

## **‘Resurrections Power and Grace’**

“As I arise from the grave and awaken to the world once more. I am grateful for resurrections power and grace. As my eyes begin to open I notice things that I didn’t before or perhaps I did but wasn’t conscious of this as I am now.

It has been a long and arduous trek through the underworld dimensions, passing through countless cycles and recycles of life’s seasons, touching both inner and outer realms of existence and looking into death’s face so many times that I lost count. I’ve relived the pain of my blindness and immaturity and can see how much more I still need to learn, know and master while still here on this Earth. I realize now that we have many angles and views of both our past and future and must learn to see these more and more often. I think a lot of us knew this before but for various reasons had forgotten and even denied this. I’ve done my best to atone for all of my past deeds, thoughts, feelings and choices. But this will take time to complete. If I see another movie rendition of my life story as I have created and lived it this will be too soon. I must confess that I wasn’t sure that I would return again and would fail in my attempt to traverse time and space. In the gravest of moments, madness or suicide seemed like a more noble choice: these feelings no doubt, not any less or different than others who have made the passage before. But when we go through our own initiation experience it is not so easy to believe that others have survived such a hellish ordeal too. How can we describe the meeting with the archetypal task master teachers of both dimensions of light and dark? How do we decipher the messages received in the great Void where the wisdom of the ages still prevails? What do we do with what we’ve been given any way? How do we make the best use of it and apply it where it is most needed? So many questions both old and new, nonetheless, it is a very personal kind of venture, one that we will never forget in this life and most likely other ones to come.

I can recall long ago being told of the great effort and sacrifice that it takes to die and to be born again fresh and new in the world in body, heart and soul. Now, after having gone through this I know it to be true. It is really a time of great lessons and for understanding the natural laws and cycles of nourishment: those which govern all aspects and forms of life from the human, animal and plant to the elemental. Those of which our high-tech and overly mechanized world of today bypasses in its sometimes destructive and mindless haste to get to someplace not fully realizing that there is really no place to go. How long will it take our misguided species to accept this and to join again with the order of things?

While I am glad to be back and still in tact, it is quite evident that it will take some time getting used to being here again. Clearly, I am not the same person now as I was before. Or perhaps I am but now this is more pronounced. It will take some time to find my way, place and more of a sure footing. This will come but only on a moment to moment and a step-by-step basis with my apparent state of vulnerability setting the pace and direction. I will need to take heed, listen and pay close attention to signs that come both subtly and those that are more obvious. I cannot rush or push the flow of things. As they say, everything in its own good time. I will try my best to remember this.

In looking back I feel as if I’ve been in one too many campaigns on life’s battlefield. My thin and bloodied bones ache and poke through what little skin still hangs over them: the demon ghost of stagnation still holding me in its grip while limiting me in breath, movement and expression. But, I must free myself from this condition. I cannot be its slave regardless of my exhausted and diminished state. Yet I feel so empty and naked and liken to a child learning how to master the skill of walking all over again. This makes me feel even more helpless and uncertain as to what I must do next. In the meantime all that I can do is place one foot in front of the other and hope for the best.

As I begin to move slowly again into the earth’s domain my mind is flooded with so many memories of before. I am reminded of various events, struggles and crisis’s precluded by both choices and actions: some of these working for my benefit and others not: some bringing anguish

and great pain and, one that goes beyond just that of my own to touch a deeper more collective kind, others bringing confusion and conflict while at the same time teaching me the lessons about human ignorance and suffering. The memory scenes burn my eyes and tear away at my gut and groin. The fact of our species innate capacity for cruelty and destruction overwhelms my fragile state of mind and condition. I am left with such sadness that I can only grieve to myself for fear that if I dare let my emotions flow as they need to I could not stop and would weep for eternity. But deep inside of me I also know that whatever pain and difficulty that I am confronted with during this returning passage it must be endured as others have done before and still others will after me. For the cycles and lessons of soul never cease and go on endlessly.

Continuing on I am aware of yet another kind of intensity welling up inside of me. It has such a power that I feel it could burn a hole in me trying to get out. This is the hot fire of anger left over from all the times before when I said nothing or did nothing, when I should have or when I did and said something that wasn't called for or needed at the time. I kick myself the hardest for those moments when I let fear and ego have their reign. But I'm also relieved to know that I'm not alone in carrying this burden and that others know too of the frustrated efforts to turn things around only to end up with a sense of helplessness, futility and being lost. Although, in spite of this knowing I'm still bothered by the state of the world and the amount of injustice and prejudice that still exists. Along with the immaturity, pettiness and self-righteous attitudes that keep us chained to our unhealthy behaviors. However, I also know now that I must find a way to balance action with resolve and discover a greater harmony and peace with myself and the world. I am only one man and person and can only give and do so much no matter my desire or willingness to do or sacrifice more. It will take much more work and commitment on everyone's part to heal the damage we have done to ourselves, nature and to restore the harmony between the forces and dimensions of light and dark.

As I step into the next phase of my re-entry, which is another rite in and of itself I will need time to reflect, to re-think, to re-imagine, to re-choose and finally to act. But at times these may come in a different order. Then I will need an equal amount of time to digest all of these important and vital processes and to find their sometimes hidden messages and meaning. I will even need to hold time itself in my own hands remembering again that we are co-creators in the making of destiny. Our own and the worlds: as I do I will be alert in listening for the still voice of ancestors long forgotten and the wisdom and care of its guidance.

As I go deeper yet into the phases of the re-entry it is vital that I be open to a much needed source of support. From this I will need to be embraced from both worlds of spirit and matter. I will need to let go, to trust and to let myself be carried again by the eternal flow. To let what illusions that still remain from social, cultural and histories wrappings fall away from my being, and to touch again the purity and wisdom of essence and being guided by its focus and rhythm to the gateway of authenticity and freedom.

I will need the support from friends and loved ones sometimes of a gentle kind: Those, who will not judge or condemn my actions. No matter how peculiar or unorthodox they may seem to be at times. I will need their faith and belief in me that I can and will find and do what I need to regain my strength and resources and take my rightful place in the circle of life once more. I will also need that they not demand or ask of me more than I am able to give. I will need some time and space to chart my own course, even if this means falling down and making mistakes. I only ask that they stand with me throughout. Lest we forget that we all have wounds to heal on both levels of personal and collective: And that we are the bares of new seeds of life design and purpose that must die from time to time for final fruits to ripen. So goes the journey and lessons for us earth travelers and seekers.

I will further need the contact with the healing energies of the earth and become familiar again with its many cycles and processes that I once knew: To be present when the early morning sun brings the new day and to fall prey to the enchanting spell of the full moon. I will need to take in its breath

and smell of its fragrance and to touch the moistness of its womb with my bare feet and to know again my grounding. I will need to attune to its grace and rhythm through sound and movement whereby my body resonates with its body and my heart with its heart.

I now know that to die to life and the world is something natural and part of the process of becoming more fully alive, awake and responding to the call of spirit. It is a part of the lesson that comes with the interface of human and earth. It is the means whereby we revive the wondrous state of joy and play that we had as children and so often lose and forfeit in our meager attempts to survive in the so-called adults manufactured world of half truths, false promises and empty dreams. And to find again the true values that give us a sense of worth and what is real and more important for sustaining both our lives and relationships. It also reminds us of our uniqueness in what it is to be human and the quality kind of connection we are meant to have with ourselves, others and the world: The kind that we have to acknowledge, cultivate and reach out and inside for more. It is also another chance to clean body and soul of the residue collected from life's many affairs and dramas. To do this journey is something that comes with choice and that alone. But once we do make this choice we have to remain fully committed to the task and staying the course. Once we begin there is no turning back. We have to then surrender all controls and desires to a source greater than ourselves. We also must understand that there are no easy ways or shortcuts. It is a total immersion experience. It can bring with it great risk and peril. We can even get lost and sidetracked along the way. This can even be a threat to our very existence. The Shamans kind of dying can only be in this manner. It is a rite of passage as old as time itself. It is about our participation in the healing of the earth and the human family.

It is a journey as always that begins with the heart and ends with the heart. It has to do with the search for what we seek and need the most and is the greatest gift we can ever hope to experience on this earth. It is the one thing that gives us our deepest fears and wounds but propels us to go on and to not give up. Simply put, it is our need to love and to be loved. But the main reason we need to take the journey in the first place is to remember again what we sometimes have forgotten and knew when we first came to this life. That it is also deserved. Once we have remembered this we will be on our way again in taking our place in the everyday theater of existence and uncovering one of the greater secrets of the universe. Then we will understand that while dying is also a skill that we must learn to befriend and to master in this life. It is the "living" that takes the most courage, commitment and will to achieve. This is our real purpose and mission for being here."