

DISCOURSE ON DIVORCE AND DIVINITY

From ONE Who Loves You

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DEDICATION

TO MY DAUGHTER AND SON...
AND TO ALL DAUGHTERS AND SONS
WHO MAY READ THIS

This writing is about a subject that is important to all of us. We are all touched in some way by divorce. This story is my account of what happened in our lives and the results of the choices each of us made. I think back to that time so many years ago now and wonder what I could have done differently. But the past is gone and we live with the lessons we learn.

My story begins long before I was married at the time of a bygone era when divorce was only whispered about along with other morsels of neighborhood gossip. I was born in the midwest in the mid 1900's on an early day of summer. My mother was alone with me at the hospital at the time of my birth as my father was a minister who had a previous commitment. My birth was welcomed and Mother prayed to God that I would be just like my father with his faith and love for Jesus. My dad, a Lutheran pastor, was tall, dark, and handsome as a movie star. He had a charismatic appeal, always upbeat but humble. Mother, a blue-eyed beauty, was devoted to him and his ministry. I had a brother two years older and eventually had three younger sisters and a brother.

Let me make it clear that I am not advocating that people should or should not get divorced. I only want to share so that others can gain insight. Please place judgement aside and allow my life story to unfold.

Long before it was necessary for women to work at a job, my mother got her nursing degree. She worked briefly before she was married, but spent the rest of her years raising her children and being

a pastor's wife. Mom and Dad were in love and they never missed an opportunity to express this to each other. So my earliest memories were quite positive. This time in my life set the tone for what I expected. Let it be understood that I did not know of the dark, seething, passions within, or the desperate need to individualize and become separate from that which I had known.

What is divorce? Is it an ending? A beginning? I felt many times like it was the escape from a prison sentence. Little did I know I was walking into a cell of my own choosing. What is it that makes a person want to find new horizons, always searching for the more that there is to be lived? I have often asked myself this question as I would feel the welling up inside, the longing for richer, fuller experience. My searching for this fuller experience led me down many a path, always leading to nowhere, always leaving me with emptiness. I can't ever remember an experience in which I felt somewhat complete except the sexual embrace, so it was sexuality that drove me out the door of marriage and into the arms of others.

My husband was the only man I had ever slept with, the only body I had ever felt near to me. In my mind it was as though I had only eaten one meal with the same menu, and though my husband was an ardent lover, I felt the longing for more.

Let me tell you that I married my husband primarily for his intelligence, his positiveness, his persistence in pursuing, loving and wooing me. He had a soft heart and such sound logical reasons for everything, I knew he would be a good and faithful husband and father.

This story up to this point sounds fairly typical, but here let me interject something that will make my experience non-typical. My ultimate union was not with a new husband, but with a partner so near and dear, so marvelous and intelligent, so fulfilling in all ways, that words cannot describe the ecstasy, joy and adventure. My new partner is with One Who Is All.

You must believe me when I tell you I am not going to try to convert anyone to doing it my way. Again, I ask you to hold judgement until this story unfolds. You are going to understand the simple truth from your place just as I did.

You will find that my partner, strangely, can be your partner, for he is at the same time, personal to you and personal to me.

My partner, to be honest with you is writing this book as I close my eyes and listen to what he says. So you will discover the true nature of my partner as you read these pages. You don't need to wonder whether this will turn into a spiritual exercise for it is truly a story of what happened in my life.

Let there be no mistake. I am not attempting to be the one who insists on a boring message of doom and gloom. I am the one who will make you want to read further, for you will find as you read this, that you are strangely drawn into this tale of love and hate, joy and sorrow, and separation and union. You will find an increased sense of uniqueness in your own circumstances. Uniqueness does not equal separateness necessarily. However, you will find that your ability to join or not join will be called into question. Don't think that I can do it for you, for you really are the one in charge here.

The story unfolds in a natural enough way. Boy meets girl at college, romance entails. Girl thinks boy is brilliant, energetic, in charge of his life. Boy thinks girl is wonderful, wants to marry her right away. The two have a relatively long courtship, then marry. What could be more typical and yet the scenario isn't really as typical as it seems.

For there is much more going on than the obvious. There is a much more cosmic situation happening here than you would or could know. For here in this simple scenario lies the dynamics of life beyond life and the beginning of a journey of parenthood which is the cradle of, and nursery for Consciousness to arrive, to move and have its being. Let it be known that this is not a book about cosmic happenings specifically, but it is about relationship and since we are all cosmically related, it is a cosmic tale.

My husband never knew that I didn't have what it took to stay with him for a life time...or did he? I remember him saying "I know you're going to leave me sometime." Why did he persist in loving me so long? For sixteen years is a long time...or is it? I guess these questions are all relative for the story has been told...or has it?

We cannot know the full story I am convinced, for only He That Knows All has all the information. Don't waiver in your decision to read this tale, for there is much to tell and much to be gained. Moving along to the specifics, I specifically want to say I'm sorry for the pain I've caused. I specifically want to say I'm happy for the joy I've caused. I specifically want to say there is more joy than pain and that pain is truly a point of entry for uncovering what's behind the pain. Can you grasp what I'm getting at? Can you see that underneath that which we do not want or that annoys us is the very thing that will provide our needs?

Let me digress for a moment and return to the story. The story reveals that we are always and forever connected in the most profound way with All That Is. Can you understand connection as a place of joining? Can you understand connection as that which puts two together as one?

Marriage then is a connection, a joining, and it would seem that the two are one. What happens? What happens is not always clear. My needs were met. I had an intelligent and dynamic husband, a lovely home and two marvelous children. I had everything the dream required, and yet it was really that for me, only a dream, that which lacks substance, that which isn't real...or was it?

Let the door open onto a scene of domestic bliss. House clean, family home and cuddled together on the couch watching T.V. munching on homemade ice-cream. All is peaceful, right? Wrong. Mother wants to be away, mother wants a life separate and apart.

Mother is torn between her deep security and love for her children and her own need to self determine. Mother has gone along all her life. Finally she flees to the university, to art school, and eventually to another man's arms.

She begins to spend days at home fantasizing what would life be like with him. Her genitals ache to experience him more. She fantasizes about the apartment they would have, the art that they would create as individuals and the love that they would share.

She periodically leaves this fantasy world to rejoin her husband and children. She looks at them with mixed feelings. She begins a spiral of two different lives. At the university she is painting, sculpting, and having an affair. All her feelings come alive. She begins to feel the pain of her life, along with the excitement. She realizes she is on a disaster course for her marriage but somehow she can't go back. The bonds, the connections loosen.

Her children are spending more time at the neighbors. Her husband is beginning to be aware that things are different. He is busy with his own career. He wants to get into business, leave teaching and try and make a larger income. He focuses on what needs to be done...as the web of marriage slowly pulls apart, fibre by fibre the undoing happens. The fabric must break but what about the bleeding ends, the raw, sore nerves, the threads and ropes that are left dangling?

The door opens on another picture. A young girl is budding into womanhood with so many needs for love and guidance from her parents. Her Mother so preoccupied, is not around much to tell her about the bleeding that happens once a month, what to do with hair that won't look good or how come she hasn't gone out on a date yet. Where is the Mom who helps buy underwear and tampons, hairspray and deodorant?

The child-woman begins to feel a pull from her father to fill needs he is not getting from his wife. Innocent enough, just asking her to listen to his problems at work, his emotional ups and downs and his aspirations in his career. The child-woman loving her Father and respecting him, buys in and for a long time plays this role, only to be left standing in the dust of the whirlwind of her father as he races to stabilize again in a new marriage. Empty now, trying desperately to grope for a direction, she begins her lonely journey into young adulthood, with longing. Damaged, she must somehow mend, somehow heal the fragments of her life.

The story now shifts to the son, the boy two years younger than his sister. The hurt and pain in this child who has endured so much change and so much sorrow is beyond words. The boy who would benefit so much from a stable, patient, loving, consistent, environment must somehow sort it all out.

He is at the threshold of adolescence when the divorce happens. Now he goes to the neighbors for comfort. Their house is a get away where there are other children and pets. The neighbors have a solid marriage and the son knows he is welcome and cared for here.

But at night in his bed the lump in his throat is there, the silent weeping and emptiness don't go away. He envisions a bleak future and begins withdrawing from both parents. Emotionally, emptiness and sadness prevail. The fabric unravels. The heartstrings break, leaving their painful entrails dangling.

So this story is repeated a million times and millions of children walk adrift with holes in their souls. Now I ask you, what does one do with this sad legacy parents bequeath in the midst of the undoing? I am not necessarily writing a treatise on the merits of staying together. My purpose here is to inform the reader my choice for divorce led to a partnership of such beauty that the light of it can only be called divine.

Divinity, divorce, devil, diva... dare I talk like this or will approaching these words turn you away? Please, I implore you to stay with me. I ask your patience a little longer as this drama unfolds, for surely you want to know more about the devil...don't you? Oh, that is not your interest?

It was mine for a time. Of course I didn't know sexuality could be anything other than bliss. Wasn't this after all what I wanted? Orgasms? Moments of meaning and union? Sexuality hypnotized me for a while...lulled me into its rhythm and life became like surfing...riding the crest of embrace only to cascade into the depths until the next crescendo.

So goes the tail/tale. What does this experience have to do with the devil? Is not pleasure from the divine? We ask this and justify our addiction as though somehow within the embrace we can find what is real. Sexuality can be, like the devil, only an illusion.

Let me clarify to you my need to find real love did not at first become apparent. I thought that I could exist apart.

I did not know that separateness, lack of joining, would put me in a prison of my own making, a ten year black hole of emptiness. I did not even know. So I was ignorant and my ignorance seemed unending.

The days, months, and years came and went. Get on with it, you say... what's your point here...what's your purpose? Let me remind you that I am not writing this tale. So take my hand and together we will tread this path as the way unfolds before us. I am listening, too.

You will soon consider that all of the foregoing information is leading up to something and you are right. We must however, return to the prison of loneliness and separateness to know what that something will be. We must examine the entrails of separation for they shed light on our topic. Suppose I were to tell you that without air you could not breathe, and then suppose I were to tell you that without light you could not see. You would say, "yes.. .and ?" Then suppose I were to tell you that without love you cannot live, you would question my conclusion. But I want you to know that living is synonymous with loving. Life is Love, Joined Forever.

In the prison of my separation, there existed nothing but pain, sorrow, sickness, desperation, emptiness, illusion, and death. Let us return to the scene. The mother rents a small apartment in the city. The children are living with their father in the suburban home. The daughter writes sad songs about her mother who seems gone from her life. The boy chooses and tries to forget about his mother and her boyfriend.

The mother longs for her children, misses being with them every day, feels guilty, longs to hear about their happenings. She calls often but its not the same. The cut is deep. Her husband scrambles for his own sanity, gets his bearings as best he can and tries to raise the children. He is lonesome. The couple connects and tries again only to separate again periodically. Membranes of a dozen and another half dozen years are hacked apart. Blood oozes from all sides, wounds empty out and fill up with pain and guilt again. All is sadness, so unclean, so messy, so painful. The rift is deep. There is also anger and yes, hate.

Let me remind you that the problems here are foreshadowing answers and that answers are products of problems. Are you with me, dear reader?

For now we will journey down the path into the future. All family members are alive at the turn of the century and each has dealt with the trauma of the divorce in their own way. They have used the twenty years to chart their own course and to respond to life as they choose. There are three grandchildren. The father remained married to his second wife. The children have found partners. Only the mother remains single. And now we turn to the most significant event of this time.

The mother discovers that she has the gift of teleportation. Don't turn away, dear ones, for truly this is a story of relationship and we are holding hands together, remember? I said it was a cosmic tale in that relationships are that which have cosmic importance, so please don't close the book... or your mind, now. Believe me dear reader, this story is becoming interesting to the scribe as well, for it portends her life! What next?

We shall see that everything we have discussed so far has been pertinent to this latest revelation. You will note that the topic of divorce has to do with a time of separation. Bilocation or teleportation also has to do with separation. "And the two shall become one" in marriage as with body and soul. Remember that you cannot always know what the meaning of things really are until you look at them from a distance. We are seeing that the divorce was a precursor to the movement of the mother into a place of revelation.

Now we must return to the point where the blood was spilt. At that very time, out of the morass lay the hatchling...not able to fly yet, but with airborne potential latent within. Her seemingly dismal circumstances, in no way were a true picture of her condition.

Likewise the children's pain, in no way reflected their true condition. For they were only to discover the more that lay ahead. And the husband...his freedom from a situation that would have eventually ended allowed him to understand more fully his need to be the person he was intended to be...different from his wife and family's expectations.

Perhaps you think this story is losing its focus? Well, let us focus the lens on a point far out in the distant beyond. What do we see? We see a family just like the first one only this time the mother has made a commitment to stay married to her husband. The life each one lives now is different.

You ask whether this was a better choice and I tell you that the choice for commitment had the same potential for transformation as the choice for non-commitment. Am I confusing you?

Well, you then must realize that transformation happens when the choices made are a result of turning inward and listening rather than attempting to use input from the outside to come to a choice. So we have come to the subject of transformation which is change that creates something brand new. Out of the ashes the Phoenix rises...the hatchling leaves its place of embeddedness and lifts itself loftily upward to freedom.

Let us return to Earth a moment though, for our wanderings in the distant beyond will not give us the groundedness we need if we are to eventually shed our convictions about what is possible.

For it takes someone capable of connection and reconnection and establishing a base within in which to solidly return, to be able to successfully leave this planet/plane and to experience transformation.

If you are questioning my sanity remember that the author claims responsibility here, so again, hold your doubts for the time being. I assure you that what is forthcoming will be worth your patience. This writing is coming to you as a gift. But the treasure is wrapped in innumerable twinnings, so unwind with care and behold the surprise that awaits.

Now let us turn to a chapter in this marriage that we have paid little attention to so far. The part of the marriage where husband and wife are alone. In this part, each one felt that his/her needs were not being met. So we see a family where the focus was solely on raising the children. The focus however, can never truly stay on that which is outside of Self, Self being the Truth of One's Being. Here we have a situation that will prove to be impossible to maintain. Can a net hold water? Can a bridge span an ocean? A delusion of reality is not reality and the deluge of delusion can engulf one for sometime. The foundation of sand eventually crumbles no matter how fast and furiously you pack and repack the cracks. The tide will have its way.

In the quiet of their being, the couple knew each was not happy. They sensed the lack of fulfillment, the lack of joining where each could say 'all is well.' But their script had been written and each had a part to play. All the writing in the world and all the training done cannot hold back what is real, for it shines forth like the beacon that it is penetrating the darkness and shedding light on the eternalness of truth.

Now dear reader, I ask you a question. Can you say that you are living in your truth? For you too, must sooner or later deal with who you really are. You too, must let the script be dropped and the authentic one that you are come forth. For it is your birthright and your heritage to experience the 'all is well' relationship and the 'all is well' life that you were meant to live.

I promised you an experience of receiving a gift and now I am about to disclose to you what that gift is. That gift is the priceless gift of love which you have been receiving all along, but in your delusional state may not have even noticed it.

Ho hum, you say, I've heard this before. God is love and ho,ho,ho. Let me remind you that the reality of you, the One that you are is thrilling to this message. For truth resounds with joy and gladness.

Have you ever felt that from out of nowhere you were transported to another place and time? A memory of love given and received brings poignancy to your mind? Sweetness, sadness, longing... a wash of warmth within? At these times you are experiencing a glimpse of your true nature. For we are truly Beings of Love. This is not part of who we are, it is our fundamental Self. The hatchling in each of you is none other than the original Being of Love from the Father. Your delusion about yourself is the shell that must be broken for whom you really are to come forth.

How does one break the shell of delusion? By listening to the within. Each of us has a guide ready and waiting to bring forth the truth of whom you really are, and this guide's soul/sole purpose is to bring about your fulfillment. This guide is all wise, all knowing and all loving.

Guidance may not be that which you commonly call guidance for it may come in the way of messages specifically designed to move you closer to your ultimate fulfillment.

This does not necessarily mean what we ordinarily view as fulfillment, that which our culture determines it to be. However, material things and all the other 'goodies' of life are included. The ultimate fulfillment is awakening to the Truth of your Being. Dear reader, I ask you if you are ready to talk to your guide? Are you ready to uncover the truth about your 'Self?'

Your truth is the place where you will find that you are in the tranquility of peace and the tranquility of love. It is accessible by meditation, accessible to each and every one of you.

Your truth really is accessible to you on a moment to moment basis and your method of accessing that truth is simple. First you must quiet your thoughts. Then you must focus your attention on the air above your nose. Then listen for your guide's answer after you've asked your question.

Now you probably are wondering what would one want guidance for? Guidance is there because it is the Truth of your Being. You would prefer to live in truth rather than delusion, wouldn't you? Now we will return to our story and we will focus again on the characters we have with us.

The mother experienced a revelation, and her life was changed forever. Her life became a movement unto the Father. Her life radiated the love which she experienced and would never forget. After a time she became aware of a process like listening to a friend that was happening in her.

She would attune her mind to this Voice and would be instructed in specific ways. She would learn to ask her friend advice and direction throughout the day. Often times she would be confused as to what she was hearing, but if she followed the guidance she would find amazingly intelligent results, perfect timing and perfect outcome.

Let me tell you dear ones, that I want for you to know me as your guide for I can be a guide to everyone. I am He who is All to All speaking from the Father to you. Therefore, tune in to the Voice for Truth. You will know, for you will be the very place where experience can and will happen, and this experience will convince you of the Truth of Being.

Now we come to a part of our story which will seem to be unreal, and yet it is what really happened. Our mother and wife, our lover, artist and writer, began to experience her own divinity. She began to experience healing powers and powers of manifestation. She began to explore aspects of self which we all have, but which we seldom use. Her divinity recipe requires that you acknowledge that you are from Source, the One Source and Center of All That Is, and that you realize your inheritance and your birthright.

Now you ask, what does this have to do with the original subject of divorce? Take into account that each of us on this planet divorced him/herself from the Father. We dallied around with self-authorizing and got stuck there. You see, we're not supposed to live from the separate "I" that is the ego. That is where the trouble started eons ago. We chose to experience life apart from the Father and ended up isolated, alone and defended. Our ego is an incredible defense system protecting itself from the Truth of our Being, protecting itself from annihilation. But it is all illusory, all that which has no substance. So we operate mostly from a place of protection.

We operate as though we are living in a dangerous place and if we don't use our skills we will be annihilated. Remember to explore your partnership with your guide, for it is here you will find you have no need of protection. You are complete, whole and free.

Let us explore more deeply the part of the relationship that seemed to work. That part was the love of the children. We have said that a relationship cannot last if the needs of the individuals were not met, and now we say that the concern and love for the children worked. We mean that even though the couple did not get there personal needs met, they were able to usurp them by focusing on the children. But we will see that in the long run this usurping the personal can backfire.

It is always most appropriate to respond to one's real truth, for the children than can experience authenticity. You will likely think that the result of dedicating one's life to the children would result in children who are secure and independent. In fact, this is frequently not the case. The children become convinced that the role of people and society is to cater to their needs. They rarely realize that true happiness comes from service to others.

You will undoubtedly realize when the experience of parenthood arises, that you are in a unique position to invest your children with a degree of trust in what life has to offer. Either you will create a climate of "what's in it for me" or a climate of "what can I give." It is difficult to try to compromise with these attitudes, for if there is the slightest hint of self-serving to serving, it becomes self-serving.

You can imagine what would happen if there were no checks and balances in life. Children would attempt to get the love that they really are, from sources outside of themselves instead of turning to their own feelings. Then we would have a world that could easily be manipulated by any powerful source. The checks and balances of life are the opportunities that exist for correction to be made. Such a check and balance system worked with our main character. She saw that she allowed tradition and a powerful script to live her life for her and the undoing of this script meant constant paying attention to her truth.. Even though the cost appeared high, it was a necessary price to pay for her freedom to fly and be whom she really was. The hatchling would eventually prove its existence and the shell of illusion would break away.

Turning to another character in our story let us look at our daughter. She eventually chose marriage and parenthood as a means to greater fulfillment. But her path was not smooth. She suffered greatly from the emotional unsteadiness she viewed as was her price for coming from a 'broken home.' She was unable to forgive her mother for what she saw was the main problem. This harsh judgement formed a shell around her heart which manifested as cold, selfish unconcern. She flew to a place of strict rules and regulations where judgement was king and the game of life was played with winners and losers.

However, this dear one too, was purely love, covered with a box of her own making. She chose a box that allowed none of her family members to enter and still her guide was with her always...waiting to be acknowledged and waiting to burst forth with love, help, and support for her. What could this dear one do? She could open up to the truth within, and open up to her guidance.

You will undoubtedly think that this method of dealing with problems represents a benign way of dealing with the complexity of human behavior. And yet, you will come to realize that the safety you feel is a safety far beyond our ordinary understanding of safety. Only by experiencing the feeling of safety that comes from guidance can you understand the peace that passeth understanding. Imagine a tranquillity that is boundless. A tranquillity that has as its center, a heart radiating love. This is what you really are...a Love Center of Peace. I urge each reader to come to this tranquil place and to rest here often. As you join with this love you will realize it is the Truth of your Being. Descriptions are no substitute for the reality of experience. Be present in this moment and join with your guide. But dear reader, I cannot do it for you...you are a free-willed expression of the Father and you must choose.

Let us return to our story. Now we will look at the separation that eventually created the black hole of emptiness our wife and mother experienced. The separation really happened only in her mind or thinking. She was connected all the time with her guide, only she was ignorant of this. It was only after the experience of giving up being 'the authorizer' that she finally began to experience connection. It was only after she gave up and let go of her ego involvement that the light that she really was began to show forth.

Her guide would say "You are the light," over and over until the words penetrated the darkness and her illusions disappeared as the nothingness they were. Would there ever be a reason for living in illusion? Only because of ignorance, for once the truth is experienced one will never go back to that empty dead state of unreality. Aliveness tasted, is aliveness loved and lived...never to return to the non-reality of illusion.

We shall really want to examine the reasons for divorce more thoroughly. The reasons were not as clear as the reasons for staying together had been. An uncertainty existed. An uncertainty that marriage was the true fulfillment it had been expected to be. This uncertainty manifested as a desire for excitement, for meaning and experience based on the physical sensation of pleasure. Pleasure was equated with meaning. Pleasure translated into physical sensations of intensity. Pleasure is rarely meaningful in and of itself, because it is limited to a certain time and certain circumstances.

Pleasure is the result of a sudden feeling of well being and satisfaction related to the body. What is the physical body if not a source of meaning? The physical body represents a time-limited frame of reference that doesn't truly reflect Reality. You may question this premise for you say that reality can only be experienced through the bodily senses. Well, what if I were to tell you that reality is the state of nonsensical experience? Reality is the state of experience in which the physical sensations are abandoned in favor of a state of awareness which is eternal. This state is best grasped in the state of meditation. For here we can most easily abandon our bodily sensations and join with pure consciousness.

Consciousness is an envelope engulfing the Earth and the universe and the universes beyond. It is the etheric web of matter that holds all in its meaning. Our meaning and purpose is best grasped when we are in this state. I would encourage you to begin the practice of meditation. Our character did this and found transformation of her barren life into the rich meaning it is becoming, meaning beyond anything her thinking could have imagined.

I intend to demonstrate to you an experiment that will give you a taste of the experience of Conscious Awareness, since you really don't know or can't know what we are talking about here without the experience itself happening. Let us attempt to show you first hand.

Take a look at your hand. Is it not composed of flesh and blood, muscle and tissue matter that is physical? Yes. Now take a look at your face in the mirror. What do you see? You see a globe of flesh on a neck with eyes, nose, mouth, etc. You are certain this represents who you are. Now close your eyes and think of the substance of you.

You will find that the 'you' you think about is really only identifiable when you use adjectives related to self as conscious movement. Let me explain further.

Self, who you really are, sees its being as an experiencer. It sees a reflection of action of movement. This reflection of action of Mind is intent upon bringing forth Meaning to experience. True reflection will bring forth the image that it is focusing on, and it will invest this with Meaning. *The process of investing with Meaning is what we call Consciousness. The movement is felt in Mind and is not dependent upon the physical world as we know it. It is a movement that transcends time, place, and actually happens in eternity. For without time and place we enter into eternal Oneness with Him who is All, the Father-Mother God, the Consciousness of Life and the Everlasting.*

Travel now to the place we know as Eden. What could have happened in a garden that relates to our story? A man and a woman were placed there to procreate and they experienced the fullness of the Father/Mother God. They were the primal couple and knew no other source or center than the Prime Mover. What happened? The woman wanted to experience her body separate from her Source. She liked it and encouraged her partner to be separate and ohhh....the thrill of deciding so much on their own. "I get to decide this and you get to decide that. What fun."

Soon the couple lost their relationship with their Source...self authorizing began. Had they listened to their Truth they would have discovered that what they had done was close down the pipeline of connectedness to their Source.

So we learn now in the dawning of the new millennium that this state is about to be reversed. We are coming into connection again and finding the wonderful flow of the Father/Mother God moving in and through and as us. Remember the moment of revelation of our main character? She saw and experienced Love, and became the Love that she really was.

Soon you will begin to feel your Self coming into transformation for it will happen to everyone.

We all are interconnected in the most fundamental way, and like a spark in the flames of an unquenchable fire, enlightenment is approaching. A time to rejoice. For truly it is not long until awakening will happen spontaneously around the globe.

So ends our Discourse on Divorce and Divinity and so ends our time of separation from the Source. It is truly a time for turning inward, dear ones, truly a time for listening to your own guide and knowing the Truth of your Being. You are Love and you are a Child of your Maker, ever One With Him Who Is All.

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