

Inside The Mystery is a Friend

by Jeanne Ripley
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We do seem to think of mystery as darkness, as fear. Mystery is interesting to read about but not to experience. Most of us understand that our fears don't arise from our external environment but from within ourselves, our soul. Whether we like it or not, going within reveals our needs that are just beyond our fears.

Many of us believe that we can read, study and learn without emotional upheaval and pain. We do the mental exercise of learning about oneself but we don't feel our pain. Instead we turn on the TV, overeat, over drink, over exercise. We don't experience our needs, integrate what we have read into our lives and, of course, we do not heal. What we seem to do is repeat patterns of behavior that we regret because it does not offer the results that we had hoped it would.

Why go there, we ask. There is an expression that says something like...when I feel the pain and want to break down and cry, I take a deep breath and stuff it inside. We are all looking for a quick fix ... microwave healing. It's escape that we want, not the long- term vague promises of what it means to learn about ourselves and recover from our past.

Most of the time, we think that it is not healing that is needed. After all, we are successful in careers and personal lives (or so it appears). Most of us think that we just need to figure out how everyone else has it together. We can do what they do. We may not even recognize that we are in pain.

Now, I see emotional healing and transformation as a long- term project. It is about uncovering my true nature behind the values and beliefs that simply have carried someone else's voice. It becomes time to hear my own voice, to receive myself.

So, it can be that while we are still hiding from ourselves and believing in the values that have been given to us ... and, I might add, values that came from someone else's experience, pain and guilt, we can gradually come out of hiding.

It is even in this darkness that we begin to receive glimpses of light, that we realize we are dying from the pain and struggle and shame that was dumped into in our bodies ...the memory kept alive in every cell.

Somehow, in our life experience, we begin to know that we are meant to dance. I appreciate that we cannot always sing, that there will be pain. But, there is an understanding that begins to needle itself under your pain threshold. You can open your eyes and face your imperfection.

There is absolutely nothing wrong with having scars, with being damaged. The only difference between people is that some of us have not scratched beneath the surface, as yet. The veneer has covered the surface.

I am beginning to understand my love for antiques and furniture that has history. It oozes life. I have trouble being in a brand new house that seems sterile. The life is absent, for me.

If we are reflective and sincerely trying to understand our personal life history, to transform our patterns that no longer serve us, we will be directed to resources that will match our readiness. Soon, we begin to see differently.