



The Light in the “Big Dark Hidden”

By Penney Peirce

We are living in extremely intense times, and honestly, I like it! It's a roller coaster, and I swoop from confusion, to excited anticipation, to fogginess, to sadness, to a peaceful quiet in-betweenness, and back to heightened curiosity. It makes me feel alive. I see positive signs:

- People are sincerely working to release limiting, negative belief systems and emotional traumas.
- They are anticipating and readying themselves for new work, relationships, homes, locations, and ways of thinking that bring clear access to their inner being, or soul.
- They are fascinated with the idea of how to materialize what they need—with less will power and more enthusiasm for what's "just right and right now."
- They are exploring how to cocreate with others as though "You are another myself." Ego is less and less important.

All this reassures me. I am innately positive but I noticed that recently I'd been pulling in with a need to just *be*, feeling that the most interesting work I was doing might be at night while I was dreaming. I was in the foggy part of the life cycle, bouncing off left-brain computer work, preferring to be simpler and more physical—weed the garden, clean, organize my closets. I didn't want to market myself, or think about my "brand," or push forward with anything—if it involved pushing.

A friend used to call this the balance between *the primal self* and *the enterpriser self*, or the deep feminine and the materializing masculine. I'd been focused on the enterpriser for a long time, living in the frontal lobes of my brain, and now life was feeling dull and one-dimensional. I could tell the primal was calling me into the formless, and I had a lovely revelation as I began to let go: *The purely*

experiential helps eliminate clutter. By allowing things to be as they are, I saw that I could shed old skins and melt through the shells of my habitual containers. I realized I would emerge again at the right time, squeaky new like a tender green shoot, vulnerable yet motivated by a force much clearer than what had created my previous identity. But could I really trust that unknown lifewave to carry me forward to where I know not? What would my new life be like?

OLD METHODS AND HABITS DON'T WORK ANYMORE

I don't know about you, but life places instantaneously-erected walls in my path every time I try to *make things happen* with old methods—like using willpower, trying to make good impressions, or associating with reputable people in hopes their vibe might rub off on me. Of late, a large invisible hand attached to a large outstretched arm had been pressing into my forehead every time I tried to move forward, making my legs spin in place like a cartoon character.

What are our outmoded methods? They involve beliefs like: "We alone are the driving force," or "Personal willpower generates success." They might come from beliefs that aren't in harmony with universal truths, like: "It's noble and necessary to sacrifice yourself," or "If you don't inflate yourself like a balloon to take up space, you'll be swallowed by the void." *Old methods reflect old motivations which tie to old identities.* Our identity, or definition of self, can and does evolve! It's not set in stone.

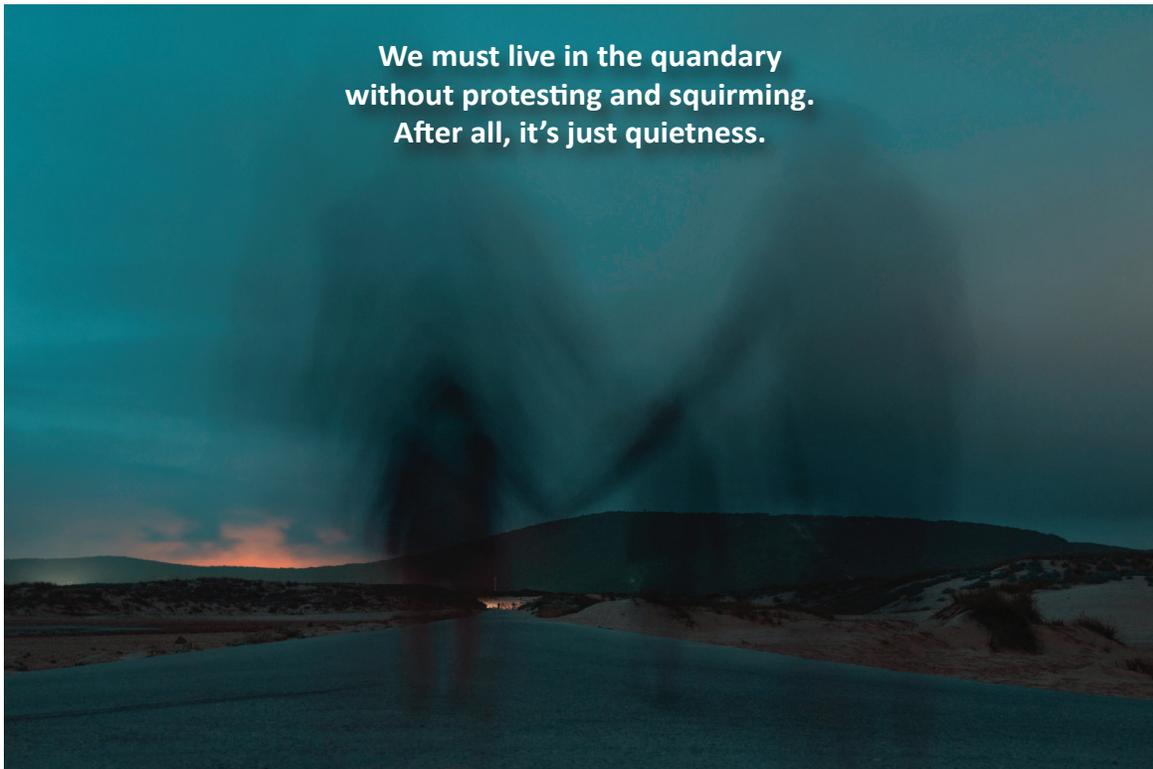
I sense strongly that it's time for our identity to expand. The soul is moving on! And not just in a way that will change what we do or how we dress, but



it will change what it means to be a human being and how we construct our reality. It's guaranteed that the way we *see* our life, the way we *engage* with life, and the way life *arises* will change radically. It's at this point that imagination fails us since we're tied to old ways of thinking; we know intuitively that we're not going backward, but we can't quite visualize what's ahead. In my lessening fog, I could get glimpses, flashes, but no full-on vision.

my mind tuned to the highest frequency "radio station," the one broadcasting thoughts of gratitude, appreciation, curiosity, cheerfulness, charity, and amusement, I was sure the next just-right step would appear magically.

I was talking to Norma, a high-powered, high-energy businesswoman who possesses great wisdom about mythology, the spiritual dimensions, and



LIVE IN THE QUANDARY

I had an inkling of my destiny, a subtle feeling of how I might express myself and live at a higher vibration. Yet without specific details, how would I get there from here? This is when I have tended to retreat into old mental habits and try to figure my way out of the quandary. I'm learning this is a mistake, and more than that, it's a waste of energy because it stalls forward movement. Another wall will need to be erected to stop me from using that particular method called "figuring it out."

It's difficult to trust the quandary space. It can feel like pain. But instead of jumping away, I knew I must live in the quandary without protesting and squirming. After all, it's just quietness. If I kept

shamanism. The day we spoke she was clearing boxes of clutter from her house, laughing because she was being turned back from virtually every familiar path forward. She said, "The door is ajar, but it's not open! I've looked, and it's not about fixing our energy or 'acting-as-if.' Nothing is really wrong! And yet, we wait. We must not force these creations, we must wait to be invited." Then she said, "'The Big Dark Hidden' is about to break loose. We're in the midst of the Great Shifting."

ADD ENERGY TO MAKE THE CONNECTIONS

A few weeks later, an intuitive friend and I got together to focus our intuition and energy on how we might call forth the next period of our lives. She was good at materializing and I asked her how it feels when she's in that particular flow. She said

it was like a big faucet had been turned on and she was in the stream of energy and it was doing everything. All her needs were taken care of, everything was perfect, and she could relax.

So she went into that state, and I closed my eyes and went in with her. Until then, when I looked out into the world I'd only seen a gray fog. But as we sat in the streaming energy and let it flow into the world, the fog began to clear. I could see lights and criss-crossing lines of light emerge from the density. These, I knew, were people, situations, and events that were lining up to begin occurring in my world. They'd been there all along. It occurred to me that what I could see was a function of my energy level. I'd been preoccupied with what I didn't have and what wasn't materializing, and I suddenly realized this was resulting in me seeing *nothing*. Now that we added the streaming energy to the mix, I could see clearly.

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As we continued to run high energy, not only did the field around me become studded with these stars of budding opportunities, but a few feet in front of me, a row of people, big as life, appeared. And they were being goofy—pulling their mouths into crazy faces, acting like apes, waving their hands inches in front of my face, as if to say, “Ha! Ha! You think you can't see us but we're right here!” As I looked closer, I saw they were beloved family members and friends who had died, and even dead celebrities I'd admired. I started to laugh out loud—“OK! I get it, you're right here. The precious is right under my nose—and my doubt is the Big Joke! I just need to receive.”



Penney Peirce is an articulate and accurate clairvoyant empath, visionary, and author of 10 books on intuition development, inner energy dynamics, expanded perception, dreamwork, and personal transformation. She coaches business and government leaders, psychologists, scientists, celebrities, and those on a spiritual path about the hidden dynamics of what makes for true success. Her books include *Transparency*, *Leap of Perception*, *Frequency*, *Be the Dreamer Not the Dream*, and *The Intuitive Way*. Penney is a *See Beyond Magazine* editorialist, writing about Clarity and Intuition.

Website: www.penneypeirce.com.

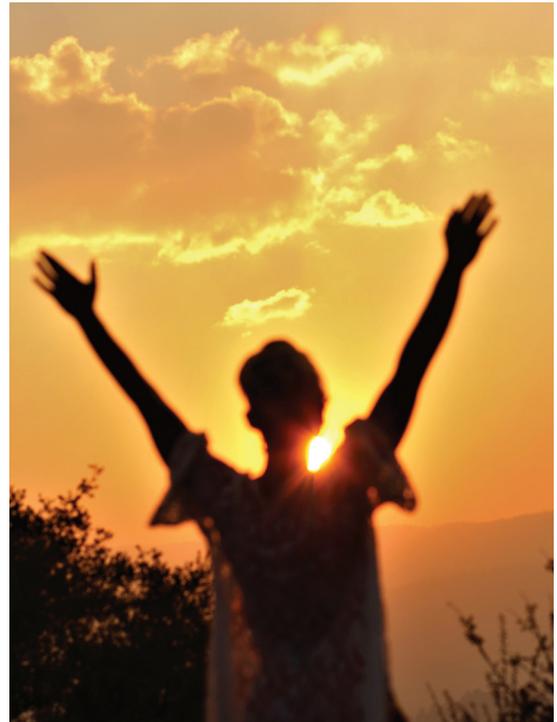


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It was interesting then, that over the next few days I had calls from long-lost friends, invitations to work in new places, go swimming at someone's beautiful pool, and one person gave me a book I knew would be important. Small steps, but signs that what was coming would be arranged graciously, without stress and strife. I sensed answers would come via the diamond light shining out of the Big Dark Hidden. Everything would be a kind of new I couldn't quite imagine yet, but it would feel ancient and from beyond time, and naturally perfect as though it had always been waiting—like the biggest relief I'd ever known.