

YELLOW- SELF-MASTERY

“Bravery was needed for the next phase. My triggers were clues on how to advance my path to healing, but facing them was almost as intimidating as Judas’s voice still ringing in my mind. I had to become an observer of my own life, taking notes of these triggers and how they made me feel. I watched as they played out like a movie scene right in front of me, allowing me to identify them, only hoping I wouldn’t become completely unhinged while facing them. I was starting to understand that in order to release the trigger, I’d have to welcome them and maybe even create them myself.

I knew Hawaii was my first attempt to unravel a generational tie. The tie that left women, perfectly capable of standing on their own two feet, anchored to the men they married. Our unconditional love was the bond that created unity. Two becoming one, instead of one becoming whole.

I was starting to see too how unhealed souls leaned on each other for validation to feel safe and worthy of love. I watched that dynamic play out not only in my life, but in those close to me as well. To lay in the comfort of arms capable of making us feel better is an illusion. You are confused with the idea of becoming whole when you land in the arms of someone else. One can never be whole until they unconditionally love the person who greets them in the mirror every morning.

To be whole is to be comfortable in your own arms, with your own story and the legs that carry the weight of the storm protecting the evolution of the soul. Two halves, the body and the soul, complete the recipe of life—making a person whole.

The glimpse of this insight was getting me one step closer each day to my own self-discovery. I had choice. I was tired of standing at the starting line in the race of life, waiting for the starting gun to go off. To be able to stand on my own, I was going to welcome these triggers as the keys to unlocking the flow of internal energy that was blocked. When I said yes to the triggers and yes to healing, the sky opened and the rain began to pour.” © Sapphire Rain