

Dancing with Monsters

CHRONIC ILLNESS as CREATIVE TRANSFORMATION

www.dancingwithmonsters.com



Survival Instructions

There may be times, love, when the darkness presses close and the monster voices clamor in your ears telling you "you are a waste of space." That is not the truth.

At such times, it may help to return to the body. Yes, that same body that may be a source of pain and sorrow. Put it in the shower, with warm water cascading over it. Wash it gently, tenderly. Murmur to it softly, "dear, poor dear. You have it hard." Because it does, you know. And so do you. Wrap your body in warm clothes. Eat something delicious slowly. Play lovely music and drink something warm. Return to the body.

At such times, it may help to return to the earth. That same earth that carries all your brother and sister creatures. Find a way to be present with some part of it. Pet a dog. Gaze upon a flower. Listen to a bird. Take some earth in your hands and hold on for dear life. Get outside and breathe fresh air. Feel the sun or the rain or the cold wind on your face. Return to the earth.

At such times, it may help to return to your soul. That same soul that is right now so hemmed in by shadow. Give it something to do that opens it. There is something that you love to do. It brings you joy, but lately you have been too busy or too wounded or too weary to do it. Maybe it has been years and you will need to remember your child self to know what to do. Think of the smallest movement you could make in your soul's direction and make that move right now. Find a pen and make a mark. Throw a ball. Blow the seeds off a dandelion. Cook some eggs. Return to the soul.

At such times, it may help to remember that you are human. Seek out another person and let them see a sliver of your pain. Yes, love, I know is hard. Your monsters want you to think you are alone. But be brave, dear heart. Call someone and say, "I am feeling kind of low." Notice the strands of your soul reaching out to them. You may find them reaching back to you. I hope you do, but even if you don't, know that there is someone reaching just like you. You are not alone. Remember you are human.

Your task, right now, is to cast a silver line of hope out into the universe. Send it out again and again until you feel it catch and tug. You belong here, love. You are wanted. You are enough.