

Spiritual Awakening ~

For some time now, I have been in the midst of a significant spiritual awakening. This awakening first began in my childhood. Around the ages of 7 and 8, I experienced two distinct God related encounters. I knew that I was marked by the hand of God in a way that was not discernible to my childhood mind, except that I was assured that I was not alone while I was in this reality and that I was loved. The memory of those encounters never faded over the years. However, the assurance that I was not alone and that I was loved, collapsed under the pressures of physical life. These pressures began pressing down on me early in childhood. Consequently, the paths I would take and the inevitable undesirable encounters that were to become the whole of my life experiences were attributed to three very specific reasons, which only became clear to me at the tail end of my most recent upgrade. They were shown to me as reasons a, b and c.

Reason a: I entered into this reality not adequately prepared for a physical experience. This coincides with the metaphysical/spiritual fact that we are spirits having a human experience, and not the other way around.

Reason b: I entered into this reality in a very dysfunctional environment. Thus, I became a psychological product of my environment. Every choice and decision I made centered on the dysfunctional lifestyle I had grown so accustomed too.

Reason c: All things work together for the good, which thankfully, turned out to be my experience. Every dysfunctional experience I encountered right from childhood, every choice and decision I made along the path of my life fed into what would become current and future dysfunctional encounters waiting on the horizon to be experienced. But, through it all, God had the upper hand, brought the whole of my life's experiences full circle, back to those childhood encounters when He himself spoke to me and told me I was not alone and that I was loved. He knew something about my life's experiences that I did not know and could not have known until they became my actual experiences and as the result of them, I would be inspired to seek the truth.

And although this journey first began in my childhood, the path to its arrival was not without its twists and turns and all its many hardships, not to mention being so utterly blind sighted. Consequently, I made many poor choices and lots of not so smart decisions that just escalated the dysfunctions that were already well embedded in my psyche. It was inevitable that my childhood experiences would be the catalyst that would set the stage well for the dysfunctional encounters that would unfold in my adult experiences and would do so for many years to come.

Those who have read my first book, *The Dragon of Personal Drama* or have been following *The Dragon of Personal Drama* website, know the essence of my story. The book is a personal account that tells the story about how I came to identify the

archetypal significance of the mental image of a dragon that I held in my mind for so many years. This symbolic dragon held me back from realizing my dreams and achieving certain goals, doled out tons of personal drama, and wrecked my life. The chapters in the book are the retelling of the many valuable life-changing lessons I encountered throughout that phase of my journey of self-discovery.

I often went kicking and screaming because internal changes are difficult to make. I was faced with the challenge of switching over life-long thought patterns and well-established core beliefs, whether I was aware of them or not, which proved to be a monumental task. The experience was not a quantum leap by any stretch of the imagination, but was a slow and steady process of exploring all new truths about myself. Thus, it took concentrated effort to switch mental tracks. Then there was the additional matter of perceptions with respect to how I viewed the circumstances of my life, which all by itself was wreaking sufficient havoc in my reality. If that was not enough of a mental hill to climb, the issue of emotions – mine, was an alarming wakeup call. I recall well my first confrontation with the matter of emotions when I was reading The Emerald Tablets of Thoth. Tablet 9 states the following:

Look in thy life for this order. Balance and order thy life. Quell all the Chaos of the emotions and thou shalt have order in LIFE.

Balance in my life! I had nothing in my experiences that even remotely looked like balance. If anything, my life was a daily balancing act to keep me from going over the edge of insanity, which came all too close to being an actual occurrence a few too many times. I can assure you, there was no semblance of order anywhere in my reality. I was not the least bit familiar with these principles, so it was a completely new spiritual playing field. And this business about quelling the chaos of the emotions...say what? My emotions had been the mainstay of my reality. They were the very foundation that supported my victim mentality, which I had rightfully earned because I had a list of all those who had harmed me over the years, and so I capitalized on being a victim of my circumstances, thus the chaos. Waving my victim banner put the burden of responsibility on somebody else's shoulders rather than on mine, it was an easy out. After all, I was sufficiently weighed down with all the drama the dragon was doling out. I sure did not need or want to take responsibility for things I did not perceive were mine to take on. Needless to say, the process of getting my emotions under control in order to quell the chaos was a journey of self-discovery and a spiritual challenge all unto itself.

Now, I cannot explain how it is that I made the leap from Catholicism to Metaphysics, with a lot of spiritual exploration in between, except to say that after so many years of enduring my very dysfunctional lifestyle, which of course kept me deeply entangled in the throes of every form of abuse, I became a truth seeker. It came right down to either finding the truths that would finally explain the circumstances of my life, or it would

have to be the end of my life. Well, ending my life was not an option because I was told, and rather emphatically by a non-physical entity, that it really would not go well if I chose to exit this reality without giving thought to my own obligations and without regard to my family.

So instead of checking out of life, I embarked on a quest to seek the truth, but only if the truth was revealed to me, otherwise I wanted out of this reality. I became a Questor of Truth. I had absolutely no idea what truths would be revealed to me or how nor did I know where this journey would take me. I just went along on this path as I was guided, and yes, I sometimes went kicking and screaming, especially when I was confronted by truths that were not in alignment with my truths, and boy, did they ever collide. I discovered along the way that such quests are best traveled alone because it truly is an individualized journey. Packets of information were revealed to me along the way that only I could assimilate process and integrate into the fabric of my being, if for no other reason than the simple fact that I was the only one who could come to terms with these truths as they unfolded. Only I could accept them or reject them, the choice was ultimately mine.

So metaphysics, specifically the science of mind, not only brought me out of the darkness, its spiritual principles lifted me out of the pit of my disparity and began to raise me above the dysfunctional experiences that over the years had become a way of life. Incidentally, these principles coincide perfectly with Biblical principles. They are all one and the same because they come from the same Source. And although I was in a really good place in my life, metaphysically speaking, God was not done with me. We had an old score to settle and it had to be settled on his turf, which was where we parted ways 17 years ago.

Becoming a metaphysician was indeed a quantum leap from one professional reality to another. Going from the field of accounting where cause and effect does not exist because one and one can do nothing more than equal two, the leap into the world of mental and emotional alchemy was a startling experience. Understanding the mechanics of cause and effect from a spiritual, quantum, biological and neuronal perspective, among other scientific and philosophical fields of inquiry, was like setting off a row of carefully placed dominoes that took years to set in place. Thus, coming to terms with how all the causes contributed to the very dysfunctional effects I experienced along the path of my life, was indeed a challenge of megalithic proportions. The most shocking discovery was that my dragon of drama was much more than an archetypal image held in my mind. It was a significant symbol because the dragon was real, and I was the dragon!

Just when I thought my journey of self-discovery was done and over with, there was an event just waiting beyond the horizon to enter into my reality and it would hurdle my

spiritual awakening into unknown places. There I would find myself right in the midst of unchartered waters, where a host of new experiences and even more life-changing lessons would unfold. This was to be the mother ship of all my previous experiences and would make all the lessons I struggled so hard to grasp in the past seem like child's play. This aspect or phase of my awakening was far more challenging because it involved the free will of someone who was calling all the shots. Thus, the part of the Serenity Prayer that speaks to accepting the things we cannot change courage to change the things we can and the wisdom to know the difference became front and center. I was caught in a mental trap I could not get out of unless I focused on the only thing I could do, which was to change what I could change and that would have to be me, as the other person involved was not backing down. So I was forced to look deeper into myself to try to find any missing pieces that were not discovered in the first go-around, which apparently, was the cause of the current situation or so I thought.

However, changing aspects of my identity and removing a few more character defects that surfaced during this upgrade, was not all there was to getting through this last phase of my spiritual awakening. It is important to know that a spiritual awakening is not generally a one-time event or that it has limited phases of growth because it is not like that. A spiritual awakening generally occurs in phases of ongoing enlightenment all throughout the stages of life. It is a progressive upgrade; it is an expanded awareness of knowledge, wisdom and insight. This phase of my upgrade was difficult because there was still something buried way down in my psyche that my previous journey of self-discovery had not revealed and it was not coming up without a fight. As things are not always, what they appear to be, everything during this time was skewed to the extent that it seemed as if I had learned absolutely nothing, like as if I fell into an abyss of spiritual ignorance and my cognitive wheels were turning backwards. Just in case I was not faced with enough to contend with, the matter of my emotions leaped right into the middle of the heap of this mental turmoil that was waging another internal war. There I was – again facing the matter of my emotions.

In the midst of this agonizing mental and emotional warfare, which was triggered by a blatant rejection of me and how I expressed my individuality, Kundalini energy decided this was a good time to rise up and wreak havoc on my psyche. I had had a few run-ins with this energy on previous occasions, but I had no idea at the time what was really going on. I can assure you, I was about to find out. Its sudden and abrupt uninvited appearances brought on extreme physiological symptoms, the likes of which equates to death being a far more favorable option than to writhe in extreme pain for indefinite periods of time. The expansion in my heart chakra felt as though I was having a heart attack and that my pounding heart was going to explode or blow right out of my chest. The thundering pain and intense pressure in my crown chakra felt more like the entrance to an agonizing death than a spiritual upgrade. Lifting my head off the pillow was more like trying to lift a fully loaded cement truck. Just the thought of trying to get

my body in the upright position was an insurmountable feat. The best I could do was to ride out the Kundalini storm and hope that I would still be alive when the energy subdued, which it eventually does on its own accord. Unfortunately, there are no instruction manuals when it comes to spiritual expansions because no two upgrades are the same and Kundalini energy, when it activates, does not act on a person the same exact way twice in a row. Although activating Kundalini energy has many health and wellness benefits, according to extensive research on the benefits of Kundalini Yoga and is a desirable high for many people, it can also be a mental, emotional and physically traumatizing event.

So, seemingly out of nowhere, things in my life went haywire. The rug was pulled right out from under me and for reasons that made absolutely no sense, except that there seemed to be an issue with me just being me. I had spiraled right back down into that same pit of disparity I had been to before. I chased more rabbits down their proverbial rabbit holes than I care to count in search of much needed answers. It seemed that nothing I said or did, did not say or not do calmed the stormy seas. In fact, all attempts to right all the perceived wrongs just seem to make matters worse. It was a very frustrating time because I was trying so hard to see the forest for the trees, and in some cases, I was not even aware that the objects I kept bumping into were the trees.

Here I was a metaphysician, a licensed practitioner in metaphysical psychology, yet nothing in the scope of my training, as well as other formal and informal knowledge acquired prepared me for the internal war that was raging within me, which related to a specific condition that, apparently, I was inadequately equipped to manage. The one thing I knew for sure was that someone in my reality chose to act on free will and in doing so turned my world upside down and inside out. Strangely enough, the downhill slide brought every past circumstance and event of my life to the forefront, forcing me to see even greater truths than I had seen before, which I thought was pretty liberating at that time. Thus, the re-enactment was twice as liberating once it was all said and done.

So I muddled my way through nine plus months of agony, taking two steps forward and sometimes three or more back. I learned after the fact that this is indeed the way of a spiritual awakening. Confusion seemed to reign supreme. I could not make heads or tails of what was happening to me and especially at this time of my life, when life is supposed to quiet down. I found myself wondering just how many lids did Pandora's box have and at what point would the contents stop spilling out because every time I thought I had it all together, another lid would pop open revealing more stuff I had to contend with. When it was all said and done, the whole of the experience came down to issues of trust, that having been a major violation in my life. Trusting in anyone was a threat to my well-being, as everyone in my life had violated my trust. At that time, I was not even certain that I could or should trust in God, except that I remembered those encounters I had when I was a child. So with the help of God, my spirit guide, and the

Kundalini energy, any mental and emotional residual was purged. In spiritual terms, I worked out my salvation - again. After it was over, I felt completely emptied out. Today I am standing on an uncharted path. I have no idea where this path will take me, and even if it takes me down a road that just affords me an opportunity to relax and enjoy the remaining years of my life, that is good enough for me.

Now as personal issues seldom unfold without other things attached that might appear to be separate incidences, you can be sure they are all linked to one another. Right out of nowhere, I was suddenly stricken with a medical condition that made no sense. I had gotten so run down that my body could not withstand the enormous stress it had been put under and broke down under the weight of the pressing condition in my life. Just the fact that the situation was not moving forward, but was stuck in park, was very frustrating. I had been trained up in the business world to be proactive, to solve problems and resolve issues. So my desire to tackle what was broken, get it fixed and get on with life was hindered by the opposite side who wanted to remain parked while I wanted to move forward, which left me weary from banging my head into the same brick wall. Albert Einstein said the definition of insanity is doing the same thing over and over again and expecting different results. That was it - I was insane! I was trying so hard to produce a result by way of many cognitive processes with some strong emotions added to the mix, none of which was going to shift the situation into a gear other than the one it had been stuck in all along, and technically still is. I had no choice but to try my best to figure out what was really going on beneath the surface, was it me or was it the other person; otherwise, I had no idea why the order of my metaphysical and otherwise quiet and peaceful world was crashing down all around me.

During a particularly difficult phase of my upgrade, sleep was something that I remembered doing well in the past, but no degree of physical, mental or emotional fatigue could rock me into a deep sleep during the expansion. It was as if an internal switch was flipped on and was stuck in the "on" position. I was in a wake-state just after the dosha roll over at 2 a.m. every morning for months. Doshas are an Ayurvedic term for the bioenergies of the body that relate to air, fire and earth, which also relates to segments of time. Cycles of the day are broken down into six segments of time according to the natural rhythms of the day, beginning with 2-6AM. Sleep gave way to the inflow of spiritual data that began streaming into my crown chakra from a source of knowledge, wisdom and insight known to me as the Collective We. The only difference between this experience and all the others was that the customary practice of streaming data into my crown chakra in the wee hours had been thrown into overdrive. Thus, the lack of adequate sleep was adding just another undesirable layer to the mental, emotional, physical and even spiritual stress and fatigue I was enduring, which as I discovered afterwards is normal during an expansion.

During the phases of upgrades, and even thereafter, many people experience an acute sense of hearing and seeing things not seen or heard before and often beyond the veil of this reality. Twice I had the experience of hearing the road outside my bedroom window. I could not possibly put the experience into words even though the sound of the road was so clearly audible at the time. Language was an obstacle that limited the verbal expression of a sound I clearly heard - twice. While it was an extraordinary experience to me, heightened senses, such as hearing earth sounds are common to many people these days.

During this upgrade, I had the vision of a stationary train on a track that circled around an abyss of nothingness. A conductor, who was standing in the opened double doors of the car most near me, beckoned me toward the train, so I walked down to the train and entered it from a wide platform. The conductor welcomed me, said it was about time and then informed me that a man I knew was waiting for me. The man arrived from out of nowhere. There was an exchange of conversation and then he said it was time to go. We walked past the open doors and into the next car where we exited the train through the only other opening, all the other cars were inaccessible. Most of the cars were obscured from visible sight because of the abyss that surrounded them. The cars that were visible seemed to be passageways because there was only two ways to enter or exit the train. As we exited the train, we stepped out into the most beautiful park I have ever seen with a monstrous size fountain in the center. In as much as I was taken aback by its megalithic size, which towered to a height beyond my conception, I was equally taken aback that what I saw flowing out of the fountain was not water, but was light. Light was flowing down over the fountain just as if it were cascading water. This same light, the source of which I saw nowhere else, brightly lit the entire park. There was no sun or artificial means of light, there was just this seemingly source less immensely bright light that made everything shimmer and glow and intensified colors as I have never seen colors with my human eyes. As we walked through the park, there were people all about who had the density of light. I saw them as people because they looked exactly as we look; they were laughing and socializing. I was told this was so because there were no burdens.

I have had countless OBE's (out of body experiences) that generally involve ascending steep stairs that appear to be reaching up into heaven, and may very well be. They are very narrow, yet they seem to stretch in length into infinity. Then there is always the scary task of navigating safely across a vast abyss that has the appearance of black and white clouds mixed together in an ocean of nothingness. Since I cannot feel anything under my feet, I am told not to look down or back but to look straight ahead. When we arrive on the other side there is a panorama of colors bursting across thickly flowered meadows, where new experiences wait to be encountered each time. I always dread leaving and beg to stay, but I am always hurled back into my physical body anyway. It always strikes me funny how the trip out takes a fair amount of time and trust, as

navigating the abyss is scary, yet the trip back is like being shot out of cannon and I am rocketed back into my body at light speed.

Because it is not easy to connect the dots, it seems that the experiences of life are separate, when in fact, they are all connected and interconnected and eventually they form a completed picture. And when at last you finally arrive at that place of understanding that surpasses your human understanding, you are able to see to some reasonable extent what is going on within you and around you. Things begin to make sense. This is when you realize that your expansion has probably been going on for some time, and is the reason why things have been going haywire. Even then, you may not know for sure unless there is someone there to tell you that the bizarre things you have been experiencing all along, that you have been trying so hard to make sense of, rationalize, justify or overcome are all part of the expansion process, the purification of the mind and emotions, body and soul. A book that describes the Kundalini/awakening adventures of professionals practicing in various fields, such as psychiatry fell into my hands after the fact, but even so, it was a relief to discover that my own personal experiences were not the least bit abnormal or uncommon. The activation of Kundalini energy and the journey through the various levels of awareness and the stages of enlightenment can make you feel like you are on the fast track straight into hell, while locked in the confines of your mind.

And speaking of hell...there is something called a dark night of the soul. It is a time of deep introspection, an intense searching of the soul with respect to every thought, word and deed that occurred throughout the course of life. A dark night of the soul is generally attributed to those last moments of physicality, just before the soul crosses or hopes to cross the abyss and enter into the Light. It is a last minute searching of the soul, a reckoning of sorts, followed by an acceptance of God, just in case there is a God. It is about getting the details of life in order, acts of forgiveness and dealing with any issues that rise up into conscious awareness, especially those that were disregarded previously. A dark night of the soul is also about taking responsibility and held accountable on this side of the veil before making the pass from this reality into the next. However, in as much as it is a soul-searching experience known to occur just prior to death, it is just as common to have a dark night of the soul experience at any stage of life. But this is not something that occurs by chance; it occurs by intent and is not for the faint of heart.

Not only did I witness this first hand, when a former spouse passed away, I have had several of my own dark night of the soul. During those times, I wrestled with certain things that rose up into my conscious awareness, had to see the truth in them. As difficult as a dark night of the soul is, I discovered that these episodes are beneficial because they force you to put certain matters of life in its proper perspective. However, the process can be thwarted when there is an attitude of denial or the need to blame

others. Even blaming yourself for things that have gone wrong is an exercise in futility because you can only know the things you have been given the grace to know at the time you have been given the knowledge. Even then, it gets tricky because the imparted knowledge has to resonate before the light goes on. It has to be seen and experienced on the *feeling* level, not on the intellectual level. You can intellectualize a personal truth all day long, but until you feel the truth, it does not become a personalized experience; therefore, it is not likely to resonate on a deep level. This is why it is best to work such difficulties out while in still in a clear state of mind.

The pursuit of truth and the fulfillment of an intended purpose has become the cornerstone of my life. I choose to no longer give thought to personal agendas, not that physical life does not make its demands of my time and attention, because it does. However, the personal agendas I speak of pertain to an attitude change in which I place no conditions or expectations on the shoulder of others for the sake of my own desires, wants or needs that are mostly perceived anyway, as opposed to being real or legitimate. In fact, the whole spectrum of personal desires, wants and needs under goes a very dramatic change, to the extent of discovering that you have very few needs and the ones you have are legit and relate more to your relationship with God, or whomever you think of as your Higher Power. It is a conscious shift that takes you from relying on someone or something other than God for your needs and trusting that you will not go without. This is not a truth I am merely parroting. I actually live this truth because the circumstances in my life at this time dictate that I do and I reap the rewards in many different ways.

The journey of a spiritual awakening is as unique to every individual as every individual is unique. However, there are some common threads and it sure does help to know someone who has gone through such a journey and can describe it from firsthand experience. Even then, it is difficult to imagine what it feels like until you actually go through it. I did not have the benefit of firsthand experience until it was all over, although I had been given a heads up on some aspects of it. Although my journey of spiritual awakening came by way of many phases, some far more difficult than others, it is likely that it will continue to occur in stages, expanding knowledge, wisdom and insight for the remainder of my life.

In closing, I hope that sharing my personal experience sheds some light on what a journey of spiritual awakening looks like and feels like in the event anyone reading this article is having just such an experience but does not know that it is an initial awakening or is a continued upgrade of expanded conscious awareness. As always, please feel free to share your thoughts, comments or personal experiences.

Many Blessings,

Linda

linda@dragonofdrama.com

Reading Recommendations:

No Man Is an Island by Thomas Merton

Kundalini Rising - Exploring the Energy of Awakening by Gurmukh Kaur Khalsa,
Andrew Newberg, Sivananda Radha, Ken Wilber and John Selby