

What We Face on the Beginning Path of Healing

When you are filled with a terror that you have not felt in a long while
In the presence of multitudes now laughing
in the circle that was formed for our transformation
I say that it is all coming up to be healed.

When your mind begins to shout obscenities at you
and your body panics and tells you to run for your life
And yet the invitation looms to dive deeper still,
to lift the manifold of the hellhole open,
I say in this paradoxical split ever widening
the moment has arrived that could bear the weight of your birth
from this pain you have long held

without retaliation.

When you are longing to hide
so that no one can even conceive of your broken fragility
that was carefully masked by your ironclad will
over the seed of your potent and vulnerable love,
I say this holy moment of now with those who care is like the scarifying of a seed,
the hard prison of your shell of protection
that could not risk again
until there was a way
for the water of your own tears
to soften the fortitude of your resolve.
Now amidst the chaos of feelings, the frozen tundra threatens to melt revealing what lies
beneath.
Let your river run, sister.
It is not what you think.
There is still life waiting for the miracle of grace and the touch of springtime long buried but
never vanquished.

We are rubbing up next to what is most raw, yes,
because we have tied ourselves in knots
with our nervous systems wired to the perpetrator and victim circuitry.
Like a rodent being chased on the ever turning wheel of believing it's your fault, it's my fault,
you're good, I'm bad, you're bad, I'm good, philosophy
we want to get the hell off this well worn highway
and find another way.

Your psyche takes you here now because like me, she knows that you are safer with us
in this illumination of stark truth
than you have been in a long while,

even though you sense extreme danger
in the crests of emotions that threaten to take you under.

Safe amidst the terror, the sadness, the rage.
Safe to feel what has been numb and lost and submerged.
The wild in you hears the call
and forces the past like tendrils up through the dark memories
to reach the light of love that you secretly hungered for even in total despair.

And all of this is coming up now to be healed.

Get out of your own way as old defenses will not work here any longer. The skin is being shed,
the bud opened by a deeper consent that your spirit is guiding.

It is time perhaps to tear, sweat, push what hope has remained out into this world to be lived,
seen and met.

The midwives present are ready to receive you into loving arms even if you cannot visually
see us. We are here. We stand ready for every woman now laboring her birth.

Move past the clutches of the nightmares that have held you captive far longer than you can
remember.

You can choose to continue to believe that there is something so wrong, so flawed, so bad, so
weak, so pitiful, so utterly wounded that you will never be among the living loved remembering
now.

Or you can do as they are doing.

And choose to perceive your core essence with a penetrating gaze that sees through your past and
distorted beliefs to retrieve your soul from the ashes and the shards of darkness that have
enveloped your good, kind and precious little one that has endured all in spite of everything.

We have the power to love what we once believed was not loveable.

The ugly within us ~ the mean, the cruel, the weak, the broken, the madness that wants to
annihilate and strike out.

We have the power to feel all of these things and throw the switch on, like a light in the darkness
and not use this energy as it was used against us. We ask what does this energy really want and
need? It is time my sisters to rise up in our power and become the roar of this very change of
how we own our true power to live and to love.

I say all of this and more is coming up to be healed for it knows we are throwing open the long
closed gates and it is a day of our own reckoning and judgment where we must decide if we can
find peace within ourselves and that it is worth all of the costs.

My friend, we all need a place for that within us that is tender

Even among the war zones, the frontlines and our living struggles. It is our right to choose not to be like them. Not to beat her down once more into submission. We now know the true violence of these acts even as it shores up our façade of strength that we came to believe for a time was real. Here in this place, vulnerability is our only true strength. Surrender to love.

Can you not hear her? That is the searing pain. She does not yet believe that she is worthy of your love and that you will let her cry, hear her stories, or meet her needs. Yet with this work, you are now the mother of an orphaned crying daughter child left by your psyche at the doorway of your growing consciousness. Open the door and bring her in. Welcome her, cradle her, feed her hungers. Accept her and what she brings now as a gift of healing to you both. Together and only together are you truly whole.

Face the winds of change and fill up your sails with gales of weeping for life, for what has been lost, for all that is to come. Head straight into what is all coming up to be healed and set your course to home. Come home. Come home. Come home at last. Your heart was made to endure all of this and more. Trust your tears. Trust your belly. Trust your ever beating heart.

And as my words sink deep and create ripples that touch where you cannot yet see your own tears, I know that you know that it is all coming up now for healing. You are safe here to cry out. And in this one simple action, you will find what you believed you had once lost forever.

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