

BETWEEN INTENTION AND FLOW IS THE PATH TO POSSIBLE

By Tania Ehman

My first rock climbing experience would be my last. Standing on the ground, looking towards the sky, watching the instructor skillfully navigate his way up the face of this majestic mountain, it seemed simple enough. But like life, being rooted to the ground where it's safe, it's so much easier to see the right way to go. When you're living it two inches from your face, it's hard to know what the right path to take is to reach the top.

Voices above me and below me yelling, some encouraging, some chastising as I clung for dear life, to a life that wasn't very dear. "MOVE! you have to make a MOVE!" my instructor screamed down upon my head like a force of nature not to be dismissed. Fear stricken and paralyzed I yelled, "NO! Call in a helicopter, call in the army, get me off this rock! I'm NOT moving."

The encouraging voices changed to angry demands and the chastising became cruel. The blood trickling down my arms, I had to move, but I had climbed a different path than my instructor. Who can tell when life sits so close to your face, that you've gone the wrong way? For me to move I was going to have to let go of both a hand and foot at the same time. I was going to have to make a leap to the right and grab hold of a place higher than where I was clinging to, challenging a gravitational pull determined to ground me.

Standing at the top afraid to let the air out of my lungs, I looked down to where I started. I repelled down with ease, holding on to the rope, looking down at the ground calling me to solid safety. This was the last time I looked up to see the possibilities above me. Possible became the problem. I wasn't afraid of failing on the ground - I was afraid of falling from reaching for the sky.

From that moment on I kept my head down, worked hard at the opportunities right in front of me, opportunities rooted in reasonability and safety, never looking up at all that could be possible in my life.

Trauma and the Body have a unique relationship. In our mind we think the body is our slave. But when it meets trauma, a shift happens and if you're not careful this

new relationship can become the master of your mind and your life - dictating, limiting, even destroying your *possible*.

My neck became stiff, the disks started to degenerate at a rapid rate. By the age of 18 my C2 and C3 vertebra had fused together. Looking up brought on severe attacks of vertigo, spinning the world out of control, leaving me looking down to find stability. Possible was becoming a bigger problem. My body continued to attack itself and when it grew tired from torturing me, my mind took its turn until it regained its strength to set my body off into another state of paralysis and pain.

Safety only lies in both feet chained to the ground, holding tightly with both hands to the illusion of what is real, looking down, embracing gravity like it's my captor. I have succumbed to the coping mechanism called the prisoner Stockholm Syndrome, obeying its demands, living its agenda, forming an emotional bond to the disorder.

How does one get from here to what's possible, where intention and flow blow freely through the body with ease?

Transformation happens in a split second, a blink of an eye, a flick of a switch. It's transition where time can stretch across a life. The longer it takes for you to split that second in two, see what's in front of you and make the switch to the other side of 'what's possible'..., the longer you remain a victim to the gravitational pull of 'what is'.

It's like when you learned to ride a bike. During the transition time you wobbled and fell. You scraped your knees, got back up and tried again. Eventually there was that moment where a second split into two and in a blink of an eye you found your balance. The transformation happened and you switched to a life that had some idea of what balance was. But "Life is like riding a bicycle. To keep your balance, you must keep moving." *Albert Einstein*

It's hard to keep moving when chaining yourself to the ground and never looking up to see what you might have been, or who you might become if you do. It becomes the habit. Transformation does not happen in a habit. I was challenged by Joe Dispenza to think about "Breaking the Habit of Being Yourself", and to be honest I could use the break.

In my mind's eye, I blinked, and with a sword as mighty as Excalibur, severed the chains. I had agreed to free myself and live three feet above the ground, on a higher vibration to explore what's possible -- but for only two weeks. I left the chains lying right where I could find them in case the moment came where I again became paralyzed with fear that I would fall.

The view is exhilarating, breathtaking even, as I dare to look up and wonder! It's been so long since I was curious about what's possible when we see the world as 'what it could be' rather than 'what is.' Transformation happens in that moment where concentration flips to consciousness and you become electrically neutral like a neutrino. Your gravitational interaction becomes extremely weak, and your thoughts pass through normal matter unimpeded.

The higher vibration can change the beat of your own drum. You start to see more of what's right in the world, giving a richer meaning to, "When you know better do better" because you do know better. Maya Angelou has known it all along.

My neck doesn't hurt as much up here. My fingers aren't bleeding because I'm not trying to hang on for dear life to a life that isn't very dear anymore. The thought of letting go of one foot and one hand to reach even higher is no longer parallelizing. Still, I feel more secure knowing my chains are right where I left them because the thing about transformation is, as soon as it happens the clock resets to transition time and you are faced again with something that will scrape your knees until you find your balance. But I have learned something here, hovering three feet above the ground -- transition time happens on a clock you get to set. Transformations can happen at any time you set your alarm to split a second.

Two weeks passed and the alarm went off. Like all of us, I had the choice to hit the snooze button and not move from this new place I was hovering. The second was split between reaching down for my stable chains of reasonability or reaching up to see what's was possible from thirty thousand feet.

Afraid to let the air out of my lungs, I looked down to where I started. I had no desire to repel down with ease. Free from even the weakest of gravitational interaction..., I take my first breath of pure life. Life without "should, shouldn't,"

judgments or fear. It's peaceful here. The strength of the silence is deafening, drowning out all the voices of doubt. Possible is no longer the problem..., it is the solution to all you are afraid to look up at. Failing on the ground is not what we are afraid of. The fear of falling from reaching for the sky is what can paralyze us. It can keep us hanging on for dear life to a life that's not so dear.

From thirty thousand feet problems look small and the world seems to be full of solutions. The divisiveness of diversity seems to dissolve into one -- one race, the human race, with infinite possibilities to solve problems.

So, what is the exit strategy? How do we get from where we are to thirty thousand feet..., to 'what's possible', where intention and flow blow freely through the body with ease?

There are four fundamental forces in the universe which account for all interactions between matter and energy. Gravity is the weakest of them all and not by a little..., but by a lot. They pull your feet towards the ground where the chains of impossible lie but have far less power over you than you might think.

It's really about limiting your transition time and finding your balance faster, so that transformation can happen and possible ceases to be the problem, but rather becomes the solution.