

A. Jorgelina Zeoli

Note: Punctuation and formatting
irregularities are intentional.

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# *The Way Out*

*Parts One through Four*

*Esoteric journey  
of an old soul*

*Dawn of the Broken Heart  
2019*

*Art by Jorgelina Zeoli's inner child*

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*Part One*  
*Unstuck*

*suffering*  
*led me deep within*

*and deep within*  
*I found*  
*the way out of suffering*

*The depths of the despair  
I've walked through,*

*the multitude of losses  
and traumatic experiences  
I've survived,*

*belong in separate publications*

*for  
this book is about  
hope.*

*This book is about  
finding  
The Way Out.*

*May you find  
the path to healing,*

*the path to  
peace and contentment,*

*and strength  
and courage  
and joy.*

*It can be done.*

*If I could do it,  
so can you.*

~~~

I can't breathe

I can't breathe

"Your lungs are breathing
but your soul is not,"
the doctor said.

*And God said to me:
"What do you need, Jay?"*

*What do you need
so that
your soul can breathe?"*

*what do I need
so that
my soul can breathe?*

*what are the needs
of my soul?*

my soul needs poetry

and beauty

and truth

and gentleness

**Jay's stuffed animals:
and giggles! and giggles!**

Jay: and giggles

*And God said:
"Is there anything else you need,
baby?"*

*"I need to hear that you love me,"
I replied,*

and God said:

"I love you, Jay,

I always have,

I always will,

forever and ever"

~~~

*Walking through
the garden of life,*

*I fell flat on my face
time and time
and time again,*

and I bounced back

*time and time
and time again*

I was
utterly unhappy

and believed that
nothing would ever
change.

Life was one crisis after the other
after the other.

“This is my life, and that’s that.
Misery for ever and ever.

Oh great.”

I needed help but didn’t know it.
I didn’t want help.
I didn’t want to go to therapy.

Who needs therapy?

Not me.

I didn’t even know what therapy was.

I’m just fine.
I’m strong.
I can do it on my own.

Do what on my own?
Don’t ask me. I don’t know.

I was pushing down
the anguish of a lifetime,
holding on to a fake smile
for dear life.

The anguish was getting stronger
and stronger,
the smile weaker and weaker.

I was a time bomb,
and when I exploded, mammamia.

But I'm getting ahead
of myself.

One day,
caught in a dysfunctional relationship,
I realized my life was in danger.

I was desperate,

*and without thinking
I picked up the phone
and called for help.*

The hardest phone call ever made.

Every fiber of my being
resisted the idea of going to therapy.

*The call
had to be made without thinking*

*for thinking
is
the problem.*

*the mind
is
the problem*

*the solution
does not come from the mind*

*the way out
of suffering
comes from deeper levels
in one's being*

And so
I went to therapy.

In the beginning I was
clueless.

“My life is normal,
my family is normal,
my childhood was normal,”
I said to my therapist.

Eventually I learned that
abuse,
exploitation,
violence and other beauties
don't make “normal,”

whatever *that* might be.

In the beginning
I was numb.

Then, terrified of feeling
my rage,
my guilt,
my shame,
my pain.

I resisted going into my feelings
with all my might.

And one day I dived in.

And couldn't come out.

Until twenty-nine years later.

Long story.

I must say,
the process of diving
in the oceanic currents of
my inner world has been fascinating.

Not always fun, but fascinating.

And so, for endless years,
I dived in the gunk

exploring
learning
becoming aware of who I was
--of who I am--

and it all helped,
but beyond a certain point
I was still stuck.

The agony wouldn't go away.
Oh shucks.

And the search for healing
continued.

I tried support groups,
 acupuncture,
Bach Flower Remedies,
 aromatherapy,
Feldenkreis,
energy healing and more.

It all helped,

but the pain,
the misery,
the memories,
the flashbacks wouldn't go away.

And meds were not an option
(another long story).

I was still stuck. Oh well.

I read innumerable self-help books
seeing myself reflected
in them,

and moved on to books about
religion and spirituality.

Well, that hit the spot.
I couldn't stop reading.

*I was not reading with my mind,
I was reading with my heart,*

*and my heart
resonated with certain passages,*

*and in the resonance
my heart
was being nurtured*

--I was so hungry, so hungry--

*Some spiritual readings
were filled
with poetry,

poetry that reached
my soul

poetry that soothed
my broken heart

poetry that calmed me
down
bringing me deep into meditation

although at the time
I didn't know
what meditation was.*

All the while,

I was hating and blaming
my parents
and others who had hurt me
deeply,

until I came to the recognition
that hatred and blame
feel rotten inside.

Hating and blaming
kept me stuck
and victimized.

*I had to move through
it*

*I consciously began
to
withdraw energy
from the hating and the blaming
and I felt better*

*I had to feel again
my love for my parents
and their love for me*

and so I did

Regarding certain others,
I'm still chewing on them.

So to speak.

Chewing is good.

I made
a commitment
to cleanse myself
from negative thoughts
and emotions.

In that commitment,
--I didn't know it then--
*I claimed back the power
to take charge
of my life.*

I experimented
with
listening to
my inner guidance:

my gut

my intuition

*the still voice
within*

*I practiced following it
even though it
constantly contradicted
my head*

In the beginning,
the head was strong
and the inner guidance was almost inaudible.

Overpowered by the head,
it would remain silent
for long stretches of time.

*I learned
to invite it back*

I learned to ask for guidance

*I learned to listen to it
and follow it*

*I learned to trust it

my inner guidance
knows much more than I do*

Through experimentation,

eventually I learned
that following my big fat head
when intuition indicated otherwise
would always get me in trouble.

Getting to follow my inner guidance
--ignoring my head--
took work.

*The muscle that opposed the head
was very weak;*

*with practice,
it became stronger and stronger;*

*the more
I followed my inner guidance,
the more it spoke to me,
the more it proved itself right*

In spite of all the inner work
I was doing,
the agony wouldn't go away,
and life kept beating me up
until one day ...

*down on my knees,
my soul cried out*

**WHAT DOES GOD WANT
FROM ME?**

*and God
answered me*

It happened
in 2003.

My life had become unmanageable
and journal writing had taken over,

in the shower, in the car,
in the middle of the night.

One day, out of the blue,
*a conversation began with
an inner voice
and a magical world opened up
through my pen,*

*a world in which Jay,
--my wounded inner child--
played and laughed and cried
with God.*

Wow.

I was actually
talking to God,

and God was talking to me.

Right there. On paper.
Like I didn't have enough problems.

I'm still digesting that one.

But it was real,

*for as the conversations
continued
I felt a loving presence inside.*

*I was
no longer alone.*

Shifting back and forth
from agonizing writing
to my magical world with God,

I didn't know it then,

*I was weaving
the wavelength of God
into the wavelength
of my pain.*

Talk about
fascinating processes.

*My insides were getting
transformed
through the Love of God.*

Literally.

Another wow.

*I didn't know
what hope felt like*

*and one day
I felt hope*

*I didn't know
what contentment was*

*and one day
contentment came into my life*

*I couldn't remember
what joy felt like*

*and one day
joy came back*

*my trust
had been shattered*

*and
it was restored*

But first
I had to speak my mind.

(Oh, oh, here comes trouble.)

*I hated God
and
I told him so.*

*And after my hatred was purged
I fell madly in love
with Him.*

Or Her.

And this,
ladies and gentlemen,
is how I finally got unstuck.

~~~

In the system of thought  
that I've adopted,  
the system of thought  
that works for me,

*God  
has no gender*

*God  
is not a separate entity*

*God is consciousness*

*the more conscious  
I become  
the closer I am to God*

*the closer I am to God,*

*the further away I am  
from pain  
and suffering*

That simple.

*healing is  
in God*

*the path to God  
is  
through the heart*

*the path to the heart  
is found  
following the inner currents  
of feelings*

and we are back to feelings.

Oh gee.

*my path to God  
has been through self-knowledge  
and creativity,*

*mine  
is the upward spiral path*

*the narrow  
path,*

*the path that moves me forward  
on the evolution  
of the soul*

For the last fourteen years  
I've been weaving my broken pieces together  
through humor,  
poetry  
music  
art  
psychological insight,  
*conversations with God*  
and letters  
and pictures of me and my family,  
all of it contained in books and films  
and inspirational songs.

Phew.

Not in my wildest dreams  
would I have thought  
that life would bring me here.

And yet it did.

Telling my story  
through my creative work  
over and over again,  
I re-traumatized myself, twice,  
almost to the point of no return.

The time has come to wrap it all up.

I have done my work.

I no longer need  
to keep telling my story.

I no longer need  
to carry the heavy load of my past,

a past that has  
weighed me down  
holding me back for a lifetime.

My memories of trauma  
used to call me,  
they needed my attention.

They no longer do.

The doors to my past are closing  
behind me.

I can let it all go now.  
I can let it go.

*There's a new life  
waiting for me.*



*And the question remains:*

*“What does God want from me?”*

*The answer so far has been  
loud and clear:*

*“I want you to write,  
I want you to heal,  
I want you to deliver a Message:*

*Human suffering  
can be conquered.*

***It can be conquered.”***

*there is hope  
there is hope*

## *Part Two*

### *Higher Intelligence and the Inner Child*

*as a child  
I felt like an adult*

*as an adult  
I feel like a child*

~~~

Walking on the spiritual path,
searching for healing,
one day my beliefs began to crack.

*something totally new
and different was underneath*

an infinite open space

fluid

gentle

And that thing was inside my head.
Can you believe it?
Probably not.

Anyway,
beliefs are crackable.

belief
is different from experience

In any case,
this much I've learned so far ...

There's a higher intelligence
that runs through the core of one's being.
(Or through the cracks of one's head.
Who knows? I don't.)

One can choose to tap
into the higher intelligence or
wait until it pops.

Yes, ladies and gentlemen,
the higher intelligence
pops.

*when life gets rough
and one feels lost in the dark*

*connecting to the higher intelligence
can save one's life*

it saved mine

*the higher intelligence
reveals itself in unique ways*

Popping
is one of them.

Popping is
a very healthy activity,
if I may say so myself.

It broadens the noodle,
you know what I mean?

Voice One: Not really.

Voice Two: Me neither.

Oh well, never mind.

People use different words
to refer
to the higher intelligence:

*Inner guidance, intuition, hunches,
small still voice, Life Force, Higher Power,
Universe, God, Divine Mother,
Divine Guidance,
Mr. Pluff...*

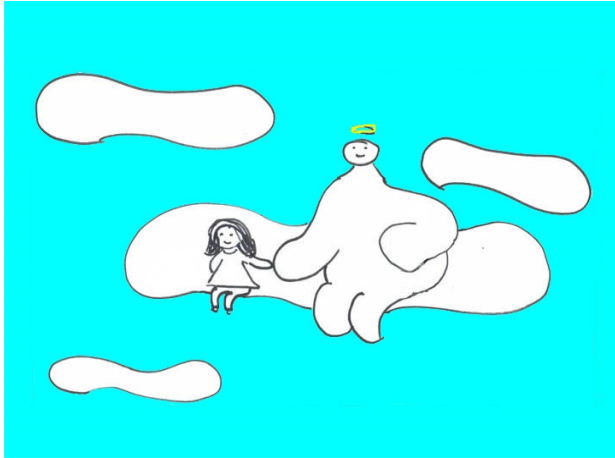
Yes, ladies and gentlemen,
I said *Mister Pluff*.

Don't look at me like that,
I'm serious.

Voice One: You've gotta be kidding.

Voice Two: She's gotta be kidding.

I must confess,
I had no knowledge that one of God's names
was Mr. Pluff,
until one day these two showed up:



It is now my privilege
to introduce you to the two most important
beings in my life:

*My inner child Jay and
her Benevolent Friend, Mr. Pluff.*

Mr. Pluff
(singing in the shower):

*“I am poppable...
that’s what I am...”*

It all happened in 2006.
I was illustrating my first book
when I found myself pondering ...

*“HOW THE HECK AM I GOING TO MAKE
A DRAWING OF GOD??”*

And all of a sudden, out of the blue,
*the weird pair popped.
Just popped.*

See? Didn't I tell you?

And talk about the power of the mind.
Focused mind plus intense emotion and
poof!
You've become a creator.

Good stuff.

It was only when *little Jay*
came into the picture,

the picture on the clouds,

that it dawned on me:

*She was the one
that for the last three years
had been having conversations with God
through my writing.*

*It was my inner child doing the talking,
not me.*

*She was babbling and bubbling away
with Mr. Pluff
and I didn't even know it.*

Speak about not knowing oneself.

Oh well.

According to The Book of Jay,
God is puffy.

God: I AM??

Jay: AND YOU DIDN'T KNOW IT??

God: not really

Jay: well, now you know

God: ok

Jay: you knucklehead

God: sure whatever

God?

yes?

Jay: puffy is good

God: yeah, puffy is good

Life before Mr. Pluff
was rough.

My child within had been severely wounded
and its fragments
were experiencing separation from God.

feeling separated from God

*abandoned
by God*

*was the most excruciating pain
I've ever had*

*and yet
it wasn't real*

for God does not abandon

*when the higher intelligence
meets the wounded child within*

healing happens

Mr. Pluff
came to my inner child
when I was nothing but shattered pieces.

He brought the gifts of laughter

and warmth

and comfort

and hope.

Thank you, Mr. Pluff,
from the bottom of my heart.

I wouldn't have made it
without you.

God: you are most welcome, baby

God calls me "baby"
sometimes.

I like that.

God: me too

The Guys (Jay's stuffed animals):
me too! me too!

Everybody's popping!

*Jay: 'cause we're all one,
that's why*

The Guys: that's why! that's why!

God: that's why

Anyway,
that's my recipe for healing,
in a nutshell.

Connect to your inner child,
find God,
you are all set.

Piece of cake.

Well. Not really.

~~~

~~~

Before Mr. Pluff came into our life,
Jay and I were lost.

I'd fall in cycles of despair
crying time and time again
the same memories.

“Love your inner child, Jorgelina,”
my therapists would say,
and I had no idea of what
they meant.

*What on earth am I supposed to do
about this inner child stuff??*

GEE.

One day,
in my forties,
alone in the kitchen,

*I saw myself
with the eyes of the soul.*

*I was holding a tiny baby girl.
She was in a coma.*

*“This is me,”
I whispered to myself.*

*There was a stream of golden light
running gently
from my heart to my baby’s heart.*

*I remember
holding her,*

I remember the waiting,

*waiting for my little baby
to come out
of the coma,*

but she never did

*and after a few days
it all disappeared*

As a child
I was a numb little robot.

The numbness protected me
from a void inside,

a void that I carried
into adulthood,

a void that one day
opened up
unveiling the terror

the anguish

the incomprehensibility
of childhood losses,
neglect
and abandonment.

No fun. Let me tell you.

For all those years,
the numb little robot that was me
had waited and waited

hoping,
seemingly beyond hope,
that someone would come to rescue her

and hold her
and feed her
and love her
and play with her.

That “someone” was supposed to be me,
except
I couldn’t reach her.

Darn.

Why couldn't I reach her?

*my little girl inside didn't
trust me*

she didn't feel safe with me

*she had been crying
loud and clear all along,
and I hadn't recognized her call*

Not only was I plain ignoring her.

I was actively hating her.

*I hated my inner child
and I didn't know it*

I hated myself.

I hated the heaviness inside
that held me back,

that made me drag my feet,

that kept me
immobilized.

My self-hatred was keeping me
cut off
from my inner child

for the heaviness I so hated
was my inner child.

*The heaviness
was the broken heart
of my inner child.*

I hated my broken heart.

No wonder
my little girl inside
wanted nothing to do with me.

Not knowing
what the heaviness was,
*I wanted to kick it out of my system
and move on with my life.*

Well, guess what.
It doesn't work that way.

One can't kick oneself out of oneself,
if you know what I mean.

*I had to turn around
one hundred and eighty degrees.*

*I had some major grieving to do,
yet didn't even know
the meaning of that word.*

I had to embrace myself,

*I had to embrace
all of me,*

*my pain
my heaviness
my broken heart,*

*I had to stop judging it
and blaming it
and pushing it away*

*I also had to accept
that carrying the weight
of my broken heart,*

*carrying
a wounded child within,*

slowed me down.

*It is okay to move slowly
on the path to healing.*

It is okay.

*In order to heal
I had to learn to love myself
and
my little child within*

I had to gain her trust

BUT HOW?

HOW??

And we're back to square one.
OH GEE.

~~~

One day,  
in my early fifties,  
*a stuffed little monkey  
smiled at me from a windowsill and boom.  
Love at first sight.*

*Monkey came into my life  
and changed it forever.*

The next thing I know,  
I'm carrying Monkey in my arms,  
around the house and into the world.

I didn't know it then,  
*through Monkey,  
I had finally connected  
to my inner child.*

I'd take Monkey  
to my therapy sessions  
with Stuart.

*Monkey's irresistible smile  
would make me explode in laughter  
pulling me out of my despair.*

And I became addicted  
to stuffed animals.

I'd see them in the store,  
*they touched my heart,  
I'd feel them calling me,  
I had to get them, **I just had to.***

Soon, Snuffy the Orphan Dog,  
and Angel Bear,  
and Molly the Small Purple Bear,  
and the others,  
would sit with me  
through my therapy sessions.

My stuffed animals,  
*The Guys*, as we called them,  
*were parts of me  
and were there to help me.*

That's what Stuart said,  
and he was right.

*It was through my adorable  
stuffed animals  
that I learned to love myself.*

Holding them and hugging them  
in tears  
during therapy sessions,  
*I'd feel a level of comfort  
that I couldn't find anywhere else.*

It looked like  
I was holding them.  
*In reality, they were holding me.*

*They were me.*

*I was holding myself.*

*never  
underestimate  
the power of stuffed animals*

For many months  
my stuffed animals remained silent.

In 2003,  
for the very first time,

*Monkey began yapping  
through my writing  
when we went away on vacation.*

It was during that vacation with Monkey  
that I had the insight:

*My life had become a desperate race  
to maintain my house,  
to pay a mortgage,*

*a race that was a superimposed structure  
on what my life was truly meant to be,*

*a structure that was crushing  
my essence,*

*an essence that I was beginning  
to have glimpses of.*

*I carried within  
a magical world of healing*

*healing I desperately needed*

*I had to simplify my life,*

*I had to break the grip  
of that structure that suffocated me  
so that my essence could surface  
and heal,*

*I had to simplify my life  
so that I could write.*

It was clear.  
I had to sell the house.

*The day I sold my house,  
the rest of the guys began to talk.*

Their first words:  
**“We’re moving! We’re moving!”**

*in order to speak, the guys needed  
the heavy responsibilities of daily life  
off my shoulders*

*my stuffed animals  
know things I don't know*

*my stuffed animals  
speak great wisdom  
and great joy*

*my stuffed animals  
carry my inner child*

*my wounded child*

*my happy child*

*my wise child*

*my tender child*

*my funny child*

*my hurting child*

*my stuffed animals  
carry Jay*

*love Jay*

*adore Jay*

*they play with her;*

*when Jay cries,  
they comfort her*

*they offer her their little hankies;*

*when Jay's tears are oceanic,  
the guys bring their buckets*

**"Pass the bucket! Pass the bucket!"**  
*they say*

*my stuffed animals  
carry God  
for God holds my tears*

*my stuffed animals  
love me  
and I love them  
unconditionally*



*my magical world  
of stuffed animals  
is not a world of fantasy,*

*it is a world  
in another dimension*

*a dimension in which pieces of me  
that have been buried  
finally find a voice*

*my stuffed animals  
bring back  
the voice of my silent inner child*

*because with them  
I feel safe*

*my magical world exists  
in a dimension  
where the childhood I never had  
exploded into existence  
and became a holy ground for healing*

*my stuffed animals  
carry  
my innocence*

*the innocence  
of the child within*

*it is from the place  
of innocence  
within  
that I connect with God*

*the  
innocence within  
restores the connection  
with God*

~~~

Part Three
Psychological and Spiritual
Insights
of a Trauma Survivor

A practical guide
to a happier life

This guide for happier living contains no scientific data. It merely reflects personal experiences and observations from my healing journey from trauma and it is not intended as a substitute for psychological or psychiatric treatment. Other survivors may have had experiences that contradict mine.

Although this work addresses states of mind that could be directly related to psychological trauma, many of these thoughts may prove helpful to anyone seeking inner peace, contentment and joy.

Jorgelina Zeoli

*if there's one thing
I know about
it is suffering*

*the answers
are within*

*I was down in the gutter
and then, at the very bottom
of my psychological structure,
a vortex
opened into eternity*

*and eternity came into me,
filling me up with peace,*

*then the vortex closed
leaving me impregnated,
transformed*

*and when I found myself back
in the psychological gunk,
things were different,*

*the gunk didn't affect me so much,
I had known "something else,"*

there was hope

~~~

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~~~

*when things
get crazy*

*slow down
and take a deep breath*

108

*listen
to the small voice
within*

109

*listen
and follow*

110

~~~

emotional explosion?

oh gee

*have hope*

*it can get better*

or worse

take a deep breath,

regroup,

discern

111

*do not despair,*

*despairing  
increases the agony,*

*when in despair  
consciously seek positive thoughts*

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*seek the path to  
your soul  
and you'll find healing*

when confused

or overwhelmed

or exhausted

*stop,*

*lie down*

*and hold your head gently,*

*rub your temples gently,*

*apply pressure to the back of your neck,  
gently,*

*massage your head gently,*

in a few seconds  
you may feel relieved

*practice objectivity,*

*always  
look at the other side  
of any situation*

*both sides are equally  
deserving of attention*

Speak your truth,  
gently.

I said *gently*.

Oh well.  
Sometimes one barks.

Okay.  
Let's try again.

*Gently.*

Oh gee. Here comes Bark again.

Well, we'll try again tomorrow.

*walking on the spiritual path  
eventually  
the barking subsides  
and one feels much better*

*identify  
people or situations  
that drain your precious energy,  
  
set boundaries,  
  
**protect yourself***

*go with the flow  
yet stand on your own two feet*

*learn to say “no”  
learn to say “yes!”*

*broken boundaries  
feel rotten inside*

*broken boundaries  
have a distinct flavor*

*learn to recognize it*

*work at healing boundaries*

*when boundaries are healed,  
self-worth and wholeness  
are restored*

*learn to identify  
manipulations*

it is possible  
to get unhooked

*refuse to be manipulated*

*manipulations  
corrode one's sense of self*

*make a habit  
of asking a heart question*

*a hard question*

*before going to sleep,*

*expect the answer to come up  
from deep within  
when you are waking up,*

*it comes  
as a soft whisper*

*it's easy to miss  
and easy to forget*

*train yourself to listen for it*

Ask:  
“How do I deal with this person?”

How do I deal  
with this situation?”

*when the inner guidance  
speaks,  
don't let it slip away*

*write it down*

*act on it*

*the sooner the better*

*do not tolerate  
abuse*



*attachment  
to people  
to things  
to situations  
creates suffering*

*ask for inner peace  
for serenity  
for contentment  
wait  
listen to the voice within  
the path  
will show itself  
follow it  
one small step in front of the other*

certain situations are  
empowering,  
others are disempowering;  
the same is true for  
relationships;  
being undermined  
and disempowered  
has a very distinct flavor,  
learn to recognize it,  
*then take charge:*  
*either fix the situation*  
*or run for your life!*

*dare to dream about*  
*circumstances and relationships*  
*that support you,*  
  
*that empower you*  
  
*then, one blossoms*

stop

step back

regroup

consider changing  
gears

or jobs

or relationships

*stay away from stress  
at all cost*

*stress steals your health*

*take action!*

*be ready  
to change directions*

*be flexible*

*be alert*

have courage

*remove yourself  
from toxic environments  
or relationships*

avoid  
absorbing toxicity,  
avoid the news!

*do not stay in a toxic situation  
due to fear*

*if danger is real,  
consult with a professional  
or someone you trust*

*and there's that concept  
of "moving forward"*

*one does not need  
to stay stuck in regrets  
or glued to a bad situation*

*one can simply  
move forward*

For the longest time  
I didn't know that.  
Oh gee.

*have the courage  
to change*

*take a deep breath  
and do it,*

*do what you know you have to do,*

*you know  
what needs to be done,*

*doing  
what needs to be done  
pays off*

*take action*

*take charge  
of your life*

Taking the bull  
by the horns.

Powerful stuff.

*the answers are  
inside of you  
and outside of you,  
learn  
to recognize them,  
with practice  
they become unmistakable*



*be not afraid*

*fear increases the agony,*

*discern fears that are real  
and fears that are  
a making of the mind,*

*those go  
OUT THE WINDOW*

*there's nothing  
to fear*

other than the snake in the living room,  
of course

fear comes from  
intuition,  
from survival instinct ...

**SNAKE! RUN!!**

... or from the mind playing tricks  
on you

Catch the mind!  
Don't let it get away with it!

*the quality of your life  
depends on it*

*one's life does not need  
to be run by fear*

*ask for Guidance*

*“How do I uproot my fears?”*

Be specific.  
Pinpoint your fear.

One day I felt safe  
and realized  
I had felt in danger all my life  
  
and didn't know it.

*the best gift  
one can give  
to another*

*is a safe space  
to be real*

*to cry*

*to be imperfect*

*a safe space  
is a space without judgment*

*uprooting  
judgment of others  
simultaneously uproots judgment  
of oneself  
and the other way around*

*catch yourself  
having judgmental thoughts*

you catch one,  
the next one already popped in

they are sneaky,  
I tell ya

if you keep at it,  
kicking out judgmental thoughts,

*eventually the judgmental  
attitude goes away ...*

and comes back

GEE!

and goes away and comes back

*until one day it's gone!*

well, sort of

155

*once one makes the commitment  
to get rid of judgment*

*judgmental thoughts  
keep kicking in*

*but less and less*

the more you kick out,  
the less they kick in,

get it?

eventually you learn  
to nip them in the bud

then you stop kicking,  
you start nipping;

nipping takes much less energy

*saving energy  
is good*

156

*uprooting  
the judgmental attitude*

*uprooting "the critic"  
in one's mind*

*creates the space within  
to love oneself*

*kicking*

*nipping*

*napping*

*all good things*

*simplify*

*focus on what's meaningful  
and necessary*



*discernment*

*what's truly necessary  
in your life?*

*what's truly meaningful?*

*learn*

*to trust yourself,*

*honor your gut*

*your intuition*

*seek out  
like-minded people*

163

*seek out  
win-win situations*

164

*live a life  
with values*

*be an example of integrity*

*values bring you closer  
to your essence*

*create  
a support system*

*discern  
who truly cares about you*

*nurture  
those connections*

*I cannot do it  
alone*

*reach out  
to friends*

*reach out  
to professionals*

*reach out  
to angels*

*reach out to God*

*changing one's life  
takes effort  
and courage*

*but it's worth it*

*I was attached to  
my misery,*

*one day  
I cut the cord and ...*

**WOW.**  
What a high!

I went up like a helium balloon!

~~~

*When life
is
too difficult
and moods and emotions
overwhelm you*

*seek out
professional help,*

*there are many healing modalities
out there*

dare to explore

*keep
an open mind*

173

you are unique

*your way out
is unique*

174

*one's agony
is only a dark room
in the mansion of one's being,*

*there's a door
that leads out of the prison
into the beautiful rooms of the mansion,*

the door is there

keep looking

don't give up

*you are much more
than your pain*

more than your thoughts

*more than your
emotional states,*

*beyond it all
there's peace and contentment*

keep looking

*there is a way
out*

177

have courage

178

anxiety and depression
are not feelings

they are
the absence of feelings,

feeling
one's feelings
breaks down anxiety
and depression

Beware of phony,
irresponsible counselors.

*You are putting your life, your soul,
in their hands.*

Advocate for yourself.

Stay alert,
use your judgment.

*If something doesn't feel right,
stop to discern.*

Take charge.

If needed, disengage.

*discernment
is good*

181

top priority

*take care of
yourself*

182

*question the meaning
of the word “selfish”*

183

*surround yourself
with gentle souls*

184

*actively seek to nurture
your body
and your soul*

185

*when I'm tired
I rest*

186

When I'm hungry,
I eat.

I eat pasta, and bread and butter.

I love pasta and bread and butter.
Then my head gets foggy.

Oh gee.

*addiction to the salad bar
is good*

Take
one small step
on the road to healing.

*anything
that doesn't feel good inside
can be turned around,*

*ask for Guidance
in your mind,
in your heart,*

“how to uproot this guilt?

*this sense of
worthlessness?*

this fear?

*how do I leave this pain
behind?”*

*when your head
is blank,*

when you feel immobilized,

*when you can't
get out of bed,*

when you literally can't move,

move your head
a little bit,

to one side
to the other,

in circles

*hold your head
gently,*

*feel the gentleness
of your hands on your head*

feel the gentleness

stretch a little

sit up

walk a few steps

*gentle movement
can shift one's mental state
in a matter of seconds*

*movement
awakens the mind*

*gentleness
awakens the soul*

*when my head is blank
I can still sense
the inner guidance*

*the inner guidance
does not come from the head*

*sometimes
it shows up in the head
though*

osteopathy helps

a lot

osteopathy
rewires the brain

*when feeling hopeless,
remember:*

your brain can be rewired

*when it feels horrible
don't give in to hopelessness*

*hopelessness makes things
worse*

*remember:
things can change*

*never
give up hope*

199

*take a small step
then rest*

200

*tiny steps
may get you going*

*tiny steps
may take you far*

the smallest step

*the faintest thought
in the right
direction*

*accumulates
and builds up strength*

*when the heaviness is so great
that you can't move*

*accept it
and rest*

*resisting
the heaviness*

*beating yourself up
for it*

makes it worse

be gentle to yourself

*resisting negative emotional states
intensifies them
and keeps one stuck*

accept it all

breathe deeply

rest

ask for Guidance

*be compassionate
with yourself*

*you are carrying the heavy load
of trauma*

a very heavy load

*you are
a Child of God,*

*in that
understanding*

shame disappears

*as Children of God,
everyone's heritage is divine*

Wow.

*recognizing
one's divine heritage*

all forms of self-hate disappear

*treat everyone
as if they were
Children of God*

they are

don't idealize
as members of the human race
we are all flawed

As Sandra, my therapist,
used to say:
“We are all half-cooked.”

When your head is blank,
do word search puzzles
covering one eye, then the other.

Eye movement up and down,
side to side,
and diagonal both ways,
helps the brain.

Word search puzzles
may lead to brain activity
resulting in helpful thoughts
coming to the surface.

Seize the moment!
Grab that thought!

Act on it!

Eye movement
may lead to deep emotion.

let yourself cry,

tears are cleansing,

*after a good cry
functioning gets easier;*

too many tears?

*rage in sight
inside*

insight

Seek professional help.

don't give up

rest

reach out

*Deep emotions
carry information.*

*Don't feel
victimized by them,
rather, welcome them.*

*Deep emotions
give you access to layers of your being
that are oftentimes shut down.*

*Use your emotions
to learn about yourself.*

ask for faith

ask for strength

ask for healing

some tears are cleansing
some keep you stuck,
learn to know the difference

cleansing tears
bring relief,
clear the mind,
they bring a bit of precious energy
to function,
at least for a while,
cry them with purpose!
know they are good for you!

*tears that keep you
feeling despairing
and victimized
carry anger underneath,
the time for flipping
has come!*

*when drowning in tears,
get angry*

*when lost in anger,
allow tears*

*and don't forget
to laugh in between*

*energy
moves in circles*

*thoughts and emotions
are energy*

*negativity directed at others
turns around and comes back
to the emitting source*

*spend time
in solitude*

ISOLATION SUCKS.

Okay. Don't spend time in solitude.
We'll do that later,
when it feels good.

*Divine Guidance
is available 24/7
for free!*

Hey!

*You can't go wrong
on that one!*

*This is
what I always ask:*

*to know
God's Will for me*

talk to God

*ask Divine Guidance
to remove
the obstacles to inner peace*

*first one,
then the next,
and the next and the next*

Energy healing
moved out from my system
loads of negative energy
in single sessions.

*intense emotions
can dissolve into nothing
through the Light of Understanding*

*when in the grip of deep emotion,
bring in objectivity,*

*look at all sides
of the situation,*

strive for fairness,

look at the bigger picture,

*consciously seek to shift out
of intense emotion
into calmness and clarity of mind,*

it requires practice

it can be done

*shifting out of tears for another
does not equal absence of caring*

*one can shift from tears
into wisdom and compassion*

*consciously shift
to dreamy states
to ask and receive Guidance*

*the more specific
one's question to one's inner guidance*

*the more specific
the answer
will be*

clutter
clogs the mind

get de-cluttered

So much clutter,
so much junk!

mental
emotional
material

Time to clean up the house.

And one day ...

oh, my God!
there's no clutter in my life!

what am I going to do with all this
clean, empty space??

Utmost disorientation.

Do not worry, do not fear.

Clutter re-pops,
if you know what I mean.

don't postpone

don't
procrastinate

*when the mind gets de-cluttered,
the inner guidance is easier
to perceive*

*a focused mind
has power*

*learning to focus one's mind
can literally
change one's life*

Mind and emotions
are connected.

*change one thought
and
your emotional state may shift
in a matter of seconds*

No need to believe it.

Experiment with it
and arrive to your own conclusions.

It worked for me.

Bach's Flowers Remedies
helped me shift emotional states
in seconds.

*there are so many paths
to healing!*

*shift out
of negative thinking*

you can do it

*the mind is only
a tool*

it is there to serve you

*not
the other way around*

*the mind
can be conquered*

*conquer your thoughts
and you'll master your emotions*

psychological fear

anguish

anxiety

*are mental states
that can be conquered*

*the daggers
in my heart*

*I can pull them out
one by one*

*Yes!
I can do that.*

*hopelessness
is only a state of mind*

*it can change
in a matter of seconds*

that easy

*consciously
counteract negative thought patterns
with positive thinking*

There are many kinds
of thoughts.

Learn to observe them.

*The part of you that observes your thoughts
is your awareness.*

*Observe
the quality of your thoughts,*

*some feel very light,
some feel heavy.*

*Learn to navigate
your inner currents of thoughts
and emotions.*

*the currents of thought and emotion within
are like innumerable roads and highways
intersecting with one another,*

some lead nowhere,

*learn to recognize those
and avoid them,*

*learn to transfer
from heavy currents to lighter ones,*

*as one learns to master
one's brain*

*one learns
to master one's emotions*

*in the midst
of emotional pain,
bring in your awareness*

scan your pain

*identify the thoughts and beliefs
that provoke pain,*

the thoughts that keep you stuck,

*the beliefs
that undermine your sense of self*

*negative thoughts
create misery*

*one has the power
to undo
one's misery*

*claiming that power
is a choice*

ask for Guidance

*“How do I uproot
my feelings of worthlessness,
of being unlovable,
of not being good enough,
the feeling that something
is wrong with me?”*

*Nothing is wrong with you.
You are a Child of God.*

*Ask for Guidance to increase
the awareness
that you are a Child of God.*

*disempower
the thoughts that create your agony,*

the beliefs that keep you stuck,

*you can disempower
them,*

it can be done

*consciously withdraw energy from them
and counteract them with Truth
and positive thinking*

*think positive
yet remain objective*

*when you are
giving up
when you've given
up
take time to rest
then
bounce back*

go to a bookstore

or a library

(or my website!)

browse

“humor”

“psychology”

“spirituality”

“self-help”

Respond to what calls you.

*read material
that inspires you*

that lifts you up

*changing one's thoughts
changes one's moods*

*find reasons
to feel grateful*

*gratitude heals
the soul*

*gratitude
cleanses toxicity*

make an effort

rest

repeat

259

effort is good

efforts pay off

*but only
the right kind of efforts*

learn to discern

260

smile

it takes effort

boy, do I know

simple

does not equal easy

*make a commitment
to take care of yourself*

one thought a day

*one step
a day*

one action a day

it's okay to rest

*your broken heart
can heal*

have hope

265

*listen to calming
music*

classical music

environmental music

*listen
to the birds*

266

do journal writing

say it all

you can burn it later

or publish it

question everything

*question
your prejudices*

question what I say

*I could be talking nonsense, you know?
(it wouldn't be the first time)*

find your truth

what do you truly want?

what do you truly feel?

what do you truly think?

don't be swayed

practice independent thinking

use

your imagination

envision

good things happening

beautiful things

*envision positive
outcomes*

*envision
a new life*

*envision
a good life*

**Think
one positive thought
and act on it.**

focus

do something positive

rest

273

*plan on taking
one positive step each day*

then two

then three

274

*before going to bed
plan the one positive thing
you will accomplish the following day*

275

*don't push
yourself
push yourself*

276

*learn the difference
between self-violation
and positive effort*

277

*in time
what used to require effort
becomes effortless*

278

*learn to see the good
that comes from
the bad*

*the next time you find yourself
in a difficult situation,
walk through it thinking:*

*“what am I learning from this?
what good is coming out of this?”*

Stop.

Give yourself credit
for your efforts,

look at how far you've come.

pat-pat on the shoulder

pat-patting is good

*perfect
does not exist*

*accept yourself
just as you are*

*kicking perfectionism
out the window*

easier said than done

*don't compare yourself
to others*

*accept things as they are
and move forward*

*all souls are
beautiful*

*you are
a beautiful soul*

*it is only
from a place of acceptance
of oneself and one's circumstances
that change and growth
can happen*

*believe that
you can heal

believe it

you can heal

and so can your life*

~~~

*Ask:*

*“How do I heal?  
What do I do next?  
Where do I go next?”*

*grieving is no fun  
but it pays off*

*grieving  
is an opportunity for growth*



*flaws I used to have  
I no longer have*

One flaw goes out,  
another pops in.

Oh well, such is life.  
Always something to clean up.

*as one grows*

*one heals*

*allow grief*

*rest*

*find comfort*

*allow grief*

*listen  
to soothing music*

*naps  
are good*

293

*practice gratitude and acceptance*

*gratitude heals the soul*

*acceptance  
moves you forward*

294

*rage and tears  
are flip sides of the same coin*

*don't get stuck  
in either*

*keep flipping!  
keep flipping!  
and laughing in between!*

*allow laughter  
allow grief*

*back and forth  
back and forth*

*laughter*  
*is healing*

*grieve*  
*what your life could have been*

*then envision a new life*

*a good life*

*filled with beauty*  
*and poetry*  
*and all good things*

*my broken heart  
remained sealed for decades  
then I began to grieve,  
it is never too late*

299

*sometimes  
it feels like the horror, the agony,  
are there to stay*

*not true*

*there's something called  
"moving through the pain"*

*one actually moves through it  
and then something changes  
and one goes out*

*and back in, and out and in ... GEE!*

*have courage,  
be patient,*

*there's peace and healing ahead*

300

*loneliness*

*unhappiness*

*suffering*

*come*

*from disconnection*

*from oneself*

*disconnection*

*from The Source*

*disconnection from Universe,*

*disconnection from God*

*grieving facilitates*

*reconnection*

301

I was so angry at God,  
I gave him/her the silent treatment.

And one day  
I opened my big mouth ...

(oh oh)

302

“How could you, God?

How could you do that to me?

How could you let the heart of a child  
be broken in a million pieces  
over and over  
and over again?

HOW COULD YOU?

I HATE YOU,

I HATE YOU,

**I HATE YOU.”**

And God said:  
“Finally! You are talking!”



*it is not about  
God forgiving me*

*it is about me  
forgiving God*

*loving God  
is much more fun than hating him/her,*

*and giggling with God?*

*giggling with God  
is yummy*

Trust me. I know.

*when you walk through the fire  
ask for Divine Guidance*

*and Divine Guidance  
will be given  
unto you*

*when you walk through the fire,  
call out to God*

*I did.*

*the answers come  
in God's time*

*once the relationship with  
Divine Guidance  
has been established,*

*answers may come several times  
a day*

*that's how it's worked for me  
anyway*

*when one learns to trust  
the inner guidance*

*life becomes easier*

*one worries less*

*then stops worrying altogether*

Times of unemployment  
used to be excruciating.

No longer the case.

*God wants me somewhere else.  
That's all.*

I've officially declared myself  
unafraid of unemployment.

Now I'm afraid of mosquitoes.  
Oh well.

*ask for  
Divine Guidance*

*in your mind  
in your heart*

*ask:  
"what's the way out?  
what's the way out?"*

*asking the right questions  
can transform one's life*

*in small ways*

*in big ways*

*when you walk through the fire,  
hold on to God,*

*you'll be carried through  
the void*

*I was.*

*when I felt so lost,  
so alone,  
so brokenhearted,*

*God kept me company*

*After I met God  
I no longer wanted to die.*

*allow change*  
*accept change*  
*flow with change*

*refuse to stay stuck*  
*seek change*  
*be willing to*  
*change,*  
*changing one's inner world*  
*brings change to external circumstances*

*change yourself  
and as you do  
you change the world*

319

*I can only  
change myself*

320



*when I change myself  
my perspectives change  
and so do my perceptions,*

*my responses change  
my environment changes  
my circumstances change*

And my buttons drop!  
You wouldn't believe it!  
Strange sensation indeed.

Dropped buttons are no longer pushable,  
catch my drift?

In the spiritual realm  
dropped buttons  
are a measure of success.

*when walking the spiritual path*

*the vertical path*

*the narrow path*

*the scream for justice fades  
and disappears*

*the path to healing  
leads to one's essence*

*be real*

*be kind*

*be gentle*

*to yourself*

*to others*

325

*live  
a simple life*

326

*simplicity*  
*holds hidden treasures*

327

*seek calmness*  
*and simplicity*

*they may open*  
*the door to Paradise*

328

*deep within  
there's peace*

*deep within there's home*

329

*be creative*

*creativity heals*

330

*ponder*  
*about your life purpose*

*when seeking it*  
*it comes to meet you*

*engage*  
*in activities that you love*

*strive to  
align with your soul  
with your life purpose*

*practice yoga  
Tai Chi  
meditation  
prayer  
or other ways to calm your  
mind  
and let your soul speak*

make music

sing in the shower

in the car

in a choir

sing

sing

sing

335

*your voice carries your soul*

*let your soul be heard*

336



*fall in love  
with the beauty of a flower*

337

*seek the path  
to your soul*

*seek to fulfill  
your dreams*

*when dreams  
are shattered,  
find new ones*

338

*the closer I am  
to God*

*the deeper  
the love I feel*

*and the peace I feel*

*and the contentment  
I feel*

*seek the Love of God  
in your heart*

*it is there*

*waiting*

*and wanting  
to be experienced*

*Finding God  
does not mean that life  
will be easy.*

*Still,  
finding God is out of this world.*

*I highly recommend it.*

*walking the narrow path  
is walking on  
uncharted territory*

*once in a while  
I know where I'm going*

*most of the time  
I don't.*

Oh gee.

*the path to healing  
goes in zig-zag  
  
up and down  
  
forward and backward  
  
sometimes it's kind of twisted,  
then it goes in circles,  
  
it's called  
the straight path  
  
You go figure.*

*the easy way  
sometimes leads nowhere  
  
sometimes  
it leads to inner peace  
  
Another you go figure.*

*The first time I tasted inner peace  
I was alone at home  
doing the dishes ...*

*in ecstasy*

Doing the dishes  
has an ecstatic quality.

(Wrong. Try again.)

*the experience of inner peace  
has an ecstatic quality*

345

*doing the dishes in ecstasy,  
nothing else mattered*

*I didn't need  
anything else*

*I didn't want anything else*

*I wanted that moment to last  
for eternity*

Dirty dishes in the sink?  
You don't know  
what you may be missing.

346

Do the dishes everyday.  
You may get lucky.

*think loving thoughts  
and love  
will come back to you*

*think kind thoughts  
and kindness  
will come back to you*

*conquer your thoughts*

*create the life  
you want*

*leaving the pain behind*

*a life  
without emotional pain*

*it  
can be done*

*have faith*

*joy is within you*

*love  
is within you*

*peace  
is within you*

*(remember the vortex  
at the bottom of the gunk?)*

Trust me. This stuff is real.

*as you heal yourself  
you heal the world*



*offer a smile*

*offer connection*

*you may be changing  
someone's life*

*the energy you radiate  
transforms the world*

*you have the power to contribute  
to the transformation of the world  
just by presence*

That's a biggie.

*God is with you*

Another biggie.

355

*you are not  
alone*

356

*God  
is listening*

357

*have hope*

358

*Part Four:*  
*Arrows of Truth*  
*The Bigger Plan*

~~~

I've lived my life
feeling I belong to another planet.

“What on earth am I doing on Earth?!”
I've asked myself a million times.

Today,
finally,
I realize I belong here.

I have work to do,
here.
Lots and lots of work.

When my work is done,
then I'll go back to my planet.

~~~

“Stay away from stress,”  
the doctor said.

Are you serious??  
Have you seen the news lately??

Gee whiz. Doctors.

(Of course, he was right.  
Anyhoo.)

*How to stay away  
from stress?*

*How to lead a meaningful life  
while the world around is collapsing?*

**That** is the question.

*One of many.*

One starts by asking questions.

At least  
that's what I do.

My first big question to my mother,  
when I was little ...

*When is Love coming to Earth?*

Wow.  
That's a good one, huh?

I've always liked to ask questions.

I used to bug my teachers  
with questions that pointed out  
their mistakes.

Ha. It was fun.

And what would you know?  
The questions I've carried in me  
through the years  
ended up determining my path in life.

Weird, huh?  
Well, not really.

*When one asks a meaningful question,  
one sets an intention,*

*asking the question  
sets things in motion,*

*asking the question,  
the answers get cooking,  
so to speak.*

*There's great power  
to intentions.*

*Energize your intention  
and a path opens in front of you.*

*Energize  
your meaningful question  
and the answers come.*

Make yourself comfy though,  
it may take a very long time,

*but the answers do come.*

Trust me.  
I know about these things.

I used to have tons of questions  
and no answers.

Now I have tons of answers  
and no time for questions,

for once you start getting answers  
you begin to see  
the humongous chunk of work ahead  
and all of a sudden  
you just want to take a nap.

At least I do.

Anyhoo.  
Back to the news.



We know about  
the news.

The news reflect  
the decadence of the times.

The news infiltrate the mind,  
corroding it.

Then why the heck am I watching  
the news?

Reading the papers, watching the news,  
I used to fall in bouts  
of terror.

*I no longer do.*

I used to feel helpless, hopeless,  
overwhelmed.

*I no longer do.*

I used to feel:  
“It’s too much for me!  
It’s too much for me!”

*I no longer feel that way.*

Good list, huh?

And you may ask:  
“How did she accomplish *that*?”

(See? Now *you* are asking questions too.  
It gets addictive. I tell ya.)

How did I accomplish that?

Simple.  
I don't watch the news, my friend.

*I don't need to see the news  
to know what's going on.*

Let me tell you a little story.  
I lived through a military regime,  
1970s Argentina,  
and I don't forget.

Today, my life revolves around  
the awareness that *change is needed*.  
*Profound change.*

*Transformation is needed  
at individual, societal and global levels.*

So tell me: Who is going to do it? Huh?  
The government?

Ha. HA-HA-HA.

So who? Me?  
Am I going to save the world?  
Yeah right. Then who? Huh?

See? More questions.

I'm not going to fix the world,  
but I can join the legions of people  
that are striving  
to facilitate that transformation  
in his or her unique way.

Some people need to follow the news  
to fulfill their purpose.  
Some don't.

I don't.

I've gone through enough garbage already,  
no more if I can help it.

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One can choose to be  
in denial,

one can choose to drown  
in helplessness,

one can choose to join the movement  
that leads to the creation of a New World.

It's all about choices.

In order to make choices  
one needs to recognize that one is capable  
of making choices.

Making no choice  
is a choice in and of itself.

374

*Staying on the wavelength of the news  
keeps one stuck in the decadence of the times  
and does not allow to shift  
to the wavelength of the solution,  
  
the soul-ution.*

*Shifting one's wavelength  
to thoughts of hope, empowerment, purpose,  
is key to the solution.*

*Shifting wavelengths can be done at will  
if one chooses to follow that path.*

The news are toxic, my friend.  
They carry highly toxic energy.

*Acknowledge its toxicity.*

*Why expose oneself to poison?*

*It is a matter of self-preservation.*

*Toxicity is not good for you.*

*If you need to be informed,  
watch what you must and run for your life.*

If you don't need to watch the news,  
turn off the tube.  
Done. See? Feeling much better already?

Told you so.

*It is all about balance and discernment.*

*detoxification  
is a big part of the answer,  
  
avoiding the news  
gives one a breather,  
  
a very much needed breather,  
  
avoiding the news  
helps clearing of the mind  
and allows it to shift to positive thinking*

The news only offer  
a partial perspective,  
  
only a particular set of facts,  
*usually facts that are fear-inducing;*  
  
*fear immobilizes,*  
  
*avoid fearful thoughts,*  
  
*consciously seek to overcome  
your fears,*  
  
*“Be not afraid.”*  
  
*Seek thoughts that empower you,*  
  
*avoid thoughts that drain you*

The toxicity of the news  
creates negative reactions.

The fear, helplessness, rage, cynicism, etc.  
provoked by the news  
(or any other situation for that matter)

*fuels the toxicity  
of the environment.*

*Remaining calm,  
centered, non-reactive,  
counteracts the toxicity.*

*One can chose  
to be actively non-reactive.*

*One can choose  
to stop dumping one's own negativity  
into the environment,*

*as justified as that negativity  
may seem.*

*One can choose to contribute calmness,  
centeredness,  
objectivity,  
clear-mindedness.*

Not that doing so is easy,  
but it's certainly worth it.

*Taking responsibility  
for one's own toxicity,  
for what one dumps into the environment,  
is part  
of the solution.  
A big part of the solution.*

*There are other facts,  
other realities,  
other perspectives,  
**different** from those presented  
by the media.  
dare to explore,  
keep an open mind,  
underneath it all  
something new and exciting  
is taking place ...*

Back to the news. Oh gee.

I remember that day,  
in Argentina, up in Catamarca.

I was fourteen

--trying to understand the news  
about a war somewhere out there--

when I suddenly broke down in tears  
struck by the realization:

*Human beings are actually capable  
of committing barbaric acts  
against one another.*

*Human beings  
actually torture and kill one another.*

383

Also, I didn't know it then,  
my empathy had kicked in.

*A veil had been torn inside of me revealing  
the depths and currents of human suffering.*

*I was feeling the agony caused  
by the war reported in the news  
as if it were my own.*

*It actually **was** my own.*

Oh gee.

I didn't know it then,  
*I am an empath.*

384



Voice One: What does she mean  
the pain of the war was her own?

Voice Two: I don't know.  
I think she's weird.

Voice One: Yeah, she's weird.

~~~

*The pain of the war,
the pain of the world,
is my own
because we are all one.*

That's why.

Voice One: Told you so. She's weird.

Voice Two: Yeah. Told you so.

*What to do with this all-consuming
world of suffering*

--suffering of the world--

carried in the womb?

*A great deal of human suffering
stems from feeling alone with one's pain,
with one's circumstances.*

*“Nobody sees my pain,
nobody understands me,
nobody cares.”*

*Feeling seen and heard
and understood
and received
and cared for
plays a major role
in the healing process.*

*You who are in pain,
you who feel
alone and misunderstood
and that nobody cares,
know that you are felt,
and seen,
and known in your deepest agony.
Know that many of us in the world
carry your pain,
feeling it as if it were our own.
Know that we are fighting for you.
We are fighting for you.*

*know that we wish you
healing,
for as you heal, we heal,
know that we wish you joy,
for your joy is our own*

“We are One.”

I’ve read and heard those words
a million times.

For the longest time I couldn’t understand
what they meant.

We are all separate individuals.
How can we be all one?

And one day I got it.
Not too hard to understand, really.

According to science,
everything is energy.

Humanity is one big fat blob of energy
made up of the energy
of millions and millions of people.

That fat blob
merges with the energy of the planet,
with the energy of the universe.

As one changes
the quality of one's energy field
one is having an impact on the universe.

There. In a nutshell.

GEE WHIZ.
How come nobody told me?

You may have noticed,
I'm a thinker.

One day, my head was so full of stuff
it went blank,

(oh gee),

and dropped down
to my gut.

Can you believe it?
Don't ask me how.
It just dropped.

One of those things.

I have since been gut-based.
The gut is my center of operation.
My noodles are in the gut,
so to speak.

Anyhoo,
after decades of pondering
about the problems of the world
and my own,

(they go hand in hand, you know?),

I've come up with this most non-original
line of thought.

*There is a bigger plan
and each individual plays a part in it.
At least I do.*

Wow. Smart, huh?

*Finding out
what part I play in the bigger plan
is a choice.*

*The part I play in the bigger plan
is not about going all out
trying to save the world.*

*Rather,
it is about manifesting my potential,
about using my gifts and talents,
about becoming a better person,
about overcoming my flaws
and facing my fears,
about living my life
with integrity,
about taking care of myself.*

And the list goes on,
but you catch my drift.

*The part I play
in the bigger plan
is tailored just for me.*

Sometimes you get stretched out
though.

Beyond belief,
if I may so myself.

Sometimes I feel I've turned
into a rubber band.

Gee whiz with the bigger plan.

*the bigger plan
refers to the healing of humanity,*

*it refers
to your healing
and mine,*

for we are part of humanity,

*the bigger plan
refers to healing one another*

*I don't need to know
or understand
the bigger plan in its entirety.*

*I only need to know
the part I play in it.*

*One deals with a collapsing
world,
one finds meaning and purpose,*

*by playing one's part
in the bigger plan.*

Simple enough?

397

The bigger plan involves
the evolution of humanity,
the evolution of society,

a process that, believe it or not,
is already in the making.

Collapse and rebirth
are happening simultaneously.

One chooses
which side to tune into.

Or one walks the middle of the road,
with an eye on each process,
or two eyes on one process.

It all depends
on how many eyes you have.

*When the Third Eye wakes up,
the fun begins!*

398

*What matters is to live
a fulfilling life.*

*Fulfillment
derives from striving to do one's best,
to be one's best.*

all the answers are within,

*but if one is paying attention to the media
one may miss the signals
from within,*

*where higher guidance and wisdom
come from*

My own part in the bigger plan
happens on the path of self-knowledge.

Your part may be climbing trees,
playing golf,
or sitting at a computer
twelve hours a day.

Makes no difference,
as long as one is playing one's part.

However,
if you are supposed to be climbing trees
but find yourself playing golf,
we're screwed.
Follow me?

Not that the bigger plan cares,
for it continues on its eternal dance,
turning and turning,
shifting forms continuously,
smoothly adapting to it all.

The media paints a devastating picture
yet doesn't say much
about the new growth.

One has a choice:
the old or the new?

Which world to live in?
The one that's collapsing
or the one that brings hope?

Both,
for they overlap.

It's a balancing act.

Ignoring one or the other
does not work.
It has to be both.

*When I live my life
aligned with my purpose,
when I'm fulfilling my part
in the bigger plan,
I no longer feel hopeless
or helpless
or scared.*

*When I don't know where
I'm going,
when I find no meaning or purpose,
when everything is dread
and worry,
life sucks.
What can I tell you?
I've done all of the above.
It is a balancing act.*

“Ok, what’s my part in the bigger plan,”
you may ask.

That, my friend,
is a very good question,
and I don’t have the answer.

Sorry.

You do, though.

“But where do I start?”
you may say.

Where do you start? ...

*if you are an artist,
paint*

*if you are a singer,
sing*

*if you are writer,
write*

be creative

dare to be different,

dare to be unique,

it is fun!

*you'll know
you are on the right path
when you are not hurting anyone*

become harmless

dare to dream,

dare to be happy,

dare to drop your misery,

*dare to jump
into the wavelength of your essence,*

*God, Universe, the Life Force
are backing you up.*

*The moment you are on the right wavelength,
you become active,
energized,*

you feel the back up.

*the back up of the higher realms
is tangible,*

*I have felt it
and so can you*

*Learn to use your gut
to follow your inner guidance,*

*following one's gut
takes guts.*

*Once you get the knack of it, however,
life changes,*

doors open

Ask questions in your heart
and the answers will come to you.
This is the voice of experience
speaking.

Some answers come
as the Light of Understanding
lifting a veil in your mind,
and gently, *you just know.*

Other times, the answers pop.

Like one day I see a sign on a window:
“SPACE FOR RENT.”

Next day, I've rented a yoga studio.

Hadn't thought about having a studio
until after I rented the space.

See? The studio popped in my life
before I had time to think about it.

Another great popping:

A beautiful distinguished dame
attends a few of my Tai Chi classes.

Next thing I know,
the beautiful dame has introduced
“The Way Out” to Mass General Hospital
and Parts One, Two and Three
are on the shelf as we speak.

Just like that.

Some call it *coincidences*.
Too many of them, let me tell you.

I call it popping.

The bigger plan has turned into
one big pop, my friends.
That’s what I think.

Of course,
if I don’t see the pop, I miss the pop.

That’s not good.

So the key is to be alert to the pop,
which can show up anytime
coming from absolutely anywhere.

See what I mean?

Talk about focus and concentration.

Miss a pop?
Missed the pop.

Follow the popping
and you’ll get somewhere.

God knows where somewhere is,
but hey, who cares?

Following the popping
is fun.

One gets so caught in it,
one forgets to make all those plans
in the head
that are good for nothing
because they never work.

At least mine rarely do.

You've got great plans?
Boom, hit by a truck.

Two years out of commission,
let me tell you.

Talk about patience.

Now I'm back on my feet,
except my personality is gone.

Who needs it anyway?

And now I've got no filter.

Bye bye filter.

I open my mouth
and the things that come out,
mammamia.

Did I say that?!

Never boring. Let me tell ya.

They call it "front lobe injury."

I call it
"His Majesty the Bigger Plan,
will you give me a break?!"

Anyhoo.

Other than getting hit by a truck,
or by an ambulance, things like that,

following the popping
you feel so secure.

At least I do.

Let me tell you a little story.

Three years after the truck accident,
I tripped at a department store
and boom on my head,
disappeared under a rack of clothes.

How about that?

And guess what.

Both blows to the head led to
a new outpour
of writing and self-publishing.

415

Both accidents were part of the bigger plan!
They both put me back on track!

GEE WHIZ WITH THE BIGGER PLAN.

You keep hitting my head,
I'm out of here. You hear me??

Anyhoo.

Now when bad things happen
I know there's a hidden purpose,
and when I'm in the midst of trials
--'cause they keep coming,
let me tell you--

I search for the deeper meaning.
It keeps my mind off whining and kicking
and blaming and complaining.

Good stuff.

The bigger plan knows how to challenge you
and make you grow.

Trust me. I know about these things.

416

Inner growth involves
changing perspectives and attitudes.

Take me, for instance.

North Shore, 2017.

I just rented a yoga studio.
Now I need help to move furniture
and stuff.

And here she comes,
the drama queen ...

“I have no one to help me!
And the deadlines! And the pressure!
What am I gonna do?!
WHAT AM I GONNA DO?!!”

And the upset and the anguish,
all that stuff.

Catch my drift? I know you do.

Except I don't do that anymore.

When the drama queen shows up
I show her the door.

Bye bye drama queen.

Then I sit down and wait.
What else can I do?
Someone will show up to help me.

Then I bump into a neighbor,

“Would you help me?”

“I'll be glad to.”

Done. See? Easy.
Well, not really.

Opening one's mouth asking for help.
One of the hardest thing.

A biggie, let me tell you.

But see?
The neighbor popped.
I had to respond to the popping
or miss the opportunity.

Effort on my part
was needed.
Oh gee. That wordy.

Like when Stuart popped in my life.
Stuart? My therapist? Okay.

Stuart's phone number was floating
on my desk on a little piece of paper.

I had to grab that little paper
and make the phone call.

One of those calls that you
postpone and postpone?

Well, one of those.

That opportunity could have easily
disappeared from my sight,
but I grabbed it.
I made the call. Good for me!
And the popping began.

“Talk to God, Jorgelina,”
Stuart said.
Can you imagine??

Now my inner child and Mr. Pluff
have popped.

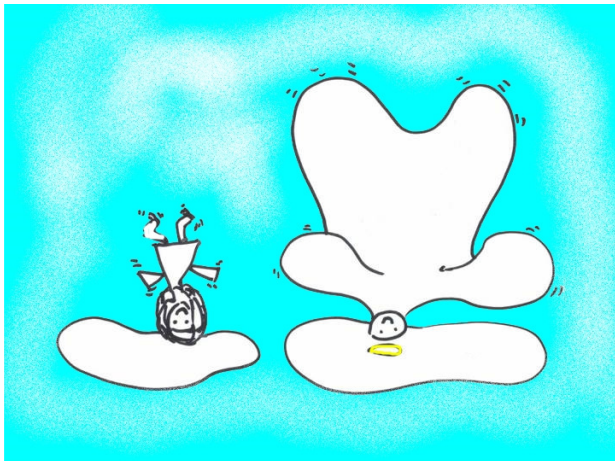


See how one pop leads to another?

Next thing I know,
I've been popping books
with conversations with God
for the last sixteen years.

Gee whiz.

Long labor, let me tell ya.



421

Anyhoo.

Following the popping is the opposite of
“figuring things out.”

Figuring out
is good for nothing.

Figuring out
is pure noodle activity,
if you know what I mean.

Figuring out
obstructs the popping identifier,
you see?

You are so busy figuring things out,
you miss the pops.

No good, no good.

422

Figuring things out
happens in the mind, *the problem maker*.

The mind arrives to conclusions
and I buy it all.
Am I dumb or what?

Then I suffer for a lifetime
because of the beliefs my head has created.

My beliefs create my misery.
It all happens in the mind.

The mind can make you crazy.
To hell with the mind.
Just step out of it.

Done. Problem went puff.

Now I'm out of my mind.
Oh great.

Before the popping accelerated
in my life,
I had to clear a lot of baggage.

Gee with that thing.
Baggage.

Who needs it?

My rage, my pain,
the fear and the rest of it,
were all one humongous onion,
let me tell you.

I cried like hell
and it stunk like hell.

And mine was
an onion from eternity.
Yup.

The darned stinky onion
truly comes from eternity,
so you've gotta keep peeling.
Peel away! Peel away!

First you peel away the easy layers.
Well, easy.

Easy to see, like fear, guilt, all that stuff.
That stuff is tangible.

Then you start hitting solid rock
and don't even know it.

Oh gee. You've hit a belief.

Beliefs keep you stuck.
Trust me, I know.

The belief that I'm not lovable, undeserving,
the believe that there's something wrong
with me, all of that.

No end to the peeling, my friend,
one layer after the other after the other.

Gee whiz with the eternal onion.

Anyhoo.

As the layers of the psychological onion
dissolve into nothing,
the popping of the bigger plan
intensifies.

It's fun. Well. Not always fun.

And one day, poof!
the humongous thing is gone.
Can you believe it?
The humongous onion
has gone to bug someone else.

Not that my human suffering is
completely gone, don't get me wrong.
It just doesn't bug me the way it used to.

That's all.

My suffering is kind of in the cellar.
I go down there to clean up
once in a while, not too often though.

Who wants to clean the cellar?

No fun there,
but when you get
the right cleaning supplies
it's no longer a big deal,

'cause you've learned to deal
with the psychological junk.
That's why.

So the junk does no longer accumulate
and when it pops
you've learned to dispatch it,
sometimes in seconds.

Yeah. You heard right.
The inner junk also pops.
Just like the bigger plan.
You go figure.
Scratch that. Don't go figure.

Here I am, sending you in the wrong
direction.

See how flawed we humans are?

Even with the best of intentions,
anyone can send you straight to hell.

Excuse my French.
Been there, done that.

When someone sends you in the wrong
direction, you get lost, right?

Right.

So remember,
only your inner guidance knows,
truly knows, what's best for you.

And the popping, of course.

The bigger plan popping,
not the junk popping.

Well,
the junk popping is part of the bigger plan,
'cause it calls your attention
to the places that need cleaning up
in the cellar,
if you know what I mean.

Voice: sure whatever.

A word of advice. Important.

Don't question the popping,
just let it pop.

You question the pop?
The pop unpops and disappears,
that's what it does.

Unpopping is no good,
so let it pop, babe, let it pop.

Voice One:
What on earth is she talking about?

Voice Two:
Creativity and God, you knucklehead

Voice One: SHE IS??

Voice Two: Yup.

Wow.

Back to asking questions.

The wait for answers
can be excruciating,
let me tell ya.
One has to be patient.

What else can you do?

Wait and wait and wait
and wait.

I always say:
Gee whiz with the bigger plan,

but when the answers come,
the timing is perfect.

While waiting,
one keeps the focus on the path
taking one small step in front of the other.

*The path gets pointed at from within
or from outside signals.*

*One learns to recognize the signals.
Some call it miracles, or angels,
or coincidences.*

Words don't matter.

*What matters is to learn to recognize
the guidance and follow it.*

*The path is unique to each individual,
for each individual is unique.*

*Honoring one's uniqueness
leads to the path,
and the path leads to one's uniqueness.*

You've gotta learn to identify
your uniqueness.

Like me, for instance.
I do things backwards.
I'm weird that way.
I call it what it is: weird.
Or dumb.

Like that time when I made a left turn
and found myself driving
on the railroad tracks.

Would you call that unique?
I call it dumb.

Unique, weird, dumb,
makes no difference.

The only thing that matters
is getting off the train tracks
if you catch my drift.

Anyhoo. As I was saying,
I do things backwards.
Like I quit a job, I buy a church organ.
I quit another job, I buy my first car.

I buy a house far away
and leave behind my students,
my main source of income.

Well, see?
That one was a little bit different.

I quit another job, I rent a yoga studio,
and we're back on track.

See? I do. I see two patterns here:

I'm not a quitter
and I keep doing dumb things
and landing on my feet.

You go figure. No, no! Don't do that!

So I bought a house
leaving behind my income, right?
And the mortgage??
Forget about the mortgage.
The popping comes first.

I ended up buying the house right
before property values went up
and selling it right before they went down.

See how it works?
And I know nothing about
the real estate market.
I just followed the popping.
The popping said “Buy!” I buy.
The popping says: “Sell!” I sell.

Like that.

Fun. You never know what’s gonna pop.
Anyhoo.

435

*We, humans, have great power within,
a power unrelated to health or wealth,
to bank account or position in the world,
to age or race
or external circumstances;*

*a power that
the majority of people doesn’t know exists,
and the majority of those who **do** know,
don’t know how to make it work.*

Voice: what power is she talking about?
I have no power.

*I’m talking
about the power of Mind and Spirit,*

that’s what I’m talking about,
alright?

Voice: alright, gee.

436

We are body, mind and spirit.

Voice One: yeah yeah.
Heard it a million times, just words.
Words, words, words.
It means nothing, all head stuff.

Oh, really? I don't think so.

*There's tremendous power
to Mind.*

*There's tremendous power
to Spirit.*

We, humans, carry both

*and yet,
for the most part,
that power remains untapped.*

437

*tapping into one's power
is a choice,
and it requires intention*

The question is:
Where to start?

Voice One: that's a good question.

Voice Two: I think so, I think so.

(Goodie, goodie, I got their attention.)

*following one's unique path,
step by step,
leads to one's power*

Voice: oh, yeah?
And how do you do **that**?

438

*You make a commitment
to be true to yourself.*

Voice: how can I be true to myself
if I don't know who I am?

Well, see?

That's a very good question right there.

Been there, done that.

The answer?

Simple.

You've gotta know what you think,
what you feel,
what you want.

Voice: oh wow.

Oh wow is right.
Let me tell you a little story.

In the beginning I didn't know who I was,

I didn't know what my own thoughts
and feelings and needs and wants were.

They were all in hiding.
The true me was in hiding.

Then I crashed
and began questioning it all.
Fun old days.

My insides had collapsed,
I had lost all sense
of what was right or wrong.

Pulling my pieces back together,
that was one humongous piece of work
but hey, I did it.

And moving on.

And you may ask:
“Where did she find time to do all this
thinking, all this processing?”

Well, I sat for endless hours
at boring office jobs
doing something people call
“making a living.”

Boring stuff. Believe me. I know you do.

Then my gut said: “Never again!”
and that was that.

I quit. See?

Now,
the gut didn't say “quit making a living.”

The gut said:
”Quit doing that boring stuff.
You are meant to be doing
something else.”

Quitting jobs
that were not right for me,
I did it a few times.
I was taking care of myself.

“But the money!
How are you going to pay your bills??”

I know.
My head kept saying that,
but my gut has great lungs
if you know what I mean,
and my gut kept screaming:
“Get out of that job!
It's bad for you! It's bad for you!”
And so I did.
Time and time and time again.

But that's just me.

That's my weird strike.

A word of warning.

Don't you go now and quit a job
that makes you miserable
just 'cause I told you so,
'cause I didn't tell you so.
Get it?

Now, if your gut tells you to quit
that's another story.

Of course,
the gut sometimes speaks in the head.
Sometimes it's hard to know
who's talking up there.

You've gotta learn to identify
the voice of the gut,
follow me?

Anyhoo.

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*giving up my livelihood,
jumping into the unknown,
landing on my two feet*

Scary stuff.

But when you get the knack of it,

*when you decide that you
will not tolerate toxicity,
manipulations,
abuse of power;*

*when you decide to remove yourself
from situations
that undermine your sense of self,*

*jumping into the unknown
becomes exhilarating.*

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*landing on one's feet
time after time,
courage grows,
strength grows,
faith grows*

Faith on the Bigger Plan,

Faith on Divine Order,

*Faith that one is being guided
through this adventure
called Life.*

Epilogue

More and more people
these days,

including myself,

are leaving the ranks of
organized religion and all their hierarchies
searching for new forms of spirituality
and choosing the path of conscious living.

More and more people
are acknowledging the tangibility
of a higher reality.

More and more people are acknowledging
that cleansing of one's toxic emotions
has a direct impact on society,
on the planet.

*The creation of a New World
involves breaking out of old patterns,*

*it requires passion,
 commitment,
 integrity,
determination,*

*it requires change,
 personal,
 societal,
 global.*

*choosing the path of consciousness
 is choosing
 the path of love,*

*the more conscious
 one is,
the more harmless one becomes,*

*spreading harmlessness
 creates ripples of safety,*

safety calms the fear

safety opens the broken heart

*the essence of every soul
is love and compassion*

*which connect souls
to the Source,*

to God,

to Universe

love is consciousness

*consciousness
is love*

*the higher the level of
consciousness,*

*the higher
the Presence of Love*

*the path
to consciousness
is the path to love and compassion

the further along one is on the path,
the closer one is to one's soul

as the Light of Understanding melts down
all wounds,

the blocks to one's soul attributes
dissolve*

*as soul attributes
become more and more present
in individuals

society changes,

society heals,

society gets transformed

that's where one's power resides*

*as one raises
one's consciousness*

*one becomes
a Prince or Princess of Love*

*the kiss of the Prince of Love
gently caresses
one's heart*

as a whisper

*gently
healing the wounds*

*gently
soothing the fear*

*and as levels of consciousness
raise on the planet*

*the healing touch
of whispers of Love
spreads out in ripples,*

healing humanity

*awakening humanity
to its highest potential*

transforming society

*giving birth
to a New World*

*humanity
is waking up*