

THE EGO...WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT?



I could not help but include a beautiful image of the **SUNFLOWER** for this writing, as the **Essence** of this Flower has been one of my *teachers* for nearly 15 weeks now, and plays a significant role in the inspiration for this writing, as well as for the previous writing, "Reforming the Ego."

As we allow ourselves to gaze softly at the center of this amazing Flower, we may notice incredible spiral patterns, as well as the intricate detail of hundreds of tiny flower in one unified Flower head. These many individual parts of the whole serve as a perfect example of the complexity of the topics of the ego and love. For now, I speak only of a very few of their infinite aspects.

It is true; this can be dangerous territory to walk into, the ego and love. I am aware of my own trepidation, as I respectfully acknowledge all that I don't yet know about these comrades. I will share from my simple life experiences, for whatever they are worth. May you be willing to excuse me, should you find yourself bored or irritated; and should you find any value here, may you know it comes through your own recognition of your Self.

INFLATION/DEFLATION; AGGRANDIZEMENT/EFFACEMENT; DOMINEER/GROVEL...ILLUSION

Eight years ago, at the onset of what I'll call a very real 'mid-life crisis,' I accepted a job that would be the highest paying job I'd ever had, offering a degree of recognition I had not previously experienced. *Above all*, it presented me with a tremendous opportunity to do some soulful work with my ego. However, it is only in hindsight that I am aware of *that* offering!

I began as a 'scheduler' for 120 independently contracted therapists, and was later promoted to 'manager.' My partner, David, whom I met there, recalls saying to himself upon noticing me on my first day of work, "Oh-oh!" and describes me as appearing 'spaced out.' What he was seeing was a 39-year-old woman who had absolutely no idea who she was. My life was crumbling on every level. I no longer knew what I believed; I did not know whom I loved or what love was; and I was

void of any sense of purpose whatsoever. This new job would become my anchor, literally tethering me to life, and to this earth. It worked, for a while.

What I did not see was that I was once again, falling blindly into a deeply rooted pattern of giving every morsel of myself and my energy to tasks, and to people...to everything and everyone but my Self. Regardless of my efforts, it was never enough, and so I tried harder. I 'did not have time' to eat; I lost weight; I barely drank one 8-ounce glass of water in a day. One day, in responding to a disgruntled therapist, I replied, "Even if I were God, I still would not be good enough for you" to which she responded, "Your right!" Ignorantly, I mumbled, "Well, that's not about *me*, that's about *you*."

One winter night, two years into this job, I flipped my car twice after 'losing control' on an ice-covered s-curve on the mountain road home from work. I thought I was going to die, and I recall feeling like the timing for my death was completely 'off,' as I felt I still had much to learn, to experience, and to offer.

Six months later, I took a major leap of faith and left the financial security of my job and the 'status' of the job title, and entered into a year of unstoppable grieving mixed with newfound freedom and hope. I had lost myself in illusions, illusions of thinking I could 'make a difference' in a system that wanted no change; in the illusion that the money I was making would be fulfilling; and in the illusion that the recognition would somehow and finally, have me feeling worthwhile. Instead, I ended up sick, and tired, and weak. **Fortunately, the beauty of recognizing we've been caught in illusion is the opening that then exists for touching a facet of honesty or reality.** Thank goodness!

EGO AS MEDIATOR

One description for the 'ego' that genuinely feeds my soul is that it serves as the '**mediator between the conscious and the unconscious.**' *This* is the value of the ego. *This* is why it is so important for me to welcome and support a healthy relationship with the ego in my Self, as well as in the Self of others.

LOVE AS MEDICINE

As I left my 'job,' I made an unwavering commitment to my Self to change the patterns that had presented themselves to me there. I had no idea how much **Love** would have to do with it!!! Without Love, there is no room for the Ego.

Most recently, in the midst of the simple task of updating a photograph of myself on my website, my web designer cropped the photo in the middle of my neck. After observing my body having an uncomfortable physical response each time I looked at the cropped photo, I realized I wanted to make room for my entire

throat, including my thyroid area. In questioning why this seemed to be exceptionally important to me, I recalled that I've been learning to make room for my voice...my own, individual, unique voice. I was learning to bring love there...to that place in my being...to that place in my body. There was also the piece about wanting to continue to bring the medicine of Love to my thyroid, to bring Love to the condition of hypothyroidism and an autoimmune condition in which my antibodies were attacking my thyroid. I shared this with my web designer, and we found a way to make room for my entire throat, and my body sighed in relief, especially my thyroid.

I continue to be offered opportunities to take note of my relationship with my own ego as well as my relationship with the ego of others. As I said in the previous writing, it remains a 'work in progress.'

**MAY WE RECOGNIZE THE EGO AS MEDIATOR BETWEEN OUR CONSCIOUS
AND OUR UNCONSCIOUS, AND LOVE AS MEDICINE.**

Written by Jane Ellen on 8-12-07