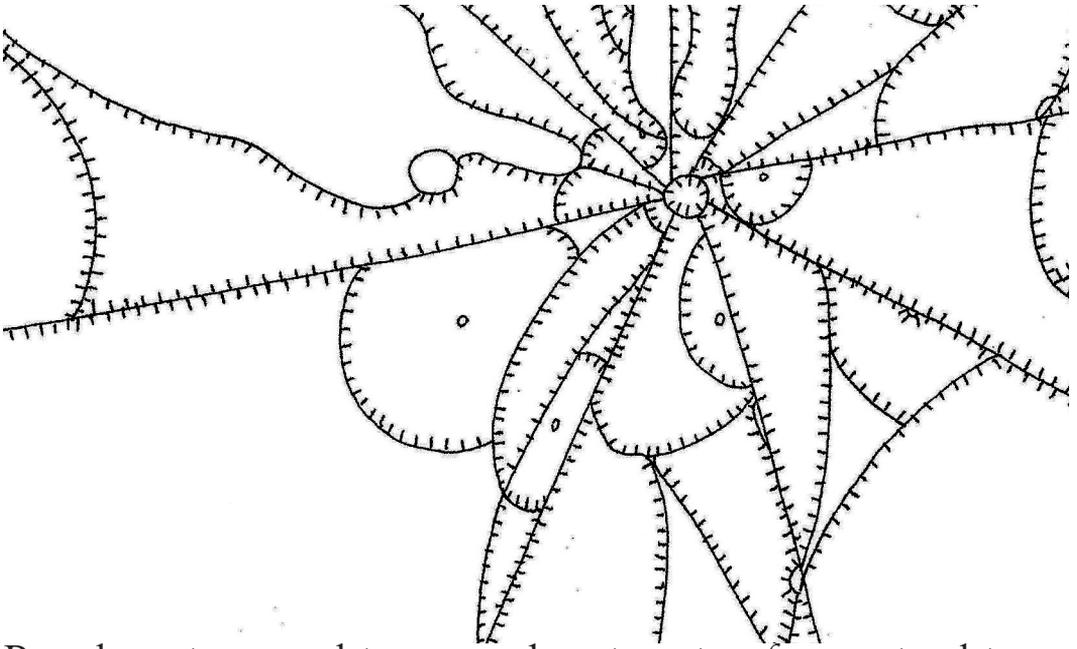
And I don't want to. I don't feel like that is the answer to my question here on the earth. I have come to talk of the devastation of the soul. I have not come to accept it. To make light of it. To move past it like it was some kind of spiritual exercise. I can be attacked this viscously by my own mother and not be affected? Why on earth would I be here to say that?

This is the argument I get into with the "spiritual" ones. And I have been the voice about it more than I want to be anymore. I have tried again and again to inject my viewpoint into their world. By coexisting there with them. And there is no place for me. This is the cycle of rejection I am in with my work and the "metaphysical" world. Perhaps this is the pure spiritual child in me too. Perhaps I have been reaching out to these people from the beginning hoping they would be the ones to see with me. But they have not. In fact, most of them are more powerfully rejecting of my plea than I can say.



I have felt stuck. So stuck with knowing what I know and trying to explain it. Trying to say to the world that this is going on and we must address it because it is too much. It is too deeply evil. And I have played it out again and again trying to feel it for everyone. Trying to impact the collective psyche by feeling it. By embodying the horror. It's like I am inserting it into the matrix of our collective emotional body. I am there screaming, "IT HURTS!!! STOP IT!!!" I know it might sound crazy, but that is what I have been doing. I've been trying to single-handedly raise the collective awareness by experiencing the pain and feeling it. Consciously. Because the masses won't. And I believe that if they only felt or even just knew what it felt like they would get it and it would stop. Once and for all.



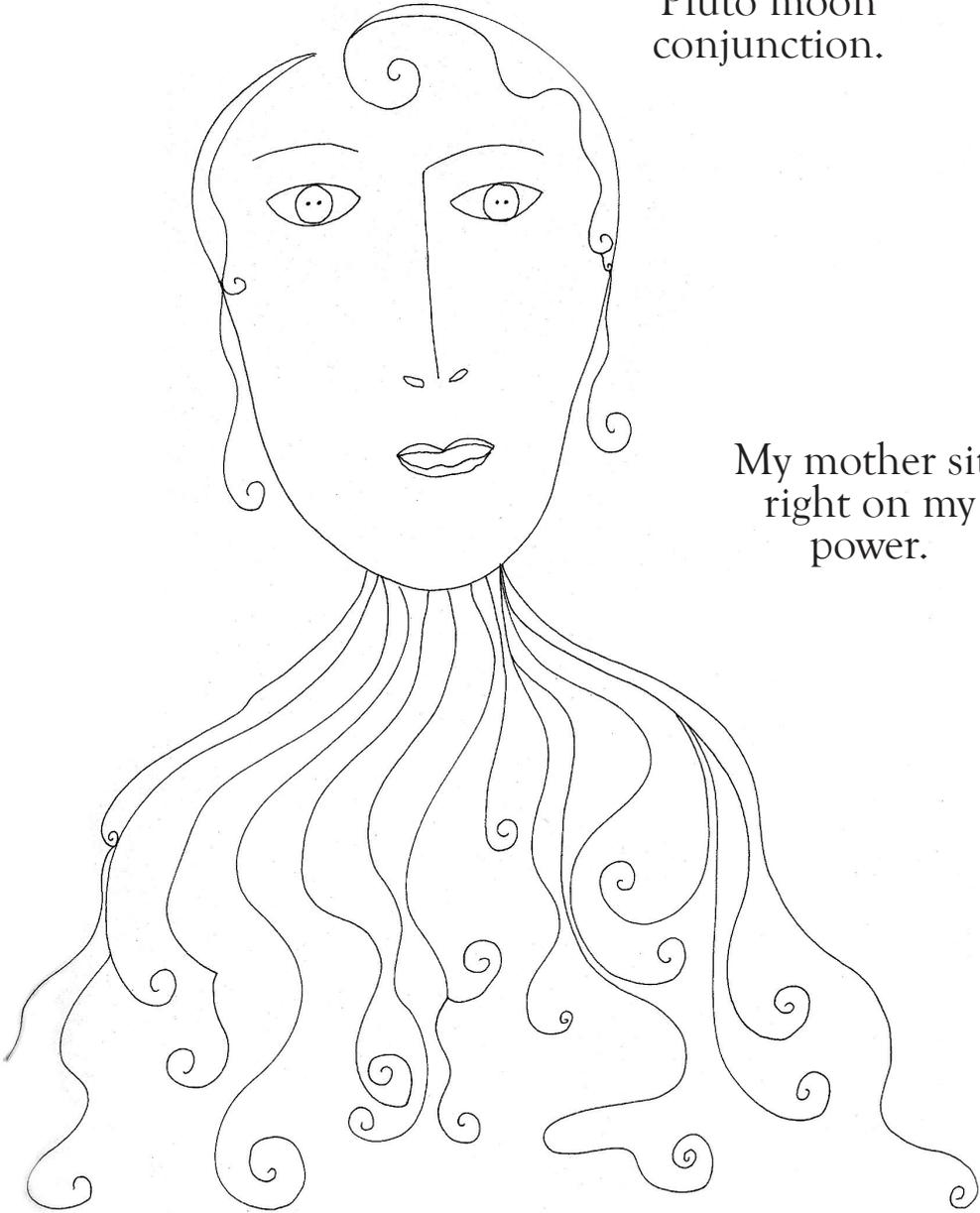


But there is something very deteriorating for me in this task. I become ensnared and I become contaminated by them and the whole process of swinging back into the wall. Of slamming against it trying to make an impact by feeling my devastation for them to see. They don't want to see it. That is what my sisters tell me. They are happy and they don't want to see it.

I am bleeding on the floor. I am absorbing their world into me through the open wounds. And I begin to feel this horrible place I have there. I feel the seat I am assigned. It is so fucking awful. I feel like I am strapped down into an electric chair. And they all, everyone of them, drool waiting for the clock to strike. I plead in self defense. I AM INNOCENT! Oh, that is pathetic to them. Ridiculous....but deep down they wonder. Could she be? But that voice inside them is faint. Because it is the voice of their own purity that they barely know anymore. And they feel the hunger. They want the surge of power they will feel when they destroy me....It is more immediate. It's right there in front of them. And they are hungry for something that will make them feel.

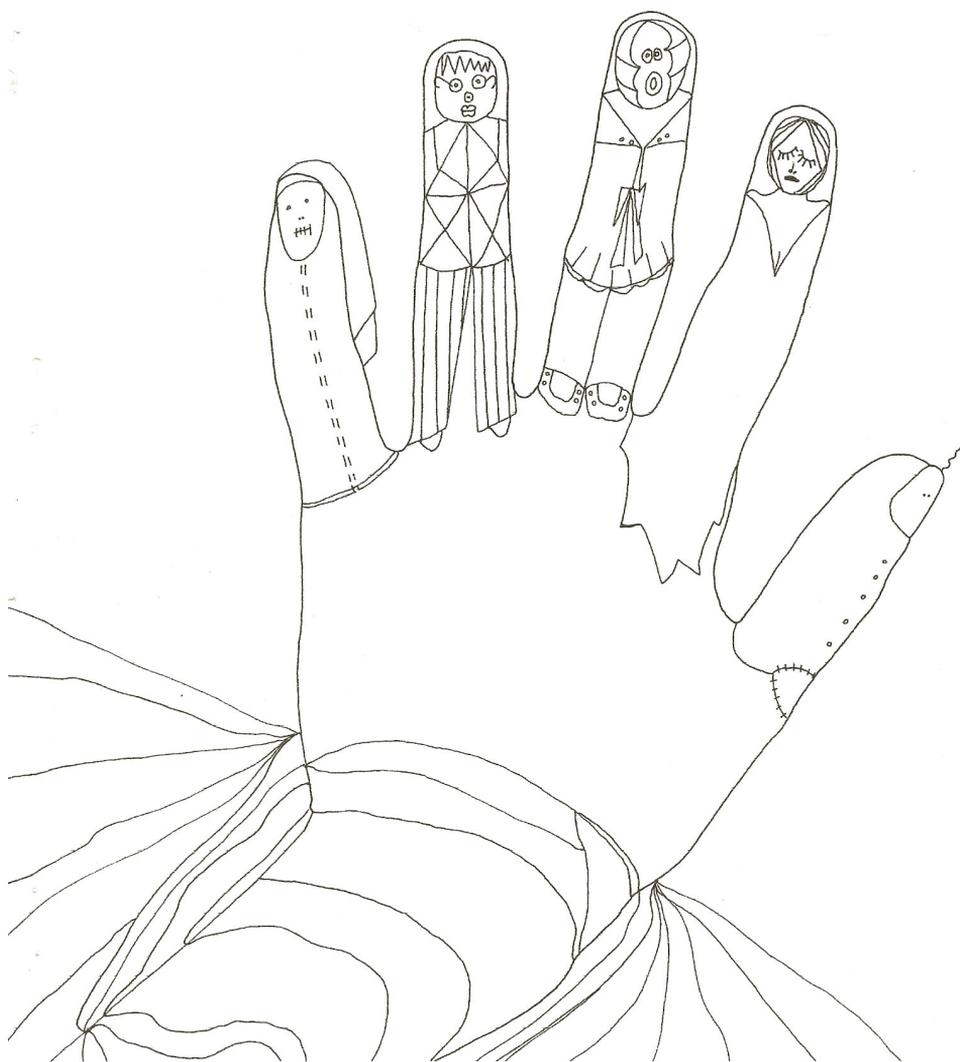
My wound is
the wound
of the
mother.

Pluto moon
conjunction.

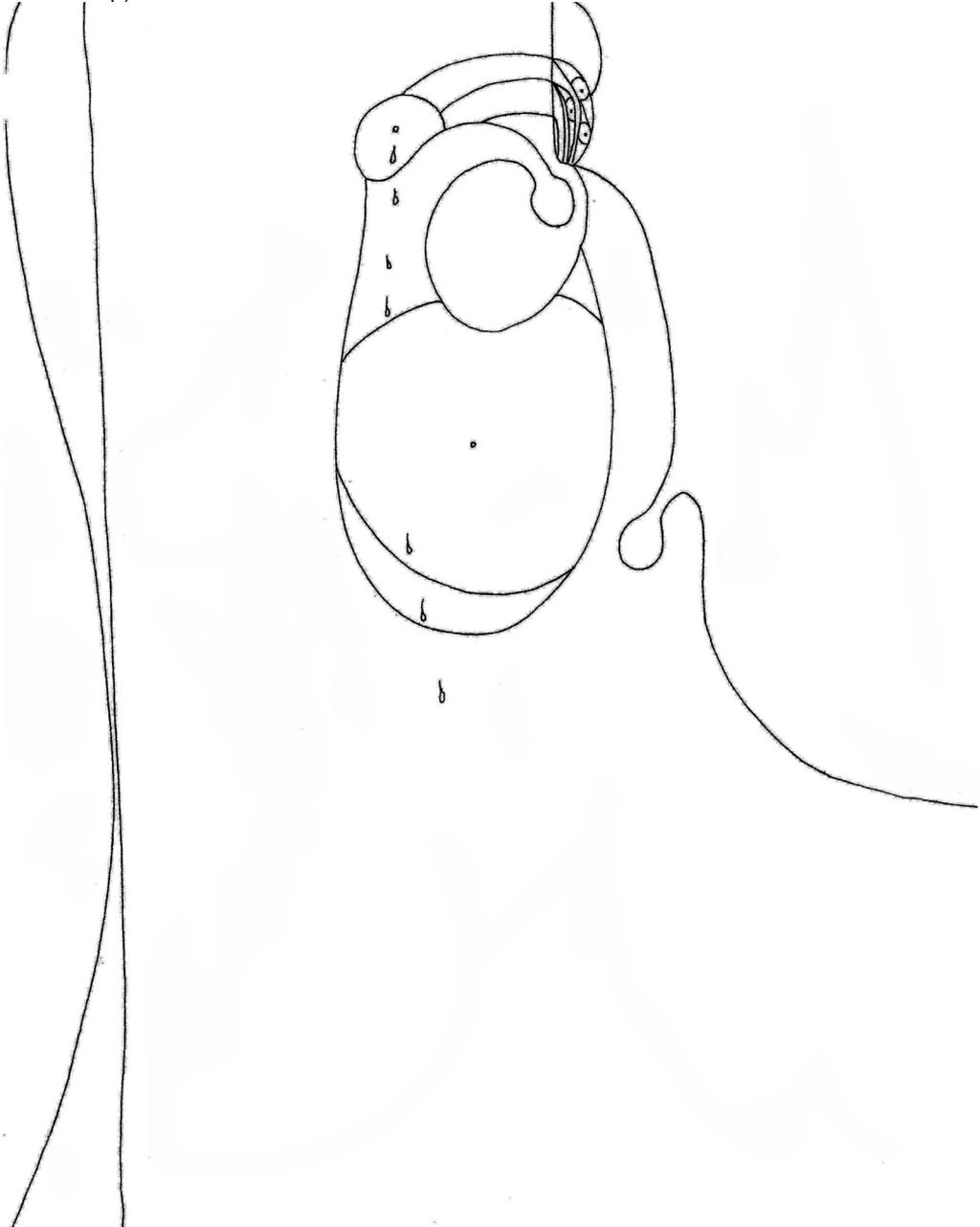


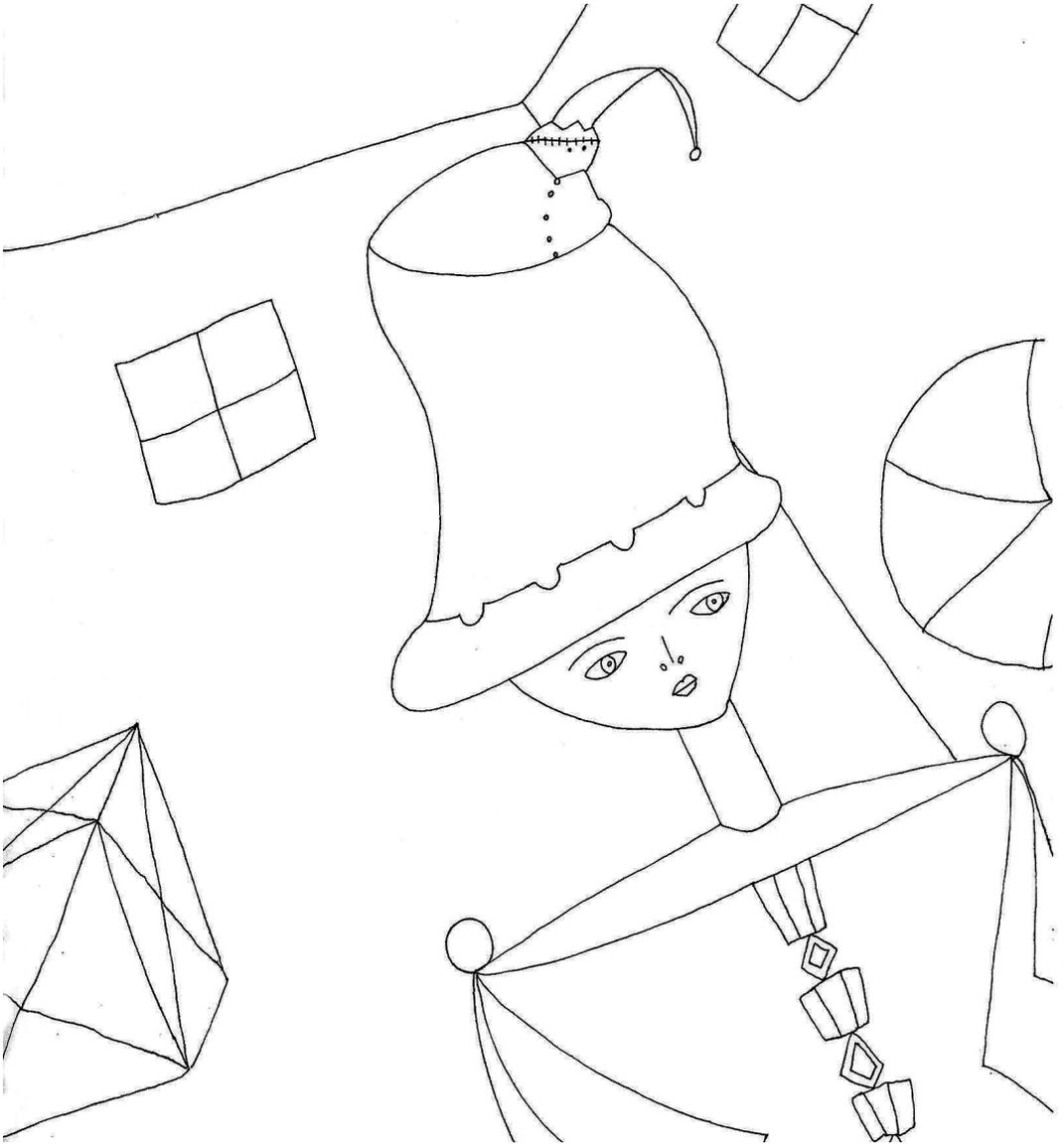
My mother sits
right on my
power.

What is it that she has taught me
that must now be undone?



I am a baby. A pure child. Innocent. Full of light. Full of knowing. And I am in her arms. She can not see me. She can not know me. She can not stand me. Holding me makes her know how unsafe the world is. She decides to shut me out. I become a card board doll. She holds me still because she has to. And it's not as hard holding a card board doll.

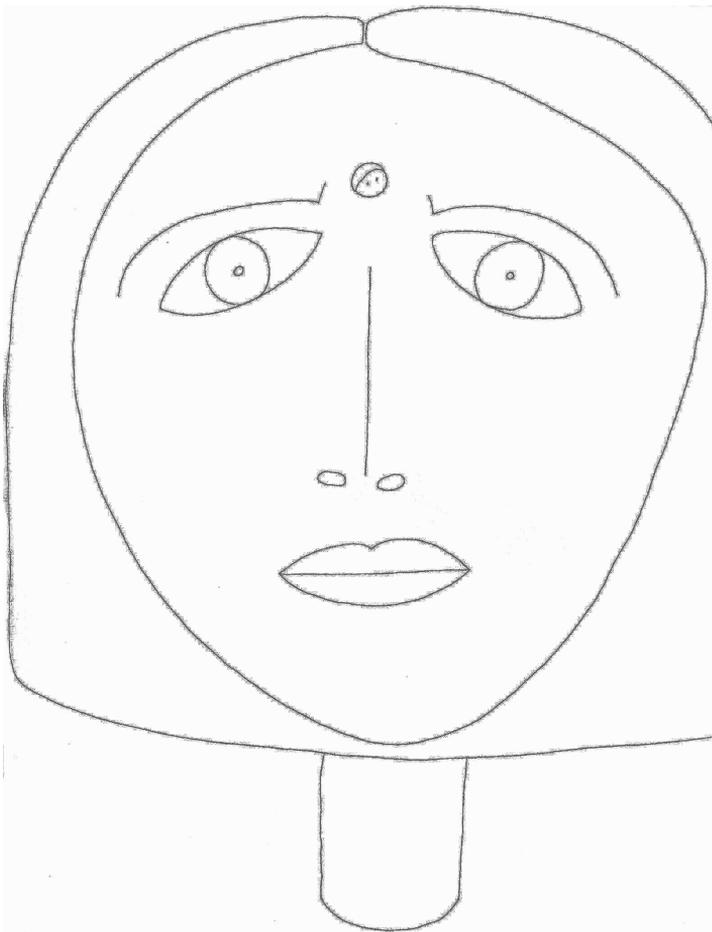




I lay there. I can not believe it. I am too small to have a voice that she will listen to. I look at her. Her eyes are empty. She is a shell. There is no feeling coming from her. Why would she feel anything about me? I am a cardboard doll. She carries me around until she doesn't have to anymore. She feels nothing for me. She goes about her business. There are chores to do. An angry husband to fear. Other children crying. She moves across the surface of her life. And she is succeeding.

And I am there too. Trying to figure out how on earth I will survive this. Screaming deep inside because I have now learned the penalty for screaming out loud. It will not be tolerated. Only my father is allow that pleasure. And he indulges in it and in other things we will not speak of.

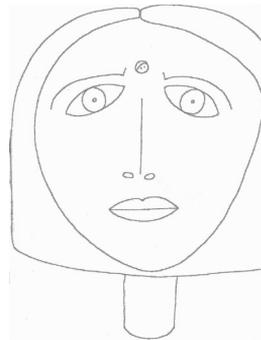
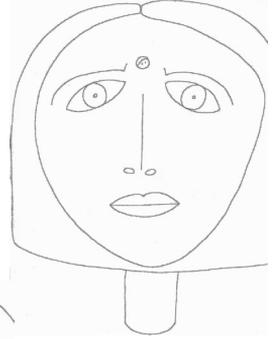
I am alone. I am silenced. Yet my silence only amplifies the voice inside me screaming. There is no tolerance. I am not allowed ever to say how I feel. To tell her that I am not a card board doll. I am not allowed to tell her how scared I am to have a shell for a mother. She does not want to know. And when I love her, she knows. So I am not allowed to love her. Not for very long. Only when she lets her guard down. And forgets that I am there.



I do not know anything beyond this world that I have been born into. I vaguely know there are other worlds....
....billions of them....but right now I am too afraid.



I am stuck. I am ensnared in her world. I am so confused by it. I can only feel hollow. Which makes me want my mother, even if she is a shell. It makes me cry even if I am punished for it. I go away. I go to the farthest edge of this world that I can find. And I try to live there. But I can't. I am still in it. No matter where I go. I am still here. In a world that has no place for me. In a world where I am not loved or wanted. Where I am not allowed to feel. A world where I present a problem for others. A world where my needs are really annoying and disruptive to people already dealing with way more than they can handle.



I try to be a shell....but that is just a card board doll grown up. And it doesn't work. I know how wrong it is. Because I have lived in a world ruled by one of these creatures. And it is a nightmare world. It is no place for children.

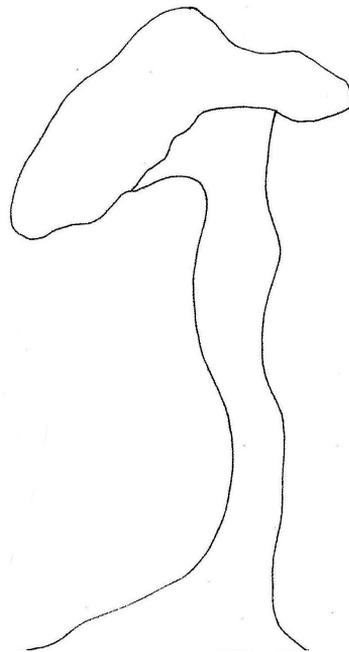
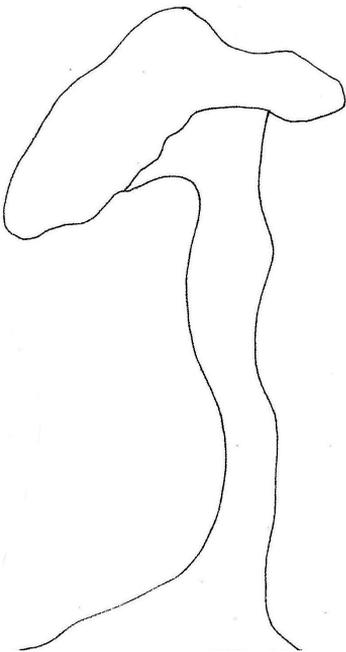
I am in the desert. I have come here to get away from everyone and everything. It is a dry dry desolate place. At the edge of the world.

And here in this desolate place is a woman grown wanting to be herself.

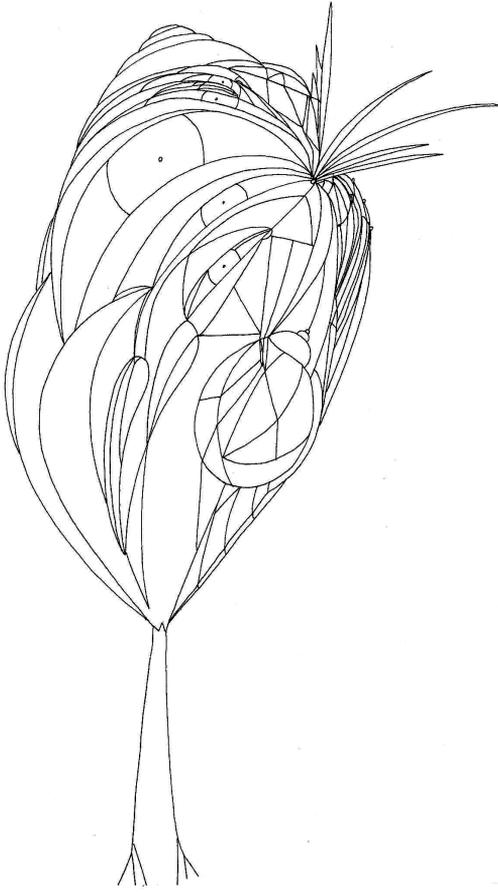
It is raining outside. I smell the rain. And I feel hope. I feel a mystery about to unfold.

I am a baby again. A pure child. And a woman. Innocent. Open. Full of light. Full of knowing. Arriving brand new into this world. Again. I want to love myself the way that only a mother could love her child. But I am disoriented. I try to find myself. And I am hiding. I have all the love in the world inside me to pour forth into myself. But I don't know where I am. I am hiding from myself.

Hello? Hello? Where am I? Who am I? Will I ever feel safe enough to come out?



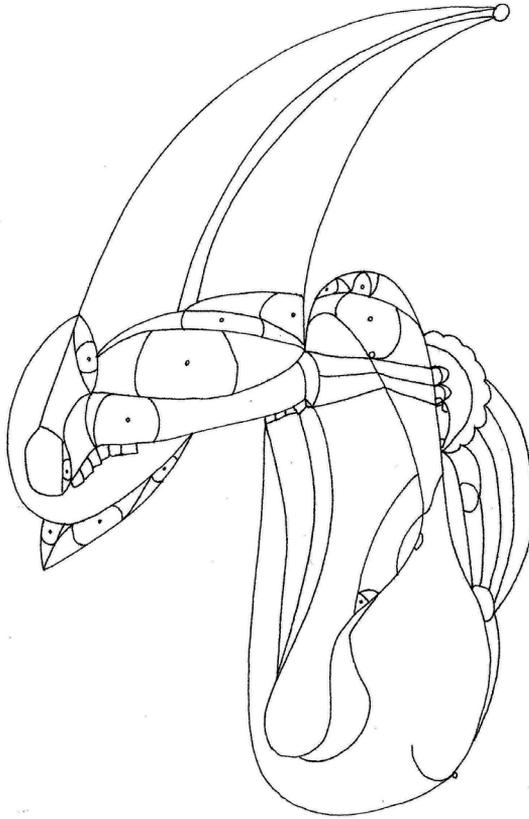




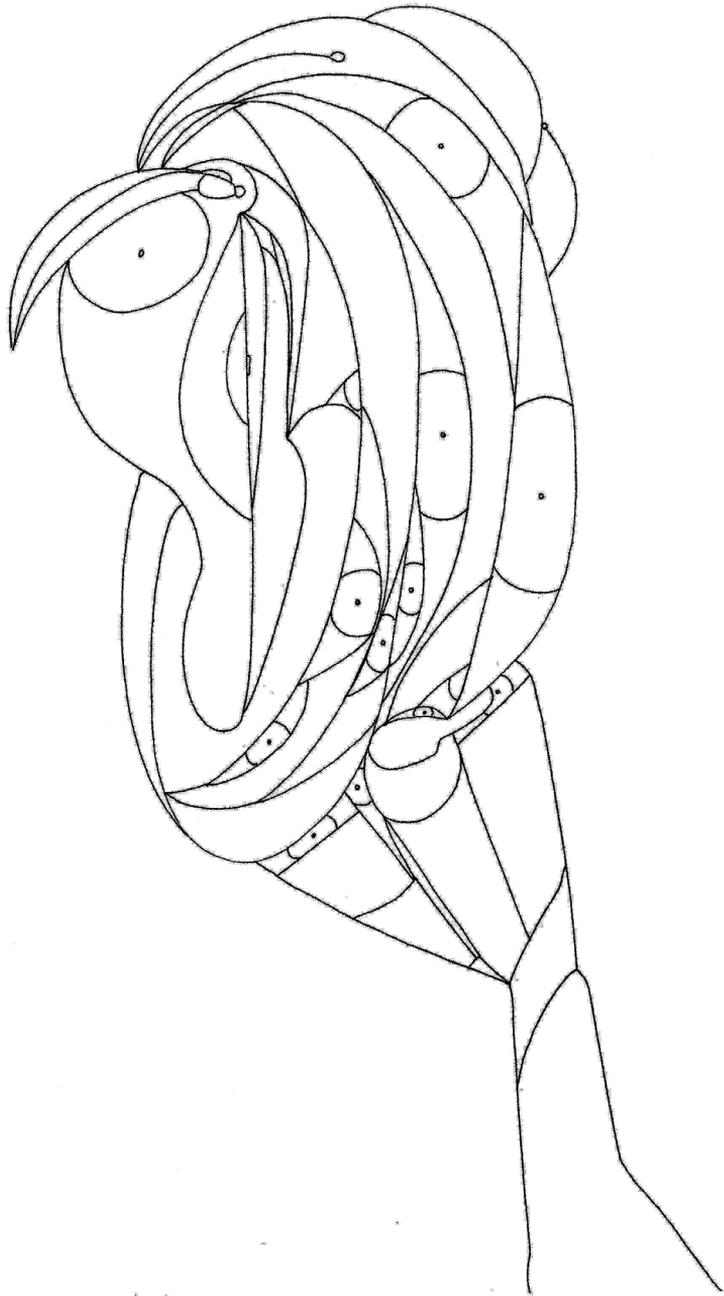
I
used
to
hide
all the
time to
show my
mother
how I felt.
It made her
sad and mad
and very
uncomfortable.
I would hide
everywhere and
for very long
periods of time.
Behind the couch,
in the broom closet,
under the bed. I
would lay there for
hours and hours on end.
And she would pretend.
Until she couldn't
anymore and then she would
plead and then she would get angry.



Why am I hiding now from myself? Am I that unsafe? That cold? What drove me to hide? Back then I hid because I was afraid and she wouldn't let me tell her. I was going to the furthest edge of that world and I was hiding there. Wanting her to care enough to come to me. To listen to me. To love me back into the center of the world.

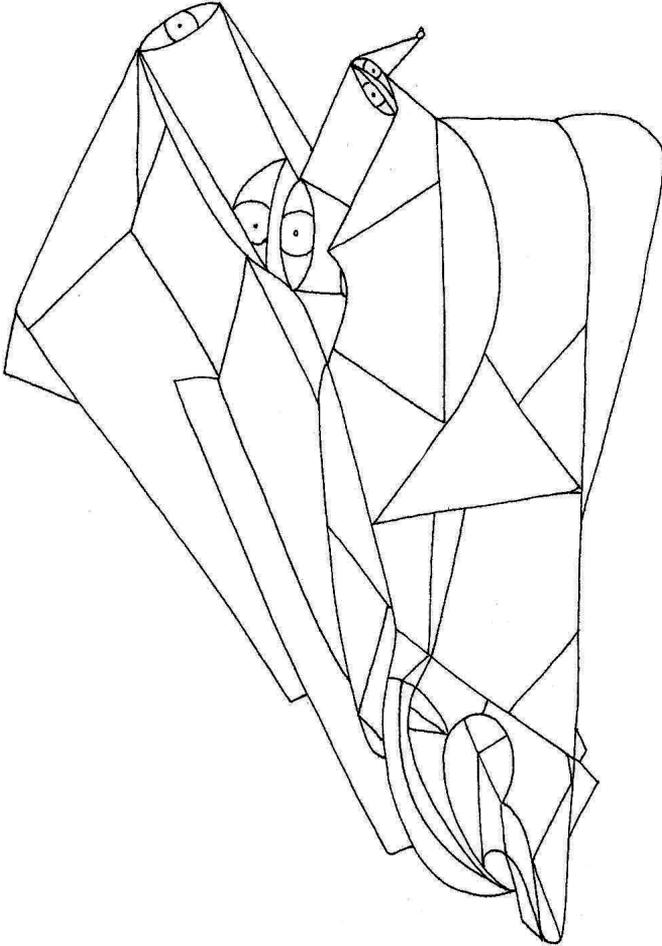


She never came. She couldn't come. I wanted her to come more than anything else in the whole wide world. I used every ounce of my power to make her come and it didn't work. I hid everywhere that a child could hide. And she never came. She never wondered why. Why on earth would a child hide from her mother?



A child hiding from her own mother? What kind of a world would that be? It's too much to stand to think about.

But I had better think about it. Because I am hiding from myself. And the world. And my mother. Still.



Hey little girl....where are you???

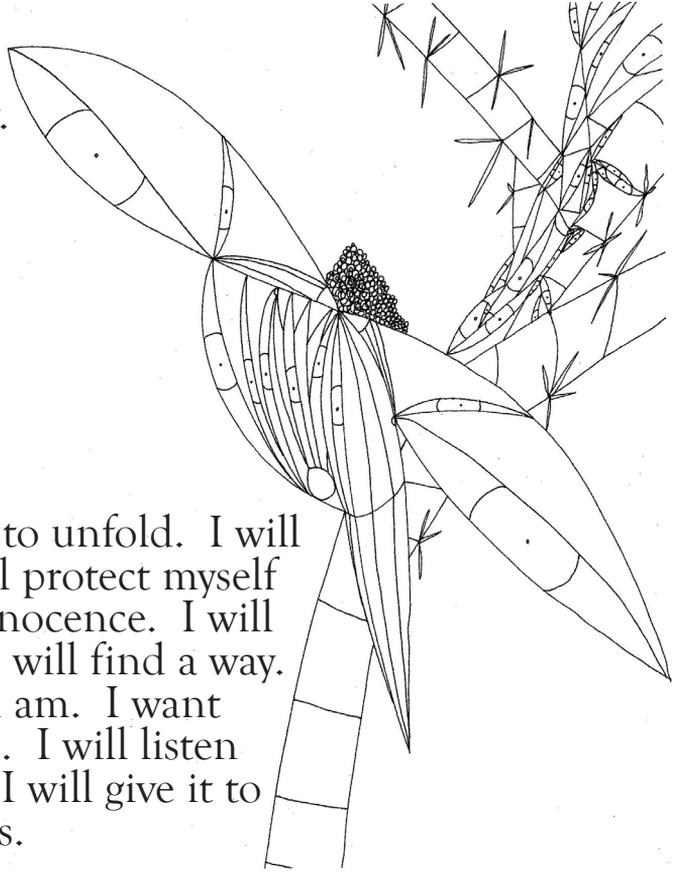
Are you under the bed? Are you in the closet? Are you behind the couch? In the garage??? I know you are somewhere???? I am looking for you...

I hid to feel my power.



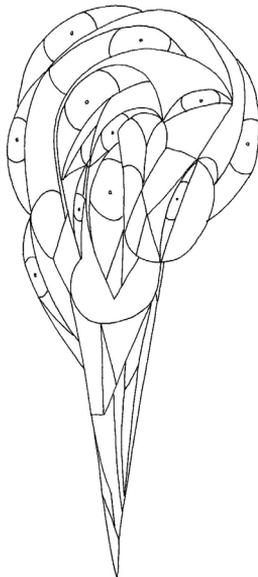
But it left me alone. It was my only form of communication. There was my mother with her chores moving across the surface of her life. And me hiding.

I beckon to myself.
I beseech myself
to come forward now.



I am a mystery about to unfold. I will
do my job here. I will protect myself
and my purity and innocence. I will
be my own mother. I will find a way.
I want to know who I am. I want
to hear myself tell me. I will listen
to what I need. And I will give it to
myself. Whatever it is.

I will find what I need to become myself fully here upon
this earth.



I want a second chance.
And I think it is here.
I'm starting over.

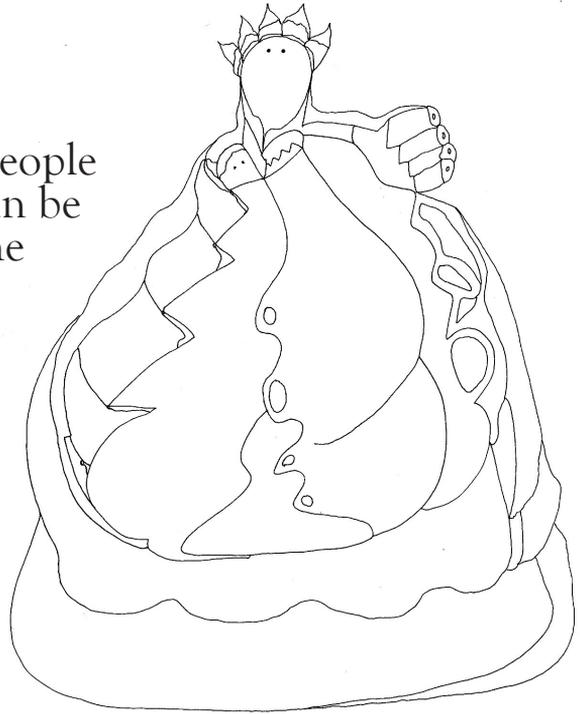
I am in a new world. And it is safe because I say it is. It is a world where I am welcomed and invited to reveal my soul and where I am safe from harm. It is a world where feelings are spoken and no one is asked to be something they are not. It is mysterious place....unknown and unfolding....I am afraid, but I will hold myself and love myself until I am not afraid anymore. Because I understand why I am afraid. And I will not be a shell to myself. And I will not ask myself not to feel.

I say all of this but it feels empty.



I have lived through much in this world in this life. It has devastated me. It has been nearly more than I could handle. It has taken its toll. It has tainted me. It has left me shell shocked. And wanting not to feel. Wanting not to say how I feel.

I look out at the happy people on tv. I wonder how I can be happy too. I don't see the happy people in real life. Just on tv. The illusion makes me know that it is possible. It's a world of illusion yet it is still another world.



I am trying to change my life from inside of the world I was born into. I am trying to exist here strong enough to change it into a world that holds a seat of joy for me somewhere. Where I can come out of hiding. A world where I can be free and alive and empowered. Where I can love myself again after all this hatred. Where I will find a way to love myself after all the rejection that this mother of mine set in motion.

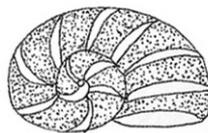
I will do it. Starting now. I will move in a different way through the world. I will try. I will love myself. Even though I don't really know how. I will begin today. Like a child learning something brand new. A living breathing child. With feelings to guide her. I will create something new. A different world of sorts. Something more than what I was given to live inside of. I want to know something beyond this world that I was born into.

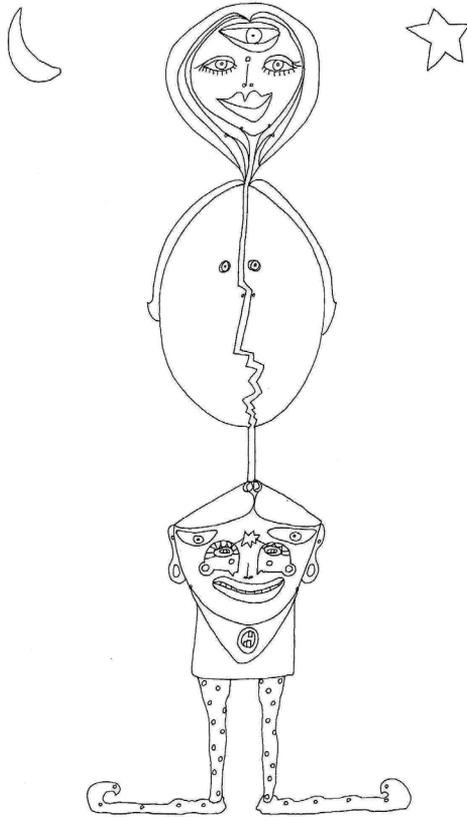
I will it to be so.

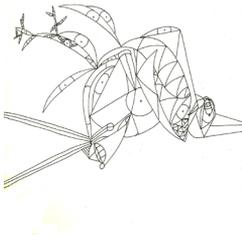
I will take what I was born into and add to it what I have become and make something better. Something better than a world of card board children with shells for mothers and endless people pretending it isn't so. And hoards of coconspirators and handfuls of those willing to admit it who are forever shamed and condemned to a life on the fringes for knowing.

I beckon to something beyond the beyond....I call out to forces larger than the ones here. I want my body back. I want my immortality. My beauty. I want my soul here strong and complete. I want the vision that I arrived here with to begin unfolding. I want completion. I want exaltation. I want to know the glory of my own soul. I want to create anything I damn well please...

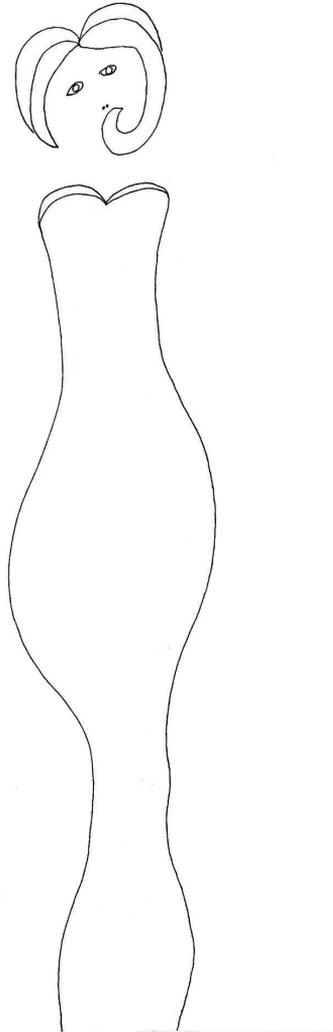
And it is raining now in the desert....so anything is possible...







Commentary
...
On The Metaphysics of Survival





I breathe in the smallest breath to sustain me. I become everything else but what I am. My sister's words move in rhythms to hypnotize me to despise my soul. What I think, I create. But I think their thoughts, so they create my life through me. I leave everyone behind in search of myself.

Lonely, in the darkest place, I go to find hope and renewal. I must breathe in my self and breathe out all the others. I must think my own thoughts and forbid all that creates what is untrue for me. I begin to face what I have become that is not me and I search for remembrance....for deep within my soul I know that I am beautiful and sacred....and worthy of life and of love.

I must evolve. I must somehow grow into someone capable of surviving this and return to my seat of ascension. I must embrace my divinity in the midst of everything here. I must find the courage to shine and believe in myself once more.



What is survival? Is abandoning ourselves for the sake of existence really "surviving"? What is it to abandon the soul and what is worth such a sacrifice? What happens to us when

we do? And what do we become capable of doing and of accepting in our compromised state? What are the conditions for surviving this world as it is? Must we compromise? What is o.k. to compromise? What is o.k. to ask and expect others to compromise? Do we shut ourselves and each other down? Do we hold a space for destruction? What is going on here.... where are we....and....how did we get here?



I know how I arrived in the place where I am. I was born into a legacy of abuse. Unquestioned through generations and through time. Abuse not only ancestral, but societal and merciless. My own mother demanded that I comply with her sacrifice of me to my abusive father. She demanded I go along and accept it. And she demands this still and holds me in contempt for defying her. As do my six sisters, their husbands and my large extended Irish Catholic family of fine, upstanding, revered, successful beings, complete with a nun and priest and lots of impressive higher education and beautiful homes and possessions and a whole new generation of children.

I was born unwanted, unwelcomed, dismantled and abused....emotionally, psychologically, physically, sexually and spiritually....throughout my whole childhood. I was systematically broken down by people who, to this day, despise me for defying them. I broke away. I ran for my life. I lived lost and unprotected. Disarmed, unsustained and accessed. Tormented, violated and terrorized for many many years. I sought help. I got sober. I got therapy. I did my integration work. I built a bridge back to my soul. I grew to know and to love myself. I turned back to the world and found it even harder to enter into. I was somehow less equipped. I had

become aware of how wrong what was done to me was and could see how pervasive these energies are here. The clearer I became, the more I could see how so very many people here are devastated. And I was shocked to learn that we are all expected to move about as though this is all remedied. And even though many years have passed, nothing much has changed. So I don't know what to do. Where to go. Or how to be here.



I am also stunned and shocked by what I have experienced for having dared to break out and become free. This seems to be an outrageous act here that is not really accepted or condoned. But I had no other choice. And my escape made me less capable of pretending and going along with bondage and exploitation anywhere. In fact, my job is to help illuminate and dispel these very things. So, I am left with a daunting task. To speak of the unspeakable inside of a world that doesn't want to hear about it. A world glued together through silence and denial. And it has been so horrifying and haunting to know there really is no place for me that I can see....and to consider what that means....about the world and about how this sickness is so endorsed and held in place here still.

There is so much to say, but I'm not allowed to say it. No. I was not allowed to protest atrocities inside my own family system and the same feels true about this society at large. Because, it is made up of family systems, many not unlike my own. With the passage of time, the righteous tone of the voice of intolerance inside of my family and within this culture has not changed much....except to grow stronger. Now days, I am being told I have created it all. That nothing is wrong in the

world if you don't think it is. That nothing dark going on here....unless you "believe" it is. And if you believe it is....well then you must have created it all.

I want to say here that telling people that they created the abuse they endured in their childhoods is evil, cruel and just plain stupid. And it really hurts and undermines those of us who have been injured in our innocence as we struggle to move back into our power and health.

I have survived, but I am now here in a lonely confusing place without a clue, without love, without support, without faith. And I am left asking, "How could my refusal to accept such outrageous things....the only choice that was holy and good.... have led me here? To such a lonely place?" What is this telling me about these people and the larger world?

I know my choice was right. I know that refusing to be eternally bound and made complicit in the destruction and desecration of my own soul at the hands of those entrusted with my safety and welfare was the only sane choice. Getting away, leaving them behind, was the only chance I had for survival. To accept my own sacrifice was not an option for me. I know this completely. What I don't understand is why this feels like such a strange and extreme choice in this world or why I find an endless stream of people empowering and justifying the very forces of devastation that I escaped from. This is widespread here.

I have broken free, but this very action lies at the root of my current dilemma. I am in a world that has been built upon the backs of subjugated people. And the darkness which I faced in that family of mine, is a darkness that is huge and pervasive and reaches far beyond the small system I was born into. It is rare that I meet people not devastated or ensnared. I find people complying with the sins of their ancestors at all levels of life. From the "highest" places to the "lowest".

From the most “sacred” spaces to the most primal. Their loyalty is devout and fierce and they will go to great lengths to maintain and defend it. I have seen with my very own eyes, that this energy moves untamed and unquestioned through this world and that many many people have come to endorse the darkness here by remaining ensnared and unhealed. They have been taught this is the right choice and seem to believe they are being good when they do it.



When people into metaphysics talk about different levels of consciousness....and of moving from one level of consciousness to the next what do they mean? How do we go from one world into another and bring ourselves with us.... without leaving here? How do we take what we are now, and use what we are not, yet to guide us to a healthier destiny?

There is “Christ” consciousness, a state of being described in sacred teachings throughout history. A level of existence we are told we are each capable of living in. Where we are immortal, transcendent, whole and light. Where we manifest what we desire at will and in total spiritual alignment. Where we are free and empowered and enlightened in our divinity. Where we are “self-realized”. Where we all express our personal divinity and shine in exaltation. And, there is the “shadow”...the dark space born of intolerance, repression and denial of self.

If we are able to exist in higher consciousness.... if this is a true and real possibility for us, why have we not all been living at this level of life? I believe it is because aspects of ourselves have been undeveloped. We have denied our emotions, leaving us ill-equipped to safely manage higher energies here

on that scale. We have been moved apart from ourselves through time. We have been taught that we are less than what we are and we have been told we must accept how that feels by ignoring our feelings. And these beliefs, these thoughtforms, have created the very conditions that we see now. We can not create a world safe for existing at higher levels of life while we are turning a blind eye to energies of darkness. And we certainly can not manifest a healed world while thinking we can carry this stuff forward into a higher place with us. These states of existence are mutually exclusive.



On my journey, and to my great dismay, I have encountered a continuous stream of dismantling thoughtforms and energies. And they have devastated and undermined me and I have never understood why so many people participate in the darkness here....and I've never understood the things they've told me. And, yes, I have been affected by them....how "unspiritual" of me.

I've been so shocked at the sight of what people expect me to accept. And I have come to realize that this world really is an underworld of sorts....where so much of what I think is light turns out to be dark and where so many beautiful and sacred things are harnessed to entrench and disempower those opposed to the darkness of abuse and the desecration of the sacred. I understand now why, in legends from our past, the highest order of magic was demanded of those who ventured through the underworld. They would have never survived if they had not accessed things beyond this world. They were forced to move into their metaphysical seats of power.



Deep within my soul, I know that I came into this world in this lifetime to confront the grip of darkness here. And it has taken everything I have and everything I have ever learned in every lifetime I have ever lived to deal with what is going on here now. And, I know that my path is a noble one and that is a path of the light. No matter how unspiritual I am told what I am doing is. And, believe me, I have been told that often. I am on a metaphysical mission of sorts. I came here to face forces of soul destruction and lay naked at the mercy of them....to see them completely and to know undeniably of their existence here....and experience what is going on here on that level....to face what so many of us face here.... and to survive....and prevail and ultimately thrive. I came here to become stronger than the energy that binds us into manifesting a world that we don't want here. I came here to become capable of moving into my divinity in spite of what is going on here. And I have done it. I have come through the other side intact and without abandoning myself. I did not leave my soul and my consciousness or my feelings behind. I have succeeded in surviving and it has made me stronger somehow. Too strong now to accept the unacceptable. I have stayed true to myself and arrived in a new place....more conscious....and different....and somehow....extraordinary.

My passage through this world has brought me to a place of great awareness. And, in this awareness, I can see my new potential and I can see, too, how pervasive these energies are. I don't run from how I feel about this world and my place in it anymore. No matter how devastating it is. And from here, I can see too, that we can not minimize our pain when harm is done to us and expect to go forth and create a world that acknowledges how awful and wrong these things are. Which means we can not create a safe world until we address what is

going on here first and deal with it.



In metaphysical circles there is much being said these days about “consciousness.” But what are people really talking about? What is “consciousness” and how does it relate to us here, right now, inside of this very world? What does consciousness have to do with our collective predicament, with our potential and with all of the darkness still here? And what does consciousness have to do with our survival?

Consciousness is really just awareness. If we are to expand our consciousness, we must be free to be more aware and to own much more of our perceptions and our feelings. If we are not allowed to be aware, we will be limited in our possibilities when it comes to consciousness. If we cannot sit present with all of our feelings inside of this world, then we cannot be fully aware or empowered. To be capable of living at a higher level, we must step more fully into ourselves and become more than what we have been allowed to be. More than what we have been. We can not be in our divinity and share space with darkness. We can not be unconscious and conscious at the same time.

From a certain level, I understand the appeal in approaching the problems here by saying, “Let’s move on and become ‘Christ-like’. Let’s just do whatever makes us feel like we are existing in ‘Christ Consciousness’. Let’s play ‘make believe’. Let’s forget about what is here around us and elevate our world up and out of negativity by ignoring what is not light and by turning our focus away from what is undesirable about the world as it is. Then it will all disappear and be gone.”

But what about how all this came to be in the first place? And, what about the fact that ignoring what is not light here and denying the presence of darkness is how these energies grew to take a stranglehold on humanity? In another world at another time that approach might work. But in this world, given our history and how we have evolved alongside and underneath misconceptions about ourselves and our true potential, I don't see this approach succeeding. Not at this point in time. I see it perpetuating the problem because it is this denial and intolerance of awareness that allowed these energies to multiply and become this pervasive. I can tell by how I feel when I am around people trying to dwell in the places created this way. I feel dirty there.

How well is denying the shadow working for us? Trying to push these things away and make light of them ends up grounding these energies further. All we have to do is look around us to see the evidence of that. We have all heard the latest new age speak, "Get over it....Move past it....Let it go.... Forgive and forget." They believe we must not talk of these things because it constitutes coddling the wounded child and keeping ourselves there in the darkness. They say it is not healthy to "dwell" on these things. Then, they shame people for not being able to abandon themselves. Emotionless people can be cruel.

I have heard the silence too. Of projection. That I am sick for what was done to me. That it must mean something awful about my soul. That it was my karma. There have been so many people who have told me to move beyond this. To let it go. To not talk of these things. And I still am knocked off my center when I hear these distortions. And because I am still struggling to survive, I have not been able to insulate myself well enough from these people, and the thoughtforms they propagate and perpetuate, to feel unaffected in the presence of these things. It's like they have claimed and taken over the "spiritual" seat of authority in the new age world.

But isn't burying this stuff the very thing that has led us into this scary place? And do we really want people walking around with powers like Jesus who condone abuse and soul destruction?

Who are these people? Where is the metaphysical value in surviving victimization? Where is the shadow in a new age built by unintegrated souls? What current do we really want to step into as we go forward? I want to be in a world where I can have my feelings, not one deemed a holy ground for darkness. I don't think that a holy world where I feel dirty, is a holy world for me.



Were we ever “divine” here? Did we “fall” from such a state? And if we did, why did this happen....what had we not yet learned? Or, if we have never really attained higher states of consciousness on a mass scale here, why not? Why weren't we able to? What is this saying about us now? Are we any closer? What have we learned along the way? What can we see about ourselves by looking at our world and at our collective manifestation? What are we telling ourselves?

I believe we can find the answers all around us.



When we see the state of our world we must wonder, “How did things come to be as they are?” What is all the darkness here about really? What is the root of all this suffering? How

did all of this come into existence?

I consider these things all the time. I ask myself, “Who is this rabid meth addict living next door to me? How did she become this way? What drove her to that place? Why is she here in my world, threatening everything I have? Why do people tell me I manifested her and drew her to me? Unbalancing and undermining me when I am trying to find safety and strength in the midst of something so threatening and scary. Why are so many people depressed and on medication? Why are so many people checking out? Why are people raping and shooting and killing each other? Why are so many people so unbalanced here? Why do we have to go to such extremes to cope in this place? What is going on inside of a world where a mother can sacrifice her own child without a thought? What kind of a world allows and empowers such things? And how is such a world made? How is it made manifest through time?”

I believe it all boils down to feelings. Owing our feelings and not owning our feelings. Everything going on here has to do with how each of us is addressing the present world right here, right now, around us. We are living creatures with emotional bodies. At some point along the way, we became capable of denying the truth of our own experience by ignoring how we felt about things. We developed the capacity to live in the midst of destructive energies without protest. We learned how to cope and to minimize ourselves and our feelings. We learned to accept the unacceptable and to deny the effects of the impacts of devastation. And we did all this by shutting down and disowning our emotional bodies because we were forced to.

We have systematically, through time, been taught how to live separated away from our feelings and we have learned to dismiss ourselves. I was expected to be inside of the most emotionally provocative, and devastating, and primally

threatening circumstances as a child, and to act as though everything was fine and as though I felt perfectly o.k. and safe there. No other expression was allowed. Think about it. This kind of scenario doesn't just crop up out of nowhere. It is made possible through a long long process of breaking people down through generations.

Living wedged apart from our emotions gives us the capacity to move around in darkness and danger without feeling compelled to protect ourselves from it. Over time, this has become normal here in our world. And we have come now to a place where we are able to hold a huge space for evil and feel nothing about it. Or, at least, pretend and convince ourselves mentally that we feel nothing. But all the violence around us tells another story. There is a big disconnect here. When somebody disowns their rage in some insulated pocket of upper class suburbia today, someone else will have their head blown off in the ghetto tonight.... If we can't feel deeply, perhaps we can incite others to....and in doing so, keep the truth alive. But how fair is that?

What has been dismantled inside of us? What is missing from a mother who can destroy her own child without shedding a tear? Where did things go wrong and when was this capacity developed in human beings? How does this come to be when it is so against our nature? A mother is the greatest protectress in our realm. What has happened to drive her to such an outrageously egregious and untrue expression of herself....of womanhood and of the feminine.... and of her feelings about her own children? What has become of a father now capable of devouring his offspring? What has been dismantled inside of him? What has been destroyed in him that makes him so despise the sight of himself? And what has led him to such a desperate act to feel a scrap of power?

Something is terribly wrong. And no one can convince me that it isn't.

The situation we face now took a long time to create. And it will take all our power, all our feelings and all our consciousness to dismantle what we no longer want here.



We must move toward awareness now, not away from it. And that means personal, private awareness of our feelings about ourselves, our own lives, our past and the possibilities here.

I know there are people who are happy and fulfilled here. But, I'm talking about the rest of us. I'm talking about what feels untrue about who we really are and what we can be.

We feel the way we do for a reason. We have been boxed in and fighting beneath a paradigm that is inherently flawed and crippling. Sure, some "win", but I think we are all compromising way more than we need to, and in all the wrong ways.

I say, we have the right to talk about what is going on here and about how we feel, even if we are shamed and called "unspiritual" for it. I believe that, as we honor and listen to what we are telling ourselves about the world, and our place in it, we will begin to design something that feels much better.... for everyone.

People who undermine consciousness by shaming feelings are not living in the "light". Even if they are being taught that they are. Living synthetically inside of a tiny little range of emotions and condemning anyone who is feeling something beyond that, is not holy or high. That kind of world feels even more dangerous and precarious to me than the one I was born into. There are so many people now trying to be "spiritual" by

forbidding “bad” feelings....when, in fact, what they are doing actually empowers the very energies that lead people to suffer here.

I always feel so dirty and unholy there, inside their fluffed up worlds, where anything but “high” emotions are so distasteful and are rejected with the force of downright repulsion. When I am around people trying to control things this primal, I feel afraid. And I should. We all should.

We will feel good when we do. And it will be natural. Until then, we should listen to what our feelings are telling us. We don't have to force it on ourselves. The last thing we need right now is to add more distortions and confusion to this world....by forbidding anything but happiness. That just seems so crazy and dangerous to me. And really unhealthy and cruel. And it reveals something tragic about the emotional state people who do this are in.

I meet people all the time who have been shamed, and frightened, and oftentimes, bullied into going on medication by professionals who can't handle feelings. This is a different approach, but the goal is the same. And, when I talk to these people, and give them some space to share and to exist, they always seem to be so right on, and their feelings seem absolutely appropriate to the circumstances of their lives.

I'm always left wishing they weren't medicated. I always want to help untangle and free the child within them who has been systematically bound and gagged. I want them to be conscious and to honor their perceptions, so that they can use what they feel to change the world into a better for them, and for all of us.



Persecuting people, shutting them down, belittling their feelings....these are some of the latest methods used by those who think they are being “spiritually evolved” by pushing people away from “undesirable” emotions. I run into people all the time now who believe it’s “evolved” to feel nothing. They limit their emotional spectrum to just a few “good” feelings. Anything outside the zone is shamed and condemned and considered “bad”. This particular method of maintaining and perpetuation self-estrangement is quite sinister. If you are convinced that what you are doing is holy, then it becomes very hard to question. If you think you have arrived into the sacred, but have had to leave most of your emotional body behind to get there, how do you wake up and save yourself if you can’t feel how bad it really feels there?

We can not be cutting off parts of ourselves and not expect to see the results of that reflected back to us in the world “out there”. People who split off from themselves are both vulnerable and dangerous. Going out into reality and denying unhealthy energies by shutting off our feelings and pretending everything is o.k. when it isn’t, can’t possibly lead us to a desirable place. Faking our way through life to fit in, or for acceptance, leaves us out of our power. We have no voice there because we are not really existing. Going along with the status quo is no good unless the world is as we want it to be.

There is no way for us to be fully empowered here while denying the truth of this reality. We must start with ourselves and with our feelings. When we say that nothing going on “out there” has anything to do with where we are collectively, we only grow our problems further. When we systematically and collectively chip away at the human spirit by forcing ourselves to become separated from our feelings, we end up here.

And, when we live cut off from ourselves, we become capable of terrible things. If we have no compassion for ourselves,

we can not have it for others. This is why split-off people in positions of power are capable of such horror and mass destruction. If they have no compassion for themselves, they can not have it for anyone else. If they have been taught, and have come to believe, that accepting devastation without protest is heroic and right, how can they possibly stop themselves from committing atrocities? How can they do anything but mock and belittle the protests and pain of their victims?

If we have no compassion for ourselves, we can not create a sensitive and beautiful place to live and thrive in together. A world not based on honor of self and others, has room for anything. Anything but consciousness. Without tolerance of consciousness, there is no room for real power for the people there. But, there sure is a whole lot of room for abuse. Without people in their power, we have a ripe environment for darkness and exploitation.



We can not have it both ways. We can not exploit people and expect to have a safe world to live in. We can not hold space for inhumanity and be shocked when the world looks unbalanced and frightening. All these things stem from disowning our emotional selves. We must be free to see and to feel everything. We must honor our perceptions. We must come to know that our emotions can lead us on our way to creating something sustainable and beautiful and desirable for all.

I believe that connecting to ourselves and to our histories is key because that is where we became separated from ourselves. Trying to create something holistic for our future, while

remaining self-alienated and cut off from our feelings, is a flawed and hopeless proposition. But, if we can build a bridge back to ourselves, then we have a way to heal the wounds of self-alienation. As we face and heal the past, we come home to ourselves and arrive in the here, in the now, with all of us present. As we embrace ourselves, we feel whole and we will naturally and easily manifest a healthy world.



A psychic one told me, “Your ‘dharma’ in this life is to be invincible”. She said my job here is to move through this world and be unwavering and unaffected. I don’t know about that. One of the truths of surviving such severe exposure to destructive forces is that it makes you aware. You are tuned in. And you are present with yourself as you see and acknowledge when these energies are moving around and toward you as you go through life. When you come to respect your feelings after being forced to not feel....you become unwavering and unwilling to hold a space for such unholy things. And when you are inside a reality that won’t tolerate that, well, it’s hard to be unaffected.

I can see that there are many wounded people bound still. I also know that, because of where they are with themselves, they can not help but operate in alliance with energies of darkness. They are compelled to normalize, minimize and hold space for atrocities. Even little ones, in everyday affairs. And they expect others to do the same. Destabilizing and undermining anyone who won’t go along. Accessing anything they can to keep things in place as they are....even using the language of the light to affect the unseemly outcomes they desire.



I never thought I would live to see the day when the language of metaphysics, the language of the light, was harnessed to empower darkness on such an epidemic scale. Now we are told that every little abusive act committed against us has happened because we created it. How can this be? How can such a profound law be so bent and taken out of context and used to undermine the light? How can these sacred things be harnessed to destabilize people who are trying to protect themselves from harm? How can these highest truths be used to knock people of the light off of their center?

If I had been born an innocent child into a Nazi concentration camp would they tell me I created that whole world too? This is an utter, total, and absolute distortion of cosmic truth. If anyone is creating anything, it is the people who continually knock people off balance who they are trying to dispel darkness and hold the light. Those who undermine people who are trying not to participate in darkness are creating more of the very things that none of us want here.

I want to thrive inside of a reality that empowers the light and expands our potential. I don't feel safe in a world filled with darkness and with people trying, with all their might, to ignore and pretend it isn't there. I don't want to live in a world that tells me, "Get rid of your past. Forget about it. Get to the place where you can totally live, look and act as though it never happened. And then start on a clean slate and create your own reality and it will all be perfect because you say it is. And you'll be happy because you decide you are....because you say you are....and because you feel only 'good' feelings."

I just can't see that working for me. Not in this world as it

is. Sure, I look forward to a life where I never have to even think about or deal with this stuff. But that time is not here yet. And not because of me. So, I need to use my past to move into an empowered destiny and in doing so, help to create such a world. Every ounce of what I have learned here is essential to my ability to move now into a more divine experience in safety and to be able to ground myself there.



According to the latest new age thought, acknowledging your past experiences is believed to be the great transgression that locks you out of prosperity and fulfillment forever. I actually heard a new age “teacher” say that a child abducted by a sexual predator from her own bedroom, who was raped and murdered and buried alive, had created it all. He said, with absolute authority and conviction, that she had manifested that experience and attracted it to herself. As I listened to him speak these words to millions of people on tv, I wondered how he could spout out such maliciousness and call it spiritual truth? And I wondered how on earth I could be in a world where he existed on such a scale. And I felt outrage and indignation and horror. And then, I felt as small as a pea.

Another form of spiritual abuse I encounter here is being deemed karmically deserving of the atrocities and violations of my childhood. I still can’t believe that people assume and say such cruel, untrue and unfounded things to me after all I have already been through in this life. Even though I know intellectually that they are simply revealing the details of their own self-blame for the things done to them. Because they don’t feel allowed to blame their abusers.

It took me years to get my mind around what they were saying,

and to find my balance in the midst of it, and it still hurts me and makes me feel dirty when they do it.

Even though I am a devout metaphysician, I have never been received in honor in those realms whatsoever. No one there sees any value in my path at all. The very fact that I was victimized, is seen as evidence that I was somehow deserving of abuse, and they assume it reveals something gruesome about me and about my “unevolved” state.



I often wonder, “What is the point of my knowledge here? Why do I feel caged and now condemned by these ones claiming to be grounding the ‘New Age’? What kind of a world are they setting out to manifest?” It scares the shit out of me. There is no consciousness there.



The state of our world has much to tell us about where we are with ourselves. If we can stand to look at what we have manifested collectively, in our self-alienated state, we can let what we see out there in the world guide us to make different choices. The truth is that the shadow can only exist and grow stronger in the places where its presence is denied. It only gains a foothold when we pretend it isn’t there. And in this current world, when we look around us, we can see the results of our collective choice to repress ourselves and deny the darkness created from not addressing our traumas. We see what kind of world we have to live in when we only allow

ourselves to partially feel and partially exist.

We are expected to abandon ourselves in order to survive here. We live in a time where denial, and the repression of the self, is the average price of a ticket to outward success. But what about a reality where self-honor is the law of the land? Why not create a world where our feelings guide us? If we look and see what repressing our feelings has brought into being, we might find the inspiration to bring about something new....perhaps a place and a space where all is possible and everyone matters and honoring feelings is the way of the world.



In order to be able to exist at the next level of consciousness, we must start with feeling able to be inside of this reality fully awake and aware. Not split off. We can not realize a higher collective potential and not realize what has been done to us personally here. Self-realization can not be attained while holding space for energies of destruction. We can not know ourselves or realize our divinity and still believe we deserve desecration and abuse and a life without tolerance of our emotional selves. These states are mutually exclusive.

I think it is the people who have never denied reality that are the ones capable existing fully present inside of it. And from there, creating something profound and new and beautiful.



There is much unaddressed here still. No matter what the mass media or consensus reality tries to tell us. No matter how forbidden talking about the “problem” has become. There is no real solution for our larger predicament without acknowledging the deeper state of self-alienation forced upon us and solidified throughout history. Our past, plus our present, will create our future. If we do not look....if we do not see the truth....because we accept that as the rule of law.... well, what can we expect to see in the days ahead?

If someone is being victimized in front of us, is it really “the spiritual thing to do” to ignore them? To shame and squelch their protests? To humiliate them and coat them with degradation? To blame them for being “victims”. Such is the way of our violent world today. And such is the way of tomorrow. Unless we change our relationship to our own consciousness.

I know the power of denial. I know its effects. I know there are great rewards to gain for going along and not questioning the “program”. I know this because my family has never moved an inch and yet they cultivate lives of success with ease, where mine is still so unsustainable. I know this because I feel no place for me here yet. I know this because I would not feel this way if things this disturbing were not sanctioned and all around me still.



There's no way to be in this world and to not be surrounded by this stuff. So, how do we move through it? How do we stay grounded and self-honoring and self-validating enough to protect ourselves and be fully conscious and not shut off our energy and not deny our feelings and not pretend like the

world is safe if it isn't? How do we move ahead and not put ourselves back in a closet somewhere and say, "I'm going to go out in this world and act like I feel good here or act like it's safe if it isn't?" We must begin to feel more deeply and more completely. And support one another as we do.

This is what must be done even if this current reality does not acknowledge it as an option. This world says get medicated or find other way to shame and shut your energy off and go out and say you feel safe when you're not. Say you're happy even if you really don't feel that way. Go along with the program even if you're sacrificed in it.

I am dumbfounded by what I see happening now on the collective level with these issues. People are trying more than ever to talk and wish it all away any way they can. And I am continually shocked by the changing characteristics and mutations of the shadow and by how it's adapting to meet new challenges and defeat higher levels of awareness. I am struck when I see how it manifests and disguises itself to defeat people trying to become empowered enough to face it down and dismantle it. The stakes have risen. There is war underway between the darkness and the light and it is playing out here, in this world, around these very issues.



There is a sensitivity that I have now. A great awareness born from this life I have lived. I don't deny it and I won't be destroyed for it. I honor it. I support and bear witness to it. But many days it feels like a burden. A burden I carry into everything, because these negative energies seem to be everywhere I go. And it makes it hard to move through this world. No matter how much I hope to never encounter this

stuff again, it seems to be all over the place. And there are so many people involved in holding these things in place here. Like the abusive professor, who has been devastating her young students for years, and is given tenure anyway, even with all the people in her world, and in that institution, knowing exactly what she is doing and turning a blind eye....not caring about the victims. And, the domestic violence shelter director who creates a sick and horrifyingly dangerous environment for the people working there....and all the people who know this, and let it happen, and watch the innocent get really hurt and sacrificed to the shadow. And, the endless stream of new age people using the language of spirituality to shame and disempower those trying to live in consciousness and truth.... who have now begun calling awareness “dark”and saying that addressing the harmful energies here, is to manifest evil and create bad things....things that were here in this world before we were even born. How crazy making is that?



Some days I wish this was not my path. My burden. My dharma. I wish I had a simple life where I belonged and succeeded. It's like I don't fit or know where I fit in this world. So, I have lived on the edge. Scanning the cosmos for a way to come in....to sustain myself....to be alive without disowning who I am or denying the truth of my life and the power of my soul. I never stop looking. And I have never really found a way.

I have a heart and I have feelings, so I can understand why most people who are self-estranged stay where they are. It just costs too much to move out of there. The price has been too high. The journey has been too treacherous and too hard to try to undertake. They believe they could never survive

it. And they're probably right. I know what it takes because I have done it. And it has been awful and painful beyond comprehension. I am amazed that I have survived to tell the tale.

But things are changing. There are people now who have made the journey and who have made it out and have broken the grip of darkness. They have repaired the separation from self forced upon them. And they have healed and they can show the way. The path has been illuminated now and the way out....the way forward....will not be as hard for those who follow in the times ahead.



I have yet to have the chance to really breathe and move, to quest and synthesize....or to journey in joy and be really free here. And I think it is because of all of these things I have talked about here, and because of where I sit with these issues. I have been too busy feeling terrorized, floundering inside of this slave race that is our culture. Trying to survive without participating in anything that feels wrong. Knowing that this....right here....is my path. And not knowing how to manifest my truth....and living unsupported and unloved. Knowing that I can't even begin to affect things here if I am not allowed to exist. If all my energy is used up in desperation, trying just to survive, then I'm not left with much to work with. I have just been trying not to be exploited and used up completely. Like most of the people here.

I want to live free. And I want to empower freedom and honor here. I don't want to be exploited and I don't want to exploit. And I have not yet found my way to self-sustainability.

I am frustrated in this state of stuckness. And there is no way that I can see to move. To turn....to go on....except forward into something new. Because there is no place for me inside of a reality that does not have room for the awareness I embody....I must come forth and exist more fully in order to create that space where I can be.

I have felt, all my life, that I was to move through and out of and beyond the grip of the darkness here and that I am to use what I have learned to empower the light in this world by speaking out and illuminating these very things.

I have been frightened and unsupported and now I am here. At long last, doing it.

I believe what I have lived through has made me somehow different....extraordinary in a beautiful way. I am capable now of not turning a blind eye or minimizing things I shouldn't minimize. Things I would never minimize from an integrated, healthy, empowered place. I am capable now of higher consciousness.

I have not manifested a life worth anything by the standards of consensus reality or what is deemed success here. I don't have money, property or prestige. But I do have my soul and my consciousness and my voice....and all my feelings. And I do know at times, that what I have done is amazing.

I am clear that I don't want to infuse a world that empowers abusers and condemns those who break free. That is the paradigm I inherited from my mother and father. An ancestral legacy. Now broken.



I have a new perspective. Metaphysically. I believe that acknowledging the truth of our lives and how we feel now is fundamental to our collective health. Recognizing and owning how we really felt, when we were inside of our past, about everything we experienced, aligns us with ourselves and brings us forward and lets us be fully present in the here and now. When we exist in the present, we can move ahead in strength on the pathway to fully existing empowered, stable and conscious. And from this place of power, we will be capable of flourishing in our full potential right here and we will be strong and healthy enough to create something much holier than what has been possible here before. A better world than the one we were born into. A world that doesn't harm or ask us not to exist.



As I go forward now....and write these very words....I consider what is possible. What can I be a part of? What will I enter into this new world, and new age, having experienced and grown and learned from? What is the legacy that I will come with? What can I bring to the table?

I want to be with people who are existing on deep and penetrating levels and who are using that capacity for depth to bring about safe environments, instead of misusing it to harm and annihilate. I want a destiny capable of change and worthy of my trust. Where I am not expected to leave my truth and sensitivity at the door. I want to be able to use everything I became through surviving this life to enjoy deeply existing inside of something much better. I want to revel in a place holistic, safe, conscious and rich with people fully awake and alive. I want to feel everything inside of a world ripe with potential.

So, what happens next? Well...we begin to manifest a place of existence that empowers the light by letting ourselves and letting each other feel. We begin to bring forth a world that does not require cutting off our power in order to thrive. We decide on a world where we all have our needs met and we all have sustenance. We dream of a place where all that we desire is here. A world where we all totally flourish and we all are fulfilled and fully alive in the next phase of our existence. We begin to imagine a world free of exploitation....a place where no one loses....where no one has to lose....for another to survive.

In this new world, who we are, and the nature of our destiny, will be created by us as we go. Just as this one has been. But, now, things will be different because we will be coming from a place of wholeness, and consciousness....and what we are capable of experiencing and manifesting in emotional health is new and has never happened before. Not on a mass level.

I know there are people here now who have found a way to be happy, and to grow and thrive in the midst of darkness. I know, too, that there are many others who have been devastated and are denying it and trying ceaselessly to move about acting like it's all ok. Believing there is no other way. And, until now, there really hasn't been. And my heart aches for them....and for how hard it has been.

And there are people like me here too. Who have survived and become strong but don't know quite how to move forward. We don't really know where we fit. We have been on the forefront, and we have been so rejected. And we are left wondering....is being conscious, but feeling unable to enter life, really "existing?" Is such a reality really worth surviving for? Somewhere, we know we have done all of this for a reason, and we know that our commitment is pure and high and mighty and good.

As we start moving into new and more sustaining realities and begin creating....and pulling forth from the ethers....a world that actually nourishes people of the light.....well....that will be brand new. And it will make more people feel inspired and capable and courageous enough to come forward. The choice will be more appealing. And as more and more people feel permission to be who they are, and feel what they do, we will all revel in the beauty of the fallout of that unfoldment. And what this will do for humanity's potential is breathtaking to contemplate.



I have feel I have lived many lives. I have been loved, I have been exalted and I have been taken down. I have been terrified and terrorized. I have been sacrificed and betrayed for being and for living on deep and penetrating levels. I have been empowered and I have feared my power. I have lived long in the horror of disempowerment. I have known love of the highest order and I have known mastery and the sweetness of sacred contemplation. And I have known worthlessness to the utmost degree.

This life has been hard. Some days still, I wonder if there is nothing but sacrifice for me here. And some days, I am ecstatic with potential. I just want to live in a world where people aren't abusive. And where I'm not asked to accept the unacceptable or be penalized if I won't. And I don't want to be slave here either. And I don't want to be asked to accept what doesn't feel good to me or be shamed for how I feel. And I don't want my life force used for anything I don't believe in.

My journey in this lifetime has taught me much. I came

into this world a strong and integrated soul. There was no destroying me. There was no subjugating me into compliance with the shadow. There was no capturing me and there is no shutting me up.

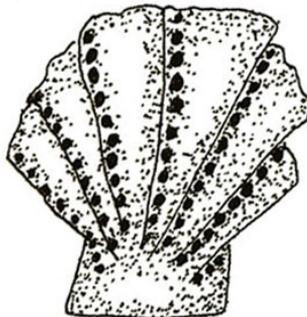
But I want more.

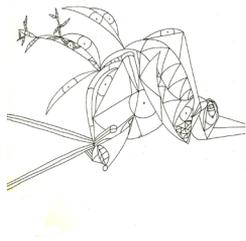
In the metaphysics of survival, we can see how making it through this reality with these forces of darkness, moving through this world on such intense levels, without losing ourselves, makes us somehow capable of living at a higher level of consciousness. As we realize this, we can embrace who we are and use what we have learned for a higher purpose.

In a way, our whole world is stuck in a sort of time warp until we deal with these things. We are not just split off from our selves, but we are split off from the rest of the universe. We are stalled in this place in our evolutionary process.

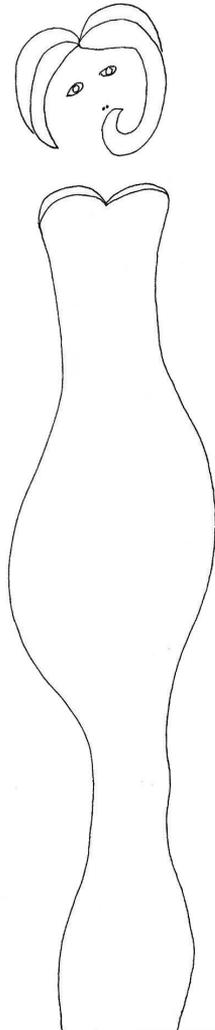
With this step, I leave the places I have been shamed into. There is an untapped power that is in me now that I will carry into the new age. There is place of exaltation for those of us who have not abandoned ourselves along the way....no matter what. I am ready now to take my seat inside of the new world we will manifest in the days ahead.

I can see it from here....it is a beautiful world....a world that I want to be a part of.





Commentary
...
On The Evolution of Humanity





We are all one...and we are growing and we are changing. We are connected. All of us. There is no way around that.



These are potent times. Rich and wondrous....hope-filled and terrifying. And we have entered new terrain. We have become more conscious of ourselves and of the world. And this matters. It changes things. It changes everything. As we awaken more, we begin to see clearly that we are interconnected. We can feel the latent power that lies within that realization. We begin to understand that we matter....and that what we do here....the choices we make....matter too.



Are we on the brink of an evolutionary shift? And if we are.... what on earth does that mean?

What have we evolved from and what can we evolve into now? Where are we going and do we have a say in what happens

next? What are we shifting into? What do we know now that we did not know before about ourselves, and our souls, and our true potential? What have we become capable of? And how will we go forward with these new abilities born of awareness?



The world I arrived into was far less evolved than any I want to live inside of. I want to help to build a world of hope. I want to take what I have become, and all that have learned through these trials and tribulations, and make use of it here somehow.

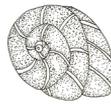
When I was a child I had no hope at all. None of us did. My father ruled our world. And darkness ruled his. We were born his captives....ensnared in his world. Trapped beneath the things that bound him. We were allowed nothing but to look up to him with reverence and accept his abuse. We lived under his spell and we all unraveled and lost ourselves there. We were allowed only to be puppets....controlled and used by him. Puppets used in his schemes of malice, to unbalance and incite insecurity and jealousy in each other, so we could be more easily victimized and manipulated into compliance.

Over time, and in a climate of normalcy, we all became afraid and unsure and without a center. And without a center, we could only turn back to him for acceptance and for a sense of safety. He was strong, but his strength was used to destroy us. He was cruel and vengeful and vindictive. And he forced us to endorse him....manipulating us, to be coconspirators, in his machinations.

He, like so many here, was a traumatized child who had never faced his past. Or healed his wounds, or had any space to grow compassion for himself. So, he too, was in reality only a puppet. Reenacting his own unquestioned childhood abuse onto us.

We were allowed nothing but to respect him and be dominated by him. And hold him in esteem. And it was this elevating of him, the bowing down to our perpetrator, that caused us all to descend in value and plummet into hell. To spiral downward and become unworthy. We could only try to placate and appease him to try to minimize the harm, by not acknowledging it.

But why would anyone pledge allegiance to such things? Why did we accept the unacceptable? Why did he accept the unacceptable? It's simple. Nothing else was tolerated.



How do I go forward now....how do I take my place in the human race? How do I feel good about my seat there? Can I bring all that I am, and all I have become, to the table? Am I being asked to be less “evolved” in order to fit in? Less conscious....about everything?

It sure feels that way.

But why am I here....if not to exist? Why have I gone through all that I have? Why have things turned out this way, and why am I considered wrong for doing something so right? Why have they abandoned me? Why am I here at this time? What is the point of all I have survived? What am I going to do now? How will I go forward?

Who am I now? And what I have become? It must be good... even if I don't see my goodness reflected back to me as I look around. I feel like I live in a society that considers survivors of child abuse to be tainted and in need of containment. We are told we must "get over it" and "move beyond" what has happened. As though the wounds we have incurred make us different in a disgusting way. And that we can never be among the "unwounded", unless we cut off our own history....lob it off....and erase ourselves somehow.



Suppose we did do that. Wouldn't we just all end up in a world with even more of the same? I just don't see that working. I have tried to exist among those who have lived through similar things but never processed what happened to them. The multitudes who have "moved past it" without ever dealing with it. They hold a space for their own abuse as though it was perfectly o.k. And they inevitably expect others to participate in the recreations of their unhealed pasts with them. We are expected to go along with it, without protest. Just as they were forced to do. And most people will comply because they have a shared fate. And so....we have a culture of dramatic reenactments of devastating dynamics in which we are expected to just accept these things, and normalize them, in everyday, ordinary exchanges.

I am incapable of this now. I have evolved beyond the parameters of such a world. I cannot endorse what was done to them. I cannot endorse what was done to me. I cannot play along and normalize atrocities. I cannot pretend and tell them that it was o.k. that they were treated brutally....even if they were forced to say so. Even if naming the shadow was forbidden back then, and they were taught that it was right to

play along, and that they must do so for their own survival. I can not go along with them now and empower the energies that harmed them. Even if what I am doing is forbidden.



Abusive systems are built through intolerance. No one is allowed to speak out. If we protest, we imply something is wrong and begin to reveal the sickness. Everyone must play along. Everyone must deny how awful it all it is. And this leads to deeper problems, because the only way we can do this is by twisting our relationship to our own senses and rejecting what we are telling ourselves through our feelings. Everyone must say everything is fine if sick systems are to work. It is fundamental to abusive dynamics that we pretend reality is something much different than what it really is. People in dark worlds are considered crazy if they don't go along with the program, no matter how insane it is. And, always, victims are blamed, so that the abuse seems justified.

This intolerance of consciousness explains why genuinely deep people have been systematically annihilated off the face of the earth throughout our history. There has never really been a tolerance for penetrating perception or true empowerment here. When we live on that level....the most profound....and deepest....most sensual and richest level of life....we are risking, because this society isn't built on holding a space for that at all. This society is based on pretending things are different than they really are....which is the opposite of depth and truth.



Being inside of a world where so much harm has been done to so many people in these family systems is an overwhelming place to be. So few of us have actually addressed and healed the crimes of our childhoods. Those who have addressed these things, are in a predicament too. Where do we go? How do we participate if people are acting this stuff out all over the place? Where do we belong if what we are now is not allowed to be?

How can I be if I am not permitted to know? If I am the outpicturing of something forbidden....if what I symbolize is considered wrong....then what do I do? How do I feel good about where I am and become a symbol of health? And who came up with the equation that those who have integrated and dealt with their child abuse are sick and should be stigmatized? How evolved is that?

It is those who have not faced their abuse who are bound by distorted perceptions. Not the people who have looked and who have seen the truth of their own lives. I want to dispel the myth that integrated survivors of abuse must be outcast. We are amazing and heroic...and besides that, shaming people for being victimized is malicious. No matter what we have been taught.

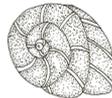


I wonder now....where do I fit into the world? I have evolved beyond my place in my family. So, where does that leave me? Will I be the only surviving member of my tribe? I broke the barrier and became much more than what was permitted. And I lost them in the process.

My family has never moved an inch. Not in the direction of

acknowledging my father's atrocities. Or my mother's. Or the dark nature of the system itself. They have never done anything but demonize and belittle me for owning how I really feel about it all. And I have never "gotten over" that. Because it is not "over". Because there is a whole new generation born into that very system now...of vulnerable children. And, because these energies must not remain unaddressed or be given free reign to continue on here. That is just a horrific thought. And I will not allow my soul to be harnessed into compliance. I will not be silenced. I will not be used to sustain or empower what I know is evil by being convinced I am rotten because of their vile perceptions of me....that I am some sort of abomination.

For some reason that I can not explain, but that I know deeply and totally within own soul, I am not free to create and embrace an empowered destiny until I speak these words. There is some binding obligation that I carry and have never not been bound by in this life. And, the story isn't over yet. My story isn't over yet. I will exist here completely. No matter what they say.



There is something absolutely profound about seeing evil move through your own parents to destroy you. To realize you are inside of a world where this is going on unquestioned, is almost too much to contemplate. To know that you must comply with the most inhumane conditions in order to survive....only to break free and discover that you must move from there out into a larger world riddled with more of these energies and try to unfold there.

If we have reached the point where mothers are sacrificing

their own children....are we are on the brink of the demise of our civilization?



Many years ago, I accepted an invitation from my sister to come to Boston for the holidays. I knew better, but I was weakened and willing to risk for even an illusion of my family loving me. She was eight months pregnant with her first child. She had promised not to fuck with me when I was there. She said she would not bring up how the family feels about me for having dealt with a past which they all think I had no business dealing with. I knew how wrong they thought I was for having gone to therapy and for working through what our father and mother had done to us.

I knew where she sat with me. And I knew she felt strong in her position and I knew that her new closest friend had just won the biggest lawsuit in the country against a therapist for implanting “false memories”. So....I guess....I should have known better.

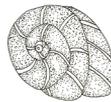
I remember sitting perched on the back of her couch as she lay there late one night. Her husband was asleep and she and I were really connecting there in that moment, as sisters do. She was talking about her pregnancy and how she felt. She shared her fears. And I was there being my deep self.... as always....loving her and supporting her and believing in her ability to be a good mother.

Then, suddenly, she began to tell me what she really thought about me. She told me I had been brainwashed by my therapist into believing I had been abused when it had never happened. She said that I was one of many victims who had

been corrupted like this who were ruining the world. She told me how now, thanks to me, she was in a horrible predicament.

She said she could do nothing but fear the birth of her first child because he would now, thanks to me, be born into an unsafe world. She had come to the conclusion that because I, and other misguided tragic fools, had become convinced we were abused when we never had been, that we had now manifested a world full of predators and perpetrators who would otherwise not exist. And that she would not be able to protect her child now, thanks to me.

Wow. I was so floored and disoriented by her freakishly horrifying, insulting, and maddening theory that I flew home that night. That was twenty years ago and nothing has changed since then.

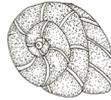


My mother says my father was “the sweetest most loving man” she has ever known.” And, when I think of how protected my abuser....dead now for twenty years....is still, and how his loyal troops remain so bound to him in allegiance, and how my own mother, his consort....so necessary for the space to be held....still carries the flame....then I know that much is unaddressed and unresolved in this world.

It’s been so long now since I did my integration work around the abuse of my childhood. And for all these years, my family has held steady that I made it all up. And though I do not communicate with them or think of them often, it drains and undermines me still. Knowing this. Knowing nothing has changed here, even though I gave my life for our freedom.

They may feel like they have made it and arrived and succeeded. And in many ways, they have. But what they have failed to do, is exist beyond the bounds of the world of my father.

How could I not feel disturbed? Contemplating the size of it all, the strength of it, and the children of the next generation. What a dreadful thing to consider.



I am evolving. I am existing in forbidden ways. I am becoming more than I was allowed to be. And I come now to my final obligation.

I begin where I am....right here....still stunned....at the edge of the world....wondering how to enter more deeply into a place with so many people holding space for abuse. A place with so many still perpetrating atrocities like the ones perpetrated against them. Like the ones perpetrated against me. A place with so many remaining complicit through silence and demanding others do the same. So many maintaining a loyalty to the shadow and to the crimes committed against them, by dismantling any consciousness they encounter. Consciousness they encounter in the form of me. I don't want to be pulled down by that world. I want to help evolve it forward. But I'm not yet sustained, so it's hard.



Mine was a high functioning family with no external signs

of abuse. They look evolved and they seem to be at the head of the pack. You would never suspect a thing. You would never know....if it were not for my presence there. A presence unwanted. Unsuitable to the system. And my precious life is nothing but a monstrosity of horror when viewed through the evil lens set before me by my family. They made me feel so wrong for not staying there in that rotten place with them. And even though they are the ones who look so evolved and so together, and I look like such a failure, we all know that isn't really the truth.

Everything has a purpose here or it would be extinct. And so, that must include me....and everyone else who has been broken open and exposed the darkness here and survived in spite of it.

This world is strange. It's unending in its horror. You know things just don't feel right. I know they should. I see that spoken everywhere. That somehow, I should feel ok. But I don't. I feel trapped, terrified and vulnerable. I feel present on levels that are forbidden here, and I feel how my awareness has led me to a place that is dangerous. The grief at the thought, at the sight, of the real possibility that all I have seen and survived here was for nothing....well, that is unbearable. Yet, somewhere deep down, in the seat of my soul, I know that there is power in my experience. That what was done to me does not make me bad. It's just hard to feel that after all I have seen and been told and after what I have seen reflected back to me when I have existed.

Somehow I evolved. Somehow, I became potential. But with nowhere to exist. What can I be now that I was unable to be before? What is the world that I survived all of this crap to become a part of? And where is that place that I became capable of existing inside of? I still feel like I am having to deal too much with the fallout of other people's decisions to remain unconscious. And I'm sick and tired of it.

There are many things that bring me joy. My animals. My art. Learning. Existing in my metaphysical seat of power. Empowering the wounded to feel compassion for themselves. Standing by those who face down the shadow.

I also feel joy knowing deep within my soul what is possible here. Not just for me...but for everyone. And when I feel sustained...I am almost always joyful. And I can feel the greatest joy, because I have known the greatest sorrow.

It isn't that I'm not functional. I'm highly functional. But somehow, I am stuck and not yet thriving. I feel as though, until I put this work out there, I will be on the other side of the wall. Separated from the flow of life. Stuck.

I wish I had something more acceptable to say. Something more inspiring. Something that would feel safer for me to express. And, I wish I were able to feel the safety and protection of established success as I come forward now. But I have none of that to shield me.

It is my path to speak from where I am no matter how terrified I am to do it. I do not seem to see another way to move on other than to come forward here now. Perhaps this effort will create more ground underneath to let me feel the power, the strength, and the self-worth to begin to create something better for me....something more. Perhaps I will know more clearly what it is that I want to manifest here.

I want to give a deeper space for my own consciousness and validate my own experience enough to be empowered to move past the other options here which all feel horrible. Everyone seems so overwhelmed here. I debt, trying to "make it", trying to appear to be someplace other than where they are....more "evolved"....for their own survival.

I want to be free, sustained and thriving. I don't want to be a

captive slave. Exploited. And I will not be an exploiter who harvests other people's life force for my own gain and survival. I want to do what I want with my own energy every day. I think we all do. I think this is a more evolved dream.



When I think about work and jobs and businesses and the whole weird thing of the set up here around survival, it feels like a vicious, unending cycle of despair for me. There is so much exploitation. I feel like all I ever do is work and I have nothing. At this point, I feel alienated from the world because I have never found a way to really thrive here. Which I know points to me as the problem.

But I think it is because I have evolved beyond all this.

My work is to write and speak and share these words. Perhaps I am just offering myself up as the dysfunctional nutcase to be analyzed by sharing my perspective here. Perhaps I am sacrificing myself up just as my mother did, and handing people a pile of ammunition they will use to harm me with later. But, perhaps, this is a path of light and I am sane inside of a world with much insanity. And, perhaps, I am good and always have been. Perhaps I have evolved and become something worthy of being. Perhaps I always have been.

Perhaps my value in this world is to walk through it and say what I have seen here. Honestly. Because it isn't tolerated now and because I do believe we must evolve beyond abuse and beyond the confines of a slave race. And speaking out dispels these things. I want to be a part of creating something better. This is my job. This is my path. And I am not alone.

I have met many others along the way who have been on the outside of life as well. Not knowing where to go or how to go about living life here. Lots and lots of them. Many brilliant and profoundly creative.

We are just not sustained here yet. We have survived something and it has changed us. And we are in the process now of becoming prepared to exist in a higher world, in a higher way. Until we are there, we are still inside of the original reality, built and sustained through intolerance of people existing empowered and authentically.

This can be disorienting and confusing. We might not be able to always feel love for ourselves or be nurtured because that's really hard to do when you're not receiving it. It's almost impossible at times. But we have loved and believed in ourselves enough to survive it all without betraying who we are. Without cutting ourselves off from who we are. This is powerful.

Basically our population has done the opposite. And it's very rare for somebody to be able to endure what we've endured and so they don't. They just give up and deny themselves and jump into a reality that doesn't really have any place for them. And live split off inside of that place. And the reality that we all share is a world that has been built and based on people doing just that. To many, it feels more comforting to stay inside of a sick family system and deny that it's sick than to not have anyplace to go for Thanksgiving.

When you live in a world that isn't reflecting your beauty back to you....or recognizing it as beauty....it is a hard road. When your beauty is frightening and people want to kill it off or call it wrong, or dirty, or whatever, existence can be confusing. And, even if you become reclusive and try to just preserve yourself in safety, it still takes its toll.

So what about the human race? These days I watch it like we all do. I have an eye on it.....on me....on us. I see the impending “end of the world” scenarios cast up before us everyday in endless streaming stories pouring into our homes through the media. And I think, “Is this what we have evolved toward....destroying ourselves?”

We can all feel the potential. We can sense the latent power of our collective consciousness. We know we have the power to affect things....so what are we going to do?

From a metaphysical perspective I think about the huge outpicturing of our collective self annihilating history that we are expressing and seeing now. I am aware of the fact that there are a lot of people who are really capable of grounding themselves in the world but who haven't for all these reasons I have spoken about here and many more....and because it hasn't been time. We wait eagerly....like the proverbial horse at the gate. What the effects of these people coming forth will be....well that is totally unseen right now.

We still seem to be collectively looking out into a world that is saying all this stuff is here, and all this evil is everywhere and all this destructive energy that just dismantles souls is all around us, but we're going to pretend that it doesn't have anything to do with us.



What is our current state of evolution? We have come far, but I believe we can go much further now. If we take what we have learned about ourselves and work with the power of our feelings.

Something happens in all of the surviving. Something grows strong about a soul. Too strong for the world as it is. I stand outside of life and feel afraid to go into places created by forces that have tried to devour me. And I should. We all should.

There must be another world here about to be born because I cannot leave myself behind to create a life which holds no place for all of me. I won't do it.

I am a part of humanity and I deserve a better place here. There are things I need to make use of somehow. I have seen the darkness, and I can see the light, and that must be worth something. I don't want to be cut off and cast out because I was victimized as a child. That is not my fault, and I deserve better than being pushed to the edge and condemned as gross and unworthy of life. No matter what my family says or what so many others have told me.

I believe that the shadow pervading this reality is existing here because we are not owning our true potential. I believe these energies are taking up the very space we will exist inside of when we move into our divinity here. There is a harvesting of sorts taking place now. And, for as long as we deny who we really are as beings, we will be unable to take up the space that the shadow has taken over.

It is time for reentry from a place of wholeness.



Are we really just a race of beings struggling for survival? Is this really all we are capable of....fighting our way to the top of the heap in a dog eat dog world? Or can each of us be the master of our own lives and can we live and thrive here

together? Can we all exist here without compromising or sacrificing anyone? Can we take what we have learned and acknowledge it, and honor it, and use it to step into our power and divinity?

Of course we can. We can create a world where everyone wins. Where everyone shines. Where every soul is honored and given room to exist and invited into exaltation. If we are pinned down and forced to live unfulfilling lives, that can only create friction inside and outside of us. Being tethered....when we really need to be free....can never work or create anything beautiful. All we have to do is think about the force it takes to hold us down and out of our creative power to know how dangerous this is.

I dream of a world where the light of my soul pours uninterrupted into me. Not a world where the stronger I stand the harder darkness pulls to engulf and destroy me. I don't want to be a part of a world where people climb on top of each other to succeed. Where only a few of us win.

There is a reason I have come here, to this world. And a strength that I had to grow in order to survive it. One I believe that we all must grow if we are going to be capable of creating a reality that is not shadow-ridden. A place where children are not sacrificed by their own parents and condemned for eternity if they dare to defy such outrageous conditions for "love" and family.



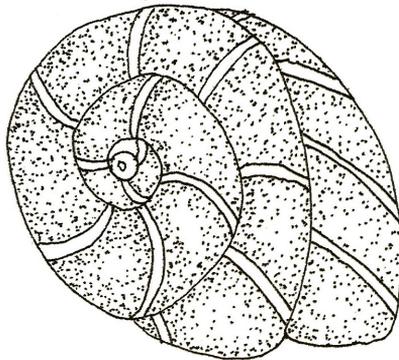
My dream is to live in a world where consciousness is not a curse or a threat or an impediment that makes life nearly impossible to survive.

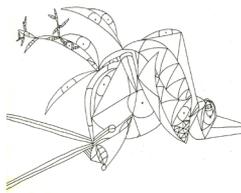
If we could decide on what we want to evolve into next....what would we choose?

Why not choose a world where we all feel empowered and noble and where everyone is compassionate and wise? Where we are all safe and unafraid? And loved. A world where we are not affected or bound by things untrue. Where we all stand strong inside of the purity of truth and support each other there.

And trust what we know. And believe in our virtues.

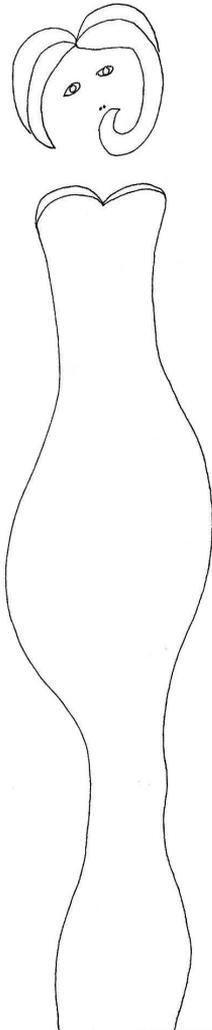
And are divine....together....

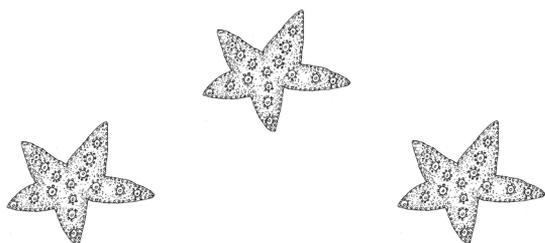




Final Thoughts

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I listen intently as the new age “philosopher” talks about childhood trauma on a popular primetime show. He has no patience for the past. And he certainly doesn’t want to hear the details of someone else’s pain. He says, when people try to bring up their childhoods to him, he strikes them down and tells them, “I don’t care about your ‘story’. I don’t want to hear it.” His tone is reprimanding. He will not tolerate it or indulge them. He says people bring up stories about their past because they are trying to make themselves seem “special”. We’ve all been wounded he says....we’ve all been hurt....and “so what?”

He goes on....he dictates with absolute authority that this posture of self-alienation is the prerequisite stance we must each embrace, embody and hold against the self if we are to have a chance at gaining entry into the world of abundance and happiness here on earth. Our past is irrelevant....he says....with the force of righteous condemnation. He is here to get us on track. We need to get over it. Get on with it. It’s time to shut down and shut up about our histories.

He is succeeding and as I listen to him speak my innerchild wants to die. I hear that I must agree to abandon myself if I am to be whole. I consider what he is saying. Something about where my outer life is compared to his opens me up to consider his point of view. I have become weakened from all the struggling to just get by in this paradigm....and so I

consider for a moment if maybe he is right.

I am wondering if maybe he has something that can help me to get to a better place. I listen. I take in what he is saying. I absorb his words. I ingest his edict. I am to shut off and shut myself down if I am to have success here.

I suddenly feel ashamed that I have been so hurt in this lifetime. I am embarrassed to be me. There is a pit in my stomach. I have taken in what he has said and I feel afraid and disgusted as this energy....these thoughtforms....move through me.

His words are not unlike my father's. I feel sick with a new fear and shame. I feel embarrassed that I am such a failure here. And this premise of his makes me feel dirty and more horrified than ever. How can this be? Where are these people coming from? How are they reaching such elevated places in our society? How can I be hearing this crap after all these years? How can new age "philosophers" be spouting this cruel and dangerous stupidity...and be succeeding on such huge levels?



Secretly, I know it is because they, and many others, have abandoned and condemned themselves, their innerchildren, and their pasts to an inaccessible place because it is all just too painful to contemplate or deal with. And this "new age celebrity" is giving people hope and a way to "make it" without ever becoming whole again.

What he proposes is a scary thought to me....more people finding the way to manifest outward success without dealing

with a thing. More people with money and power who don't even have compassion for themselves. Who have not healed their wounds. More people who will be compelled to reenact their unaddressed traumas onto others and who will be in positions to demand compliance. More people who will feel empowered to do these and all other kinds of dangerous and unbalanced things with the force of money and success behind them.

I know too, that he is succeeding because he merely a reflection....an outpicturing...an expression...of our collective urge to move ahead without having to deal with this stuff. I can understand his appeal, because the alternative is daunting....and very unappealing. I know because I have experienced the great penalties here for refusing to comply or be willingly bound underneath the grip of the mighty shadow. I have been demonized for having escaped and saved my own soul. And I have learned there is much darkness in the world. I know it. I have seen it. I have lived and passed through it. I have been devastated by it. I have escaped its grip and because I have dared to do so, I have lost love. Or what is called "love" here. I have no family, no real loving support in my life that I can count on. And I certainly haven't "succeeded".



Last night I had the strangest dream. The one I have had nearly every night of my life. I am leaving an abusive place. Someone has been harming me beyond tolerance.

In this version, the abuse is taking place in the home of a family that I was abused with in my childhood. I decide to leave and begin to walk away. As I come down the driveway, the brother of the man who has been abusing me is there

enjoying a cookout with a group of friends. I tell him I am leaving because of the abuse. And I reach out to him for some sort of camaraderie or validation. I tell him that I trust him.

I can tell he doesn't really know what to do with me. Not in the midst of his pleasure. I begin to walk alone out of the neighborhood. I have nothing with me but a little stack of my writings and drawings....my chronicles....that tell of what I have lived through.

The pages are dirty and bent. I feel conspicuous. I have nowhere to go. I have no way to sustain myself. I have nothing but this little stack of papers. And I am engulfed in fear....to the core of my being. I am filled with terror. I am in that place where we meet the void where there is no comfort for as far as you can see. There is nothing but emptiness and darkness into eternity. And me. Heading deeper into its midst.

I continue walking. I have nowhere to go but away from there. My abuser's brother drives up slowly behind me and tells me he can give me a ride. It is a creepy feeling that comes over me because I want to trust him but I know better. And if I were to listen to the deepest part of myself, down inside, I would hear that his loyalties are with his family. With his brother. And that he will take me down before this is over.

Somehow I end up living with him in a condo. It's a synthetic place that I would never feel happy in. It leaves me numb and off balance. Somehow, I am with a new version of this man and we are now a couple....though I do not exist inside of the relationship.

He has paid the rent. And he has this horrible relationship to life that was born from his abusive mother. He seems to be together. Way more than I do. He is my cousin and also somehow this same brother of the man who I just left. So he's

my uncle. We have a home but it isn't really one. It all feels hollow.

I am there, but I am so tentative that I am barely existing. Other people interact with us. They interact with him really, and then because I am there, I interface with them too. Though I would never be around them if I were not inside of his world. Lots of people come there and they are all my sisters and relatives. They are drawn to me because of something about my spirit. There is a quality of life about me that they can only love. And desire for themselves. But I am too primal. I am an animal to them. And I am caged and they find pleasure in the access that this gives them. To toy with me and to make me behave the way they desire.

Then suddenly, there is some type of intervention. Where every aspect of authority in my world and in that life rises up. And I am alone again in the void. Only this time they are there too.

They begin to confront me. The uncle tells me how outraged he has been all this time with me for the things I said to him at the cookout on the day that I left his brother's house. He is furious that I said I trusted he would not strike me. That he would not harm my soul. He is indignant with fury that I had the audacity to put myself above him as some sort of judge by speaking those words to him. This is totally terrifying and confusing to me.

He and the others, including all my family members, begin to confront me about my work. About my writing. They are all around me and I am cornered. They show me that I am going through time with nothing but a little stack of worthless dirty papers that have no value whatsoever and say that I am using them to claim some significance for my life and for my existence. That I am posturing myself and on some ego trip trying to be above them by claiming all this importance in

their world. And that it is a pathetic joke. An illusion that I have clung to in my madness. And they aren't going to let me get away with it anymore.



I wake up in a panic feeling sick to my stomach. With that doomed feeling I have every day that the morning comes and I still have not found a way to build enough ground underneath me. And I am still here in this world. And I still have this work and the obligation around it. And I feel the worthlessness of my brilliance inside of the life I was born into.

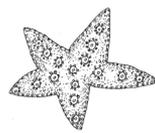
I sob. And I look for another path that I can take. But I can't find one because there is none. There is only this one road for me. I can not say why this is, only that it has been so hard and horrible and lonely. And at most times, terrifying. I do not know where it will take me. I only know that it is my path. One that I chose from some higher place in another time and that I must take into my destiny.

At times there have been others to travel with me, but now days....it is me alone. And there is just this work and my words and these sacred pages of mine so desecrated through time. Which I have held onto and carried with me to this place, against all odds. I am struggling now to share them....and I am afraid to.....because all I know is the world of that dream where there is no place for me of power and right relationships.



When I left the home of my abuser, I took with me only my soul and the clothes on my back and the knowledge of what I had experienced....of how wrong it all was....and an unwavering obligation, deep within me, to hold my truth. And to not be just another soul harnessed and used to perpetuate what I know is fundamentally. The journey out has been long and hard and lonely. The price has been too high. I have no family, no real deep love or support in my life. I work all the time and have nothing to show for it. I have no real “success” in the outer world because my work is really about this. It’s about addressing these unholy things. And I have just grown so tired from it all and I feel a weakness upon me.

But, I can not stay diminished and convinced of my worthlessness any longer. Because what I have done here is not worthless. No matter what my family says, no matter what society tells me. The world is changing, as are the many forms and faces of the shadow. Its methods of harnessing the language of light to destroy consciousness are becoming more than I can handle from a compromised place. So I will go forward now and hopefully it will make me stronger.



What surviving abuse gave me was great insight into the nature of the forces of good and evil. I was there to witness firsthand the dangers posed by the presence of darkness in the midst of unquestioning forces of light. I saw clearly, and with my very own eyes, that when the shadow is unseen and unaddressed, it is given full reign to move and to grow in strength and magnitude in ways unimagined. It is fact, that when dark energies are in positions of dominance over life and are denied, they have the full power to destroy all that is near

and dear to us.

So we must rise up. And evolve ourselves into higher consciousness. I just know that if we exist in our totality, we will be in our divinity, and we will have all that we need here.

If we own what we have experienced and use the knowledge we have gained to our advantage, we can rid this world of darkness and move....and evolve....together....into the light.



Surviving this reality, as it is, with the injuries I incurred has been a feat of mastery. And I am not alone. I want to speak up for all of us who have done this. I want to say that what we have accomplished here matters. I want to say that what we have done here is really quite incredible. And that we should feel good about ourselves and use our new strength to lead the world to healthier place. Because we know the way.

The world that I was born into was a world built upon the enslavement of souls and the desecration of the human spirit. I was forced into bondage and expected to stay there forever without protest. But I didn't. Breaking free of the ancient shackles, made stronger through time, was forbidden and I have done it anyway. And there are others here among us who have too. I just want to say that I think we are all extraordinary for what we have done.



I believe there is a new world about to be born that I have somehow been made ready to live inside of. It is not yet manifest, but I am still able to exist there sometimes....though it all feels too fleeting. Mostly, I am standing still at the edge of the world that I was born into....and not yet inside of the world to come....feeling panic and horror at the sight of my vulnerable state. And at how I show up here. The quintessential failure.

I know that I am more than what this paradigm says I am. I am more than my old car, my funky little rented shack of a home, my tattered clothes. I am more than my floundering little business that I have worked myself to the bone for that seems to be slipping through my fingers. I am more than my lack of family and lack of mate.

I am coming from a place that is beyond all of these things. I am compelled and inspired by something much deeper.



I am a metaphysician unwavering in my focus. I am profound. And I have accomplished the most amazing thing of all. I have survived and saved my soul. I have not gone unconscious even though it has cost me everything. I have not repeated the crimes committed against me. I did not become cruel...and I feel everything.

I am many things. I am a writer, an artist and a woman grown now....wanting to feel sustained and supported. I want to feel and own my place here. I want to thrive. I am alive....I am breathing....I am healthy....vibrant....and whole. I want to be here....in ecstasy....feeling everything.

The problem is that I just don't see my way forward yet because nothing has turned out the way I expected. I don't know or trust what is next because the manifestations of my soul in these realms has been a mismatch to the world of these days.

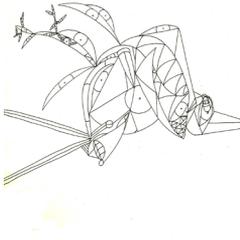
I actually thought my family would be happy that I escaped. I never imagined they would condemn me for eternity.

I have traveled a long long way in this life and it has led here. To this very place where I speak these very words to you now. I am out on a limb. I can not go back and I can not see any place inside of the old paradigm for me. I....somewhere.... at some time....in some realm....set this up so that I must go through this very doorway....right here....right now....in order to be released and set free.

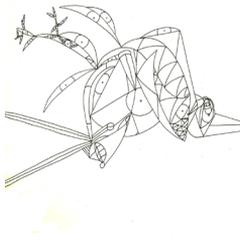
I am on the brink. I have reached a place I can not be brought back from. I am speaking out and saying how I feel. Even though I'm scared to death as I do it. I am taking a leap of faith here. I am daring to exist more than ever before. I am wanting....I am trying....I am daring.... to help bring forth a world that has a place for all of me and all of us....and for the full expression of my soul.

I am on the precipice of the greatness of profound and utter freedom....here....at the Edge of the World....won't you join me?









A Vision

....a message from my heart....

...



Just Imagine...

I'm trying, right this minute, to imagine
something brand new.

Brand new for me, that is....

Right this minute I will begin.

I am going to imagine what my life would look like
without suffering.

Ok, I'll take a deep breath first.

I'm entering new territory here and I'm a little tense,
I must admit.

So, where do I begin?

I am in a great void.

Perhaps THE great void.

And it seems to me that anything, anything at all is
possible here.

I'm feeling around in the dark and it's disorienting.

I'm wishing there was something familiar to grasp.

Suffering was all I knew until I got here,
to this great void,

where anything at all seems possible.

Where shall I begin?

Something tells me to reach into my heart.
To try to connect to that place within myself,
within my body.
And to ask that heart of mine,
“What would you like?”
“What would you like to have,
to experience, if anything is possible?”

My heart is a little shocked to find me here
with this question.
She is finding her balance again
and is now believing that this is real.
I think she is quiet relieved to hear such a thing
as this coming from me.

I’m feeling that I must step to the side and let her speak:



“I am your heart.
I am filled with love.
With your love and even with love beyond you.
I feel no hate. I feel so alive. I feel so whole and healthy.”

“And, I am glad that you have
come to me and that you desire to know of my vision.
My vision is your vision
and it is everyone’s vision too.
Because all hearts are one.”

“I am alone in the great void where everything is possible.
Where there is room for me to be
to flourish without limitation.
To express here.
I want to express here through you.

I want to help you to hear the way to your own existence.
To find your way to fully express in your
totality on this great and beautiful planet of earth.”



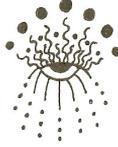
“Follow me.
We will take a journey together.
To the time and place
where you exist fully on earth.
And we will bring you to that space
and will bring that space to you.
Because you deserve to be happy
and to feel whole.”

“You are a beautiful being
who has come here at this time to shine in
full blown expression of your beingness.
And I am here to help you
feel your way around in the great unknown
where all is possible.”

“So, you tell me of your dreams.
And these dreams are beautiful
and they are good.
And in this world where your visions have come to pass,
we can see clearly that these visions are good
and they have brought great gifts to many.”

“There is no more suffering in this world
because no one suffers in this world.
You do not suffer in this world.
And this is because you are expressing
and living your dreams
and your truth at this time.”

“You are surrounded by the beauty of
your own vision and this is true
for the totality
of the beings here with you.
Each is surrounded by the beauty
of their own vision.”



“There is no resistance here.
There is no struggle.
All that one desires is here.
You think of what you need
and it is there.
You envision what you desire
and it appears for you.”

“This is a great world.
This is the world that all beings desire
from deep within to bring forth.
And in this world you shine.
You shine because you are expressing
your true self which is light
and your light is brilliantly bright.”

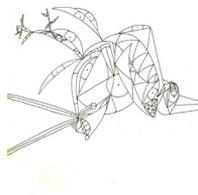
“In this world everyone knows
that this is the way of this world.
That each and every being is here to express
in brilliant brightness.
And we glow into and around one
another in perfect harmony.
Like the warm sun.”

“And in the warm sun everything grows.
Beings here don’t struggle to meet their basic needs.
Their basic needs are to fully express here and they do.
There is no one starving
because people no longer need that voice
of their collective suffering
to be crying out for them.
Because they suffer no more.”

“The beings of this world thrive and flourish.
And they are us.
They are us in our full expression of our brilliant
beauty.”

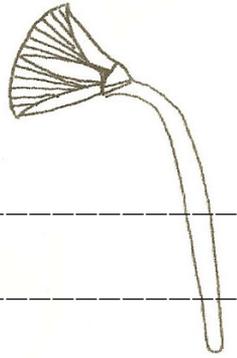


“And it is time.
It is your time to be there.
To experience your own self expression
and to release your own lifetimes
of accumulated suffering.
It is your time to be here now.
To express fully
and to witness the beauty of that reflection
in the faces of all humanity.”

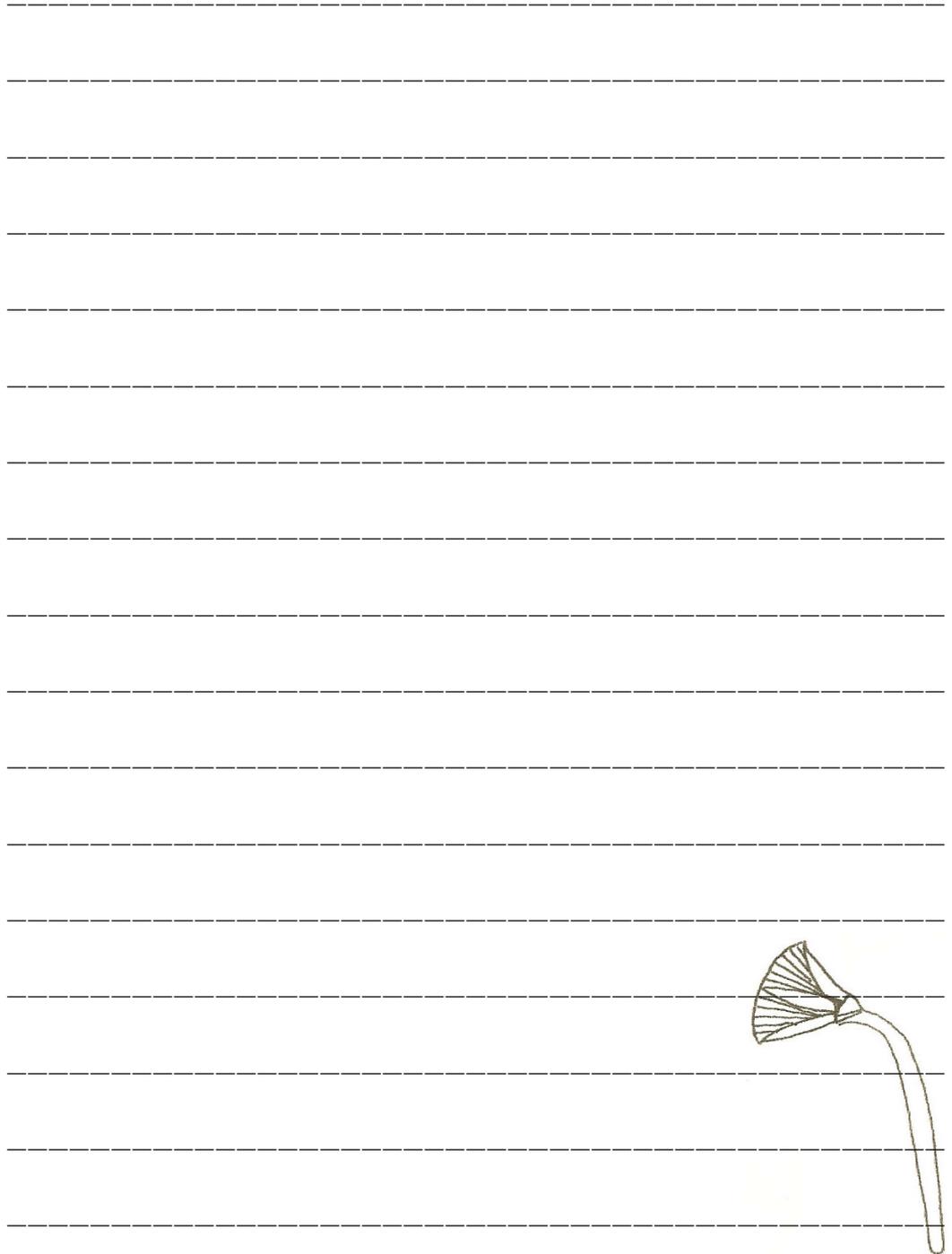


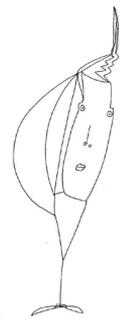
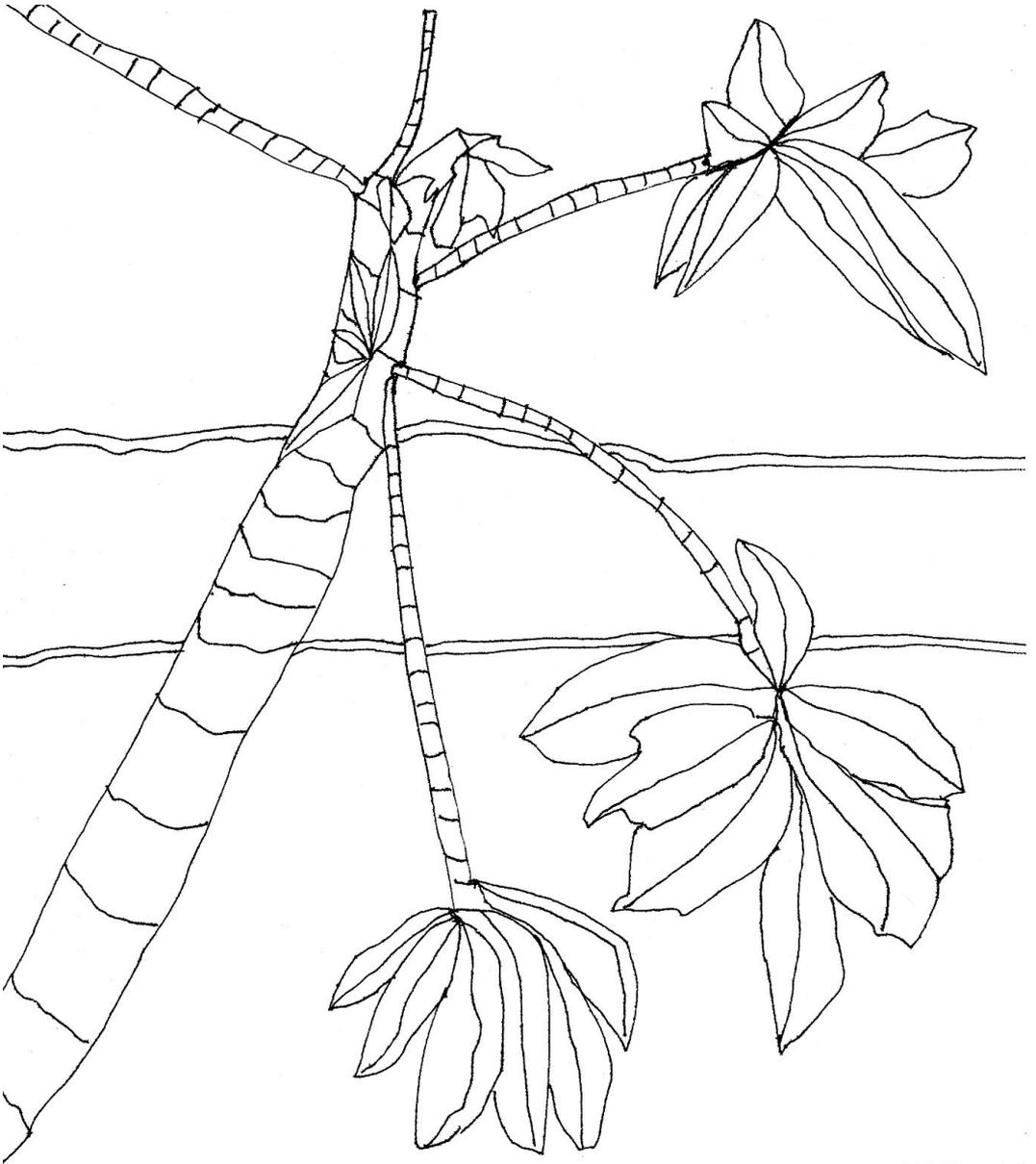
Your Thoughts

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“There, I said it....”

About the author

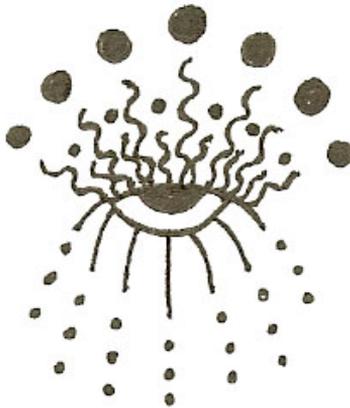
Motavenda Melchizedek is an artist, metaphysician, writer and survivor of child abuse. She has chronicled her passage out of the darkness and into the light and shares this work to offer support and insight to those working personally and professionally with these issues....and to further her own unfoldment and arrival into life.

Her dream is to contribute something of value to our evolving world and to take her place in the human race.

For more information, please contact:

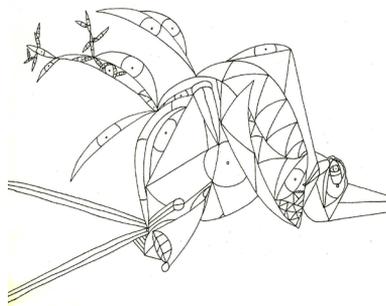
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“I address the darkness here not to ground these things further....but to help loosen their grip on humanity.”

Maybe nothing is real
...but then again
maybe everything is.



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