

Symbols in dreams and signs or sights that I am drawn to look upon have often portended “ah hahs” to come. Sometimes I recognize the sign posts when my sub-conscious communicates in this fashion.

HUMBLE BEGINNINGS

Feeling very pleased that my right knee was no longer in pain I walked the last few steps to the top of the Church hill. Listening to songs of my beloved robins, this was my first try at exercise, my first hill climb in two months. Savoring the freshness of spring air and newness of green leaves of surrounding trees, I was bathed in morning sunlight. Reaching the top, I turned, as had been my wont, to survey the church marquee. There symbolically would be a message for me. “Humble Beginnings” it said. My breath caught short in a start as I realized that once again the words were describing my experience. Little did I realize the magnitude of meaning that those words held for me until later next day when I drove north to Edmonton to attend sessions with John de Ruiter.

Collapsed debris of a building caught my eye as I turned onto Whyte Avenue in Edmonton the following afternoon. It had been standing during my recent visit. What would its collapse portend for my life? I wondered since, over many years, both buildings and automobiles had appeared in my dreams as symbolic representations for me. Indeed, not long before my trip North, I had dreamt of walking beside and peering into numerous open windows of a large house. Window frames were standing open but were made of old worn wood. Looking through the windows I could see a great deal of clutter within the lower floor, of papers, books and things. Symbolically it portrayed my need to let go of many articles I had collected through my life; many decisions that had become building blocks of my personality, my coping mechanism with life.

John de Ruiter’s sessions had drawn me to come to Edmonton. Sitting there in the audience feeling his presence within my heart I was brought to a state of readiness to surrender some of my “not okayness”. “Not okayness” that I had collected since childhood and built into a protective mask of persona, -- my personality, my identity. Decisions made over the years to protect me from pain, had built up a veritable barricade over the years, gradually shutting off my access to my Real Self and the state that John calls “home”. Through perceptions and avoidance reactions to having been hurt in some way I had created a false protective identity that I now called “me.” I lived within this stronghold maintaining the block walls out of habit. Some erected while I was perhaps a one or two year old to avoid feeling pain or unpleasantness no longer served me. Over the ensuing years each judgment, reaction and decision made for self protection from some perceived pain, slight, or embarrassment had been added to my overlay mask like bricks to a wall. Added row upon row until a veritable fortress of impregnability had been created obscuring the real me. Each solidified energy blockage put up as protection from pain or fear, was taking me further away from innocence, honesty and vulnerability, my true state of being. Each taking me into a false identity of separation, even remolding my facial features while carving character lines about my mouth and eyes.

Now John’s “Truth” brought my heart to a state of readiness to acknowledge and let go of some bricks of my mask. I found myself within my heart center, acknowledging that I hold people away from me out of fear; a need for protection that has long since been outgrown. Acknowledging that my self isolation and sexual close down are parts of a protective barrier between myself and a state of vulnerability that I

now wish to embrace, I accepted my readiness and sat with these “not Okaynesses.” A raw sense of pain and vulnerability flowed over me. Simultaneously, a vision opened up within my heart. I seemed to be looking into a vast empty space of nothingness, yet it was somehow alive with life, with consciousness. Stretching back on either side of me, were what seemed to be walls that I recognized as my personality constructs. Separating me from the state of nothingness, were portions of two circular shaped energy rings, barriers still to be crossed in my final surrender. As I stood on the precipice looking into this abyss, I realized that I had glimpsed “Truth.” I knew that this “Truth” was my “Real Self.” At last I understood where surrender of my personality would take me. A strong sense of raw vulnerability came over me. and my being was filled with awe at the magnitude of change that would someday transpire.

While only a humble beginning, the process of surrendering my false identity was approaching.

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John de Ruiter's web page is www.johnderuiter.com