

All That Matters is What You Do Next! The Power of Passion

During my early and growing up years, I was, at best, agnostic. The only thing I knew for sure regarding God was that I did not—and could not—believe the concepts and images I held based on what I had heard: “It’s God’s will.” “God took him home.” “It’s part of God’s plan.” The image these “explanations” invoked was that of a bearded old man who lived somewhere up in the clouds (presumably “heaven”), pushing computer buttons that controlled people’s lives. Huh? Even at ten years old, this made no sense to me!

In 1974 at age 20 I was involved in car accident that resulted in crashing through a guardrail, mowing down a lamp post and rolling my car, which ultimately landed upside down. Once conscious—I had been asleep—I saw what I thought was smoke coming from under the hood. TV and movie pictures and memories of cars “going up in flames” made me realize I had to get out of the car before it exploded. My next memory was of me standing outside the vehicle, looking at it in wonderment. *Who’s car was that lying in the road, upside down, smashed nearly flat?*

At that moment a man appeared beside me. He immediately assured me that “everything was going to be fine.” He said he had already called an ambulance, which was on its way. He guided me and I walked with him to the side of the road where we sat on a guardrail. He again assured me that “everything was going to be fine” and that an ambulance was on the way.

I saw the upside down car on the road in front of us and asked who’s car it was. Somewhat surprise, he replied, “It’s yours.” My heart sank as I thought of having to tell my parents that I totaled the 1967 Chevy Impala they had given me just three months prior. “Oh no! My parents.” was my only response. And, once again, he reassured me that an ambulance was on the way. I remember thinking that he was very calm for someone who needed an ambulance!

I felt uncomfortable and reach down to adjust my pant leg, which was twisted. As I untwisted the leg, I saw a large tear in my slacks that lined up with my knee. When I noticed a lot of blood had turned my white pants a crimson red, I matter-of-factly stated, “Oh, look. I cut my leg.” The man looked, turned away, gagged and threw up over the guardrail. I was

beginning to think that ambulance had better hurry as he was obviously not well!

The ambulance arrived and several people were talking to me at once. Next thing I knew, I was sitting in the back of a station-wagon type vehicle that was speeding down the highway with sirens blaring.

I had partially severed my left leg at the knee. My knee cap was totally exposed, in tact, and positioned inside out to the right of my knee. “Oh, I cut my leg” I again calmly stated. A lot happened over the next few weeks, including major surgery and a great deal of healing. During my stay in the hospital, there was a lot of speculation as to how I got out of the vehicle. The way it was smashed made it virtually impossible for anyone larger than a very small toddler to escape. I repeatedly asked my mother about the condition of my car and if they were sure it was not salvageable. Time and again she would reiterate in detail the condition as beyond repair.

I continued to lament until she finally went to the pound and took pictures of my car, later showing me how the floor boards had been pushed up and the roof caved in so the windows were only inches high. It was apparent that had I been wearing a seatbelt, I would have been compressed to a height of 12”. Seeing the pictures, I finally relented and accepted that my car was, in fact, beyond repair. And the question, “how did I get out of the vehicle?” remained unanswered.

Another aspect of this experience that to this day remains unanswered: *Who was the man who stood beside on the road after I exited my vehicle? Where did he come from? How did he call for an ambulance at 6:30 a.m. in the middle of the Dan Ryan Expressway in 1974 (pre-cell phones)? Why did none of the emergency medical personnel know his name or recall speaking to him?*

Although I had complete recall of every detail of this accident—including falling asleep as I was telling myself that it was impossible to fall asleep while driving because the brain would override the temptation—I had no recall of how I exited the vehicle. Recollection of conscious thoughts prior to exiting—that I had to get out of the car because there was smoke and where there’s smoke there’s fire—and consciousness immediately after exiting. To this day—over 35 years later—I have no inkling of consciousness as to how I exited the vehicle.

During my convalescence, I came to know that there was, in fact, a power greater than me—something outside of myself that was more powerful than me. I did not know precisely what this power was, but I knew it was related to the concept of God and/or angels.

Several years later, I related deeply to Prince’s song “Controversy” in which he states, *“Some people want to die so they can be free. Do I believe in God? Do I believe in me?”* And, although I did not understand at that time all the dynamics, I realized that I did not believe in God (in any traditional sense) because AND I did not believe in me. I did not trust myself, life or God.

I had always believed I was here to make a difference in a “heal the world” kind of way and for years I tried to do just that. I was literally hell-bent—at all cost, including my own life—on changing the world. My frustration continued to grow as my 30th birthday approached and I was still searching for my purpose and “trying” to make a difference in the world.

My 30th birthday gift to myself was a Tree of Life reading, which is a reading you receive once in your lifetime as it precisely discloses what it is you came here to do—your life purpose. I was very excited as the cards were laid out and my reader began to talk about what I had created and why. With enthusiasm, she disclosed my destiny: “Your life purpose is to find peace, joy and tranquility.”

“Uh-huh” I interjected, encouraging her to go on. She didn’t. “What else?” She just starred at me. “What’s the rest?” I encouraged. “That’s it. That is your life purpose,” she repeated, somewhat surprised. “WHAT? That’s it?” I asked, not believing that this was all there was. Still thinking she has omitted some crucial piece of the information.

“Do you realize how challenging this is? To find peace, joy and tranquility here on earth while incarnated in a body? That’s huge! In fact, I can’t think of anything that could be bigger!” “Well, what does that have to do with making a difference and changing the world? Certainly not anything I can see!”

I left feeling gravely disappointed, confused and even less enlightened as to my soul’s purpose. I had expected to receive the most valuable piece of information in my whole life—information that would direct me on my

mission to change and heal the world, and instead I received THAT: peace, joy and tranquility. Oh, big woop!

Now, in present time, I relate to Ghandi's words: *Be the change you want to see in the world.* Believe me, it was a very long, arduous journey before I came to experience peace, joy and tranquility.

My journey of believing in myself has since spanned decades and over the years that ensued, my knowingness grew and eventually evolved into faith: a deep-seated belief in something that I know to be true in my heart and soul that does not necessarily make sense in my brain.

I came to know that God—Source—exists, and that in connecting to Source, I am connecting with my own divinity. I am accessing the truth of who I am—my authentic, divine self. I believe in me; I am the change I wish to see in the world; I have found and lived in peace, and sometimes even in joy and tranquility; and I do believe in and trust God because I do believe in and trust me.

From “Joan of Arcadia”

In response to Joan having what God explains to her is “a crisis of faith,” Not really faith if there's no crisis. Faith is an act of will; not a feeling.

GOD: No dilemma without confusion. No free will without dilemma. No humanity without free will. This is how you shall know me from all others. No judgement. Create in present time. Every new decision is the chance to do the right thing. If I explain it, there's no need for faith.

All that matters is WHAT YOU DO NEXT.

What we experience doesn't matter; it's our willingness and ability to move through that experience so we can have the healing and growth it offers.

During this long illness, I came into my willingness to BE with it, move through it and ALLOW it to be whatever it is even if, ultimately, that meant dying. I came to understand and accept on a deeply profound level what I was creating and why, simply by being willing to be with what is.

As I lie on the couch day after day—week after week—contemplating what was/is happening in my space and with my body, I let myself look at many avenues and options, including the possibility that I have some form of cancer (this possibility was seeded in my space when the emergency room doctor informed me I needed to see a doctor ASAP and have more tests done because there are some forms of cancer where you continuously run a low grade fever).

Anyway, I contemplated cancer—what kind, what treatments might be available, if I would agree to any of them, how long it would take for me to die, where I wanted to die, where I would die, who would be with me, etc. I didn't have experience fear; I just contemplated—without judgement, without fear. I just let myself “have it” and continued to be willing to experience whatever it was I was creating. I felt at peace with the process and, so far, with any outcome I could conceive.

A client I had read for several times over the past five years, scheduled a session during the first week I was ill. We spoke several times and he willingly waited nearly five weeks until I was able to schedule a session. Upon completion of the session, we talked for some time and, “if it's not too personal of a question,” he said, “what do you think is going on with you?”

I talked candidly with him and shared some of my process, which I found interesting because I hadn't shared it with anyone at this point. It was just one of those comfortable, healing moments in which we connected. He said “I wouldn't say I know you well, but I think I know you well enough to ask you if it has occurred to you that you might have cancer?”

I was a bit taken aback, thinking that his insight was a confirmation of what I had been thinking for the past ten days. Then I realized what I was processing—in this case about cancer—would be all over my space in the way of pictures and/or energy. I then responded, “That may be true AND it may also be true that you're seeing the pictures in my space that I'm processing about cancer. Doesn't mean I have it, but I can see why it might look that way.” Either way, I'm okay with it. Peace.

When we parted, he said he had been and would continue to pray for me. I don't know if he felt me cringe—I really don't want people praying for what THEY think is right for me, nor would I do that to someone else. Without a response from me, he clarified that he would never pray for a specific

outcome for me, but only for that which is for my highest good.” I sighed, thanked him and we hugged goodbye. As he left, I truly appreciated the wisdom he expressed far beyond his 25 years.

People want to tell me what they think is “wrong;” they insist that I feel better soon, “get better,” or heal. I cannot conceive that anything is “wrong” for that would be an invalidation of what I have created.

Numerous times a day I visit and examine my WILLING to experience that which I have created even when I am without certainty and clarity as to what that is or what the outcome will be. Even without knowing precisely WHAT I’ve created or even why at this point, I know I am not a victim; I know this is my creation. I am willing to experience it so I can learn and grow from it—whatever that looks like—and I know that no matter what the end result, I am a powerful creator being who is at peace with this creation.

Shrek, in the movie Shrek 3, has words of wisdom for all of us when he said: *Just because people tell you are something—that you’re an ogre, for instance, or stupid—doesn’t mean that’s who you are.*

And when we believe what others tell us, we get “stuck” in that belief and literally convince ourselves—program ourselves—to believe it is true.

PERSPECTIVE

Everything is “going” to be okay. (Indicating that what is now, in present time, is not okay and it somehow needs to change or be different.)

The TRUTH: Everything IS okay now, just as it is. In fact, everything is exactly as it needs to be. The Universe and God support us in our journey through life. They do not make decisions for us—we have free will for that—they hold the space for us to have what we came to get. Nothing is more powerful. Honor. Respect. Love for you as the capable, powerful creator being you are.

When we truly accept the powerful creator beings we are, and understand that the Universe never conspires against us but, in fact, orchestrates with us—for us—THEN we can accept with Grace that which we create to experience, regardless of what that creation looks like. We understand on a

deeply profound level that it's all exactly as it needs to be. And when we understand and accept this for ourselves, we do the same for others.

One of my favorite movies depicting angels is *City of Angels* in which Nicolas Cage's character, an angel, proclaims, ***Some things are true whether you believe them or not.***

Your ego is a creation of fear while your true self is a creation of love.

GOD: the part you don't like, you carry around like a weight. When you realize it becomes too heavy, you can choose to set it down (surrender and release). That's when you can see things the way they really are.

Passion exists because we know that something is in alignment with what we are about. When something matches our vibration and our purpose, it then creates a state of passion, or uninterrupted energy flow. Through ascension, we purge and release much of the darker, denser energies within us, including fear, insecurity, lack of confidence and a powerlessness to be able to manifest what we desire.

After these states leave, we are left with a much more defined sense of who we are, why we are here and what we came to create. It is then that our passion returns. The higher vibrating energies bring with them great amounts of creative energy. After so much releasing, we eventually arrive at a place where we are very ready to create through this uninterrupted energy of passion. This powerful energy needs an outlet and creativity is then very necessary to our lives. When our passion comes in again, it is time to create what you have always been about and what you came to create.

And that is just one more possibility of the outcome of this experience I've created. I may bounce back as the new, improved, more vibrant, more passionate, powerful creator being I am. Just ONE possibility. As I said, any which way, I am at peace with the outcome.

All that matters is WHAT YOU DO NEXT. What are you going to do next?

BENEDICTION

"May today there be peace within. May you trust that you are exactly where you are meant to be. May you not forget the infinite possibilities that are born of faith in yourself and others. May you use the gifts that you have received, and pass on the love that has been given to you. May you be content with yourself just the way you are. Let this knowledge settle into your bones, and allow your soul the freedom to sing, dance, praise and love. It is there for each and every one of us."