

## Letting Go...and Letting Love

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The following narrative wonderfully demonstrates synchronicity and co-facilitated transformation. Additionally, this account shows how one man healed his non-serving fears, experienced and accepted a whole new set of love-based options, and in so doing created a ripple effect that continues to change lives everywhere. An actual event, and not intended to criticize or judge any person, religion, or philosophy, our *collective* story exemplifies the many ways we push love out of our lives by letting fear rule us. Many persons, at this very moment, experience great challenges reconciling their respect and love for the *Almighty*, with their desire to open and commit to loving Earth-bound relationships. Often in tormenting dissidence, they struggle with what they believe to be *evil* influences, while fearing all along they will fail at either human or Divine love – or both.

In 1996 I attended a Christmas party in Las Vegas, Nevada. A very interesting group of metaphysical types – many in professional counseling and service – we had numerologists, astrologers, and assorted psychics in attendance. Even an ex-CIA parapsychology researcher showed up. No, Art Bell was not present. In spite of this famous radio personality's metaphysical interests, he enjoys his privacy.

We all sat around in a large circle while the designated gurus took turns fielding questions from the forty-five, or so, guests. One *civilian* invitee, a respectful man in his early 30s, had what I easily sensed as some intense issue to resolve. Overtly nervous, the gentleman tried several times to get his question answered. While our “ex-spurts” partook in some orgasmic, *cosmic-zone* rapture, they were temporarily unable to fully embrace anyone expressing from the more basic, human level. Sensing the problem he struggled with, I felt a knowing

tug in my gut. Since I was physically close and fully empathized with the frustration of having a burning question ignored, I leaned over and introduced myself. I told him I basically understood his issue and would talk to him privately when the *show* was over. Within his deep blue eyes I saw a look of relief that someone finally heard his plea.

Afterwards, while everyone stood up to circulate and say his or her respective goodbyes, we stepped into a back corner of the large living room. Without any more words spoken, I felt an immediate heart connection with this sensitive, pained young man. I put my hand on his shoulder and said, “Obviously you are in the middle of some fearful hardship.” When I asked, “Are you ready to let the burden go?” – the vestiges of resistance crumbled. While fighting back a floodgate of overdue tears, he related his story. He told me he was the father of five-year-old twin boys. He described how happy, outgoing, joyful, and loving his sons were. He felt their great pull to fully engage him emotionally. Although he kept putting them off with a self-imposed wall against too much intimacy, they kept coming at him relentlessly – pulling at his heartstrings. His center-core self desperately wanted to surrender to these two dynamos of pure love energy. But he carried a tremendous fear of doing so.

The young man had been raised by very loving parents, whom he continued to admire. At a very early age, his parents taught him that overtly embracing people, things, or life on Earth, with unfettered joy, was not respectful of God. His family believed it wrong to demonstrate too much exultation in life, as the sinful would be telling God that *Earth* was heaven. Forgetting *God's* Heaven, and not living the intended suffering life of a *chosen one* would provoke severe consequences – both here and in the afterlife.

When the young man went to his parents and courageously told them of his dissidence, they counseled him that this was his great test – sent by God. They immediately called their religious cleric to schedule a prayer vigil to deal with their son’s crisis of faith. Our discordant sufferer held the prayer meeting at bay while deciding what to do – something that upset his parents

even more. His family said they would pray for his Soul until he came to his senses and *saw the light*. Our troubled seeker explained the cultural conviction common to a localized minority in his country of origin – and their ultra-orthodox religion. He felt a great sense of betrayal in disavowing his foundational values. He knew his current actions would estrange his entire family and embarrass his parents. He had already made the courageous decision to forego his entry into Heaven, if necessary, to fully respond to his sons. I stood amazed as this brave but terrified man shared an even *larger* demon – one that hampered the dismantling of his remaining obstacle to love.

His learned fear of Divine Wrath was so great, he believed God would actually take his sons from him or leave them crippled as punishment for his non-repentant *sin*. By giving in to complete joy, peace, harmony, goodness, and love while still here on Earth, there would be hell to pay. In the presence of empathetic, non-judgmental company, long-overdue tears streamed down his tormented face.

Although happening in a very public place, amazingly no one interfered or even noticed our emotional exchange. Totally our moment, I embraced it fully. Listening intently, I sorely needed to release temporary flashes of judgment about *any* institution propagating this kind of torturing tenet. As we embraced in an almost crushing hug, I experienced the greatest intimacy imaginable with a person (officially) unknown to me. A later insight told me how truly connected we humans must be for any person to suddenly feel as if they've known and loved another all their lives – like a brother.

I felt purposefully guided with my next question: "Let's say that when you go home tonight you find your greatest fears realized. Through some horrific tragedy, your sons are no longer with you. Will you feel *fortunate* and *relieved* you hadn't let your barriers down to love them fully and completely while they were here?"

Our eyes locked as I asked this deeply probing, heart-wrenching question. Those baby blues went distant, as he

painfully experienced this dreadful scenario. When my new friend came back to the room he stared at me tearfully, apparently shocked I would ask the core question. After being prodded to imagine such a devastating loss, his grief-stricken realization was clearly evident.

All bets were off. All emotional and psychological obstacles...gone. This Dad finally realized the enormity of his opportunity. With an instantaneous shift, he no longer conceived of a God that would not want him to embrace life fully and completely. As we both began sobbing again in earnest, I felt my friend's previously tensed muscles relax with eradication of that ancient pain. After several deeply connecting and healing moments, we broke our embrace in time to see his very puzzled wife standing near the exit. What else could we expect from a loving spouse just now noticing her husband hugging and crying with a strange man? We must have been quite a sight! My new young friend, embarrassed not in the least, continued to engage his enormous breakthrough.

He thanked me profusely for my caring and help. He'd been invited that night for some unspecified reason that he now understood. I answered that no thanks were necessary, as the gift was mine also. I, too, recognized my real purpose in attending. When I asked what he was going to do now, he emphatically exclaimed: *"I am going directly home to wake up my sons. I can't wait to tell them how dear they are to me; and how much I love and adore them. Holding nothing back, I will share how overjoyed I am at having been chosen to be their father. I will promise my boys that I will **never** push them away for the rest of our precious lives that I am blessed to spend with them. Then I'm going to give each of them the biggest hug of their still young and impressionable lives!"*

My emotions kicked into overdrive as I remembered the terrific hugs I experienced with my own father after he overcame his barriers to love. I now have even *more* appreciation for my recovery from traumatic childhood experiences. In *my* life, I have feared only Human Beings. Gifted with a measure of what it must be like to be afraid of an omnipotent God, I feel doubly grateful for my past healing

opportunities. I shared in the glorious realization that my new friend and his sons would now enjoy for a lifetime.

We said our goodbyes, and in his rush to get home, I never got his name, address, phone, or the identity of those who invited that precious couple. I may never see that specially delivered Human Being again—in the physical—but I will never forget him or the deeply bonding moment we shared. I hit the Mega-Bucks jackpot with an encounter that irrevocably changed my life. I actually *feel* (now) what I used to mention in my past lectures: “*A stranger is just a friend we haven't met yet.*” He and I are destined to share our special, synchronized moment for the rest of our lives—just as *we* do here. The people touched by that sharing then pass it on to *their* direct circle of influence, and on it goes.

*Can you see how we, as individuals, effect a great change in the world? One person at a time...one intimately shared experience at a time...multiplies like ever-increasing circles in a reflecting pond, to infinity.*

When I was with *The Man Who Learned to Love*, an instant love-bond arose through our intense emotional sharing and purging. By opening our hearts, we enter a new, expanded zone of intuitive communion. This saves our lives in more than one way...as we discover in our next chapter.

**“There are only two ways to live your life. One...as though *nothing* is a miracle. The other...as though *everything* is a miracle.”**

—Albert Einstein

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