

Freedom



Inside

**A Newsletter For Prisoners
Based on the Conversations with God Material
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Forgiveness of All That Junk

Some of you may remember that I moved from Eastern Canada to Southern Oregon at the beginning of this year. Before I started my packing I made a serious effort to choose what I wanted to take with me, what I needed to throw away and what I wanted to give away. I had only lived in Canada for the last 6 years so I was flabbergasted to see how much stuff I had that I never used or was just junk.

So I sorted and kept only the things that have some special meaning to me...which was a lot anyway!

And now I am thinking about change again. I am thinking about what it takes to decide to change. I am thinking about all the things that need to be sorted again. Not physical things anymore but emotional ones this time.

What kind of "junk" do I carry around with me? What kind of stuff do I hand on to that absolutely does not serve me?

There is a lot of it. There are all the hurts that I feel were "inflicted" upon me during my lifetime. There are all the hurts I inflicted on others that I carry the guilt of everyday of my life. There are all the things that were done to me that I thought should not have been done, and all the things that were not done that I thought should have been.

When I moved, I used a moving van for my stuff. I guarantee that all my emotional baggage could easily have filled another truck.

I'm tired of carrying al that with me.

I'm tired of feeling all that hurt

"When I moved, I used a moving van for my stuff. I guarantee that all my emotional baggage could easily have filled another truck."

and guilt every time I remember what happened....or failed to happen.

I'm tired of it. It's time it all stopped. But how do I do that? How do I

make it stop mattering to me?

Do I pretend it never happened? Hard to do when I know darn well it did.

Do I pretend it didn't really hurt? Again, it would be impossible to fool myself about that.

Do I just put it aside? How do you do that?

There are some memories in my mind that seem to play themselves out over and over again. And every time they do, I feel just as I did when the situation first happened. And I add to the memory, of course.

For instance, I am really, really good at changing a conversation to suit what I would like now to have said then.... which, of course, would have allowed me

to "win" the argument, to come out "on top" of the situation or to rectify whatever hurt I sustained at the time.

Have you ever done that? I bet you have and some of you may even continue to do so. I think most of us do.

Every time I find myself reliving the old memories, I stir up the hurt, the anger, the feeling that the situation, whatever it was, should not have happened as it did.

Do you fell like that about your stuff? Do you carry a truck-load of emotional baggage also? Are you willing to let it go now?

What price the letting go?

What are we willing to pay to live in peace with what happened? Because this is the real question for me. What am I willing to pay for peace of mind, for inner stillness and happiness?

And another question, maybe more surprising is, "What price am I paying now for keeping the memories alive in me?"

What price indeed?

Do you agree with me that whenever we carry old memories with us, we pay a price? Have you ever tried to carry a weight around with you? Doesn't it feel heavier and heavier as you go along your way?

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Now, here are some questions for you.

“Would you rather be right or be happy?”
“Would you rather be right or be at peace?”

Please take the time to answer these questions very honestly. Because, I guarantee you that you cannot, absolutely cannot be both right and happy, both right and at peace. It is not possible.

It is like choosing to be both in love and in fear at the same time. Can't be done.

The need to be right is about fear. Fear of not being enough; fear of not being seen as important enough, worthy enough, good enough by the person in front of us.

This fear does not allow us to accept that other people have a right to their own point of view, even when it clashes with ours. Even when what they believe hurts us. Even when they need to make us wrong about our differences.

When they need to be right, they are in fear. Does this mean we have to respond in fear also? Of course not....but it sure is tempting, isn't it?

When we have a person in front of us who is hurting us by their words or actions, whether it is a physical or emotional pain they are inflicting, how easy is it to want to hurt back?

Even more, if we feel threatened by someone, even before they do or say anything, how easy is it to hurt them first, kind of like a pre-emptive strike?

We all know how we have reacted in the past when facing these situations. My question now is, “How are we going to act in the future in similar situations?”

This is what my personal journey is about. I choose today, the kind of person I will show up as in the future. It doesn't always work perfectly well (I'm sure you're all shocked at that! ☺) but I continue to choose anyway. And I am getting better at it.

But better at what? What does this have to do with my memories? With my emotional baggage?

Well, it's about forgiveness, really. It's about being able to put down my baggage, put aside my hurt, my pain, my guilt.

Forgiveness. It is such a huge issue, don't you think? Who among us has not, at least once in our lives, asked for or wanted forgiveness for something we had said or done? Or failed to say or do?

Forgiveness.

What does it mean? Is it about telling the person we forgive that it's okay, it doesn't matter? I don't believe that for a second. Because it did hurt and it did matter.

So what is forgiveness? Is it about forgetting what was done and continuing our lives as if it had not happened? I cannot, for the life of me, see how I could do that?

So I have been thinking about forgiveness a lot lately, both forgiveness of self and of others. I have read a lot about it and asked others to comment on it.

I am publishing these thoughts on forgiveness from different sources, because I believe it is an incredibly important issue to tackle when we wish to grow, to let go of our garbage, to become Who We Really Are, to bring our light into dark places.

So please read all these texts, if you so choose, with the aim of finding your own definition of forgiveness.

And when you decide what it is for you, look back at those pesky memories that seem to fill your mind, and heart, every day. Look at them and find forgiveness for them.

Not by saying the hurt didn't happen.
Not by saying the hurt didn't matter.
Not by pretending anything at all.

But by acknowledging that the situation is in the past. That you don't need to carry the hurt with you anymore. That each day is new and fresh, if we so choose to make it. That we do not need to rethink the same thoughts over and over again. That we do not need to re-feel the same feelings over and over again. That we can view the world from a place of peace and harmony.

I love harmony, don't you?

I love listening to music, especially singing (I love to sing ☺). And what I love most is hearing gorgeous choirs singing in harmony. That, to me, is transcendent, it takes me straight to the Divine.

And it makes me see. Really understand deep within me, that harmony does not happen, cannot happen, when everyone is singing the same note. The only way to have harmony is by singing a different note. And the best harmonies, to me, is when there are many notes sang at the same time.

Now, of course, this could be chaotic and jarring. But that is the beauty of harmony. When it is achieved, it is glorious.

All notes sung with care, with awareness of what others are singing, without trying to drown any of the other voices but by blending our voices together. All voices being equally important and lovely. All needed to create the beauty of the song.

Ah Harmony!

So when I hear a voice that seems to jar with mine. My best choice is to harmonize my voice with theirs. Not by being false to who I am but by being truly and profoundly who I am: a force for harmony.

This is what I choose to do with my emotional baggage. I am reliving it in harmony. I adjust my feelings about the jarring memories by being Who I Really Am, a Loving Being. Someone who does not need to be right at all cost, someone who cares deeply about bringing Peace to the world, one person at a time, one situation at a time. Even when those situations are in the past.

That is my choice. I sometimes (often?) miss a note or two but I choose to catch myself as quickly as I can and sing some more, modulating my voice to better reflect Who I Am and, by doing that, better harmonize with the voices around me, and so, the world.

In conscious harmony,

Janine

In the last issue (May 2010) of Freedom Inside, I printed the four questions Neale Walsch asked of the participants in his Changing Change Retreat. I would like to answer them here now, hoping that many of you also chose to find your own answers.

Here are the questions:

- 1. Who am I?**
- 2. Where am I?**
- 3. Why am I where I am?**
- 4. What do I intend to do about that?**

I will answer them all together as this feels better to me.

I am an eternal spiritual being who came to this planet, at this time, in this life, in order to experience Who I Really Am.

I am a being of light. I am a bringer of light, a light worker. As such, I love and welcome dark places as I know darkness needs the light and does not, cannot diminish it.

I am a nurturer. A loving Divine Mother presence in the world. As such, I love and welcome all the world's hurt children as I take great joy in soothing them into feeling their own magnificence again.

I am an eternal being, created out of Divine Light. As such, I need do nothing in this world as it is but an illusion of separation. My only intent is to shine Divine Light as brightly as I can by being Who I Really Am.

THOUGHTS ON FORGIVENESS

TO FORGIVE OR NOT TO FORGIVE, THAT IS THE QUESTION.....

I have studied many different teachings on the art of forgiveness, what it truly means and what it can do to assist my healing. The question is not whether or not I will forgive but why can't I? What stops me from offering love and kindness to another soul who is simply playing their role to perfection. What is in my mind at that moment of choice to offer forgiveness? I know what it feels like, it feels like I will disappear, that I will dissolve myself by allowing myself to offer love from my heart. I know this is my ego mind I know it is not real but I can feel it in that moment, I am letting go a part of me that wants to hold onto the idea that I have been wronged, hurt or abused. I like that role !! I know who I am in that role, stepping out of that is hard, like peeling away a layer of myself that I believe myself to be. I have identified with it and can hold you in a place as the one who has wronged me. In so doing I trap myself and my ego holds me hostage in a tangled web of deception, for I believe you are wrong and I am right...I know some people who would, and have, died, to hold onto the need to be right. I judge you and hold you in judgement. The need to be right keeps me from forgiving, from seeing another as my brother or sister, another soul in the dark. Judgement always creates separation and guilt.

When I started to choose differently, to choose a different way of being I had to make a choice. Either my belief that we are all One is BS or it is not. If we are all One then I cannot hold to these old ideas and thoughts about myself or the person I perceive to have wronged me. It is a good starting place, because it shakes my foundation that is made of illusion and cannot hold me up anymore. I fall and it is scary, truly

frightening. What I think I know is not truth, it is all my perception.....I have to find a way to open my heart to see through the crap I have created that stops all of my connection to my Higher Self and to All That Is, to God.

I have been told that the way through, or the bridge, is Forgiveness. "To forgive means to choose to release another from the perceptions you have been projecting upon them." (*The Way of the Heart*.)

One of my favorite teachings is from the ancient Hawaiian called Ho'oponopono brought to the world by Dr. Ihaleakala Hew Len. In his book *Zero Limits* Dr. Joe Vitale describes the teachings and the amazing story of Dr. Len.

"Two years ago, I heard about a therapist in Hawaii who cured a complete ward of criminally insane patients--without ever seeing any of them. The psychologist would study an inmate's chart and then look within himself to see how he created that person's illness. As he improved himself, the patient improved.

When I first heard this story, I thought it was an urban legend. How could anyone heal anyone else by healing himself? How could even the best self-improvement master cure the criminally insane?

"Dr. Len explained that total responsibility for your life means that everything in your life - simply because it is in your life--is your responsibility. In a literal sense the entire world is your creation.

Whew. This is tough to swallow. Being responsible for what I say or do is one thing. Being responsible for what everyone in my life says or does is quite another. Yet, the truth is this: if you take complete responsibility for your life, then everything you see, hear, taste, touch, or in any way experience is your responsibility because it is in your

life.

This means that terrorist activity, the president, the economy--anything you experience and don't like--is up for you to heal. They don't exist, in a manner of speaking, except as projections from inside you. The problem isn't with them, it's with you, and to change them, you have to change you.

I know this is tough to grasp, let alone accept or actually live. Blame is far easier than total responsibility, but as I spoke with Dr. Len, I began to realize that healing for him and in ho'oponopono means loving yourself. If you want to improve your life, you have to heal your life. If you want to cure anyone--even a mentally ill criminal--you do it by healing you.

I asked Dr. Len how he went about healing himself. What was he doing, exactly, when he looked at those patients' files?

"I just kept saying, 'I'm sorry' and 'I love you' over and over again," he explained. That's it?

That's it." (excerpt from Zero Limits by Dr. Joe Vitale)

In his book Dr. Joe Vitale goes on to say that the physical universe is an actualization of my thoughts, if my thoughts are cancerous, they create a cancerous reality, if my thoughts are loving, they create a physical reality brimming with LOVE. I am 100% responsible for creating my physical universe the way it is. I am 100% responsible for correcting the cancerous (erroneous) thoughts that created a diseased reality. There is no such thing as out there. My experience of problems or chaos are memories replaying. I accumulate them and replay them.

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From the Inside

The Process of Forgiveness

Forgiveness means renouncing the suffering of anger and resentment. Abiding in a place where we no longer hold onto old grudges or hurts, we live in the present moment, undisturbed by memories or projections.

Asking for forgiveness and offering it deepens our healing. It retrieves parts long buried and abandoned and it brings more of our authentic selves to the table. What it retrieves is our heart. It is like sandblasting away our armor.

Forgiveness does not mean we condone injustices of the past or excuse behavior. It looks beyond this to a greater truth. It means that we do not put another person out of our heart and the

result of this is the blessing of a reunion with life.

This process may include speaking out and seeking justice, but in the end it is also a compassionate letting go, for our sake as much as for others. It is like the meeting of two ex-prisoners of war, when one asked, "Have you forgiven your captors?" The other replied, "No, never!" The first ex-prisoner looked with kindness at his friend and said, "Well, they still have you in prison, don't they?"

Sometimes I think life unfolds as if we were being shown a slide show and each slide is a test. We are asked, "Can you forgive this?" If the answer is no, the slide is simply moved back for us to

view again later.

We have judged ourselves and others for so long, carrying on our battle with the burdens of the past, with life itself. With forgiveness, though, we experience the heart's mercy that our hurt and fear have long withheld. We learn how to recognize in ourselves and others that being of pure awareness lost beneath a tangle of conflicting conditioning. We recognize that we're each doing the best that we can within the limits of our current beliefs and capacities.

Ultimately, we find that forgiveness is "selective remembering," a conscious decision to focus on love and let the rest go.

*****As if the previous text wasn't lovely enough, our very dear CTB wrote the following.*****

[...]

This subject brings to mind something I once heard and I've never forgotten it:

"Not forgiving is like you drinking poison and waiting for the other person to keel over"

That's so true.

In the final analysis, forgiveness is not the art of condoning irresponsible, hurtful behavior. Nor is it the superficial turning of the other cheek that leaves us victimized. Rather, it's the finishing of old business that allows us to experience the present, free of contamination from the past.

Longfellow reminded us, *"If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each person's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility."* If we could know their sufferings, their sorrows, what made them become the way they are today, our hearts would some-

how be touched and open to them, too.

Compassion is the recognition that we are each doing the best that we can within the limits of our current beliefs and capacities. When we truly live in the truth, we see the oneness of it all, we see that there really is nothing to forgive. Then we can embrace all life as it flows, its perfect imperfection, its magnificence.

Imagine what would happen in our lives if, in our meditations, we visualize the following:

We truly see that everyone is our brother or sister. We see God in all beings no matter how cleverly disguised they are, what costume they're wearing, or what roles they're playing.

We greet each one feeling, "Wow! Wow! How wonderful to see you! Thank you, Lord, for appearing in this form." Imagine embracing soul to

soul...one Consciousness peering out of two sets of eyes... recognizing itself and bowing.

This connectedness with all of life was beautifully illustrated in a story that appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. It printed the story of a female humpback whale who had become entangled in a spider web of crab traps and lines.

Weighted down by hundreds of pounds of traps, she struggled to stay afloat. Hundreds of yards of line rope wrapped her body, her tail, her torso, and tugged at her mouth.

A fisherman spotted her just outside the Golden Gate Bridge and radioed for help. The rescue team arrived and determined she was so entangled that the only way to save her was to dive in and cut her loose. They worked for hours with curved knives and even-

tually freed her.

When she was free, the divers said she swam in what seemed like joyous circles. She then came to each diver, nudging them gently—she thanked them. Some said it was the most beautiful experience of their lives. The diver who cut the rope out of her mouth said her eye was following him the whole time, and he will never be the same.

May we all be surrounded by people who will help us get untangled from the things that are binding us. And may we know the joy of giving and receiving gratitude, the joy of forgiving everything and everyone.

With lots of love,
CTB
Arizona

*Dearest CTB,
Words fail me!
Just know how very grateful I am for having you be a part of this work I love so very much.
You bless us all,
Janine*

I have found that the Key to Forgiveness of myself is not to forgive at all, but to *understand*.

God has made it very clear to me that when I understand the actions of others, when I understand those others *themselves* (what informs them, what animates them, what motivates them), forgiveness becomes unnecessary.

All I needed to do to find self-forgiveness, then, was to understand what informed, what animated, what motivated *me* when I made the choices and decisions I made, and when I behaved as I did.

I am not really a "bad" person. I am not villainous, and my intention in life is not malevolent. I'm not out to "get" anybody, and I don't even seek "revenge" when people have seemed out to "get" me. I'm just a regular guy, a good person, I hope---rather ordinary in my goodness, like the rest of us. I try not to cheat, steal, lie, hurt, damage, or destroy. And yet I *have* cheated, stolen, lied, hurt, damaged, and destroyed. So what is *that* about?

It's about my not knowing what in the heck I was doing---and thinking that the only way that I could get what I felt I needed was by doing what I was doing. I was so wrong in that. I was so misinformed. Or *ill*-informed might be a better word.

All I wanted, in the end, was to be happy. I just wanted to be happy in my life, and I was scrambling around trying to make it happen because I didn't know *how* to make it happen. No one teaches us how to be happy. There's no Happiness School anywhere. There *should* be, but there isn't. Maybe I'll start one. Maybe I'll create the CwG Happiness School...

So there I was, scrambling like a quarterback with a porous front line, darting around the backfield, trying not

to be thrown for a Big Loss.

Sooner or later I'd find myself asking meekly, "Uh...can we run that play over again...?"

I did some things during that scramble that I am not proud of, some things that hurt other people...but now I understand why I did them. I understand that I wasn't trying to hurt anybody. And even though I knew that some things *would* hurt somebody, I did them not wanting them to be hurt, and just wondering in my simple mind, *Why can't we all just be happy, without making someone else unhappy in the bargain?*

And it's all because I didn't *know* how to be happy...or where to even find happiness. Or, worse yet, what happiness even *was*.

So if a person promises to pick you up at six, but doesn't arrive until nine-thirty, and the party you were going to is over, you might feel like you have something to forgive. But if, when they arrive at the door breathless and perspiring and shameful and embarrassed and chagrined and desperately hoping for forgiveness, they tell you that they actually started out an hour *ahead* of time but became hopelessly lost...suddenly, forgiveness is not the order of the day. You pop out of forgiveness almost immediately, and move into deep understanding and compassion.

And so that's what I did with myself and my own past. I was, I realized, hopelessly lost. It's worse than that. I didn't even know where I was going. *Conversations with God* showed me that, and I responded with compassion for myself, born of a deep understanding of why I did what I did during those years past.

God, of course, knows all of this ahead of time. I mean, without my having to explain. Like the mother who comes into the room to see the child's face distorted with shame and fear and

sadness and self-recrimination as he gazes at the shattered family heirloom at his feet, God understands all that has happened---and why. God doesn't have to forgive, because understanding erases any need to forgive.

Then, on top of this comes God's remarkable revelation that in any event there is "no such thing as Right and Wrong"! So if I didn't have sufficient grounds for self-forgiveness (or the lack of any need for it) through understanding why I did all the things I did, I now had an even richer awareness of Life Itself---its purpose, its function, its process, and its construction. That is, *how it is put together*. And this completely eliminated the need for anything even closely *resembling* "forgiveness."

Step One in being friends with myself was complete! I could "let go" of all that guilt I had been carrying around. Yet I don't want you to think that I suddenly became cavalier about my past, and all the hurt I had caused. I let go of guilt, but I did not step away from regret.

Guilt and regret are not the same thing. If you feel into them, you'll know the difference. I will never give up 'regretting' some of the things I've done. To do so would be to give up my humanity. But I have given up my guilt. If nothing else, I am "not guilty by reason of insanity." It was insane of me to think that I could find happiness doing what I was doing the way I was doing it!

With guilt gone, I felt better about myself---I was almost a person I really could have a friendship with.

From ReCreation Foundation Weekly Bulletin (May 28, 2010).

The Hermit and the Scorpion

A Tale from the spiritual lore of India as reprinted in *Self-Realization* magazine Spring 2010

A crowd of early bathers in the Ganga had gathered around to witness a tussle between a scorpion and a hermit.

A scorpion was seen dragged along by the mighty Ganga in spate. Any moment, the heavy onrush of water would have drowned that poor creature.

A hermit taking his early morning bath in the Ganga saw the scorpion in a desperate struggle for life. Sainly devotee that he was, he could not but rush to its help.

With the hermit in grim determination and the scorpion in suicidal defense, there ensued a conflict of two opposing na-

tures—the one to save and the other to sting.

No sooner had the hermit taken the scorpion out of the water than the vicious creature stung him with its poisonous tail. Because of the fierce sting, the hermit's

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The forest was bustling with life, and underneath the low foliage canopy of the ground cover, the big, fuzzy caterpillar was speaking to his group of caterpillar followers. Not much had changed in the caterpillar community. The big, fuzzy caterpillar's job was to watch over the group so that all the old ways were kept and respected. After all, they were sacred.

"Word has it," said the big, fuzzy caterpillar between bites of his ever-present leaf meal, "that there is a spirit of the forest who is offering caterpillars everywhere some big new deal." Munch-munch. "I have decided to meet with this spirit and advise you on what we are supposed to do."

"Where will you find the spirit?" asked one of the followers.

"It will come to me," said the big, fuzzy one. "After all, can't go too far, you know. No food beyond the grove. Can't be without food." Munch-munch.

So when the big caterpillar was alone, he called out loud for the spirit of the forest, and before too long, the great, quiet spirit came to him. The forest spirit was beautiful, but much was hidden since the caterpillar wasn't known to leave his cozy leaf bed.

"I can't see your face very well," said the big caterpillar.

"Come a bit higher," said the spirit of the forest in a kind voice. "I am here for

you to see." But the caterpillar remained where he was. After all, it was his house, and the spirit of the forest was there by invitation.

"No, thanks," said the big, fuzzy one. "Too much trouble right now. Tell me, what's all this I hear about some big miracle that's only available to caterpillars—not ants or centipedes—just caterpillars?"

"It's true," said the spirit of the forest. "You have earned a gift that is amazing. And if you decide you want it. I will tell you how."

"How did we earn it?" asked the big, fuzzy one, busy with his third leaf since the conversation started. "I don't remember signing up for anything."

"You earned it through your wonderful lifetime efforts to keep the forest sacred," said the spirit.

"You bet!" exclaimed the caterpillar. "I do that every day, every day. I'm the leader of the group, you know. That's why you're talking to me instead of just any caterpillar." Upon hearing this comment, the forest spirit smiled at the caterpillar, although the caterpillar couldn't see it since he had decided not to get off his leaf. "I've been keeping the forest sacred now for a long time," said the caterpillar. "What do I get?"

"It's an amazing gift," replied the forest spirit. "You are now able, through your own efforts, to change into a beauti-

ful winged creature and fly! Your colors will be amazing, and your mobility will startle all who see you. You can go anywhere you wish in the forest by flying above it. You will be able to find food everywhere and meet new, beautiful winged creatures as well. All this you may do immediately if you wish."

"Caterpillars that fly!" mused the fuzzy one. "That's unbelievable! If this is true, than show me some of these flying caterpillars. I want to see them."

"It's easy," replied the spirit. "Just travel to a high place and look around you. They are everywhere, flitting from branch to branch having a wonderful, abundant life in the sun."

"Sun!" exclaimed the caterpillar. "If you really are the forest spirit, you know that sun is hot for us caterpillars—bakes us, it does—isn't good for our hair, you know...have to stay in the dark—nothing worse than a caterpillar with bad hair."

"When you change into the winged creature, the sun enhances your beauty," said the spirit kindly and patiently. "the old methods of your existence will change dramatically, and you will leave the old caterpillar ways on the floor of the forest while you soar into the new ways of the winged ones."

The caterpillar was silent for a moment. "You want me to leave my comfort
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THOUGHTS ON FORGIVENESS

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"Memories replaying displace the common ground of Self-I-Identity taking the Soul of Mind away from its natural position of Void and Infinite. Although memories displace the void they cannot destroy it."

Thinking and blame are my ego, memories replaying, a trap that I fall in over and over again. When I forgive all memory (those experiences replaying) and become memory free or original state of zero, of void, I am my Divine Self as Divinity created me.

If I accept 100% responsibility, your pain, sadness and anxiety is shared by me and I can clear this by asking for forgiveness to cleanse the memories that are manifesting with you.

'The Way of the Heart' - (Shanti Christo Foundation) tells us that: "What has not been forgiven in others, has not been forgiven in you. What you have not forgiven in another or in the world is but a reflection of

what you carry within as a burden that you cannot forgive of yourself."

Dr. Hew Len offers a powerful prayer, of four phrases (to clean and clear) that transmutes the memories and releases them into the energy of pure loving light. When we forgive ourselves and take full responsibility there is not 'out there' it is simply all within me. I can release the burden of illusion, that is heavy with judgment and guilt. Firstly it is a petition to the Divine to help me forgive myself that opens up a channel for the Divine to flow into me.

1 - "I'm sorry."

2 - "Please forgive me."

3 - "Thank you"

4 - "I love you."

- for it has already happened and been transmuted.

Repentance, forgiveness and transmutation.

I do know that since I have been offering up this prayer and seeing that which is in front of me as my creation, I have had some incredible spiritual experiences of connection, of understanding and deep inner knowing that you are my brother, you are me and I am you.

In forgiving you I forgive myself. In sending love to you I am choosing to love myself. Being in a state of love of grace is what we all deserve, it is our natural state of Being. We have all simply forgotten. So I invite you (me) to wake up and choose.

I release and forgive this day. It has been perfect. And it is done.

In Love.....
Christine

able bed here and travel to a high place in the sun to see proof?"

"If you need proof, that's what you have to do," replied the patient spirit.

"No," said the caterpillar, "can't do that—have to eat, you know. Can't go to strange high places in the sun to gawk when there's work here. Too dangerous! Anyway, if you were to forest spirit, you would know that caterpillar eyes point down, not up. The great Earth spirit gave us good eyes that point down so we can find food—any caterpillar knows that. What you ask isn't very caterpillarlike." said the increasingly suspicious fuzzy one. "Looking up isn't something we do much of." the caterpillar was silent for a moment. "So how do we accomplish this flying thing?"

The spirit of the forest then explained the process of metamorphosis. He explained how the caterpillar had to commit to the change, since he could not reverse it after it started. He explained how the caterpillar used his own biology while in the cocoon to change into a winged creature. He explained how the change would require a sacrifice, a time of quiet darkness while in the cocoon until all was ready for the graduation into a beautiful, multicolored flying creature. The caterpillar listened quietly, not interrupting except for the munching noises.

"Let me get this straight," the caterpillar finally said irreverently. "You want us all to lie down and give intent for some biological thing that we have never heard of to take us over. Then we are to let this new biological thing encase us totally in the dark for months?"

"Yes," replied the spirit of the forest, knowing only too well where the conversations was going next.

"And you, as the great forest spirit, won't do this for us? We have to do it ourselves? I thought we earned it!"

"You earned it," said the spirit quietly. "And you also earned the power to change yourselves in the new forest energy. Even as you sit on your leaf, your own body is equipped to do it all."

"What happened to the days when food fell from heaven, waters parted, and the walls of cities fell down—stuff like that? I'm not stupid, you know. I may be big and fuzzy, but I've been around awhile. The spirit of the Earth always does the big work, and all we are supposed to do is follow instructions. Anyway, if we all did what you asked, we

would starve! Any caterpillar knows that you have to eat all the time..." Munch-munch. "...to stay alive. Your big new deal sounds pretty suspicious to me."

The caterpillar thought for a moment and said, "Dismissed!" to the forest spirit, as he turned around to find where the next bite was coming from. The forest spirit quietly departed as asked, as he heard the caterpillar mumbling to himself, "Caterpillars that fly! My left feet!" Munch-munch.

The next day, the caterpillar issued a proclamation and gathered his followers together for a conference. All was still as the crowd listened intently to find out what the big, fuzzy one had to say about their future.

"The spirit of the forest is evil!" proclaimed the caterpillar to his followers. "He wants to trick us into a very dark place where we will surely die. He wants us to believe that our own bodies will somehow turn us into flying caterpillars—all we have to do is stop eating for a few months!" Great laughter ensued a this remark.

"Common sense and history will show you how the great Earth spirit has always worked," confirmed the caterpillar. "No good spirit will ever take you to a dark place! No good spirit will ask you to do something so Godlike by yourself! These are all tricks of the great evil forest spirit." The caterpillar swelled up in self-importance, ready for the next comment. "I have met with the evil one and have recognized him!" The other caterpillars went wild with approval at this remark, and they carried the big, fuzzy one on their small fuzzy backs in circles while they gave him praise for saving them from a certain death.

We leave this festival of caterpillars and gently move up through the forest. As the commotion below begins to fade from our ears, we pass through the canopy of leaves that shields the bottom of the forest from sunlight. We gently move up through the darkness of the leaves into the area reserved for those who can fly. Even as the din of celebrating caterpillars is gradually lost to our ears, we experience the grandness of the winged ones. Flitting from tree to tree in the bright sunlight are multitudes of gloriously colored free-flying caterpillars, called butterflies, each one decked in the splendor of rainbow colors, some that were even former friends of the big, fuzzy one be-

low—each one with a smile and plenty to eat—each one transformed by the great gift from the spirit of the Forest.

AUTHOR'S POSTSCRIPT:

Like so many other parables, this little one about a simple caterpillar has multiple messages and some insights about the way God treats us with unconditional love. It also speaks of our current Earth changes. Kryon chose the caterpillar because we all have known since we were kids that, indeed, caterpillars go through an amazing metamorphosis and become flying multicolored butterflies. It's the classic story in nature of an ugly, fat, hairy worm with lots of feet, turning into a beautiful, peaceful flying butterfly—the former we brush off of us with disgust (and girls scream a lot), and the latter we welcome to sit on our hand or nose! The facts, therefore, are common to all, and so the story takes on a special significance.

This parable is about something that is real, but which seems to be fearful or illogical when analyzed by the standards of an intellect that worships only the old methods. If caterpillars really could think and hold meetings, I guarantee that some would never go into metamorphosis! They would also tend to polarize themselves politically into the ones that did and the ones that didn't—and typically, they would probably never look around to see what the ones that did were like. This is because it is absolute human nature to get into a groove and stay there if it even marginally works for us. Even in the darkest places there is resistance to change, since sometimes we burrow into our holes and surround ourselves with the old ways.

[...]

If there is any sadness in the parable, it is in the fact that the caterpillar leader affected the lives of many surrounding him. He stopped their growth with a fear-based message and kept them from deciding something important for themselves. Many, therefore, would never see the sunlight, the freedom and the colors. Many would be washed away when the rains flooded the bottom of the forest, instead of taking flight to the shelter of a dry tree.

Kryon has told us that we are sitting in the greatest spiritual change that has ever taken place, and that the Earth will resound with our new vibration. Look around you. Do you think things are changing on this planet?

[...]

What do you think about those who ignore all these signs and cling to the old ways when all around them the planet is shouting, "THINGS ARE CHANGING"? The caterpillar did, and he took many with him in the process.

Munch munch...

*****ANOTHER CHANGE OF ADDRESS FOR US AND THE CWG FOUNDATION*****

PO Box 507

Ashland Oregon 97520

Same email: freedom_inside@hotmail.com

MORE FREE BOOKS FOR PRISONERS

Wonderful news!!!!

Neale Donald Walsch has generously offered to donate his latest book,

*When Everything Changes,
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to any prisoner who is interested. This book can change your life. It was written to help those who are in bad places in their lives, who see no way out, who are ready for a real change. If this sounds good to you, this book may just be the answer to your prayers. Please write *Freedom Inside* for your copy of WECCE.

Make sure you let me know if you are allowed to receive hard cover books or not.

ALSO, you can still receive a free copy of the booklet,

ReCreating Your Self

Thank you, so much Mr. Walsch!

A brand new website for Freedom Inside

This website will include:

- Current and past issues of Freedom Inside
- Prisoner Art Work

I have often received beautiful artwork from prisoners that I lack the space to show in *Freedom Inside*. Now, a whole section of the website will be dedicated to showing your work. So please, if you have art you would like to share, send it in.

- Prisoner Poetry
- Ways to submit an article for a future issue.
- And much more.... So stay tuned

ALSO: Launching

Freedom Inside-Out

This is an online support group for people who are out of prison. I will facilitate this meeting, along with Joe Wolfe. We will meet, through Skype, once a week and discuss topics chosen to help the participants live their best lives. For more information, please contact Janine at

freedom_inside@hotmail.com

Joe Wolfe is at it again. He is such a gift to the world. Here is what he is offering now

Spiritual Prisoners

***Spirit Light Outreach* was founded by an ex-prisoner specifically with the intention to deliver spiritual inspiration (free books, etc.,) to prisoners.**

Some of the books that are provided include the full 1,300 page original edition of *A Course in Miracles*. This wonderful message has changed the lives of thousands and thousands of people throughout the world.

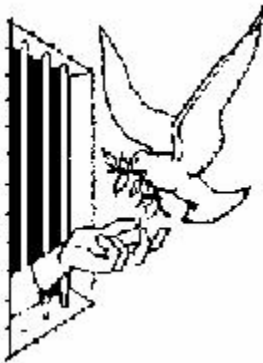
Other books we offer are the works of Dr. David R. Hawkins, Gary Renard, Marianne Williamson, Jon Mundy, Byron Katie and others as well as my own.

Any prisoner may request to be listed with Spirit Light Outreach simply by sending us a request at the address posted below. Express permission must be granted before we will post any names.

If you are requesting a book, please be sure to indicate your prison's mail policies and guidelines.

Prisoners may also request a subscription to *The Miracles Magazine*, which is based on *A Course In Miracles*.

**Love, Light and the Peace of God,
Joe Wolfe, Founder and ex-prisoner.**



To contact Joe:

**Joe Wolfe
Spirit light Outreach
c/o The Peace Center
6833 Stanley Ave., Berwyn, IL. 60402**

Or email him at booklist@sbcglobal.net

Or go to: prisonlightoutreach.org

No Beauty in cellbars

Restless, unable to sleep
 Keys, bars, the guns being racked
 Year after year
 Endless echoes
 of steel kissing steel

Noise
 Constant yelling
 Nothing said
 Vegetating faces, lost faces
 dusted faces

A lifer
 A dreamer
 Tomorrow's a dream
 Yesterday's a memory
 Both a passing of a cloud

How I long
 for the silence of a raindrop
 falling gently to earth
 The magnificence of a rose
 blooming into its many hues of color
 The brilliance of a rainbow
 when it sweetly lights up the sky
 after a pounding rainfall

Picnics in a rich green meadow
 We saw the beauty in butterflies
 We made it our symbol
 Tiny grains of sand
 One hour glass
 A tear that may engender
 a waterfall

The memories
 the dreams
 are now
 Love is now

There's no beauty in cellbars

Beauty in cellbars

We lock ourselves up
 not because of the bars and
 steel that surround us
 not because life doesn't bend
 to our every whim

But because of the projections
 we place onto our worlds
 The judgements, the I cant's
 The trying to please everyone
 while not pleasing ourselves

By seeking the beauty on the outside
 that is surely within
 For prisons are created internally
 and are found everywhere

We allow unnatural and unreal thoughts
 to be our walls, our limits
 Because of the dam we build to
 stop the universal love, the light

It's all within ourselves
 this paradise you go to of beauty
 and love
 There's peace, where along with the
 eagle you may sore
 A place inside that was inspired
 from the inner and above
 which are one and the same

The world may not bend to
 your every whim
 But, it will flow wherever you
 want it to go,
 where it's supposed to go

There's beauty in cellbars

Both poems written by Spoon Jackson reproduced from www.spoonjackson.com

History of Spoon Jackson

Born in 1958 in California, USA.

Sentenced to life imprisonment in 1977.

Spoon Jackson was born in 1958 in Barstow, a small town in the Mojave Desert, California. At the age of 19 he became involved in a domestic dispute that resulted in a murder. After trial in 1977 he was sentenced to life without possibility of parole.

In the autumn of 1985 Spoon began a four year poetry course at San Quentin State Prison in California. After a quiet start, prisoners, staff and poets from the outside began calling Spoon "poet ". In 1987, during preparation for

(continued on page 11)

Lay the Hammer Down

*God says, "Lay the Hammer down."
Which is really my own voice, make no mistake.
And it is your own voice, too.
So "Lay the Hammer down"
and put your hand to your lips,
or lay it against your heart, whispering
"Sweet forgiveness,"
though there is nothing to forgive.
All we do is try to Love.
It appears as everything: anger, fear, and hurt
of every kind.*

But all we do is try to Love.

*There is nothing to forgive
save, lifting the Hammer again...*

By EmClaire

from Silent Sacred Holy Deepening Heart

Do you have a poem that reflects
the message in Freedom Inside?
If so, send it in, it just may be
chosen for a future

POETRY CORNER

History of Spoon Jackson

(continued from page 10)

what became a world renowned production of *Waiting for Godot* by Samuel Becket, the Swedish director Jan Jönsson, was told Spoon's story. Jan and Samuel Beckett were moved by Spoon's poetry and after some persuasion Spoon was talked into acting in the play. As Pozzo, he gave a most successful "roaring."

This introduction to drama encouraged Spoon to begin writing his own plays. Since the 1980's, Spoon has not only been writing and editing his poetry and plays, he has also written novels, tales, short stories and an autobiography. Recently Spoon Jackson was honored by an award in PEN-USA's prison writing contest. Spoon has served time at six of California's thirty-three prisons. Currently he is incarcerated at the California State Prison, Sacramento.
Pardon not pending

The Hermit and the Scorpion

(continued from page 5)

hand jerked violently and the poor scorpion was thrown back again into the water.

This did not deter the hermit. Once again he bent down and boldly picked up the scorpion in his hand and once again the scorpion stung its way into the water. But the hermit was firm to save the life of the scorpion, and so the crowd watched the hermit helping the vicious creature once again. The crowd was mystified to see the hermit inviting a sting for the third time. It was an uncalled-for mortification, thought the crowd.

"What fools these hermits are!" said someone in the crowd.

"Impractical people," cried another.

The hermit took no notice of what the crowd was saying. He was bent on saving the poor creature somehow, not minding the sting he would get in the process.

A third time the scorpion stung the hermit and a third time did his hand

jerk violently, but this time the hermit, not minding his pain, took care to jerk the scorpion away from the water on to the sand bank. The scorpion, blissfully ignorant of the hermit's persistent love, wriggled out to safety.

The poor hermit was now seen in great pain because of the persistent stings of the scorpion.

Someone in the crowd approached the hermit and asked, "Why did you try to save that ungrateful creature? Who is it that is now suffering, you or the scorpion?"

To this the hermit smiled and replied, "It is the nature of a scorpion to sting and the nature of God's devotees to love and serve. Seeing that the scorpion would not give up its nature of stinging, how do you expect me to give up my nature of helping those in need?"



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Janine