

False Guilt

Ia, Just some thoughts that have occurred since my departure from the dark depths of my false guilt. I started this the other day and was interrupted, so it kinda feels like it has lost some of the momentum originally felt.

You said something to me about leadership and that it is a lonely role. I took that and thought upon it, thinking I did not want to accept this role doomed to loneliness. But then I realized I have already been in that role and have fought with that loneliness instead of embracing it. That in the loneliness of being solitary there is a peace and joy to know I am part of the whole. There is no need for someone or something to "complete" me. I was created whole and complete, but have given parts away in false beliefs because I did not listen to what I know... having bought into the belief that I must think. As I gather together these parts that have been scattered, I see the being that I am. I AM the many strands twisted together that make this one solitary thread, woven within the pattern on the blanket of total consciousness. But that one strand must be strong on its own to complete the total strength of the whole. I AM - WE ARE. What beauty!

I also realize that if we just try to break away from our reality as it is in this life, but do not gather ourselves together to leave our dark and hidden existence, bursting into the light with all the strength that we can spend—we will only take the pattern, pain and wound with us pretending we have overcome.

A couple of situations with James have helped me to understand more of what I came to know this past weekend. James accused me of not telling him my doctor appointment was in St Charles. He said it like I had snuck there or something. I was automatically on the defense to prove I had not done something wrong.

Then I looked at his face and saw a satisfied smirk. I realized he had not said that I did anything wrong. He just said that I hadn't told him something, but I knew I had. I automatically took his response as having done something wrong and tried to defend myself. He was drunk when we were talking, and was probably drunk when I told him, so he may not have remembered. But as I looked at him, he was just enjoying putting me on the defensive.

So when he says things to me now that bring on that feeling inside I see myself coming out of the dark and exploding above the surface—like a dolphin reaching for the sun—with more power than needed to resist him. I see it as if I forget to tell him or to do something—oh well, no one is hurt and no self-punishment is necessary. I am not trying to deceive anyone and he can no longer make me feel like I am. No more false guilt. Freedom!