



# *A Quantum Moment*

## *Messages from the Other Realm*

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### *A Ripening of Peace*

Living is difficult. It is meant to be. Why? To the degree each one of us can stand hardship, we learn great lessons intended to cure our soul, meaning, to ripen it, fill it with experiences we can refer to as we confront situations that call for understanding. How can we fully understand others if we cannot recognize ourselves in others, cannot remember the circumstances that give rise to their suffering? Whether we live homeless under a bridge, or command a classroom of four hundred students, we are given what we need to experience certain emotions that are specific to our soul learning. Those emotions are the medium of and key to our understanding, our ripening as a soul.

We may be young in our soul and given a limited range of circumstances to experience a limited array of emotions, those chiefly related to our survival (obtaining food, shelter, water). As we master survival we begin to interact with others, ushering in new emotions by living together and sharing the essentials. Living with others we learn to discriminate between those who have control over their circumstances (power) and those who don't. Those who don't learn to get it one way or another and in doing so, are themselves creating lessons for others, basking in the awareness of their own power and neglect of the emotions such power creates.

The soul craves balance so correction is always in order. As we bask in complete freedom of action, whether it causes harm to us or to others, we begin to experience the consequence of our actions, and are checked by the rules that govern us as a group. The hardships we face in this correction are often overwhelming and give rise to much wrangling as a soul. We want to give up, leave the scene, end the confusion as to why it is all-important. We often get ill or abide by self-medication. By now we have much to lean on when understanding others. But our soul begs us to move on, to understand our place, our role, our emotions, and in doing so we gain far greater understanding: compassion. Though the hardships roll like waves upon the beach toward us, we know that we are re-living our skill base, practicing our empathy and growing peace.

Peace is not a gender, a skin color or a mask we wear—it is what is left over when we experience and broadcast love. However it is achieved, through coming into this life as a man or a woman, of dark skin or light, born in England or Africa, love, pure love, at a certain stage of soul maturity is from then on, possible—possible to gather from others,

to channel from the Divine, to generate from within by being in the presence of other souls begging to understand their lesson plan. Hardship begets life lessons and right now, we are in exam time.

Peace is not the absence of struggle. There will always be struggle, in us, in others, either as new lessons or the remembrance of lessons-past. The trick is to embrace *all* that is, and in spite of struggle, call on love. Turn the love on within. What is within will be created without. *Ask for it.* Simply ask for love for yourself. That request will begin a fire in your soul, and the warmth will radiate out. The feeling received by others as you do this, is peace. Begin now.