

Hide It Under a Bushel

The heart of a teacher, that's what I have. I didn't always believe I could be what I carried inside of me. I knew it was in there. But, I didn't think I knew how to live what I came here to do.

I grew up in a family of six...my elder sisters being twins a year older with a brother three years younger. With alcoholism, gender confusion, and being the middle child after twins, I truly felt lost. I grew up in a family where my father dressed up as a woman. He had his own issues growing up. Being a young boy, he put his mom's lipstick on in the back woods. His father found out and was very abusive towards him. Wanting him to be a man! The alcoholism? Is that a result of gender confusion within oneself? Fighting off the pain of not knowing who you are?

I am so amazed by the story I have to tell. I mean, I knew growing up that I was grateful for my parents and my family. I was watching "the story". We all have one. What is it that I have to tell and why? Why did I choose my family before birth? Why this family? Why this story? Why these family patterns?

Well, I know now that gender just isn't important. Gender is NOT who I am. I am not my body. I also see that past lives can affect us in the present life. If my father had many past lives as a wealthy female for example, it would be difficult to not be confused in this life when you aren't even aware of such things as past lives. It would be confusing if you found yourself in a male body this time around and it not being ok to wear lipstick.

I was depressed as a child. Insecurities and an unending need to be reaffirmed had been my pattern this life. I kept myself in a depressed state because I was afraid of my anger. I was afraid that I might really hurt someone if I got too angry. I had temper tantrums and just wanted to be heard. I would throw myself about and slam doors. What ended up happening was that I was sent to my room. Always in my room. So, the gift was this. God came to me. I would hear his voice while I was stewing in my room. I didn't know it was God. I mean gosh, I was bad. Why would God speak to me if I am bad? I would tempt God by saying...if you are real, then make my baby doll into a real baby, so I have someone to play with! What kind of God are you if you don't even care!?! But.....one day, I found myself saying something like this...You are all going to know I am Jesus when I am 32! I'll show all of you! I am the second coming!

Well, gosh, what a profound thing to say at 8 years old! And, to be honest, if we listen...if we really listen to our children, they are often stating such profound truths. Little did I know at 8 that we all are Jesus. We all carry Jesus, quite literally, in our hearts. And, I did start to wake up to that truth at...guess what age? Not long after 32! The second coming? Well, no secret, that is us. We are waiting for ourselves to save us. I saved myself.

I met Ia when I was 33. I remember it well. My parents were divorcing. My father had made a choice to become a female. This was a maddening situation but I couldn't push my father away. My depression became unbearable. I had no idea that the pain I was feeling was leading me to a greater truth. That it was taking me deeper into myself. I didn't know what awakening was.

So the healing began. Delving into my past with the help of Ia, I discovered lifetime after lifetime of chaos and confusion. I am not my body. I am not a victim. I am not a perpetrator. I am everything, and I am nothing. I am you, and you are me. We all have a story. We all have similar issues or

patterns. That's why it is so easy for me to learn by watching someone else. Oh, yeah, I do that. By golly, I do that too! How similar we are!? That's so cool.

I did say I battled with insecurities, fears, and neediness. What I learned through the years in discovering who I am not, I have found strength in myself growing. Oh, I was afraid to go out in the world. I was afraid to go out there and start a life for/by myself. I clung to my familiar life at the same time of wanting to go out there and be strong. Step by step, a little further each time. Gaining such strength...and wow, confidence was a new discovery. Oh, and the people I have met along the way...fun!

I have a beautiful, healthy relationship with each one of my family members. I love them for who they are and no one has to change to make me happy or ok.

Teacher? Where does that fit in? Well, I have a degree in teaching. I taught kindergarten for eight years. Despite my feelings of inadequacy, I discovered that I am a natural with children. That led to the discovery that our true and natural self is that of an innocent five year old. The children taught me more than I could have ever taught them. They taught me that the heart is where it's at.

I thought teaching was in the curriculum. Ah, but then God decided it was time I had some real lessons in curriculum. So, I found myself teaching on an Indian Reservation where the children's prime concerns in their lives were sleep and security...certainly not, what I had to teach them. So, I had to quickly learn how to reach their hearts because without that I was doomed. What I didn't tell you was that I was the sixth teacher those children had that year, and I refused to be railroaded out along with the others. All they wanted was someone to go the distance for them. Someone who would make a stand and say, "I love you, and YOU are worth it to me. I don't care how exhausted you try to make me. I AM NOT LEAVING."

Once I got to their hearts, ah, the learning began. Their math level went up. Their reading improved. Most important, their determination and focus was amazing.

What I have learned is that we all are teachers. Children are the greatest teachers of all because we come in knowing. It is the outside that tells us that what we know isn't right. And, it isn't because the outside is bad. It is because the outside just hasn't caught up with the inside. Little by little that is changing.

I will never forget the song I sang in Sunday School..."This little light of mine. I am going to let it shine..... Hide it under a bushel, no! I'm going to let it shine...let it shine, let it shine." Jesus is in my heart. He was the living example for us all to be the Light, the Truth, and the Way. And how do we do that? Be ourselves.

Someone once gave me an analogy. If you are an instrument in an orchestra, and you don't show up, we would miss you. The music sounds lovelier when you play your happy tune. And, no one else knows your happy tune, only YOU.