

VIOLET - CONNECT

“The inner child walked up first, but you were drawn to the dad. What dad issues do you have?”

I wasn't sure what daddy issues she wanted me to talk about. I had all kinds: baby daddy issues, step-daddy issues, regular daddy issues.

“My dad's been sick,” I said, “but I don't think that's it. I think we're talking about the father of my children.”

Kosmo hoofed the ground.

“I agree, I think it's the father of your children, too since Kosmo reacted,” she said. Meaghan looked at me again and asked in a quick question, “Why haven't you forgiven him?”

The heat of the sun warmed my face. I wiped the sweat from my forehead. She waited patiently for my answer. “I have forgiven him,” I responded.

The horse shifted his weight. “They always say that, but have you truly forgiven him?” Meaghan asked.

I was frustrated. How many times should one forgive in a day? I worked every day to forgive Judas, because pretty much every day there was something else to forgive.

Meaghan continued to say, “I'm talking about a different kind of forgiveness. This type of forgiveness is deeper than surface-level forgiveness.”

She challenged me to dig deeper. I swallowed and Kosmo stood still in the center of the ring breathing heavily. I pushed back a little and challenged her. “Okay then, how do I forgive a man who doesn't want to be forgiven?” Kosmo walked away from me.

Thinking about the question, and the horse's reaction, I remembered there might be some fear behind my forgiveness. Each time I forgave Judas, I took him back. Maybe that was the small hinge that didn't allow for true forgiveness. Forgiveness in our story meant I was his possession.

Meaghan and I both stared at the dirt for a while before she said, “Let's do a forgiving exercise.” Kosmo responded to the energy behind forgiveness by coming back to the center of the pen. “Pretend Kosmo is your ex-husband. See his face on the horse and open your heart to true forgiveness,” Meaghan continued. I looked at Kosmo, envisioning Judas's face on his. It reminded me of all the times his face flashed in front of me in a negative way. Kosmo walked away again.

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I took a breath and Meaghan continue to lead the exercise. Kosmo came back to center in front of me after we started the forgiveness prayer. After the third forgiveness prayer, he walked away again. I could feel the resistance of forgiveness, not by me, but by Judas. We followed the horse and stood in front of the giant animal facing east, the direction of new beginnings. Meaghan left me to reflect on my own silently for a little while.

I listened to the voice within say to me, “Forgiveness. That’s the last band of the rainbow and the most important piece to finding your promise within.”

Without true forgiveness, I wouldn’t be able to find my soul purpose on this earth. I worked tirelessly on this concept of forgiveness. Saying it out loud wasn’t enough. I had forgiven Judas. What I hadn’t done was let him know that I’d forgiven him.

While I was in deep thought, and still connected with the horse and my higher self, I asked an internal question: “How do I show forgiveness to a man who still causes daily pain in my life?” Out of nowhere, Kosmo kicked me, pawing at my knee like a dog.

“Ouch!” I exclaimed.

“Are you okay?” Meaghan asked.

Stunned, I replied, “I think so.”

“What was that about?” she pressed.

“I don’t know. You tell me.” I was still processing how painful the blow to my knee was. I looked back over at Kosmo, his eyes shifted in a trance-like motion, still picturing Judas’s face. Without thinking about it, I looked lovingly into his eyes and walked over to his nose. I placed my hand on the center of his face. Then I kissed him and said, “It’s okay. I forgive you. I know you didn’t mean to hurt me.”

I connected directly to the Light, making the most important connection of them all. The power was in showing forgiveness beyond the surface, even though that shit hurt like hell. Forgiveness allows the soul to evolve. It was too hard to offer Judas forgiveness face to face. It was best if we didn’t speak. The only other way to do it was through an energetic exchange. Rather than tell him personally, my forgiveness could simply be spoken in soul communication. Judas was like Kosmo, both not knowing their own strength and power. Kosmo in his kick and Judas in his behavior.” © Sapphire Rain