

THERE'S NO WAY OUT BUT *THROUGH*

METAMORPHOUS, NOT BATTLE

Eighteen years ago, with my marriage crumbling and dissolving after two years of rich and meaningful marriage therapy, and in a moment of tremendous fear that I then called 'anger' and 'hurt,' I made a firm vow to never again enter couples therapy. Ignorance assured me then that my vow would protect me from ever feeling such pain again.

In a futile attempt to defend against the *same old wounds within my Self*, this time presenting their familiar faces and haunting voices within my partnership with David, as well as within several friendships, I held tight to the hand of my fear-based vow. As David and I discussed the option of reaching out for counsel, I found myself frantically gulping and gasping, searching for the promise of safety, only to find my history skillfully repeating itself. Suiting up and ready to do battle, I once again secured the locks on the iron gates of my heart, proclaimed my mighty vow, convincing myself this was the wisest, strongest, most independent choice I could possibly make.

Somehow, I was granted clemency when the voice of my Higher Self announced it was time for me to prepare for *metamorphous*, not battle! With the hand of this Strong Presence resting firmly upon my shoulder, I was instructed to '*be still and take notice.*' One by one, I watched the movie playing before me. Scene #1: My 'vow' was doing absolutely nothing to further my personal growth and development. Scene #2: I was reacting to my current Life experiences from a place of fear. Scene #3: I was out of alignment with several of the most important commitments I had made to my Self...commitments I made from a place of Love, not fear. Scene #4: I was involved in old habitual responses of contracting my heart, avoiding change, running from the call of my Soul, blaming others, and assuming the role of victim. This unpleasant movie left me crawling toward the chrysalis, crying for change.

REUNITING WITH LOVE-BASED COMMITMENTS

I do not know how I was afforded the pleasure of Magic finding its way through and in. I knew only to sing with joy at its arrival! Its Presence kept appearing in my daily experiences...through flowers and conversations, through books and invitations, and through my work...reuniting me over and over again with the commitments I had once made from a place of Love. Commitment #1: To be 'Soul Naked.' Commitment #2: To keep my Heart

open in the face of vulnerability. Commitment #3: To walk *through* all that my Life is presenting me...breathing all the way through...eyes open all the way through. Commitment #4: To replace fear with trust.

Reuniting with Love-based commitments opened the door to change, bringing me nearer the entrance to my Heart where the beautiful ordinariness there has been waiting patiently, wisely waiting for me to become willing to enter there.

THE WOUND AS MEDICINE

It's been said that our wounds carry within them the perfect medicine required for their healing...that the poison can become the medicine. The cells of my body know this to be true! There is an art to extracting the inherent medicine within our wounds, and I am a bit like a mad scientist these days, driven to refine my methods!

Reflecting upon old wounds recently reopened, I ask my Self if there are some that simply never heal? Peace wells up from my core, permeating my Being from the inside out, and I am momentarily held captive by the still, small voice from within that whispers, "They will fully heal when Love is brought fully to them."

THERE'S NO WAY OUT BUT THROUGH

During my early 30's, I was fortunate enough to spend many hours with a truly wise and nurturing woman, Judy Jackson, who offered her genuinely-earned Wisdom to me. The words that poured forth from the core of her Knowing, straight toward the impenetrable barricades surrounding every possible entrance to my heart mysteriously found a way, despite it all, to land on the fertile banks of the moat that separated me from the Promise of a Thriving and Authentically Unique Existence. I will forever live in gratitude for her gentle, firm persistence and faith in something I could not yet comprehend or even begin to imagine. In the midst of my habitual impulse to run hand-in-hand with fear in the *opposite* direction of where my Soul was beckoning me, she'd calmly look into my terror-filled eyes, and with utmost Presence, use her words to compassionately guide me back to the edges of the moat reminding me, "Oh, Jane, there's no way *out* but *through*." Somehow, from an unnamable place within, I knew there was Truth in her counsel. In the most perfect moments, those words of wisdom echo throughout my Being, "There's no way out but through. There's no way out but through."

As I experience my Self swimming across the moat, toward the castle of my Heart, I sing praise, *oh, praise*, for all that I am leaving behind, for all that I am allowing to dissolve into these ancient waters. Much of what is in front of me is familiar. My perspective and my response are new.

MAY WE EACH FIND OUR WAY *THROUGH* WHAT LIFE IS PRESENTING US...*BREATHING*...*ALL THE WAY THROUGH*...*EYES OPEN*...*ALL THE WAY THROUGH*.

Written by Jane Ellen: February 19, 2008