

spiritualrejuvenation

Divine Resilience

Deborah Sandella

*Wholeness is our nature,
and when we allow our feelings to be felt,
we remember who we really are.*

Colorado aspen trees have transformed their vibrant green for a golden glow, and the evening air freezes each exhale into a little cloud of crystal breath. As we prepare for winter, I am reminded of the changing nature of life. Mother Nature offers a model of how to “reinvent” oneself, how to shed the old, incubate, and spring forth with new growth. Nature makes it look easy. Might it be so easy for us, too?

This week, I learned that a dear friend had lost a member of her family. As I sat in contemplation, I felt a surge of sorrow rise up my spine, and in my mind's eye I saw myself sinking under water, into darkness. Diving into the feelings of sadness, sobs came and went. Unexpectedly, I noticed out of the corner of my inner eye that I was slowly and gradually bobbing to the surface—it felt similar to a cork sunken by something heavy. As the weight is shed, it naturally

resurfaces—because that is its inherent nature.

Our nature is divinely resilient. I remember a woman sharing the story of losing her adolescent son to a car accident. She described her life afterward as a blackened, desolate forest that had been destroyed by fire. Then one spring, much to her surprise, little tufts of green growth began to peek out of the dark and barren forest floor, and she began growing a new life.

In my counseling work, I witness miraculous events again and again. One man complained of finding himself losing steam whenever he got close to manifesting his most passionate goals. When I invited him to dive into his subconscious to remember the first time this pattern began, he was surprised to discover an image of himself as an 11-year-old basketball player. He witnessed his coach constantly criticizing him, and at the end of the evening, he walked out of the gym feeling defeated and ashamed. He still felt this familiar feeling often. We took a few minutes to re-script this pre-adolescent memory, and he went on his way. I ran into him six months later and inquired how about how he was faring. "It's been amazing," he told me. "That heavy feeling of 'holding back because I don't feel good enough' is gone!"

We are created with the inherent quality of re-generation. Wholeness is our nature, and when we allow our feelings to be experienced, we remember who we really are. The following meditation is dedicated to our eternal regenerative nature.

The Miracle of Me

Speak the following for yourself:

I close my eyes and take a

cleansing breath, inhaling through my nose and exhaling through my mouth. I take another deep breath and in exhaling, I let my shoulders sink toward the earth and settle into greater relaxation. How easy it is to nestle into myself as I release any need to be "somebody" or to "achieve something." I am merely me, a body and spirit surviving in a world of so many distractions and diversions.

Setting aside all else, I claim this time and dive into the depths of my authentic self. The descent is easy and natural as I shed any pretense of being a particular way. I am what I am, I feel what I feel, I welcome it all and trust the process of being natural.

Settling into my center, I allow the feelings to flow—like turning the faucet and letting the waters of life wash away the residue of living. Sadness, joy, anger, rage, jealousy, happiness—whatever comes rises to the surface and is embraced as a fleeting taste of life. Each drop falls as a testament to being alive, to having the human capacity to feel, and to having the spiritual capacity to see beyond it.

All else is unimportant at this moment. I am absorbed with the totality of who I really am. I awaken to the diverse continuum of my feelings—joy and sadness... laughter and tears... fear

and courage. It is all me, and it is not me. It is life itself flowing through me with seasons and transitions. With ups and downs. I welcome it all, and resistance melts away. With this disintegration, space is created. Profound space to be me.

I am as vast as the universe and as deep as the ocean. My capacity to experience life is pure and vital. Experiencing it all, I sense the truth of my nature. One with the One, I am imbued with powers to create, to heal, to transform. How could I have forgotten something so important? How could I have given up my nature to pretend I'm nothing more than my body? I let the questions pass and embrace the essence. Like all of creation, I, too, am magically imprinted with the capacity for miracles.

I am the soul who sought to be born in this specific body at this specific time.

I am the energy of life itself burning like a star emitting light for all to see.

I am the unique being who walks this planet with my special purpose.

I am me... with all my foibles... and all my talents!

I am me... a divine spirit inhabiting a human body....

I am mortal... I am eternal... I am a miracle!

And so it is! •

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