



A Quantum Moment

Messages from the Other Realm

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The Rise

I've had a couple of rough months. My heart has taken up the practice of doing back flips. Disconcerting, but necessary.

My heart I think is the biggest indication of the Divine. It tells me when to jump back in to the Serene and how effective I am in getting back there. My heart makes me aware of my vulnerabilities and my strengths, and my situation, as it is. It reminds me that I live in a sort of Divine Soup of my making, the people and places being the elements, the liquid, God. I only just remembered that now, as my heart gives me trouble, waking me in the middle of the night. I lie there, feeling the Soup all around me, expanding and floating to the top.

I had surgery on my face. Disfiguring and painful. Not my choice. A small cancer that turned into a large hole and then several long cuts, horizontal and vertical, to lay a flap of flesh over the wound, rendering a large question mark across my left cheek. How appropriate. The experience of it was swift and traumatic, like watching (participating in) a murder mystery that was particularly gory and personal. The question mark exists on my face, healing, the lumps and ridges, flattening, but the story of it will always be there.

Having such an experience brings me to the universal experience of gun shot wounds and dismemberments that many people are victim of in every corner of this world. The Disfigurement of Self. Now and before now. And I wonder how they make sense of the injury they've been given, as I am trying to do with mine.

It's funny that after a month of ruminating on my Disfigurement of Self, I have returned to writing my play—a musical—a comedy—about Soul School. I am at the scene in Act II where a child, sad and cold, is talking to her doll about Motherhood—what Mothers should be like, not like the one she has, and her Spiritual Guide assembles a gospel-singing choral group to brighten her mood. They sing, "Rise on up! Lift on up! Rise in the light of the Lord!" The child hears them but doesn't see them. She keeps with her sad mood for a while until the Spiritual Guide changes the tempo to a heavy percussive beat and she begins to gyrate, her body infused with the rhythm.

That's how it goes, isn't it? (At least in my case.) The bellowing of, *oh poor me*, then the chorus, *rise on up*, and the jumbling beat of my heart that makes me move—move into the light. I didn't realize until now why I picked up writing that scene again, and finishing it.

I wrote that scene, and woke up to it, in bed, in the dark of night, in hopes of remembering those words: *rise on up!* It seems every day I feel like hiding under the couch and swearing in a new round of news holidays. Yet, I hear: Rise on up! Lift on up! And I think, this is what I must remember to do and to take with me the scar on my face and the wounds of all humanity.