

THE VALUE OF COLLAPSE

Eight years ago, I purchased my first home with the man I had been partnered with for over four years. The first day in our new home, I was stunned to hear a voice from 'out of the blue' whisper distinctly to me, "You will not be in this home for long." A rush of horror ran through my veins, as I promptly put what I had just heard, out of my mind.

Late one evening, several months later, and almost immediately upon completion of setting up my home office for a new private practice, the young driver of a truck passed out behind the wheel of his vehicle and barreled through the walls of our new home, and into my new office, destroying what I had just set up. With a gaping hole in the wall of our new house, and a deep and unnerving sense of vulnerability, the life I had been living continued to collapse around and within me. Within months, I had involved myself in an affair, something I had previously thought myself incapable of; my spiritual life crumbled; and I had absolutely no idea what would carry me through each day. I left my partner, my home, and my work. I left the therapist I was seeing too. I left what felt like everything I had known. I left every form of security and comfort I had come to rely upon. I left everything that was familiar to me. There would be no stopping this valuable collapse. This was the beginning of the end of the life I had known! It would be many years before I would understand that some place deep within my soul was calling me...calling me home.

OFFERINGS OF COURAGE

One day in October, that same year, I found myself feeling shattered, alone, and desperate, at the bottom of a long, steep, winding flight of steps as I faced my first day of work at a brand new job. As I began the long and gradual ascent, I was acutely aware that I was entering yet another of Life's Infinite Moments of The Unknown Mystery. I knew nothing in that moment, except that I needed to climb that flight of stairs, and show up, as I was, and that somehow, that was enough.

With nearly every area of my life in a state of shear and utter collapse, I wondered what lay ahead of me? What would I encounter through this job, through my relations with those with whom I would be working? I prayed to find somewhere within the depths of my Being, the courage to face whatever the Universe would offer me, and above all, the courage to face my Self.

CHOOSING CHOICE

The demands of a new job, and learning the names and faces of nearly 200 individuals, provided an anchor...a grounding force for me...as I humbly, and with trembling limbs and heart, made the simple choice each day to rise up, and once again, ascend that flight of stairs, and descend it again at the end of each day. I found myself feeling grateful for the beauty of the pathway, and the stability the job provided me each morning, as I placed one foot in front of the other upon those stairs; and, without fail, my face was washed with the heat of my tears every evening, as I descended that flight of stairs and drove home to look honestly in the mirror, to integrate all the consequences of my choices, and finally, to begin to ask myself the important questions laying at the very base of my soul.

THE ON-GOING JOURNEY OF RETURNING 'HOME'

During one of the last sessions I would have with my therapist, before leaving that relationship too, I expressed my concern that I was 'running away', to which she replied, "I believe you are '*running toward*' **your Self.**"

The journey 'home', home to my Self, has been a long, gradual process, and one for which I am eternally grateful. I continue to hold regular space for the kinds of questions that call me home. Who am I? What am I feeling? What do I want? Am I present in this moment? Am I breathing as fully and deeply as possible? What do I have to offer this amazing world I live in? What do I believe? How able am I to receive? How do I want to express myself in Life? What moves me? What is my Truth? How does it want to be expressed in this moment...and in *this* moment, and in **this** moment? And, after holding enough space for any one of these questions, in any given moment, I feel moved and committed to *respond* to what I hear. I feel moved to keep taking steps, both inwardly and outwardly, that continually return me home, to my Self.

Three years of ascending and descending that literal and metaphorical flight of stairs, offered me an opportunity to realize that Life is made up of infinite moments, all strung together, of invaluable collapses, followed by offerings of courage, opportunities to choose choice, and invaluable blessings of being more and more comfortable with the 'home' within.

MAY WE EACH CONTINUE TO FIND THE COURAGE TO ALLOW THE VALUABLE COLLAPSE, WHILE MAKING CHOICES THAT WILL BRING US CONSISTENTLY, AND LOVINGLY, BACK HOME TO OUR SELF.

Written by Jane Ellen on: 4-2-07