

DR10 - Matrimony- For Review

[[PIC: Pepe destroyed. Caption: Read to the end to get the scoop on this. This will make sense in the end.]]

[[TK: I transition between first, second and third person. Need to update to read in the first person, personal narrative]]

Hindsight is a beautiful thing, is it not? We can look back at where we've been, how we got here and where we are headed. We can observe and absorb the sacred lessons of life and recognize how the best laid plans never materialize as we at first envision. Yet still hold faith that there is a Divine Plan and everything is on schedule. Life is a journey. Love will light the path ahead, even in the darkest times.

A Personal Story: Facing fears, discovery of Self, and dedication to Love

December 25, 2019: Grandmother Moon

"What's your plan Erinn?" My buddy asked as we sat around a crackling campfire under clear, cool Pacific Northwest skies, twinkling stars and reflective moonlight.

"I don't know! What's *your* plan?" I retorted.

Where I am ...

"You can stand me up at the gates of hell, but I won't back down, won't be turned around." ~ Tom Petty

Friday, April 10, 2020 - A test of physical resilience.

Plan A had been scheduled for months. Date with myself. Dinner, drinks and a live show at my favorite venue to see one of my favorite artists. This was going to be a

great night. A healing night gathering with kindred spirits laughing and enjoying the medicine of music, poetry and story. This was a day penned in my calendar. I eagerly awaited its arrival.

Plan B came along and derailed this original plan and shaped the course of life for humanity on a global scale for the remainder of 2020 and beyond. Yes. I am referring to the COVID-19 global pandemic that changed the course of everything for everyone. The show was postponed - ultimately cancelled - the venue shuttered without a clear timeline of reopening, artists were sent home, workers were laid off and patrons were quarantined. This reality persists to this day, February 11, 2021.

Plan C was an uninvited, unnerving plan scheduled on my behalf by universal forces out of my control. Now on this day, I was scheduled to have a CT scan, mammogram and breast biopsy to determine the extent and primary source of the cancer first detected in mid-March. *Yes, right in time with the COVID outbreak and subsequent quarantine. Ugh! Timing!* I arrived at 7am, as instructed, spent the entire morning at the hospital and concluded that afternoon on a conference call with a medical professional, myself and my dear friend (nurse by profession) delivering the devastating news. Stage IV (which would be definitively diagnosed in the following weeks) Cancer had been detected throughout my body including lymph nodes, lung, ovary, adrenals, and my bones. Yes. My bones. *This one took me and my friend by surprise. Clearly not the good kind.*

This was and is my reality. This was the fate served on a platter for my soul and spirit to feed on this day and every day since. [[TK: BTW I am doing very well and have responded amazing to my treatments. I continue to meet with doctors on therapies, medicines and strategies on living the best quality of life I am able. For this I am grateful and thankful. Super shout out to my Medical Team, there are many of you. Thankful for each of you!]] This is the challenge I now face. After everything I'd been through in the years leading up to this day.

“Seriously?!” I said to my girlfriend, “*This* is the test I’ve been handed now? What the fuck?!”

At this time I had come to embrace the fact that even the best intended plans can go terribly astray and that there is very little - if any at all - control we possess over the universal forces and laws of nature. The Grand Mama of them all ... Universal Love. Learning the art of loving my Self unconditionally and “growing” (glowing/going) with the flow.

Where I’ve been ...

Circa 1987: A curious, inquisitive creature by nature.

When I was in high school I took French. One of the romance languages. Languages that assign a feminine or masculine label to objects. For instance, le crayon (masculine) and la plume (feminine). A pencil and a pen. Both tools of the trade, writing instruments yet each with unique traits to it. What I find interesting now is how each symbolizes these “notions” we conjure in our minds when we label or think of something as feminine or masculine.

Le crayon has a very pointed, direct, guttural phonetic pronunciation which, to me, signifies a more masculine tilt. It is also a writing tool that can be erased. Much like the selective memory of many dudes I’ve known and run across over the years. *Just saying*. Then we have la plume. The pen. The pronunciation is very fluid, light and softer sounding. Again, to me, signifying a more feminine tilt. Ink is also permanent. When a woman speaks, listen up. “She is a woman who listens and has something to say” *Papa G That is going on THE record*. Plus, it’s definitely my preferred tool when I write - journal, notes, cards. Putting pen to paper truly eases my soul in a way a pencil does not. Pencils are great for math projects or picture outlines, but not for writing, in my opinion.

I always wondered, why is there this male/female distinction when identifying objects through language? Who decided this? And when? What's the etymology of these romance languages? Who's in charge around here? I didn't have the answers to these questions, they're just ones that ruminated in my adolescent brain at the time.

Yet there is some distinction between what is considered a masculine trait and feminine trait. When we talk overall archetypes, masculine is more often considered dominant, aggressive, "protective", the "stronger" of the two if you will. Where feminine is considered weaker, meek, subservient. *I'm not buying what they're selling, for the record.*

Circa 2015-2020: Breakthrough the Law of Duality. A unity of opposites.

[[TK: Following needs refinement. Rough text to build context, idea masc/fem depth, timeline, etc. Give you a feel for my natural thought processes and structuring.]]

In my personal studies and discovery of my Self, Native American knowing traditions resonate very strongly with me. In the Native American Tradition, male energy sits in the East of the Medicine Wheel and represents integrity and illumination. While the female energy sits in the West representing dignity and introspections. These values, traits and attributes reside within all of life - human or otherwise. One is not dominant over the other. Quite the contrary, they sit on opposite sides, respectful and honoring of their place on the Medicine Wheel, striving for all directions to work in unity and balance. On one side the Sun rises, the other it sets. The Sun is the constant, the center, that touches both sides of our horizon daily. Think of your Self as the Sun, one that touches, recognizes all sides of the Medicine Wheel and shining light upon each direction of the Wheel, without question, without complaint, without taking a day off.

In Native American culture, from what I've come to understand, there are only three energies that reside within all of life. Male. Female. Divine. It is the lessons of these unique energies that each of us is here to embrace, recognize and honor. These are the

lessons intended to guide us through our Sacred Initiations into adulthood. The energies lie within each of you in unique measure. [[TK: Personal aside: (Way of the Superior Man is a wonderful book that discusses this point). Shea, maybe you're 60% male and 40% female. Gib, maybe you're 40% male and 60% female. I don't know. The point is, both traits and energies make up the whole that is YOU.]]

As you dive deeper into discovering who you are, how you tick, the gifts you have to bear and the way in which you are uniquely designed to serve your Self and in turn the world at large, it's important to keep your eye on this universal natural fact. Regardless of your physical gender, these two complimentary energies combine to make you who you are and who you are here to be. Honor and respect that, for your Self and for others you encounter. One is not dominant over the other. One does not rule the other. They work together and transcending these externally conditioned limiting concepts behind male/female is incredibly important for you to be aware of as you grow into adulthood and walk your sacred paths of initiation. Rather than pitting these sacred energies in a death match against one another, we can choose to unify them into one whole heart committed to love and dedicated to discovery of our higher Self.

"True commitment is an energetic dynamic felt within your whole being rather than a social requirement. ... What appears to be chaos to the outsider is really a deep state of wild, harmonic transcendence in which the boundaries of normal reality have utterly melted." ~ Richard Rudd

November 1971 through January 2017: A lifelong journey and discovery of Self.

Plan A; grow up, get married, buy a house, have children, live happily ever after until death do us part. *I place this in the Best of Times category, or so I had brought myself to believe and accept as my reality.*

For years, my plan followed a course of the collective status quo and herd mentality. Get good grades, graduate high school, go to college, get a job, buy a house, get

married, have kids and live happily ever after until death do us part. I did what I was “told”. I did what “everyone” did. (*I know. Ew!*) Until the day I woke up - physically ill, mentally taxed and emotionally exhausted - and realized “until death do us part” meant my personal well-being and overall health were in peril. The way in which I was living my life, the choices I was making, the “half-truths” I was telling myself and others, the half-hearted commitments, actions and behaviors I was manifesting were not only incorrect for me, but were in reality down right toxic and detrimental to my overall wellness, health and happiness on all the levels; mental, emotional, spiritual and physical planes.

January 2017 through July 2018: Mental & Emotional Health On Trial

Plan B; grow up, get divorced, let go of material possessions, work through the stages of loss. *I place this in the Worst of Times category and the beginning of my road to recovery, discovery of Self and reclamation of my Spirit.*

I had a choice to make. A Sophie’s choice. Stay the course and continue a slow, painful death and continued disconnectedness from my Self, my purpose and core stability. Or choose to dissolve a 25 year committed relationship with my former husband, move out of the home away from my children and dog, and venture out on my own (with support of friends and family) hoping to recover from these wounds and “find” myself and happiness.

Either decision involved breaking up with myself. My little self. My half-hearted self. In order that I may marry my higher Self, seeking clarity and a deep sense of inner peace. Committing to the decision to unite these complimentary energies of le integrity (male/masculine) and la dignity (female/feminine) in wholly (as it is on Earth)-holy (as it is in Heaven) -matrimony, Doing this required breaking free from limiting beliefs, labels, stigmas and fears - my own and those of others - I had chosen to subscribe to throughout my life. And challenging the negative external energies that serve as

conditioning forces on this fateful coarse. “I know the difference between tempting and choosing my fate.” ~ Justin Townes Earle [RESPECT 🙏]

Present Day: Road to recovery.

Plan C; grow up already and get on with it. Choose to live my life with Love & Purpose. This encapsulates Dickens poignantly, life is “the best of times AND the worst of times”.

Every breakdown, painful challenge, gut wrenching reality has led to breakthroughs and insights that live deep in my body. Every test, pop-quiz, obstacle and cock-block life has placed before me has served to teach me valuable lessons. In choosing to accept the lessons, do my homework, and practice daily I’ve established well-defined healthy personal boundaries, been rewarded patience, understanding and resilience, and gained the skills and tools necessary to overcome oppressive forces with a forgiving heart, gracious spirit and steely resolve. I have no regrets.

Where I’m going ...

“Commitment is a wholesome energy, as though nature itself were taking control of your destiny and showing you the way ahead. It is at this stage when you begin to understand that to commit is also to surrender.” ~ Richard Rudd

Wednesday, January 13, 2021: Life & Death

Weather Report: In the early morning hours storm winds ripped through Western Washington causing widespread power outages and extensive damages throughout the region.

9am: I return my friends call.

“Erinn how are you girl?”, my friend says in that tone of voice that is about to deliver the untimely news of a loved one’s death.

“I’m fine. What’s wrong?”

“Girl. A tree came down on your truck. It’s destroyed.”

I went to sleep that night and winds were howling so loud and with such incredible force I felt like I was in The Wizard of Oz and the house was about to be lifted from it’s foundation. *Lord only knows where I’d land!* No fear. Cleared my mind. Breathed. Fell asleep. Awoke to the reality that the only personal material possession I own worth any significant value had been destroyed. If the tree had fallen the opposite direction it would have landed in my bedroom.

Not my plan. *Death of my truck. Goodbye past life. Fly high Pepe.* Yet part of THE plan. *I’m still alive! Hello, New Year. Pleasure to make your acquaintance.* The fact of the matter is, not a one of us knows how or when we will meet our maker. Living a fulfilled life every day - helping others achieve the same - is where my priorities reside these days.

What is the point of all this? Life is short. Love is long. Time waits for no man. (No time to waste.)

Say “yes” to the dress!

I am committed to living a fulfilled life, dedicated to Love and respectful of time. (I don’t tell time what to do, time doesn’t tell me what to do-in Healthy Boundary Territory). You are cordially invited to join me.