

Losing yourself

#54

Its been a while since my last journal, in fact almost a month today and this is the first time I've felt like writing a journal. I've been taken by the wind and all the promises that people gave me were broken. I was given a vision for the future and for the first time in my life - I liked the vision, I wanted it, and I even believed in it. Yet when the rug was pulled from under me, my darkest hour came.

I went thru so many emotions from the past and the present I didn't know which way to turn..... I lost myself.



My body existed in the physical - but my mind, heart and faith left. I still don't know where I went, but I remember feeling so empty that I was scraping for reasons to keep on living.

It was scary and there were times I really had to think of my mum and my dog for they have never quit on me and have always been there to pick me up when I fall, and to love me when others have taken their love away or given up on me.

I remember being a very long way from home and feeling all alone. I remember being angry at God and begging him to give me back the love that had stopped. I begged so hard that I layed on the bed for 2 hours and the tears just kept falling. I felt so helpless, useless, worthless and rejected.

I didn't want to ring anyone because it was Christmas Day and I didn't want to spoil anyone elses day. It was truly a soul searching moment when a cat (Bella) came and wrapped herself next to me. She just sat there and starred me strait in the eyes. Bella did what words could not. She gave me love unconditionally even though she wasn't my cat.

It was at the moment I stopped crying, had a shower and got myself together, put on a brave face (which I'm an expert at) rejoined everyone and pretended to be happy for everyone else.

As I sit here typing this, the tears are streaming down the sides of my face and I'm unsure why.

What I do know is this – the past month has made me grow in a new way, a way so deep and sacred, it's taken me a while to even know how to articulate it.

What I can share with you now, is that it was on Christmas Day I had to face my deepest fears and there was more than one of them.

I now realise that in our darkest hours, we normally have 7 or 8 things that need facing. It's not like just one fear. I guess if it was just one thing then we wouldn't be forced to face our deepest fears.

My deepest fears were:

1. Losing the partner that I loved so deeply.
2. Having someone so special - to experience it the magnificance of it and then have it taken away
3. Being alone in a real emotional crisis.
4. Going right into my inner core and feeling the emotions.
5. To truly learn to love and accept myself as whole person.

And those fears listed above are what I have avoided all of my life. Only one other time that I can recall have I ever felt hours so dark. I look back now at the situation and now understand how this situation was almost a complete mirror of the first one. Only this time I was different. I had grown in so many ways and become such a stronger person.

The interesting thing is this.....Everything above has now happened. I lost the love of my partner at the time; I experienced the loss, failure and grief. I was alone in my darkest hour and I went right into my inner core and cried out my pain. On Christmas Day I experienced everything that I had been avoiding.

I've heard the saying "what you resist persists" so many times, I even have it written on my mirror, and there I was resisting, struggling and fighting the fear. Very stupid thing to do because all it did was build and build and build until I collapsed.

Now I'm in the process of truly learning to love and accept myself as a whole person. I returned to Adelaide in the New Year, single and on a mission. A mission to truly love and accept myself as a whole person.

It's been an interesting journey and I'm calling it "finding myself again", so if you are interested in the process please read the next journal – Finding myself # 55.

You are welcome to forward the journal if you feel it will help others. Thanks for reading Lara's Journal.

Solaz grows as you grow.....

Love & Light

Anjie

