

## THE IA CONNECTION

I went through a power surge in my early 50s - the real me trying to emerge. Blocks of old programming and wounds made it confusing and fearful. I had been self negating, referred to everyone else's needs and opinion as more valid than mine. Ia's friend, and co-worker of many years, sat with me to help untangle my feelings. We took deep breaths and listened to the creek flowing outside. She said, "close your eyes and just let be whatever pictures come to mind." I frowned. I did not trust the meanderings of my imagination when upset. I saw a skull and sat up and said "ug!" She gently pushed me back down and said, "That's good! Just let it flow!" After a while I embraced the images and let them tell an amazing story, part symbol, perhaps part past life. I was introduced to the voice and images of my inner self, which began a new understanding.

It was my first encounter with Ia's method of guide work, and my first experience with my personal and often dramatic inner journeying. I enjoyed reading Ia's first book in which she makes her life and path transparent for the reader to track her humanness, and relate to the lessons in her life journey. I felt like I knew her well. That was 6 or 7 years ago. Then last summer, a small woman with long snowy white hair showed up at my yard sale in a red pick-up. When she told me her name, I chirped, "So You are Ia! I've heard so much about you! I've gotten so much help...." She stepped back a little at my outburst. Ia is quiet, not a chatterbox like me. We hit it off immediately however, just like we were old friends.

As I look back, my first session started with simply visiting with her. I'm pretty candid they say, so when I spoke with the old habitual mix of optimism, spiritual superiority, self-restraint, fear or any of the issues that ego commonly uses to upstage me, Ia took mental note; later, written notes. Slowly over the past months she has guided me into the memories or records of events that have shaped my personality in this and former lives. For a simple example, when I was three, my parents took me with them to a party given by a relative. The room was smoky and so dark people were in shadow. A bewhiskered drunk got slowly off a stool in the smoke filled bar and leaned down to me enveloped my innocent little form in a hug. My parents did nothing that I remember. It was a very early memory of fear, and of being touched by a scary stranger whose energy

was not ok. I grew up inordinately repulsed by whiskers; and if a man smells of alcohol too, very agitated and judgmental. I predictably learned that since I had to take that hug, I had to allow men, even strangers to express themselves, to touch me. Though hard to understand, in the overlapping cycles of victim/perpetrator, I became an alcoholic in my adulthood. Discovering this connection helped me discharge some unconscious fear and resentment, and to understand the seed of programming, however common and seemingly harmless.

Ego, that fascinating upstart shadow of the true self, is the skillful creator of defenses, compensations, and projections of the past upon the present.. I didn't know that this part of me wasn't really "me" until I was able to watch her from the side, observe and feel her fear and judgmental presence. It was a painful split personality thing at first. Now it is a self-monitoring tool, and often funny. Ego is really an essential part of the blended being that I am, so I gave her a name - LaBogge' - so that I could have fun with rather than fear her influence on me; so that she would have a face, as apposed to being invisible. I will describe her here, which she'll love: long dark full hair, black mini skirt with black fishnet stockings; she has a Virginia Slim in one hand and a glass of Chardonnay in the other. If something scares me she badmouths it. She was the boss for years because I was not.

Ia's gift is her unique and individual intuition, her guidance, her mapped and mastered past, and her dedication to her mission: to facilitate self-liberation; to expose the inner imposter. It takes incredible patience on her part, and hard work for us. It's not for everyone. It was hard to go within and search my mind for truth. It's like being in a vast dark place with a burning match. Scary. Some courage is required, but many who work with Ia are determined to keep going. Once experiencing some freedom, going back is not an option.

“Understanding” is key in Ia's work with us. It's the brass ring on the merry go round. I've learned that true forgiveness is frequently the offspring of deep “understanding.” When we discover the old programs of love, grief and betrayal running back and forth in our human interactions with one another, the endless effort to forgive is replaced by compassion, wisdom, and well, “knowing.”

This knowing is like a window thrown open to let in the fresh clean air of wholeness, where love magically is born again, if only for that sweet short time, for only that one issue, or relationship this time session. But when the revelation and wonder that love is really all there is radiates off you, it “gets all over everyone,” and its bright glow makes you see everything differently, better, more truly. Those who have walked the talk are our best teachers. One day I found Ia there, reaching back to help me up a steep and scary slope.