

Self Evolution: Recognizing the Feminine Within

The Divine Feminine energy brings to my mind the archetype of the Mother Mary: Gentle, loving, encouraging, flowing, peaceful, as well as showing might for right, when needed. As with the archetype of Mother Nature, there is a time for blooming and a time for pruning for beauty, and a time for strength and character to come forth.

That being said, those are not any of the words that I would use to describe myself prior to my transformation. Born the 7th of 15 children, I aligned my thought system with our planet's prevailing paradigm; that to thrive I had to master the masculine "survival" techniques. I felt strongly that there was only one person who would take care of me, and that was me. Competition, manipulating, colluding -- whatever it would take. And it "appeared" that I won my prize! I successfully put myself through school and earned a Ph.D., married a wonderful and loyal husband, and had a beautiful home, so why wasn't there a feeling of fulfillment? Was the game I played just a farce? What was rising in me? Unbeknownst to me, it was a desire for balance; a welcoming of the feminine.

Through personal development work, I began to get hints that the world as I knew it was extremely limiting. A teacher I once had clued me in: Transformation isn't about finding or getting something, it's about letting go. Further, I was encouraged to "drop my story" as it wasn't serving my highest good any longer. My choices and how I wanted to live my life were new in every moment and virtually unlimited. I can very truly say these words of wisdom were like pearls dropped before swine; I just didn't get how powerful and unlimited I could be if I let go of how I viewed myself and others. Indeed, what I've just summarized in this paragraph took at least a half dozen years for me to fully integrate. And that's when I learned the importance of compassion. I must have it for myself before I can have it for others.

My desire, indeed my hunger, now was for release literally and figuratively. This led to a very intense time of "wandering through the desert" and the painful process of self-examination as well as developing new skills: discernment and listening to the wisdom of my heart, aka my Higher Self. I can tell you it would have been easier to take a standardized test that only required regurgitation of "facts" than it was to learn how to listen deeply and feel from my heart. And as I grappled with my life's path, I was blessed to have the company of my beloved husband, Bob. One thing I have learned is that gender has nothing to do with balance of male and female energies. I would even go so far as to say that my husband, buried in his workaholicism, had more feminine energy than I did! Perhaps that is why as I started to ponder, read, and introspect, I found him such a willing and able partner.

As I mentioned above, my release of all-that-did-not-serve-me was happening on the physical as well as the spiritual level. One day Bob came home from work and I asked him, "If our house was burning down, what is the one thing that you would take?" Little did I realize the power of that question. Within the year, Bob "vibrated" himself out of his 37-year career in aviation association management and so began our "retirement," though we prefer to call it our "reirement." We survived our heavy mortgages on my tiny income, but by the end of the year the Universe blessed us immensely. On my birthday in December 2008, we not only closed on the sale of our five-bedroom, five-bath house on 10 acres but also on our

175-acre farm complete with an FAA-approved grass runway that we purchased with the dream of developing a residential airpark.

I've come to realize that awakenings happen on an individual soul's own timeline. As one of my spiritual teachers said: We are all like kernels of popcorn, and we all pop at our own temperature. Bob and I were starting to pop. Fueled with curiosity, we were becoming like an empty vessel wanting to surrender to Spirit and listening, with discernment, for guidance. We gratefully gave thanks for the tremendous blessings we had received. The most powerful realization we had was that we were being prepared, balanced, and aligned with an energy that we had previously sought so vigorously to control: the Divine Feminine.

The beginning of 2009 found us in what we aviators call "a holding pattern." We continued on our spiritual path, feeling more awe and wonder. Every day it felt like rays of sunlight were breaking through as guidance as we continued to develop our spiritual practice of prayer, introspection, and meditation. I continued to sell real estate, and Bob and I both volunteered at the organization where Bob previously worked. We always held the "loss" of Bob's job as a blessing to help us welcome the new direction of our lives, always asking our question: "How does it get any better than this?" We are true believers that when one door closes another opens, if only you don't continue to stare at the door that closed.

It didn't take long for the Universe to answer our question. The volunteer project that we were working on almost full time was completed in July 2009. The next month, we went to visit my Mom and attend a family wedding. The day after the wedding celebration, my second oldest sibling informed the family that she had been diagnosed with Stage 4 ovarian cancer and was "given" six months to live. This was a much tougher idea to face in our new "Everything happens for our good" or "How does it get any better than this?" thinking. This news challenged me to release even more, to surrender and accept that it is not my job to judge or design the works of the Universe. I was definitely at a choice point: rage or trust the Divine. Why this sibling? Surely she was the kindest, gentlest, and meekest amongst us? And yet, how could I possibly presume to understand and judge her soul's path and agreements? And is death true? I certainly was given much to ponder.

In truth, my sister and I had once been extremely close, but there came some unmemorable event and we barely spoke. It'd been more than a dozen years since our hearts kindled together. Was I going to let that be? With the help of my spiritual family, I received lots of input that mostly boiled down to: Tell your ego to shut up and pick up the phone and talk to your sister. I listened. I wrote her. I apologized that I let my ego separate us. Like the father of the prodigal son, she welcomed me home. Even more, she invited me to move to her community and help her as she went through hospice. Thank you, Spirit, for allowing me to serve such a beautiful soul. I didn't feel worthy (and I thanked my ego for that thought) but soon thereafter Bob and I moved halfway across the country. As I write this, my sister was returned to the Light three years ago this month. Thank you, Spirit for our collective souls' growth.

In April 2009, it appeared that Bob and I had completed two short-term assignments and again found ourselves wondering: What's next? And quickly, like a faithful companion, our answer came and, boy, did it seem weird! The message "felt" like we were being told to RV, that is, buy a recreational vehicle

and travel. Really? We had never RV'd or even camped and the Spirit wanted us to sell our truck, buy a new one, and go on the road? An additional irony is that we previously owned a model of airplane called an "RV" (an RV-6A), and we had previously purchased a building lot on an airport only 30 miles from where my sister then lived. Surely it made more sense to purchase another RV airplane and build in the residential airpark? Right? Wrong. Go!

And so we did. Less than a month after my sister's transition, we purchased a 38-foot fifth-wheel motor home, sold our truck, and bought a new one capable of pulling our new home. It seemed that the more we surrendered, the more exotic our life became! How does it get any better than this? (Be sure not to say: It CAN'T get any better than this, because then you stop the flow!)

The underlying theme of our life, as we understand it now, is that we are always being prepared. This is the quiet, gentle power of the Divine Feminine. It feels like it is always delivered in that small, quiet voice--if only I get quiet and listen.

For the next two years we continued with our spiritual group and helped produce events and spiritual retreats. We spent most of our time in Southern California, with our motor home hooked up at a friend's private airport. We were also blessed to be travelling with our dog, Boomer, who is just as much a Triple Sagittarius as I am! (During this period, I learned that Triple Sags are filled with wanderlust, are gregarious, and freedom lovers. Our motto might be: "Don't fence me in!")

Life seemed to be perfect, but then the small quiet voice, which I was trying very hard to ignore, kept telling me something that I didn't want to hear: You have outgrown your current spiritual community; you aren't expanding; say goodbye!

Making that move was very painful, particularly since Bob and I weren't in the same place with this message. After navigating through a very emotional summer, we both felt our pain of separation from the group and from each other start to gently heal as we honored our feminine call for harmony to prevail.

Shortly thereafter we were again eagerly asking, "What's next?" And this time we got a very funny answer. Well, funny in retrospect. The wisdom "When the student is ready, the teacher will appear" certainly applied here. As with our former teacher, there was another teacher waiting to serve our growth, but this time we decided not to share the same teacher. Bob decided to do a tele-class with Neale Donald Walsch, and I was called to take a tele-class with Barbara Marx Hubbard.

For the rest of 2011, Bob and I were roaming in our RV; one night I'd hear him on his call with Neale and another night he'd hear me on my call with Barbara--our home is only 300 square feet, remember! We were both enjoying the universe of new ideas that we were swimming in. Then that "funny thing" that I eluded to above came to pass. At the end of my class, Barbara invited all her students to come to Los Angeles and hang out for two days and discuss conscious evolution. I was in! I had fallen in love with Barbara's message ever since I saw her movie "Humanity Ascending: Visions of a Universal Humanity." I felt a deep "knowing" that I was supposed to be in that conversation. Bob delivered me to my conference and that's when we found out that Neale and Barbara were close personal friends. I found

out because Neale had just published a book about Barbara entitled *Mother of Invention*. While I was in the room falling in love with Barbara and her message, Bob was in the lobby reading Neale's book and doing exactly the same thing. Wonderful! We were on the same page together again!

What was next for us we barely needed to ask. Barbara and Stephen Dinan of the Shift Network announced "Birth 2012," which would be a celebration of the new era of humanity on, coincidentally, Barbara's 83rd birthday, December 22, 2012. We stepped up as mentors to assist in bringing awareness to this glorious effort. Then Barbara stumped us when she asked, "What is your gift to the shift?"

After a period of prayer and meditation, we recognized that living in our RV was exactly what the Universe ordered for us to contribute to this global movement. We committed to travelling to all 48 states in our RV and presenting Barbara's movie, "Humanity Ascending: Our Story" and practice "deep listening" and follow the energy of the conscious conversation of those who were drawn to Barbara's message.

And that is how and why we drove to all 48 states, the District of Columbia, and Canada in less than six months. Boomer was able to travel with us for most of our 20,000-plus miles of our volunteer journey. At the conclusion of our tour, we had made more than 90 presentations in a wide variety of locations, at least two in our RV, but also in spiritual centers, bookstores, coffee shops, and private homes. We know that we were never alone and felt protection throughout our journey; after all, we were co-creating with the Divine Feminine as well as local collaborators. We were privileged to meet conscious evolutionaries of all size, shapes, and ages. Our youngest who spoke up was six, and he wanted to talk about saving Mother Earth. Our oldest attendee was a 97-year-old retired minister who invited us to dinner at her assisted living facility, plays Barbara's movie to whomever she can find, and finished writing her own life story at age 94. We were inspired at every turn and event along our route; even the maintenance bill on our RV just become part of "what is," and our journey unfolded with ease and grace and flow.

During the course of our adventures we were interviewed by a documentary filmmaker who is telling the story of "Bold Mother Hubbard" and her vision for the new era of humanity. She asked us what the most difficult thing we encountered along our "self" evolution tour. We agreed that it is people not believing in their own power and shrinking from the unknown. Then I reflected on myself, I was offered this opportunity to write this Chapter and I initially disqualified myself as knowing nothing about "Feminine Energy." With great humility, I thank the editors for pulling this Chapter out of me. It reminds me that we only stop growing when we close the door to new opportunities!

In love, praise and gratitude, I AM Divine... and so are YOU!

Learn more about "Light Partners" Noel Marshall, Ph.D. and Bob Warner, at their website www.LightPartners.org. They are available for coaching on an individual or group basis and remain actively involved in contributing their time and talents to the evolution of humanity. www.LightPartners.org; Email: NoelBob@LightPartners.org

