

A Night to Remember

I awakened one morning some time ago with my head flooded with memories of my life and especially these last years of traveling and experiencing the world. These memories I found, neither to be negative or positive but at the same time some of them brought back the feelings and reactions I had at those times from both an emotional and mental level, along with a more physical and spiritual one. They came in a mix of anger, frustration, anguish, hopelessness and a sense of being lost, blocked and not being in touch with not only my life, but the life of others around me, i.e. friends, colleagues and the people who came to my workshops and assorted conferences and presentations at clinics or university campuses. I even had remembrances about people I met and/or passed on the street, in bus and train stations, in sidewalk cafes or in the flight cabins of an aircraft en route to Caracas, Africa or Moscow. I remember lying in bed as these memories flooded through my mind and body like a torrid and fast moving river. Then for no apparent reason I began to take notice of another kind of feeling seemingly hidden but beginning to emerge more into my awareness. This was "Sadness" a feeling that I had experienced before, especially during moments of when I experienced deep vulnerability. The kind of vulnerability that goes beyond just the realms of the personal to touch the one of the collective. When we feel the both the pain and joy of all, but at the same time can take us back to when we were small and felt alone in the world. The time when we wished to escape from everything but for various reasons could not or we secretly desired to see what would happen if we stayed the course and connected to the process. I lay there for it seemed like an eternity but knew that it was only a few minutes, no more than seven or eight, as the vulnerability I was feeling began to bridge with some of the memories I had had before but with little or no feeling, only that which accompanies the mental process of memory. As this began to become greater so to did the vulnerability that was making me feel even smaller than before to a point at times when I believed I simply disappeared all together. I felt captivated by all the force and movement of the energy moving through and all about me. Then came another shift that felt like a large hammer hitting my head. This time a pain that was greater than the one coming through my vulnerability, the sadness and even the most intense of my memories, and yet what was also a peculiar thing to me was that the pain I noticed was also coming from a deeper place of my vulnerability. As if they both took up residence in that fertile place or they were really the same energy source, just expressed in different ways. The more I looked on I also began to see something else that was hidden from my view earlier on. While I recognized some of the obvious aspects that come with the whole experience, which pointed back to the lessons of my own life story, I saw further that while this was certainly true it was not the entire case. I could see that parts of my own story, pain and all that it comprised were a mere part of a greater and more collective one. One that we all share with one another throughout this life and world and the one that has both chapters from the past, ones we are working on now and those we are beginning to imagine, dream, desire and choose for our future. The ones that we have at times tuned into without knowing and realizing it and others when we are fortunate enough to know that we can experience these moments with others on a mutual basis and with greater depth of intensity. In this place I could feel the pain of my own existence, coupled with others pain with i.e. friends, lovers, family, workmates and that which we feel when we touch the collective stream of compassion: The pain that comes with loss, rejection, betrayal and not being acknowledged in this life for who we really are: The pain that comes from the earth for being ravaged and wounded by our species ill treatment and disregard and disrespect for its existence: The pain that comes from the mountains being stripped of their minerals and resources and not being given anything back to restore its need for harmony: The pain that comes from the mighty oceans, rivers, lakes and streams being polluted so that their resources and gifts of nourishment to our bodies and senses become less and less. I could feel the pain of the animals, so many in varied species cast aside because of our beliefs about ourselves as being more superior and forgetting and neglecting our own animal part that comes to us through our instincts.

Finally, after experiencing so much of this pain of feeling and seeing; I could look or feel no more. I had seen enough and needed to cry and release this pain inside of me. I needed to take the steps towards healing myself, both my personal and collective sides and parts. So I did.

As the tears began to flow down my cheeks I could taste their saltiness as they reached the corner of my lips. The tears of sadness, part of mine, others the creatures of the earth and those of unseen domains: The pain growing stronger by the minute but this time more visibly in my body parts. Mostly I could feel the ache in both my gut and groin and then it moved sharply to my shoulders and neck. I felt heavier, bowled over, as if I was carrying the weight that came from dis-connection, being separated from head and heart and feeling that disconnection as the gap that is created through this condition. The more I felt this weight, the pain, I could experienced more sadness that began to emerge inside of me. It seemed like a circular event with accompanying steps and processes.

Throughout this very intense episode I began to understand something more clearly than I had ever before. I understood that I was not alone. None of us are even when we are alone. This is just an illusion. A defensive mechanism we create and/or borrow or inherit in order to block or at the least to slow down some of the incoming impulses that we are being flooded with on a daily basis. i.e. mental, emotional and body as well as T.V., Radio, mobile telephones, Internet etc. and all of the interesting high-tech toys our world has become more dependent on today. The ones that are supposed to have brought us closer together but in many ways they have done just the opposite. Over time they have turned us into strangers to ourselves and our own “raw” creative potential. We keep forgetting sometimes that we created the machine and not the opposite. I knew it was something to think about more.

This experience went on for some more moments. I’m not sure in what time frames or frequencies the depth of the pain, the vulnerability, the tears flowing down my cheeks and the sadness that was continuing to well up from inside of me went on. Then strangely it all began to subside, step by step, in a slow motion sense to finally vanishing entirely from my view and body experience as if it were but a dream and hadn’t happened at all in a conscious sense. I even began to wonder if it was just my imagination so fresh as it can be on our first awakening to a new day or could it have been the remains of a dream that I had in some way or for some reason carried over from the dream time? Or could it have been just a special moment in time when I could get a glimpse of the collective-ness part of our lives and the relatedness of all things. Why had I had this kind of experience at this time in my life? Was it a sign, a kind of calling to new understanding, a message for taking some kind of action? Did it have something to do with some new steps I was getting ready to take in my life and this was some kind of preparatory help? Was it real, fantasy or both? What meaning did it have for my life, if any. Did it have a message for others and something I could pass on? Perhaps, even to the whole world.

So many questions I still have left from this experience. From time to time and these many years later I look back to that morning experience. On occasion I have some insights that I did not then following the episode and I have added them to the everyday affairs of my life as much as possible. So, what about you (the reader)? Have you had any kind of experience similar to mine that has given you a glimpse of our personal relationship to the collective one? Maybe this has come through some kind of prayer, meditation, drugs, near death experience, a transcendence episode, a crisis, etc. I personally believe that many people have and more and more people are having these today more frequently. The reason for this has to do with the times we are living through now and how each of us are responding to it. This is about the steps and processes that come from awakening to a higher nature and consciousness. The ones that come to us through our dreams, encounters with others, life changes, crisis, near death experiences and other events that cause some kind of shift in our attention and focus. These are the times of life’s transitions. The times and moments to let go, let die and surrender to a force and movement of life guiding us to and through new stages and cycles of our growth and development.