

### On the Road to My Divinity

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

*Robert Frost*

*I know this journey is not really a road. It's a place I already am, just not fully awakened to yet. But it feels like a road or a path to me. My road to my Divinity takes many forms. Sometimes it's like a lane on a farm where the ruts are so deep it's difficult to change course. Other times it's a very scenic highway that is so amazing it can take my breath away. Some days it's like driving through the lower 9<sup>th</sup> ward in New Orleans, where all I can do when I look at the deterioration, decay and broken lives is let go of the helplessness and trust that God is there. My favorite road is the expressway... flying like the wind with the windows down and the music cranked up and the feeling of exhilaration making it hard to stay in my body. My Soul's Journey has many roads to choose from. Many roads taking me Home.*

*As I have continued on this journey, a new road has presented itself. A road less traveled that I don't know as well. All the familiar reference points aren't there. There are no places to pull over when the storms come so I can feel safe like I used to do. The road behind me is rolling up and disappearing and I can't see the road in front of me. I just have to stay in the moment, breathing in and breathing out, trusting that the fog will lift and that I will eventually know where I am going. This road asks me to trust. To put aside all illusions about what I thought was true and open up to the Truth of who I am. Because I can't see any signs, I have to go inside for answers. And I am being guided in wonderful ways.*

*Along this road I had an awakening. I heard a voice softly whisper, "remember..remember." All the times before, I thought this was the voice of loneliness telling me there was something wrong with me or something lacking in my life. I hear now the voice of my Soul, that part of me which remembers the sacred communion saying, "Remember you are more than this. You are never alone."*

*On the road to my Divinity I discovered that even though I drive away, I never leave home. It's always within me, never separate. There is no here or there, then and now, them and us. It's all one. Right now. One thought. One breath. One cell of God.*

- *I see how I am getting exactly what I need along the way. It's not always what I want. It's often not very pretty. I see all the teachers that have been in my life. Some I recognized at the time. Others I recognize now. Through their sandpapering, through their reflections of me in them I have grown. Despite my best efforts to stay the same. I am in gratitude and loving for these people along the way. Some are still with me. Others are with me only in my heart. Many are still to come. I thank you all.*
- *I am embracing my limitations, understanding my motivations and seeing the times I'm not so pure of heart. I am letting go of the need to defend or justify and simply say, "Yes, this is me. I*

*did that.” And doing this I find that I am doubting less and trusting more. All the while my Soul is saying..”Remember..Remember...Remember you are safe to be who you are.”*

- *I see how often I have let doubt and discouragement be my guide and keep me small. I see the times that fear was in control and I stayed silent. I have become aware of the times when the victim in me would rob me of my power or when I simply gave it away to another. And all the while my Soul is saying... “Remember...Remember... Remember you’re a lion, not a lamb.”*
- *I am embracing all those lost and disenfranchised parts of me that had been left behind. Those orphans who have gone unclaimed due to my confusion and ignorance. One by one they are detaching themselves from the past, from those situations where they were stuck in shock or fear or rage, or simply because they thought that’s where they belonged. One by one they are returning to the Light, to the Loving, some running with arms out, others returning a bit grudgingly asking, “Where the hell have you been?” But, one by one they are returning. I am becoming real and much loved...like the Velveteen Rabbit. I am opening my heart to myself. And in doing that, I am becoming more of me, and less about me.*
- *I see my life as my sacred creation. No more excuses, no more blaming or judgment. I am releasing it all so I can be free. Free to be who I Am. Trusting that I am guided each step of the way.*

*And all the while my Soul is saying...”Remember...Remember.”*

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