

TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES

In my inaugural sermon last month—*Do You Have Change For A Paradigm?*—I talked about how patterns emerge in my life and how once I recognize a particular pattern, I can then understand the message the Universe has been gently—or not so gently—trying to send me.

As this sermon evolved, I became aware that I was again working energy in a recognizable pattern. The theme of these experiences reminded me of a TV game show from the 50s or 60s—Truth or Consequences. If you're under 50, you may not remember it.

Anyway, I don't recall the precise details of how the game was played, but the premise was that a contestant told a panel of celebrities something that was either truthful or a lie, and the panel had to decide if the contestant was telling the truth or telling a lie. If the contestant was found to be lying, he or she had to "suffer" the consequences. And, although I don't recall what the "consequences" were, I'm sure they were tame and lame compared to today's TV game shows like Fear Factor and Scream Play.

At any rate, as some experiences in my life came together like the pieces of a puzzle to form a picture, I realized the picture that formed was the direct result of my filters, which, ultimately, create my personal truth or my personal consequences. I realized there were two outcomes to every experience: the truth or the consequence, meaning . . . well, best to share some of my epiphany moments!

Sometimes simple things have a BIG impact! (STAGE SIGN)

I had a friend helping in my vendor space at People's Fair. She overheard me giving directions to the nearest Port-a-Potties and that I said they were located just past the MAIN STAGE at which point my friend interjected, "Oh, you mean the KAISER STAGE." I said, "No. I mean the MAIN STAGE." She questioned, they're straight ahead one-half block on the left, just past the big stage?" "Yes," I confirmed. "Well, that's the KAISER STAGE" she insisted. "No," I persisted, "It's the MAIN STAGE." She didn't relent, "You mean the stage straight ahead, in the middle of the street? The one with the huge banner above it saying "KAISER STAGE?" "Well, I think we're talking about the same stage, but the banner I saw said "MAIN STAGE."

We both insisted we saw what we saw, which was two different words on the same banner—"Main" and "Kaiser." Is one of us right? Is one of us wrong?

CONSEQUENCE: We were both insinuating and almost accusing the other of being blind or stupid for not SEEING "the truth." The "truth," of course, being that which the other saw.

TRUTH: One line of the banner read “MAIN STAGE;” another, “KAISER STAGE.” We both viewed the banner through our personal filters. We both saw only one of the two lines on the banner, and they happen to be different lines.

So, it later occurred to me that if this kind of confusion can result from something as tangible as a huge white banner with large colored letters hanging in the middle of a street above a stage, what happens when we’re dealing with personal experiences, perceptions and energy? “Well,” the Universe responded to my pondering with “let me show you!”

DAD’S HOBBY

My Mom recently again informed me that she is livid that at this late stage of my Dad’s life, he continues to spend money on stamps and coins. She doesn’t know anything about them and when he dies they will be useless to her. Money thrown away!

Knowing she could sell the collection, I asked her why she thought they would be useless. “Because!” she emphatically responded. “I don’t know a thing about them and if I were to sell them I’d get ripped off. I’m not going to do that so they’ll just sit there.”

I offered her comfort and encouragement—well, what I PERCEIVED to be comfort and encouragement: “Mom, I understand you don’t know anything about Dad’s hobby, but that doesn’t mean you will get ripped off. There are plenty of honest people who would know the value and be fair with you.”

“Yeah and the chances of me getting one of them is slim to none.”

“Well,” I continued, “you can create the opposite of that right now. You can know that when the time comes you will attract an honest dealer who will be fair with you.”

“That’s not what will happen! I’ll get ripped off. I don’t want any part of it!”

I decided not to fight her, but join her and offered an alternative viewpoint to getting ripped off: “Even if you get ripped off—even for 50% of the value—at least you’d have more money than if you don’t sell them. And, if you don’t know the value, how will you even know you got ripped off?”

“Okay,” I thought, now that makes perfect sense. I’m sure she’ll see the ‘truth’ of that statement and recognize that she is not powerless in this situation.

“Nope. I’m not doing it” she emphatically retorted. “I’ve made up my mind.” Her voice dropped and I could hear the sadness, disgust and shame as she proclaimed, “In fact, I’m

going to do a really ROTTEN thing: I'm not going to touch it and when I die, I'm dumping it all on you girls and it can become your burden."

Her choice of words—"Rotten" thing, "dump it," "burden"—seemed oddly strong to me and her words played through my head again. I listened intently, aware of the indignant tone in which she spoke and immediately realized there was a lot more going on here than simply "not knowing anything about stamps and coins." This conversation was not about finding a way for her to sell the collection, but about her escalating life-long anger and resentment toward her own lack and limitation beliefs and manifestation.

Wow! I realized that for decades my Mother had been creating this amazing intricately woven pattern of resentment and anger around my Dad's life-long hobby so she could look at her own truth about lack and limitation, and create yet another experience in which she can experience victim energy.

CONSEQUENCE

Presuming my Dad dies before her, she has an obvious source for additional income, which, with little effort, would help ease the lack and limitation in which she's convinced she will live.

However, because she is not ready to let go of her resentment and anger toward "the source" of the problem so she can look at her own lack and limitation energy, she will not sell the collection. In fact, instead she will continue to stew over all the money invested and "lost" in the collection. Hence, perpetuating her lack and limitation manifestation, which will once again validate that she is a victim.

All of that went through my head in a matter of seconds and I suddenly found my neutrality as well as the TRUTH:

My tone changed and with love and compassion I said, "Mom, whatever you decide to do is just fine. I don't have any emotional attachment to the collection so I don't see it as a "rotten thing," "dumping" or "a burden," and it won't feel that way to me. You do whatever you need to. No matter what you decide to do, it will be fine." I meant it, and I knew it would.

I realized in that moment that there are two truths: her truth and my truth, and, because of the filters through which we view life, and based on our life experiences, those truths are at opposite ends of the spectrum. Still, there is no right or wrong. There is no better or worse. There is her truth. There is my truth. They are different, and each one is perfect because it supports what we are learning and healing in this lifetime.

HUGE realization on my part! Okay a down right epiphany! I'll say it again:

There is no right or wrong. No better or worse. There is only truth: hers and mine, both of which PERFECTLY support that which we came to learn and heal in this lifetime.

I found the truth—both truths! I win! And what do I win: the peace, contentment, serenity and joy that come with allowing someone to have their own truth and to honor that truth—not in spite of the fact that it's different than mine, but precisely because it is different than mine.

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! We have a winner!

HEALING POVERTY

Like many healers, I discovered I'd been an OUCH most of my life. *A what? What did she say? She's an ouch? She has an ouch? Is she hurt? What is she talking about?*

No. I said an "OUCH." That's O-O-C-H—it's an acronym for Out of Control Healer. My desire to heal didn't stop with people in my life; it expanded to people who weren't in my life as well. In fact, it expanded into the entire world! I was a global OUCH!

In the past, I had often wondered why we had not "healed" poverty on this planet. I don't mean a band-aid fix of shipping food all over the world—I mean HEAL it. Gone. Good-bye. Kaput! Good riddens. You're out of here. Fix it and fix it permanently.

At some point in my spiritual education and growth during the past few years, I came to understand the consequences of such an action.

Of course, we are all here for specific learning experiences and, ultimately, we have goals for our spiritual evolution. In moving toward our goals, we go on a journey called life as a human being wherein we create specific experiences. One of those specific experiences could be working first chakra issues--the energy center that stores information about survival issues and, on this planet, survival basically comes down to money. So, if you chose to work the energy of the first chakra—survival issues—you just might choose to incarnate into poverty.

CONSEQUENCE: Let an OUCH heal poverty everywhere (I know it can be done), and most of the souls ready to incarnate here so they can work first chakra survival issues are suddenly informed they will have to leave their place in the "next up for a body" line and return to the conference room to gain meet with their counsel so they can figure out something else they'd like to experience because there is no longer first chakra experiences available on planet earth! So, my desire to heal world hunger would

ultimately deter hundreds of thousands, maybe even millions of souls, from having their first chakra poverty experience. Oh my!

TRUTH: Poverty, like any other experience we choose on this planet, serves a valid and vital purpose for those who are working first chakra survival issues. To take it away by “fixing” the very thing that offers life experiences for first chakra work invalidates everything those souls chose to experience and create in this lifetime.

Remember: There are no victims, only volunteers!

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! We have a winner!

I would like to add that although I now understand there is no need to heal hunger worldwide, I am an advocate of Heifer International—an organization that uses animals, trees, birds and bees as a means of creating financial support and food for impoverished people. Heifer teaches people how to breed, care for and raise animals, sell the by-products like milk, eggs or honey for money and use them as a food source for their family. The only stipulation is that the family gives one or more offspring to a neighbor. If you would like to learn more about Heifer International, you can visit their website at www.HeiferInternational.org.

NEVER A DIME

A later phone conversation with my Mom offered a deeper insight into how we use our filters to view our life experiences, and how our perceptions create our truth and our consequence.

I responded to something my mother told me by saying how great it was that my stepson’s soon-to-be in-laws had a rental property for him and their daughter to live in so they could save money while he is in Iraq and after he returns and their baby is born, at which point my Mother proclaimed, “He will never have a dime!”

I immediately lost my neutrality and felt angry that she would invalidate him and claim that as his reality. “Mom, don’t say things like that. You’re projecting negative experiences on other people. You don’t have any idea what Blake will or will not have. He’s only 20. All he’s done is finish high school, join the Army and go to Iraq. He has his whole life ahead of him.”

She reiterated with disgust, “He’ll never change.”

I started to remind her that anyone can change, any time, any . . . ah, let it go I told myself. You’ve told her dozens of times. She doesn’t get it. I was silent. We changed the subject.

I later remembered that one of the major filters through which she views her world is lack and limitation, and that she is working and playing in victim energy. So, she projects that onto most everything in her life, including other people. She has created an abundance of lack and limitation experiences and it's everywhere so as to constantly remind her of her truth. No, I mean her consequences. No, no. Her truth. Wait. It's her consequences. This is when I first realized that her filters create an abundance of lack and limitation in her life so she can have her truth and its consequences.

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! She's going for the five-time championship record. Let's see if she can really get the message!

DELISLE'S FEEL GOOD BEAR

Just weeks before my dear friend, DeLisle, died, we visited a metaphysical fair where she purchased a "Feel Good Bear." This bear had been energetically charged and "set" to heal illness, sadness and depression. DeLisle kept the Feel Good Bear with her for the next few weeks, and even slept with the bear curled in her arm by her side. It appeared to comfort her. I took it to the hospital and it was by her side while she was in the process of dying.

Weeks later I was talking about the teddy bear DeLisle had bought and how she kept her "Feel Good" bear close to her from the day she bought it until she died. The person I was sharing this with grunted and matter-of-factly stated, "Obviously it didn't work—she died." Without hesitation, I responded, "Obviously it worked—she died."

CONSEQUENCE: Even though this person knew DeLisle wanted out of her body—and the only successful way she knew of to that was die—she chose to see that the bear "didn't work" and, on a deeper level, that the woman who claimed it was "energetically charged to heal" was, well, full of crap.

Ahhhh . . . when we focus on what doesn't work, it leaves little if any space for energy to move or life experiences to flow.

TRUTH

On the level of personal truth, this person obviously viewed DeLisle's dying as a negative outcome. If she knew what great lengths DeLisle had gone to create and manifest her death, she might have seen the outcome differently. Maybe not. Through different filters she might have seen that the bear did, in fact, do its job of healing. Maybe not.

We both viewed DeLisle's death through our personal filters—one seeing it as a negative outcome; one as positive as well as a personal triumph in creating and manifesting perhaps the most challenging of life's experience—choosing when and how to die.

