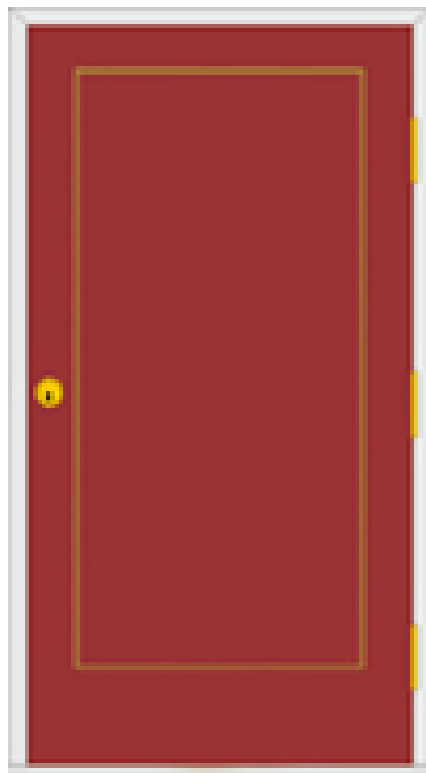


*THE UNCONSCIOUS PART III*

*The Behavior Door*



*By  
Suzan Carroll PhD*

## THE UNCONSCIOUS PART III

### The Behavior Door

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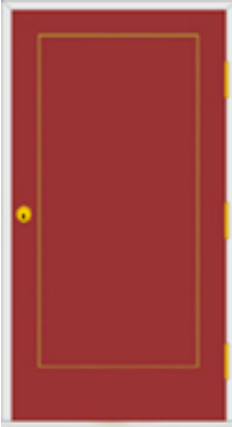
By Suzan Carroll PhD

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## *THE FOURTH RED DOOR*



The fourth red door is marked BEHAVIOR

We go to the door and knock.

A message is displayed:

Aberrant behavior based on fear and negativity sabotages dreams and aspirations.

Our behavior mirrors our dark side. But how does a child know that they are bad if someone doesn't tell them? How can a child learn to distinguish between good and bad if they are told that everything they do is bad? The unconscious memories of childhood's painful situations bring forward the defense mechanisms that we created in our childish efforts to survive.

The behaviors that are initiated from this portion of our unconscious are a reaction to a reality that exists only in our fears. While we are in this state of consciousness, our doubts and fears create a gray filter that alters all of our perceptions. We see an enemy everywhere we look. Therefore, we believe that we are justified in our selfish and self-serving actions. The drugs that we have chosen to use to "help" us have now become our masters, and getting more of them becomes the predominant action in our life.

Because of our inner battle, we have an unconscious need for domination. We create obsessive-compulsive and ritualistic behaviors in a vain attempt to protect ourselves from our unseen enemies. Because we react to what we are afraid that we saw or heard, we miss many beautiful moments and our defensive behavior reflects our constant sense of victimization. Our fear-guided behavior acts is a self-sabotage, as we create the very thing we fear, over and over again.

## *THE BEHAVIOR DOOR*

Aberrant behavior based on fear and negativity sabotages our dreams and aspirations. Sometimes our behavior will tell us what our body, emotions and thoughts cannot, as our behavior is the sum total of all our needs, drives, emotions, thoughts, desires, and spiritual guidance. If we can objectively observe our behavior, we can find out what we really want, as what we want is usually what we are working to get. The trick is to find out WHO is working for it. Is it our Unconscious, our Conscious, or our Superconscious Self?

Sometimes, our Soul want us to grow and face our fears while our unconscious wants us to hide. Then our conscious behavior becomes the battleground

between who we were, our unconscious, and who we are becoming, our superconscious. Often the fear we have to face is the fear that we won't get what we want. Therefore, we tell ourselves that we don't know what we want, or that we shouldn't want that, or that we are not good enough to get it anyway. Our Soul then intercedes by joining with our unconscious to create a scenario so that we have to confront our fear.

In all of these cases, we don't believe that we can get what we want. Maybe we don't believe in ourselves because we have been taught to think that we are bad. Sometimes we are taught that we are "bad" because we don't want what THEY want. Therefore, we tell ourselves that we don't know what we want, or who we are, so that we will not be disappointed when we DON'T get to be ourselves or choose our own goals.

Then, we try very hard to get, or do, or be, what THEY want, but our behavior forces us into our own track and off of their track. This action is often called rebellion, but to our Soul it is salvation. Fortunately, we are usually more in sync with our Soul than we think, which allows our Soul to win the final battle and become the new pilot of our physical earth vessel.

However, in order for our Soul to become our pilot we must raise our self-esteem enough to believe that we are worthy of it. We can do this by listening to our Self and following our own Path, which is the Path that our Soul has laid out for us.



## *THE CALL*

Arise my ones, do hear my call  
The time has come for one and all

To hear my plea, to know my name  
I am the Goddess of this Earth plane

From high above our earth's vibrations  
there is assistance to save our nations

Listen now and do not fear  
The answers are for those who hear

And now, my ones, the time is nigh  
The Goddess needs you, hear my cry

For those who don't I cannot save  
One is the master or the slave

The time has come to pick which side  
One can no longer run nor hide

The Truth is now The Power's here  
Do you follow Love or follow Fear?

Against my form no longer sin  
This is the chance to begin again

I'll wash my surface clear of mire  
For of the greed I now do tire

Hear my call and join my force  
Arise my One,

**NOW - make this choice!**

I, the Goddess, am as indestructible as I am infinite. I weary of this low vibration and do not wish to be limited to it much longer. For eons, I have held this vibratory rate, slowly growing denser and denser as my inhabitants have fallen deeper and deeper into their forgetfulness.

Now, I will raise my Heart to its highest form, and I wish my children to join me. But I can't wait much longer. The moment is coming! I need all of you to focus your attention in that direction. It is time that you remember who you are and accept the full power of that awareness. Listen to me at regular intervals and I shall give you direct messages.

*The Goddess of Earth*



## *ACCEPTING THE CALL*

### *A Personal Tale of the Rising Kundalini*

When we hear and accept the Goddess's call, our Kundalini begins to rise. Then, we must be willing to observe not only our thoughts and feelings, but our behavior as well. When our chakras begin to open and Kundalini begins Her rise to our crown, our behaviors often get more "out of control" than usual. That is, our behavior is out of our ego's control.

As our Soul begins to take residence in our physical bodies, it needs to flush out old patterns of fear, limitation, separation, and unworthiness. These patterns and beliefs are often the foundation that our egos have used to define themselves. Hence, the battle between our ego and our Soul begins.

Our ego functions from the self-image that we have created for ourselves, as well as the self-image that others have created for us. Once we have begun the process of balancing and healing our childhood, our emotions, and our thoughts, we can learn to accept ourselves for who we are and not for who we should be.

However, until then, our unconscious needs and desires are too often only discovered through our behavior. This process becomes greatly amplified when the Kundalini begins to rise. The balancing and healing of our past is a slow process, one that is dynamic throughout our entire life. That is, of course, if we do NOT live in denial.

When we deny our pain, of both the past and the present, we become locked into unconscious reactions to life because the unconscious pain of the past amplifies the pain of the present. For example, if someone is late to pick us up we may become slightly angry. However, if our parents were always late to pick us up, and we had many experiences of being frightened or embarrassed, that old pain

will piggyback onto the current situation. We then may find ourselves being enraged because our friend is ten minutes late.

When we are able to reveal and heal our old pain, our reactions to the present can be based on the present situation and the present person. The echoes of the past will no longer haunt us and cause us to react inappropriately. If we know that we are very sensitive about time, we can consciously deal with the situation in an adult manner. For example, we would only ask reliable people to pick us up, be sure to be the driver, or find another solution so that the same situation that hurts our feelings does not arise.

If we can observe our behavior, we can begin to understand the unconscious motivations behind it. Often it is only through our behavior, and through our "failures," that we are able to flush out and heal old pain and fear.

This personal history of the Kundalini rising is presented as my personal case study for others to better understand how behavior can tell us the truths that our minds and emotions cannot.



## THE FIRST CHAKRA



### TIME FRAME 1974-1979

It was 1974, and I had it all. I was married, which meant I was "good enough." I had two children who loved me unconditionally. Unconditional love, yes, unconditional love was a secret yearning that came from a memory of the time "before." However, I had never found it on this world, this place that I lived in, but could never call Home.

I owned my house, and I didn't have to leave my children to go to work (a strong 50's message), and I had lots and lots of time to look at my life. Or was it my life? No, it was everyone else's life. It was the life that I was supposed to have. It was a good "outside life." By that I mean that anyone on the outside could look at my life and say, "What a good life."

But, what did I say about my life? I said, "Where did I go?" However, in order to find out where I had gone, I had to find out who I was.

I had spent my life being who I was supposed to be and had never had time to be who "I" was. Early in my childhood I had neglected my inner life, my real life, my Self. I had hidden my Self away because it was too different from everyone around me. Being different was a very "bad" thing. If you were different you were NOT "good enough."

I had grown up in the 50's and early 60's, the first wave of the Baby Boomers. I had been programmed well by my family and my society. I had lost the sense of who I was and had embraced the idea of who I was supposed to be. And now I had it all! I was miserable and lonely. I was lonely for my Self. The only time I could be my Self was with my kids and a very few friends. I was 28 years old and I was VERY tired.

I looked around at the life that SHOULD have made me happy. I had everything. I had a new home that we owned; a marriage, two kids, a girl and a boy, and I could stay home with the children. According to the 1950's sit-coms, I should be gloriously happy. However, it was 1974.

Luckily, I was still cashing in on the tail of the hippie era. We had huge parties, two to three times a week, and our home was always filled with people and fun. When we moved into our new house, I planted the entire yard, from weeds to landscaping, planted a vegetable garden and made all the curtains, pillows, quilts. I was very creative. Now I needed to begin to create myself.

All my creativity aroused the Goddess within me and she began calling me to join Her. But, I could not feel Her love. All I could feel was Her intense loneliness. "Where am I?" I would ask myself, and "What is this place?" I have everything that society and my family told me to get, yet I am horribly unhappy. Why?

I began my search with my best friends, books. I searched furiously because I could feel the demon of depression closing in on me like a dark cloud. All that I had, all that I had attained, meant nothing to this demon for it engulfed everything in its darkness.

The red doors of the unconscious were opening before me and I could not close them. "Perhaps I should stop resisting and allow the craziness to overtake me," I pondered. But two of my book friends, *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden*, and *Eden Express*, showed me that insanity was NOT the answer.

Then I found another book, *Richard Hiddleman's 28 Day Plan for Yoga*, which showed me another path, the spiritual path. Instead of giving in to insanity, I decided I would let go of what THEY wanted me to do. But I didn't know how.

Luckily, my Soul had heard my call and gradually started altering my behavior. I had gone down to my deepest unconscious and felt the ancient pain that had been hiding there my entire life; in fact, my entire "lives." Because of that journey, a glimmer of my spirit was able to filter through the vast network of walls and camouflages that I had built around me in those 28 years.

At the end of each day's yoga session, Hiddleman wrote, "Now, listen to your body." I had no concept of what that meant. My body was not me, it never had been me. My body was the trap that kept me from going Home. My body was what separated me from...what? I did not know. I only knew that I wanted to feel connected again, connected to something INSIDE.

I continued to read every book I could find about yoga, yoga sutra, spirituality, meditation, everything. One book, and I do not remember which one, said, "When you step upon The Path, you must do so ALONE." Well, I had felt alone my entire life so that was not too ominous for me.

In fact, the only time I didn't feel alone was when I was with my Self, the one I had abandoned to get married and live in denial. Fortunately, there were also my children and a few, very few, special friends. My spirituality had always been something I had experienced alone. Even when I was with my gregarious teen church group, I felt different and alone.

Then I met Mrs. Reed. My friend, one of the special ones, introduced me to her, and I instantly knew she was my teacher. However, I think it was about a year before I was ready to begin studying with her. I had to decide to make my spiritual growth more important than the many emotional dramas that filled my

life. Practicing yoga is what helped me make that decision. Yoga gave me a taste of peace, and I wanted more!

After studying about the ascended Masters and astrology with Mrs. Reed for a while, I gained the courage to go to graduate school to finish my major and get a license. As Kundalini began to awaken, the Goddess told me that I could not be free in the world that I lived in until I could support my children and myself.

## CAREER LIFE

Graduate school was a great mirror for my many unconscious fears. My first fear was that I was too "stupid" to get a MA degree. Therefore, my second fear was that I would fail the comprehensive examination. However, both of these conscious fears paled behind my unconscious fear, which was, "If I get a masters and a job, I will have to leave my unhappy marriage and be ALONE." There is that word again. I thought I wasn't afraid to be alone, at least not consciously afraid.

Because my conscious and unconscious mind was not in agreement, I had to create a cover story. "I know," I told myself, "I am going to school to save my marriage." In reality, the reason I was going to school was to leave my marriage; two very different opinions to be locked in one mind. Luckily, or unluckily, my mind was very busy learning many new things and worrying about "failing the comps," which of course I did. But, that was much later.

## PHYSICAL BODY

My mind was a wonderful liar, and it believed my cover story. I thought that I was determined to achieve my goal, but which goal? Was my goal to leave the marriage or save the marriage? Was my goal to get my degree or fail my comps? Was my goal to follow my inner guidance as I had learned from Mrs. Reed, or was my goal to manipulate the "Higher Beings" to give me comfort rather than the truth?

My body was very confused and a very poor liar. My body knew that the first chakra's adrenal glands were firing adrenaline into my system, that I was totally ungrounded, and that I was going in opposite directions with every thought. My body also knew that a war, about which I was totally oblivious, was being waged inside me. It will be "fine", came a voice that I labeled as spirit. In actuality, it was the voice of denial.

Denial is a tricky deal. When you live in denial in your outside world, how can you determine if you are living in denial in your inside world? Was I saying it would be fine, or was my spiritual guidance saying that it would be fine? Well, I had a simple solution, I denied that I was living in denial.

Meanwhile, my body was in stop/go, stop/go, stop/go mode. I had five car accidents in one year. None of these were my fault. Denial! And while doing yoga, one stormy evening when I was alone, I wrenched my right knee. Now, that was an interesting message from my body. The right knee, the masculine side, which teaches us how to step out into the world, the shock absorber of "learning-how-to-go-out-into-the-world-to-take-care-of-yourself," was giving me a message.

The right knee, which is on the right leg that pushes the brakes and the accelerator in the car so that you DON'T have five car accidents, was in great pain. Was my body telling me to slow down and watch where I was going? Was my body telling me that I was experiencing a great deal of psychic pain? Was my body telling me that I should bend my knee to my higher guidance and listen rather than direct?

No, I denied, my hurt was bad luck, just like the car accidents. But luckily my higher guidance was protecting me. I did listen to it sometimes. On the way to school I would chant "Blaze, Blaze, Blaze the Violet Fire, transmuting all shadow into Light, Light, Light". When I tried to study in my tension-filled house, I would chant, "Nothing will disturb my harmony."

My higher guidance even came to me in a blazing ball of golden light one night when I was ALONE. It was just before I was to take the comprehensive examinations. The golden light entered my bedroom and slowly approached my bedside. Had it come to warn me, to tell me that I was NOT in the state of mind to take on such a big challenge? I never learned the answer because I hid under the covers until it was gone. Oh, the joys of denial.

When I learned that I had failed the "comps," I blamed God for "leading me astray." But later, after I had taken the responsibility for my own inner battle, after I had learned that I created my own reality, and after I had learned that fear has as much power to create as love, I passed the exams.

## FINAL INITIATION OF THE FIRST CHAKRA

I can forgive myself for my youthful mistakes because now I see that it all was a grand drama," all the world is a stage," that would crescendo into my final initiation. Through the last year of graduate school, I had dream after dream of great disasters involving just my children and me, ALONE. We always survived.

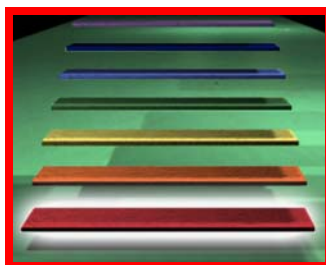
I can look back at this time and think that I was having a nervous breakdown, or I can look back and think that I was having a spiritual initiation. I choose the latter. A nervous breakdown can be "bad luck" or "a major setback", whereas as spiritual initiation is "a difficult transition into a better person." Well it WAS a difficult transition, and I do believe that I became a better person. I became a better person because I learned some very important lessons.

When I got the grim notice in the mail that I had failed, all my illusions burst in one great explosion. I could no longer deny that I was miserable. Then, when my husband spent that night of my "bad news" away from home, away from me, I could no longer deny that my marriage was over. The next day, after one of the worst nights of my life, with my kids, our dog, and my school and spiritual books, I left. I left that house and I left that life. I would take the test again, and I would pass because I was no longer at war with myself.

My unconscious and my Soul had won. I learned that I was NOT stupid. In fact, I learned that I was smart and powerful. I also learned to listen to my Soul when it tried to warn me. But, of course, at the time I probably would not have heeded the warning if I had heard it.

I had to manifest my greatest fears so that I could conquer them. I had to fail in order to learn that I was strong enough to try again and succeed. I had to fail to finally break through my wall of denial to find the courage to leave a bad situation and face my fear of being alone. And, I had to fail in order to learn to distinguish between the voice of fear and the Voice of Soul.

Through my behavior, I had proven to myself what my Soul had always known. My first chakra had opened. What a ride! I learned to support myself for the first time, I created a new home, and I learned that I could integrate my masculine and feminine energy to create a NEW LIFE. I stepped upon the first step to Soul. Now I had to LIVE it...



## *THE FIRST STEP TO SOUL*

The small child had grown up. It had taken much longer than she had ever intended. And even though she felt like an adult, she knew that there was a center that was still soft and vulnerable.

If she were to give that center up, she knew she would become hard and inflexible. For in the center, she felt pain. In feeling pain she could remember to learn and grow and change.

Now, she had to learn how to guide herself, not just from her strong, adult exterior, but also from the soft vulnerable interior that was the center of her Self. She had to learn to shield that center from the outside pain while she still allowed love to enter from the ones whom she trusted.

This center was the threshold to her inner life. The inner worlds were now fully accessible to her. Upon that threshold she would place her deepest love and trust so that she would be protected and guided in every moment of her life.

Inside the doorway of that threshold was a pillar of light with a shining crystal atop it. This pillar guarded the first step to Soul. The light of this pillar would always shine to remind her of the spiritual life-force which flowed continuously from her Soul into her physical universe.

She entered the doorway and stepped upon the first step to Soul. Standing tall, she peered into the crystal and saw a bright red glow. As her vision focused, she realized that red glow was a flame ~ A FLAME OF COURAGE!

She would need this courage to maintain the responsibilities of her everyday life while she continued her inner journey up the Seven Steps to Soul.

## THE SECOND CHAKRA



### TIME FRAME 1979-1983

It was now the summer of 1979. I was 33 years old and on my own for the first time in my life. Well, that is, I was on my own for three weeks. Kundalini was awake and she needed love-lots of it and lots of sex.

Not "doing it", but really making love. Tantric sex, without the lessons, sex which flushed its magic up my spine, and his, and promised Goddess Kundalini that, eventually, She would join Her God in the Thousand Petal lotus of the crown chakra.

For me, this kind of sex had to be filled with love, deep, passionate love. For eleven years, my only real love was my children and a few friends. Now I was in love with a man, totally, uncontrollably and passionately. But he wasn't the father of my children and too often, I had to choose between them and him, actually between them and myself.

I had spent a lifetime repressing and "depressing" my emotions. Now I had my first taste of love and my appetite for more was unquenchable.

### SPIRITUAL LIFE

After being together for a year, we moved to the beach. It was too far away to study with Mrs. Reed, but I did continue to get my written channelings from the Long Island organization. I really don't think I was very spiritual at that time. I had not yet totally forgiven God, myself, for saying everything would be alright.

In other words, I had not yet learned that I was the creator of my life. It wasn't until I entered my Ph.D. program, and some very deep therapy, that I was able to gain a degree of mastery over my emotions and release my addiction to being a victim.

Daily, I studied the astrology that I had learned from Mrs. Reed. I was still a ship without a Captain and I needed to consult astrology, tarot, and psychics as often as I could.

I could not yet believe that I knew all the answers in a higher dimensional component of myself. My consciousness was still primarily limited to the third dimension, although there were frequent peeks, and some visits, to the fourth dimension to seek help.

## CAREER LIFE

After establishing my own consulting business as an audiologist, I was struck square that I did not enjoy the work and that I definitely could not spend my whole life doing it. After the divorce, in fact immediately after the divorce, I was married to my new Love.

Now, with a happy marriage, and fulfilling my long time desire of moving to the beach, I could no longer "settle" for a job that was not my heart's calling. Lady Kundalini had awakened and She could not just "work." She had to serve from the heart if She were to continue Her upward journey.

Interestingly, the second chakra rules the water element and when my Kundalini moved into the second chakra I moved to live one-half block from the water. Also, it was time now to focus on my children. They had had to survive a crazy mother in deep denial, my going to grad school, an absentee father, a divorce, and a mom and dad who instantly hooked up with someone else after the divorce.

So, did I really focus on my children and give them all my attention? No, at least not directly. I went into a Ph.D. program and, luckily for them, went into intensive psychotherapy. Boy, did I need it! Finally, I was able to hear and heal some of my long repressed pain. I could stop reacting to and start creating my life.

## PHYSICAL BODY

Besides the fact that I had yeast infections, or was it honeymooner's disease?, for two years, my body faired pretty well. Besides, I was in grad school studying Clinical Psychology and in weekly therapy, so I could release pain from my psyche rather than manifesting it in my body.

My program was very mind-body oriented. My program also helped me align the masculine energy of my analytical mind with the female energy of my inner reflection. This allowed Lady Kundalini to maintain her balance of masculine and feminine polarities as She journeyed through my second chakra.

Interestingly enough, shortly after I had experienced hypnotic regression into my childhood uncovering how I had really felt when my father abandoned me, my yeast infections stopped. My body was saying to me, "Are you sure you can trust him, any him? Maybe, he will abandon you like all the other men in your life." But the body can't speak English so it speaks pain.

The pain starts as a whisper, but we bravely carry on like the good troopers that we are. Then, to get our attention, it speaks in a little louder pain, but we are brave. We can endure our suffering courageously.



Then, the body has had it and it yells, "PAIN!" Then we listen. However, too often we listen as the victim and cannot understand the very clear message that the body that you are living in is telling you.

My body was saying, "You/we are afraid. You, meaning the you that lives inside of me/body, are still too frightened to really trust yourself and your loved ones. Furthermore, you still have mountains of repressed anger." It would take until Kundalini entered my third chakra before I could even begin to understand my anger. However, I did release a lot of it while She was in the second chakra.

## FINAL INITIATION FOR THE SECOND CHAKRA

Whereas the final initiation for my first chakra was VERY obvious, the initiation for my second chakra was subtle. Even as a child I had had many fourth dimensional experiences in the Land of Faerie, but all the denied emotions had stopped my further experiences in the higher planes.

I had reached a psychic plateau and I blamed God, or was it men that I blamed. Or, perhaps I was really angry it at my own masculine self who got the bright idea of going out on "his" own. Anyway, my repressed anger had made me a victim, and the Spiritual Path stops when the traveler cannot take responsibility for the life he/she has created.

When I entered therapy, more and more of my unconscious mind became conscious. Then I became aware of the many "hidden agendas" that were really in control; for example, my getting the MA to "save the marriage." If I had been conscious of the hidden agenda of leaving the marriage, I would not have fallen into such devastation when the marriage ended.

I would have looked at my divorce as a success and been happy that my education allowed me to get employment even though I would have to re-take my test. But, that was not the case. I had built my life upon illusion, and when the bubble popped, I was devastated.

As my unconscious mind and all the pain and confusion that it held became accessible to my conscious mind, I created a pathway through the Lower Astral Plane. With a clear pathway through my pain and fear, I began to have psychic experiences that came from the higher sub-planes of the fourth dimension as well as from the higher dimensional components of my SELF.

I stopped pouring over my astrology readings and consulting psychics at every turn and I began to go inside to really listen to my guidance. I connected with both the masculine and feminine aspects of my inner guidance and developed an intimate relationship with them. That is when I began to trust my self and others.

Gradually, and almost unknowingly, I had stepped upon the second step to Soul.



## *THE SECOND STEP TO SOUL*

Tentatively, she stepped onto the second step to Soul. Craning her neck, she peered into the crystal atop the second pillar. But, what she saw was NOTHING. For, within the crystal, was the void and, within the void, was nothing ~ nothing and everything. Within the void the seed of creativity lay nestled deep in the core of possibility. In fact, it was HER center of creativity and HER center of possibility, the possibility of everything, as well as, the possibility of nothing.

She stared deeply into the nothingness and felt a place inside herself resonate to its call. She pulled back in fear and astonishment. Could she be empty, yet full, of creative potential? Could she have a void inside of her? The idea frightened her but also enticed her.

If she looked too deeply into the crystal, would she become lost ~ lost in the crystal and lost in herself? She leaned forward again to look into the crystal. Too late, she felt the connection. The void pulled her into it, or did she leap? Once in the void she could no longer decipher how she had entered.

In the void, all opposite polarities became one, and all that had once been the same, polarized into opposition. Concepts of her mind and experiences of her emotion blurred into a nothingness that was simultaneously peaceful and frightening. Her thoughts could not exist within the void. There was nothing for them to understand or to analyze. Her emotions became so confused that they canceled each other out.

What could she hold on to? What could she understand, feel, know, or question? All experience of familiarity disappeared in an onslaught of ultimate stimulation and complete negation of sensation. Light fell into darkness in the exact moment that it was created. Loneliness and unity danced in and out of reality. She lost all sense of her self ~ the self that once existed before she entered the void.

Life and death, birth and decay, whirled together in harmony to the sweet music of potential. Currents of light and sound flickered in and out of existence and encompassed her with such force that she felt engulfed, enlivened, suffocated and rejuvenated.

And then ~ it was over.

It was almost as if the void had spun her out, out into a world that was now foreign to her. Immediately upon leaving the void, all that she had experienced was forgotten. However, the lack of self that existed within the void emerged from it with a virginal perception of reality.

The clouds cleared and the sun was seen in its fullest glory. Blossoms bloomed upon the trees, small flowers began to open, and birds chirped a welcome to the morning as the dew released the scent of eternity.

To survive the void was to die ~ die in order to be reborn ~ then reborn in order to die again and again. Die to each day, to each moment, to each memory, and to each sorrow. Life and death were one. Nothing and everything was one. Forever and never were continuous. The clock ceased to tick. The space was not traveled, yesterday never happened and tomorrow will not come.

In every second, which did not exist as time, she was born again. As eternity collapsed into the NOW she was new. Separation became Unity. Aloneness became Reunion ~ reunion with all and reunion with Self. The flower ceased to exist, but its essence remained.

If only she could remember ~ that which had never happened.

## THIRD CHAKRA

### TIME FRAME 1983-1986



By 1983 I had finished most of my course work, and I was writing my dissertation. I had also begun to see clients. I found that the emotional instincts of the second chakra were quite different from the psychic energy of the third chakra.

My experience is that the psychic energy of the second chakra is very instinctive, personal, and based on survival. On the other hand, the psychic energy of the third chakra is more mental and interpersonal. Therefore, the third chakra governs both the power of your own self-awareness and the power in relationships that can result from self-awareness. I

In other words, if you have power over your own feelings and thoughts, then you will be able to maintain your personal power within your relationships. If you have not found your own power, you will find yourself in power struggles with others, so that you can unconsciously prove to yourself that you are powerful.

With the Kundalini now in my third chakra, I was forming relationships in which I had a great deal of power to influence others. One of the first lessons I had to learn was that people really listened to me. Hence, I had to be "conscious" of that power.

This was definitely a time of accomplishments, ego development, self control, and will power. It was also a time, more than any other, when I was defining my self and standing up for my freedom to be that "self" that I had discovered.

### SPIRITUAL LIFE

My mind was taking in new information almost faster than I could absorb it. Interestingly, I found myself drawn to the Oriental spiritual path. I studied with a Tai Chi teacher every week, and I also went to weekly meditations with a Taoist teacher. Both of these disciplines focused on slowing down the mind. Tai Chi was especially difficult for me. My teacher kept saying, "Slower, slower, match your mind with the pace of your movement."

Moving VERY slowly and connecting my mind to each movement was extremely difficult for me. My meditations were also forcing me to remain still in my body to find the stillness of my mind. This stillness allowed me to create a pathway through the oceans of the Emotional Plane and connect with the Mental plane in the higher fourth dimension. Concurrently, this allowed me to navigate my emotions in my outer world and gain a greater mastery over my mind.

## CAREER LIFE

My career life and spiritual life were starting to merge. One of my mentors, who was teaching me hypnosis, also taught me automatic writing. This was not automatic writing where another being entered my body, but instead it was a way to get "out of my own way" and communicate in writing, with the world inside of myself. The first person I heard from was my inner child, which I titled, "A Child's Adventure in Faerie."

I found that when I wrote my inner guidance, whether it be from a higher dimensional being or a higher dimensional component of myself, I could get more details and clarity. The writing also assisted me in grounding the information in my everyday world.

First I would receive it, then I would re-read it, edit it, expand upon it. Then, gradually, the communications turned into stories, poems, and eventually books. But that was later.

My professional world was busy, yet completely fulfilling. This time I had no hidden agenda regarding my graduate school and my conscious and unconscious mind were in complete agreement. I was being challenged every minute and loving it. I knew that I was following my destiny. This knowledge was soon to be tested.

## PHYSICAL BODY

My mind was great, but my body, as usual, had to take the brunt of my stress. I was working four days a week, finishing my Ph.D., was married and had two teenage kids, and my third chakra was giving me every symptom of chronic stress.

My digestion was disturbed, and my stomach often was upset and it felt like I was starting to get an ulcer. There was a constant uncomfortable feeling in my solar plexus that didn't go away until I finished school. Then it left. Yes, Kundalini was definitely in my third chakra.

## FINAL INITIATION FOR THE THIRD CHAKRA

My final initiation for this chakra was the sum-total of all I had learned since Lady Kundalini had entered it. It was time to get my license and there was a mishap with my records in the state. If I didn't sit for the exam that time, they were changing the laws and I would have to go back to school to take more classes, which was NOT an option.

Therefore, I had to study without knowing whether or not I could take the test. Meanwhile, I was working full time, raising teenagers and haggling with the licensing board about my records.

I had to keep calm or I would not be able to concentrate on my studies. Therefore, I had to use all that I had learned. I had to shift from the "will mode" of: "I will do this" to allowing mode of: "All I can do, is all I can do." Just like the sensations of my body were concentrate on the area between the third and fourth chakra, my initiation was to leave behind the will mode of the third chakra and move into the heart mode of allowing my life to unfold.

I meditated, did my Tai Chi, and yoga, and worked only three days a week. Then I got too "busy" and stopped with my stress maintenance. It all came to a head when I fell apart in a class, in front of the entire class, and bashed my car into a post after I hysterically tried to leave the parking structure.

Wait a minute. Is this familiar? Have I done this before? When was the last time I had car accidents and was terrified about the outcome of my "final" test? Yes, life is a pass-fail system. Since I had made such a mess of my MA I had to "do it again" and get my Ph.D.

The accident got my attention. Five hundred dollars later, I realized that stress maintenance techniques only work if you do them! Well, my mind, and intellect worked. I passed all my exams and began yet another new life.

Oh, but what about my husband and kids who had been waiting for me to finish school so that they could get more of my attention? That was the lesson of my heart chakra. But I had moved through my lessons of the third chakra, and I stood upon the THIRD STEP TO SOUL.



### **THE THIRD STEP TO SOUL**

She stepped onto the third step to Soul and looked into the crystal atop the pillar. Inside it she saw the face of a lotus flower shining upon her. She gazed into the flower so deeply that her consciousness fell into the crystal and she was pulled into the water beneath the lotus.

As she adjusted her vision, she saw that the lotus was far above her floating contentedly upon the surface of the water. She reached for the lotus, but it aloofly floated beyond her reach. She tried to swim to it, but her feet were stuck in the mud.

She must wait. It had to come to her. She tried to clear her mind so that no negative thinking would repel it, but thoughts of doom circled her mind like a shark in murky waters. Impatience and a growing fear weighed heavily upon her and forced her deeper and deeper into the mud.

She must learn to be patient. She must learn to calm her thoughts and wait in peace. "The road to illumination is paved with patience," spoke a voice from deep inside. But, time agitated her and space limited her.

Old thoughts trapped her mind and ancient emotions kept the water about her churned and muddy. If only she could find Peace ~ peace of mind and peace of heart. Then she could wait.

What was she waiting for? She did not know the answer, but the question brought her hope. Was she waiting for reunion? Yes, reunion with her Self.

She knew she must allow her feet to root themselves into the earth and wait. Wait for the stem of the lotus with an open heart and quiet mind.

As she held this new thought in her mind, something like peace began to settle in her heart. She looked up to the surface of the water and saw that the lotus that was once floating freely was slowly beginning to lower its roots.

Her first instinct was to try to escape the mud beneath her and scramble to the surface to grab frantically at whatever she could reach. But something inside her whispered quietly to remain patient and hold the peace. To wait ~wait with a welcoming heart and calm mind.

She settled in. She allowed herself the patience to not know how long it would take. She noticed that the mud felt warm and comforting between her toes. She realized that the water that held her down also kept her light and buoyant. Slowly, she moved her arms in an undulating fashion and felt the sensate pleasure of the water moving across her skin.

Maybe it wasn't so bad after all. Maybe the wait could actually be pleasant if she were willing to accept "what is" instead of constantly searching for "what might be". If she could feel the NOW, than maybe she could hold the hope of tomorrow and free the pain of yesterday.

Yes, to experience the NOW to the fullest. If she could do that, there would be NO wait. There would be NO past memories or future worries.

There would only be ~ the NOW.





### *WHAT DID YOU LEARN?*

"What did you learn?" asked the tall glowing being of light to the other one who was trapped inside a clay vehicle.

"I have learned patience," was the clay one's immediate response. I have learned that that which I can allow to leave can return stronger than ever. But in the time between the leaving and the returning, I must have patience. For if I am not patient, I begin to fill myself with doubt. I have also learned that doubt can be an even greater enemy than fear."

"Yes," responded the tall glowing one. "Doubt would have you believe that you have lost your way. Doubt would have you believe that you are not upon the Golden Path which you have sought your entire life to remember."

"Doubt," continued the clay one, "whispers that my dreams are mere fantasies and that my inner life is an illusion. Oh, yes, doubt has been my worst enemy in this time of trial."

"But Wisdom was your friend, was it not?"

"Yes, wisdom told me that all I felt inside myself was true and that doubt and fear were wrong. Wisdom told me that all that leaves is replaced by something stronger. Even if a loved one leaves, they have left me a gift.

"But doubt would not allow me to accept this gift, and fear told me that I was not important enough. Fear told me that I was not important unless I had status and money in the external world."

"Doubt and fear are liars," spoke the tall glowing one without a tinge of condemnation.

"But when doubt and fear held my heart, I thought that you were the liar," confessed the clay one as shame began to dampen the gold light tapped inside the clay.

The tall glowing one moved forward to embrace the clay one in its beaming aura. The tears of sorrow that had traced across the trapped one's face turned to tears of joy.

The shell that had trapped the clay one's golden light began to transform until it was no longer a limitation, no longer a trap. It was a vehicle. It was a vehicle made of the same substance as the earth upon which it had traveled.

"Oh," spoke the one who had once felt trapped. "Now I remember. I chose to enter this form of clay so that I could be a part of a very special moment."

"Patience will allow you to wait for that moment," spoke the tall glowing one.

"Yes," replied the other tall glowing one who protected and encased a small vehicle of clay. "Yes, patience will give me the wisdom to wait without fear and without doubt."

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