

# Dancing with Words, Dancing with Wisdom Show 14

You may or may not have heard of this saying by Alfred Korzybski, "The map is not the territory." The words are not the experience. The menu you read in a restaurant is not the food that you eat, but the menu points you toward the food that you decide to eat at a particular time.

Today we're going to be talking about many things. One thing I'd like you to keep in mind as I'm speaking here is the interrelationship of all these different topics. They sound very different -- mystical transformational experiences, why words don't work when you try to communicate this kind of experience. It would be just like going to a very beautiful restaurant, having a wonderful meal, and then trying to talk about it to someone else. Maybe you give them an idea of what it was like, but it's not the same as sitting there and actually eating that food.

Other patterns in conversation this morning are intention, synchronicity, releasing fear, which I am discovering is almost a universal challenge, and transforming rage into right action. We see a lot of rage certainly in the United States right now. So how do we transform this into right action and "power with"? Finally, I'll be talking a little bit about compassion, healing and abundance.

There are many ways to use words. There are some that work well in a particular setting, but they don't work well in other settings. This is what Dancing with Words is about.

If you are aware of your present moment circumstances, and you are very clear about what you want to do with your own life, what your intentions are for a particular place and your relationships with particular people, you can choose your words in that setting to shift the whole energetic dynamic toward what you want to co-create. Words are creative vehicles. They are tools and they can be used very effectively to co-create with your environment and with other people what it is you want to bring into this world and what kind of world you want to live in.

Some of the things I want to do this morning, I'll be reading some words talking about an experience. Hopefully they'll be good fingers pointing toward the moon. They are not the experience, but they give you a feel for what the experience is like and how different parts of the experience or different words come in at different points in time.

Suddenly, there's clarity. Words that perhaps didn't make sense at one point suddenly come together, and then they do make sense. It's instantaneous. It's immediate clarity.

Let's start out first and just talk a little bit about mystical experiences and why words are really not a good way of communicating them. It was what I was talking about before about the menu, which are the words. It's not the experience of actually eating the food. So how do you

use words to get people back to that very dynamic, living, present moment experience of enjoying a beautiful meal?

One of my friends, and this was years ago, so I only have her first name, but her name was Rhea, said, "Once you start trying to talk about what you've experienced, there's no one right way to do it. Nor can you ever completely capture it." I add, "How can you possibly use analytic, divisive words to communicate a unifying, holistic experience, where all the fragments of your life and all the chaos of your life suddenly come together in coherence, harmony and clarity? How do you talk about this?"

As soon as you try to think or talk about it, you separate yourself from it. You're looking at it out there. You are the subject, and the experience becomes the object.

Alternatively, you can choose just to be the experience and emanate the energy you emanate. You can't *will* this experience to happen or set it as a goal or an intention.

Linear thinking doesn't get you this experience. It simply happens or it doesn't happen. When it happens, it's a gift. Often it comes in when you least expect it and in ways you never anticipated. So, you have to have an open mind to allow things to come in that are unexpected. Some of them are beautiful gifts. Some of them are really frightening.

There are no how-to's. It is different for each person who experiences it. Each person gets exactly what she needs when she is open and ready.

There's just one other thing I'd like to say about choosing words. Twelve-step programs teach you how to use first-person singular. It's a very valuable way of speaking because it forces you to do the inner work each one of us needs to do to grow and expand. You can say, "That stupid husband of mine! He leaves his clothes all over the floor!" Or you can say, "I feel really frustrated and irritated when my husband leaves his clothes all over the floor." Or you can say, "What can I do to get the clothes up off the floor?"

When you are in that space of seeing it, going into your emotions — "What do I feel about this?" "Really irritated." "What do I see?" "I'm focused on the clothes all over the floor I just cleaned yesterday." And then the action piece is "What can I do?" Not "You're stupid!" or "You need to do this!" But "What can I do to get the clothes off the floor?" — shifts the whole focus, shifts the whole energy, and you move into a more co-creative space. I could ask my husband to pick them up. I could share with him that it really bothers me when he throws these clothes all over the floor. Or I can pick them up myself. I have lots of choices. I am a free agent and a co-creative agent at that point.

Other forms of language that I really like are questions, used by Socrates, stories or parables, used by Jesus, paradox or tension in the words, which is a lot of what Zen koans are about. The Zen monk gives the novice an impossible mental concept to solve, and it's not solvable using the mind. It gets solved when the novice gives up and becomes who he is in the moment.

Allegories like Alice in Wonderland, for example, or poetry like haiku. These are all art forms. In every single case, the creator of these art forms is dancing with the words.

Why do these matter — these art forms — as opposed to the didactic teaching which is the top-down instruction of "This is the way you have to think and this is the way it works," which all of us are conditioned into or frequently conditioned into in school classes? The art forms don't impose anything from above. They simply draw out or educate as opposed to teaching. They open new vistas. They allow the receiver to explore and expand without censorship. They help wash away the mud from the diamond. They help release the David from the block of marble. They offer solutions from a different level of consciousness than the level of consciousness at which the problem was created.

Here's a little story. This happened to me. This is all about intention and synchronicity. Just notice the interplay of what happened here.

"Drive safely," my son Bill said as I left his Naval retirement ceremony in St. Mary's Georgia. Bill was the third family member who had told me to drive safely.

"I *am* a safe driver," I replied with a bit of irritation. Then noticing my own abruptness and the integrity of Bill's intention, I added, "But I appreciate your thought. There are a lot of drunk drivers and texting teenagers on the road. Please hold the thought that the people who aren't safe drivers stay out of my path." Notice the intention there and asking others to hold it with me.

About 20 minutes outside St Mary's, an unexpected thought popped into my head. Had I remembered to pack the power cord for my computer or had I left it plugged in at the house?

At first, I was tempted not to stop. Of course, I remembered to pack the cord. Or had I? Better to check than arrive home after a five-hour drive only to discover that I did not have it.

I pulled over to the side of the road, popped the trunk, got out and unzipped my computer case. Sure enough, the cord was right where it was supposed to be. Two minutes later, I was back on the road. Notice the two-minute time delay.

For three hours, the drive was uneventful. Then on I-75, just below Ocala, all traffic in all three lanes stopped dead. A motorist, who had gotten out of his car, reported that helicopters were dropping down onto the roadway ahead of us. Another said that there had been a three-car collision, and lifelines were pulling people from demolished vehicles. One woman said that, according to OnStar, someone had been killed.

Two hours later, traffic began moving again. About two miles down the road, I passed what was left of the wreck -- one totally trashed vehicle, a pickup truck, a camper and belongings strewn all over the side of the road.

Two minutes, two miles. Except for my stop to check for that computer cord, I could well have been in that accident with one of those less-than-careful drivers

Did my parting conversation with Bill set an intention for a safe drive home? Where did the thought come from about my computer cord? And why did I unexpectedly stop for two minutes? Are our thoughts and intentions simply instantaneous energy exchanges that manifest desired results in unexpected ways?

I don't ever expect to know the answers to those questions, but this strange series of apparently unrelated events produced a strange synchronicity that may have saved my life.

If you visualize yourself as an astronaut on a satellite circling the Earth, you can either view the entire Earth from a distance. Or, as I understand it, you have such powerful ability to focus that you can actually read the brand of cigarette that a man in Moscow is smoking.

You have a choice always as to where to focus your attention and intention. We have been focusing our attention on mystical experiences and why words can't be used really well to talk about these kinds of experiences. The words are fingers pointing at the moon. They are not the moon.

However, let's now shift our focus from mystical experiences and why you really have to simply dance with the words and dance with the wisdom to have an experience of such magnificent clarity, connection, peace and freedom that you are fully who you are intended to be in each and every moment.

Let's talk about the challenge of experiencing fear or terror and how to release those emotions. I have a couple of stories here.

The first one is about a workshop I attended where one of the exercises was breaking a board with my hand. Now, this is not an idle exercise in physical strength. The purpose, for me, was to overcome my fear, overcome my belief that I didn't have the strength to break the board with my hand, and overcome a lot of other deeply seated fears that I probably wasn't even aware of until I did this exercise.

We were instructed on the near side of the board to write what we were afraid of. On the far side of the board, we were instructed to write what we would have or be if we overcame our fear.

Notice the shift in focus here between what's written on the front of the board and the words that are written on the back of the board.

On the near side I wrote, "Fear of losing my relationship with my sons if I pursue my vision and purpose." On the far side I wrote, "I am going to pursue my vision and purpose . . ." (hear the strong intention and focus) " . . . and I'm bringing my sons with me into full human potential."

As I took my stance to break the board, the instructors told us to focus on the far side of the board, what we would have or be if we overcame our fear. I focused on pursuing my vision and purpose and bringing my sons with me into full human potential. The board snapped. Students who focused on their fears didn't break the board.

Here's another story about fear. This was another personal growth workshop that I attended. The facilitators asked me what I hoped to gain from the weekend.

I knew that answer. I desperately wanted to release my fear. I was afraid of what other people might think, what other people might do, conflict, losing relationships, being different, and making a fool of myself. I had been betrayed many times. I was afraid to trust. Most of all, I was afraid of my fear.

As the workshop began, the facilitators asked us to make four commitments. (Incidentally, this was an EST workshop. If any of you listeners are familiar with EST, it's pretty much an "in your face" type workshop.) The four commitments we were asked to make were: don't chew gum, don't interrupt, be on time, and do whatever we were told.

I didn't have any problem with the first three requests. I never chewed gum anyway. I didn't often speak in front of strangers. Being punctual had always mattered to me. It was a matter of commitment, I guess, both to myself and another person.

However, I had a big problem with that last request, doing whatever we were told. History had taught me that humans had ordered other humans to rape, pillage, steal and kill. I was conflicted. I didn't want to agree.

On the other hand, I *did* want to learn how to release my fear, and I was afraid of being different and losing the workshop I had paid to attend. Reluctantly, I said yes.

The decision I had made during the first workshop threw me into turmoil. It nagged me all week as I waited for the second workshop to begin. I knew the facilitators would demand the same four commitments. Was I going to cave in again and agree?

I decided I was not. I was not willing to just do whatever I was told by the facilitators because of the history that I had studied about what human beings do to other beings. But I was also terrified, and I don't use that word lightly.

Sleepless night after sleepless night, I tossed and turned. What would the facilitators say? How would the other participants act? How should I prepare? My "what-ifs" continued to torment me.

Fortunately, I had had several years in Nar-Anon, a support group for families and friends of addicts. Nar-Anon had taught me I could not fix anyone else. I could only fix myself. Nar-Anon

taught that I needed the help of a Power greater than myself. The words it suggested were "let go and let God."

I didn't much like that word "God." It always made me think of an old man with a long white beard sitting on a thundercloud, with a lightning bolt in his hand, waiting to strike me dead if I didn't do some unclear thing he wanted me to do.

I had always considered myself an intellectual agnostic. I did like the words "Power greater than myself" better than that word "God." However, somehow, I had to deal with my terror, I knew I couldn't do it by myself, and I didn't have time to engage in the niceties of semantics.

Tears streaming down my face, I threw myself onto my knees on my living room floor and pleaded, "God help me." Suddenly, a magnificent calm flooded my body. Together, I knew We could handle it.

The second workshop began. Again, the facilitators asked us to make the same four commitments. I refused to agree to do whatever they told me to do.

The room turned surly. The facilitators said the workshop could not continue until everyone agreed. Ultimately, they walked out, leaving me alone with a furious group of participants.

Bill had taken time off from work to attend the workshop. Jane was paying for a babysitter so that she could attend. Raymond slammed his fist on the table. Mary screamed in my face. John called me an "uncooperative bitch." I felt nothing but compassion and love.

The facilitators returned and asked me to leave the workshop. It no longer mattered. I was elated. I had received exactly what I had wanted -- the release of my fear.

The workshop experience taught me some valuable consciousness lessons. What happened during this experience that helped me transform terror into spiritual power?

First, I noticed both my external and internal worlds. Externally, I was dealing with facilitators who demanded I adhere to their rules. I was also dealing with other participants who would become angry if I refused to agree.

Internally, I couldn't sleep. My muscles were taut. My body was trembling.

But simply being aware of my external and internal worlds wasn't enough. I had to make a *conscious choice* to detach emotionally from the facilitators' control issues and the participants' anger and not allow myself to get sucked into their issues. I had the tension between my terror and my integrity to deal with, and that was enough.

By making a conscious choice to ask a “Higher Power” for help, I brought my mind back to the present moment and to what I needed to fix in myself. I simply chose to trust a “Power greater than myself” to help me through, not other imperfect human beings.

At first, I was focused on my external world and what others might do sometime in the future. By focusing on others and the future, I was giving my own present, personal power away. As soon as I brought my mind back to the present moment and started focusing on what I could do here and now, I took my own personal power back. By taking my own personal power back and choosing to ask for help from a “Power greater than myself,” my fear disappeared.

In order to figure out my next action step, I had to ask myself the right questions. What do I think? What do I feel? What do I need? What are my choices?

Notice the first-person singular here again. How can I get what I need without hurting others?

In the workshop situation, I was conflicted. I was thinking about the future and what the facilitators and other participants might do. I was feeling afraid. I needed help in releasing my fear but didn't want to ask for it, particularly from “God.” Yet, when I finally asked for help, I immediately got what I needed and without hurting others.

Interestingly, by saying no, I also helped the other participants. They had been focused on what I was saying and doing. They were afraid they would lose valuable time and money. Some exploded in rage. All were trying to control and manipulate me. A friend later told me that they spent the rest of the weekend looking at their conduct toward me.

Let's talk a little bit more about critical, abusive words, because, unfortunately, they can have the effect of putting the person toward whom they're directed into a great deal of pain, anguish, guilt, fear, or terror, which may then transform into rage. Maybe a person is going from "power under," being abused by somebody else's words, and then they shift ultimately into anger and then there's a "power against" scenario. We're seeing so much of this demonstrated right now in the United States. Where we need to shift is into a "Power with" dynamic.

Let me talk a bit about a dynamic with a person who is constantly using critical, abusive words. Have you ever been criticized and verbally abused? Critical, abusive words say nothing about you. They say volumes about the speaker. "His energy is blocked. She is powerless and ineffective." Have you been believing those abusive words? Have you been allowing fear to drain your energy, focus and creativity? Give yourself permission, if you choose, to let go. Here's how.

Shift your focus from outside authorities to your own inner authority. Align your inner authority with something bigger than yourself. Whether you use the words "God," "good," "Higher Power," "Universal Energy," "Brahman," "The Eternal Tao," "Nirvana" — the words just have to feel right to you.

Then notice the energetic shift in your own body and emotions. Give yourself permission. Again, you have to allow yourself to let those critical, abusive words go. They do not serve you.

Notice your internal energy when words are spoken. Do you notice a shift into fear and contraction? Then detach from the speaker's words, whether that speaker is you — because we can be really critical of ourselves — or whether it's someone else directing abusive words toward you. Then notice where your mind is.

In Buddhism they call this the Witness. The Witness is watching the mind. Your mind will either be in the future or on what somebody else may think, say or do.

Notice this. You have a choice. You can either leave your mind right where it is and continue to feel all those draining energies, or you can bring your mind back to the present moment.

Most likely, you are safe. More often than not, you're very safe in the present moment. It's only your mind that's off on sabbatical, terrorizing you with its fantasies of future catastrophes.

Once you consciously bring your mind back to the present moment, then ask yourself, "What is my next step? What can I do?" First-person singular again, "What can I do right here, right now to move my vision forward?" Then, do it. When you do that, you're stepping into your own power instead of giving it away to future fantasies or what you think other people want you to do.

I'd like to share another story with you, which is a story of synchronicities. This is called "The Healing of Lot 74, Los Molinos, Panama."

I tried for several years to build a home in the western mountains of Panama. It never got built while I owned it. I went through trauma after trauma after trauma in connection with it, which was all a possibility for me to heal and clarify and bring together pieces in my life that weren't fitting.

The peak of Volcan Baru, western Panama's dormant volcano, loomed majestically out of the clouds in the early dawn of my first day in Chiriqui Province. I pulled a card from my friend Donna's bowl of affirmations. It said, "Allow yourself to grieve."

Yes, I was here to grieve. Despite all my efforts to complete a beautiful home midst mountains, waterfalls and rainbows, the house sat unfinished and rotting. I had suffered verbal abuse, defamation, evictions, betrayal, abandonment, robberies and floods. The final straw had been robbers in my backyard the night of Christmas 2010.

Now I was returning to Panama once again to try to move the construction and my own life forward. This time, my focus was on energy healing.



My friend Steven had told me to bury four pink quartz crystals (symbols of love) in the corners of the property, and sage the perimeter to purify it. My friend Shelley offered to dowse a plan of the property before I left. My friend Luke was by my side to help me bury dowsing rods and crystals and hold a space for healing. My Unity Church of Venice chaplains were meditating and praying for a peaceful and proper resolution.

My friend Donna, using a pendulum, cleared "spirit entities," "lesser demons," "giant demons," "shape-shifting giant demons," "fallen angels," and "dark ETs" from the property, my corporation, me and anyone connected in any way with the property and house construction.

Shelley was my dowser. We were dowsing in my living room in Sarasota a plan of the property. Shelley opened her dowsing session with meditation and visualization. Symbols began appearing. Simultaneously, we saw an American Indian chief with a full feathered headdress. What the heck did that have to do with Panama? It made no sense. Shelley explained that he was "White Eagle," a spirit guide who would support us through challenges.

I saw a figure in a fetal position. Again, this made no sense. I couldn't tell whether it was adult or child, male or female.

Then Shelley began asking questions. I watched in fascination as her rods spun the answers. The property has "a minor negative vortex, a major negative vortex, and five geopathic stress lines," she told me. She plotted them on the property plan and sent me off to Panama with nine copper rods to bury in the ground, and a visualization to help trapped negative energies leave the property and ascend through a portal to their proper place in the universe.

From her knowledge of Feng Shui, Shelley noted the plan was missing its relationship corner. "Have you been having challenges with relationships?" she asked. I sure had, over and over and over.

Shelley emailed me that there was a female spirit on the property who did not want to leave. Again, this made no sense. She said it was a woman who had transitioned. It could have been someone who had lived hundreds of years ago.

The second day I pulled another affirmation from Donna's bowl, "Moving Forward." It didn't feel as if we were moving forward. I had forgotten to bring Shelley's compass along, so I could only estimate the placement of rods in the minor negative vortex.

The third day, I pulled a "Push for Change" card. This too made no sense until one of the security guards swaggered onto the rear of my property where Luke was hammering trenches for the copper rods. With an arrogance born of judgment and condescension, the guard asked accusingly what we were doing.

In Spanish, with gentleness and firmness, I explained that we needed silence and respect for the property. He was clearly confused. He hesitated. Then he turned and walked away. Shelley had told me that once the healing began, negative energies would leave the property.

Finally, we had completed all the dowsing except for the major negative vortex. Shelley had “seen” this in an enclosed storage area under the stairwell and directed me to visualize an ascension portal in the middle of that space.

The energies in the storage area were intense. The dowsing rods flew chaotically around. As Luke hammered the concrete, there was a deep ringing sound that seemed to extend to the bowels of the earth.

As I invited the trapped entities to ascend through the portal, I suddenly made the connection between the figure in the fetal position and the woman who did not want to leave. That woman had lost her child on the property and would not leave without it.

Tears streaming down my face, I invited the woman to cradle her dead child in her arms, ascend through the portal, and release both of them to their rightful place in the universe.

Suddenly, I was that woman. The figures in the fetal positions were my own sons, wounded through their parents' divorce and struggling through the dynamics of their own marriages. Gently, I cradled each one in my arms, carried him through the portal, and released him to his proper place in the universe. My tears would not stop flowing as my own intense pain began to dissolve.