

To Know What I Know

As we participants sat in class and listened to the message and the understanding of what Love is, I was eager to receive as much as possible. This drive to know that I know propels me beyond my present level of intuition. I realize I am out past the ledge. I have to sit suspended in mid-air and wait for it to all catch up to me.

Rushing! I have been in a hurry all my life (said with a smile & soft laugh).
Slow down child...some of the most heard words. I walked at 7 months, potty trained early, got my teeth and started saying words before my mother was ready. I ran everywhere, not having the time to walk. Seemed I always had somewhere to get to. Yet, I can hear my father telling me to hurry up Pocahontas.

My mind is always way ahead of me waiting for my body to catch up. Even in all I am learning, it is my mind I have to shut down, as it races to grasp understanding like dry land soaks up rain drops. But it seems it is soaking up without understanding and when the understanding begins to form, there is much more there than realized. Sometimes it is jumbled and tumbling around until I can step up away from it and let the waves sort it out and get it into a rhythm that is understandable.

Being "the best I could be" I made sure I wrote down all the "wants, needs, desires, preferences, for me's, to me's, about me's" I could think of in the class exercise. You can bet I was going to make sure I did this right. So there they were staring me in the face as IA said to get rid of them all. What if they weren't there anymore, what did I have left? Suddenly there was nothing there. All I could see was me and I had to look at me and say "now what".

As I circled "me" I began to see the energy that was required to maintain my small, little world. Human sacrifice was required. Petty irritations and demands needed to be nourished. Pride and fear needed to be fueled. Pretenses to save face of the image broadcasted to fool passing prey needed to be maintained.

I wanted to throw up. I wanted to deny. I wanted to run. I wanted to hide. NO! This can't be me. I can't be just like the worst of the lot. NO! I can't possess the same qualities I judge in others. So many lives not remembered. NO! I couldn't have destroyed, maimed, raped, pillaged, used just to feed the anger that was so deep-seated and unsoothed. Each life learning how to fine-tune the deception. Each life struggling to override it with self-sacrifice, being a martyr. Why the struggle? Why not let go of that which kills our spirit? Why waste strength in such foolish ways? Why develop the skills to deceive when we could develop knowing?

But balance comes from the willingness to see both sides of the scale at the same time. To harness the energy required to have the strength for a battle matched equally with the energy required to understand that battle. For a battle is not all about fighting, it is also about letting go and releasing. Not battling to possess, but to set free. *Perfect balance is not about being solid but about having the flexibility to shift.*

Just as being in our higher consciousness exist while we function in our responsibilities in this human form.

Delphina speaks with a pure heart. I have not had to write because she has expressed so much of what has been my heart's cry. Her eyes smile on me just as they did the night I lay beside her—both of us receiving energy healing on the two massage tables next to each other—and opened my eyes to see her love and acceptance. Just as they did the day she stopped me in my tracks and soothed the killing rage.

So many spiritual connections reaching out. Remembering the patterns of the tapestry of the collective.

I am strong and wise—a blessing and a curse. The ego has been given free range to use this strength and knowledge to develop itself. Being in a state of shame from setting in the fog of distortion and lies, my spirit has not fought back. Just as the biblical Lucifer declared itself equal to God, this ego has challenged my spirit. Though many tricks are being pulled, I realize my intuition and knowing can never be truly grasped and understood by ego and that is what angers it the most. *I reclaim who I am—part of the We.*