

Penney Peirce's Wisdom Letter #1

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I hear two things: for some people, important parts of their lives are falling apart and life is moving very fast. Others say: "I feel like I'm on hold," or "Life feels flat; I can't connect with my passion. Where has the old motivation gone?" I feel this, too, on and off throughout each day and each week. I look ahead and can't see anything. Often, I'm drifting, or even blank.

My left brain doesn't like it. My left brain wants me to "produce" constantly and be busy and meaningful. My left brain tells me I'm bad for being lazy, not staying on top of every detail, and not marketing myself with a vengeance. But I have the sense that another part of me that enters my reality through my right brain and body is slowly taking over. My left brain doesn't like that either. It tries to distract me from deep silence with any number of things that keep the shallowness alive.

I remind myself that we naturally flow through cycles of "stuff" then "space," then stuff, then space. We create and live by focusing attention into form and withdrawing attention from form, and the things in our lives come and go with our soul's interest—and I always have the part of the cycle I need. If I have stuff, I'm actively creating; if I have space, I'm actively rejuvenating and reinventing my experience, aligning with new patterns and frequencies. I can't have one without the other. I must go blank and release old motivations and passions so my soul can infuse my mind enough that I can notice new perceptions.

Those who have not let go of old cycles of "stuff" may be experiencing a Flow-induced surrender process in which left-brain resistance to the "space" part of the cycle causes the illusion of time moving at warp-speed. Often this phase of the process is accompanied by snags and jerky movement. A client told me her inner voice had advised her to "slow down to the speed of being." For people who have already let go of old forms, and who are entering the present moment more fully, time may seem slow, though synchronicities may be increasing.

December 21, 2012, the end of the last baktun in the Mayan long-count calendar, and what I have sensed was the end of the world's unconscious agreement about time being linear, came and went for me with no impact whatsoever. Just as January 1 follows December 31, so another Mayan long-count calendar period began. I had intuited that from that point on we'd have a growing sense that life was happening entirely in the present moment, that past and future would be swallowed up by the present, and we'd discover a truly different

experience of time.

So far it's almost as though I have no concept of what a month is. Does time even pass?" Somehow, this expansive sense of all time/no time feels a bit different than an ordinary shift from stuff to space. Are we actually in limbo between realities?

The theme that seems to be grabbing me is the draw of the inner worlds and the true experience of the wide-open imaginal realm. I find myself watching television shows about unearthing mysteries and the supernatural. I want to dematerialize, discover the hidden history of the movement of people around the globe, and see through the surface of things to discover mythical creatures among us, or even inside us. I want to see Bigfoot! I want to sleep more deeply and dream colorfully. I'm remembering how I was as a kid: I'd wake up and want to go OUTSIDE! Or make a drawing! Or dress up the dog in people clothes! No shortage of ideas or the natural sense that they were doable.

The nonphysical and physical realities are merging, or perhaps it's more accurate to say we're realizing their oneness and experiencing their mutual cocreation now as never before. The bleed-through of the nonphysical into the physical is more obvious and easier to feel; I want it consciously! I want the instantaneousness of it, the magic of it. The real thing. A radio host I spoke to said the big words now are "magic" and "miracles"—"magic and miracles!"

Along with the spaciousness experience I sense a new kind of saturated love is dawning, too. Quietly. Through the cracks, a seepage. Here in the northern hemisphere, we're in winter and I know this influences my consciousness. Perhaps it makes it easier to feel the underlying unified field, our ground of being. We cocoon and stretch out through inner space. We have a chance to know a bigger and bigger experience of the nonphysical. The body's soft voice wants to say something.

So, try slowing down to the "speed of being" and stay there a while. Notice what you notice, dream the little dream that arises. Let your field spread out. The new reality knows how to find you.

With Love,

