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March 20, 2013

WILL THE REAL WORLD PLEASE STEP FORWARD

A NOTE TO MY FRIENDS



Hello my dear friends in my groups,

I know that I have temporarily deserted you, but I had to go deep, deep inside to do some clearing. I want to share with you what I have cleared, or at least started to clear. As many of you have stated, I NEVER had any one to talk to about my secret life, in fact, my favorite life.

My secret life is where I opening talked with the Beings inside me. I thought that because they were inside of me rather than around me in the physical world that I was likely crazy. Whenever I somehow gathered the courage to actually speak out loud what I said in my mind, my craziness was verified by a look of, "Where does she get this stuff."

I know that this was written into my birth contract because it forced me to write. Since I could speak to no one outside of me about that what my "real life," I spoke to myself and to my "inside friends" via my writing. I did get a bit a validation about the poems that I wrote, but they were just "cute stories."

Hence, I lived amongst my cute stories and kept my mouth shut about my real world. After all, the consensus was that it would be crazy to think the way I did, and I did not want to be crazy, even though it was obviously too late. The good thing was that I got great advice from my inside world. The bad thing was that I suffered from deep depression well into my adulthood.

Fortunately, my PhD program, which I only started because the inside told me to, was much like three years of therapy, I at least proved to myself that I was not crazy, probably. However, I still kept my mouth shut to just about everyone, even my spiritual teachers.

It became a habit to be my real self on the inside and the one that people needed me to be on the outside. Even when I did therapy or even led groups, I still had to conform with the "person that people needed me to be." Fortunately, over the years, more and more people actually needed me to be the inside me that was only revealed by my writing. Therefore, I needed to take a break. I needed to BE my SELF, not because it was needed, but because I AM my SELF.

I have felt a bit like I deserted you all. So, of course, I felt guilty. Feeling guilty is very comfortable, like old slippers. However, you did not deserve my "feeling guilty." You deserved me being my SELF because I AM my SELF. The ONE has been pushing me in that direction for quite a while now. I have been going along with that process, although I was quietly kicking and screaming-inside-in my REAL WORLD.

As you can see from what I have surprised myself into writing is that it is time to release that invisible barrier that I "unconsciously" constructed between my Outer World and my Inner World. I know that I can erase that barrier now because, well because, I am 66, which seems like a good age to grow up.

However, someone inside me did not want to grow up. She did not want to release that barrier. She still needed that barrier; after all, she is just a child. She is a wounded child that has hidden so deeply in my sub-sub-subconscious that I didn't even know she was there.

She was the one who was lonely. She was the only who wanted to be her Real SELF in the outside world. Meanwhile, the outside self was "just fine!" She did not care that there was no one with whom she deeply share her inner world. She was JUST FINE expressing it only in her writing and converting in into whichever version was the easiest for "others" to understand.

Therefore, I had to go away a bit, even though I didn't leave. I just needed to figure out why I was

angry. You see, the Light is moving deeper and deeper into my sub, sub, subconscious and the little girl is finding it difficult to hide. This morning I woke up with this image of a small peace of "something" just starting to break loose from a deep cavern at the bottom of the ocean.

That something was dark, like a flake of dirt. No actually, on reflection I can see that it looked like something that had been on the ocean floor for so long that it looked like dirt.

This something may even be something golden, but it looked like a flake of dirt because that which was not golden had attached to it. However, this something that was floating to the surface of the water did not feel golden. It felt like anger, lots and lots of anger. But what was this anger about?

I had just had the opportunity to meet with a group of people with whom I believe I could really BE my SELF. I was not their leader, parent, therapist or supporting fiend (the roles I had been using to hide forever). I was just a person who could talk to other persons and be my Real Self on the outside.

The little girl was so excited that, well, she acted like a little girl. On the other hand, she had just finished Being her SELF-her true Arcturian SELF. I knew when I was in that energy of Being my Arcturian SELF with someone who amplified the feeling immensely, that an Initiation was on the way.

The higher light jarring free the charred golden object and "breaking the Secret" of my Real Self, began to take the "dirt" off the golden object of my wounded child. This wounded child was the one who was not JUST FINE with keeping her Real Self secret.

But she told herself that she was JUST FINE. But, secretly, she knew that it was not OK. Inside, she knew that she was SOOOOO lonely and just wanted to back to Fairie where her friends awaited her. Then, when she had the opportunity to really be her SELF without the packages of "how can I help you?" - a deep sadness began to release from the unknown flake rising from the depts. But NOW it was not sadness, it was anger, slow, seething anger. Maybe, just maybe, it was not so JUST FINE to mute her self and be who she should be.

But, how could that be. I have worked for decades to release old, old woundings. Well, maybe it was not OK to just BE her SELF. Maybe, she had to offer something; she had to give something. Just her SELF was not enough. She learned that as a child and had disguised it by 10 years of college to make her self better. She disguised it by giving service to poor people, deaf people, wounded people and anyone she could help.

But, as the charring began to flack of the something golden, as it rose to the surface, she wondered "WHY WASN'T IT ENOUGH TO JUST BE HER SELF?

This question made her angry, very, very angry. No, it wasn't anger; it was sadness. Yes, that was it. That question made her very, very, sad. So the secret was out. If the charring was to be removed from the something golden that had just arisen, unexpected, from the depths of the deepest subconscious ocean, she would have to JUST BE HER SELF.

She would have to open, honest, vulnerable and REAL. So here I am sending this to you, my dear friends with whom I created the invisible barrier of "helping." In fact, I am not editing this, as I may lose my nerve and make this a "better" message.

Therefore, I send you the real me who writes wonderfully but cannot spell at all,
Thank you for joining my groups. Will start the up again in April after the Seminary.
Suzille-the Real Me

(PS, I cheated and did edit it a bit.)

CHILDHOOD



CHILDHOOD

The small child longed to go Home,
but she did not know the way.

She could remember the sights
and fields of Home and
she could remember her wonderful friends.

She was lonely here,

in this strange and barren land.
She longed so to face the presence
of all that was Home -
True love,
Complete Acceptance,
Divine Beauty,
and Total Union with all life.

Here she felt separate.
There were great walls dividing
each portion of life.
And there was a smaller wall around her.

When she first came to this place
she was afraid.
She did not understand these
strange people or their strange ways.

Flowers, trees, and animals
did not speak to her.
And if she tried to speak to them,
others laughed.

Therefore, she began to build
a wall around her.
With every laugh and
every condemning thought
a new brick was laid.

She could no longer speak to her
plant and animal friends,
no matter how hard she tried.
The wall became so heavy and high that
she could barely see the sun
or feel the breeze
or view the world around her.

Then she decided that it was time
for the wall to come down.
Even if they laughed,
she could feel the sun.
Even if they condemned her,
she could see the flowers.

So she began.

Brick by brick the wall was crumbling.
At first, it was very difficult.
The bricks were cemented fast,
and it took great effort to
remove even one.

However, the bricks were
somehow connected and
as one was released
the others were weakened.
With the release of each brick,
the process became easier and easier.

As the wall became smaller
the sun was brighter
and the breeze more refreshing.
She had forgotten that
the world was pretty after all.

She had not realized that
for every one who laughed --
there was someone else who cared.

She had not realized that --
if she ignored the ridicule of others,
she could then hear the plants and animals
hungrily returning her call.

As she gained the courage
to begin removing her wall,
she gained the courage to face
that which was behind it.

Eventually, the wall
seemed very small.
Or, perhaps she had grown.

It had seemed that,
as she removed each brick,
she had grown taller.

She wasn't sure of this, of course.
It had just seemed that way.

In fact, she wasn't sure of much.

She only knew that life was better.
She did not know what would happen
when all the bricks were gone.

But she did know
that fear had built the wall
and only LOVE
could totally remove it!



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