

Leah Example of INOWT

Oct. 10/07 – As I laid down to sleep that night. Closed my eyes and was trying the breathing technique when the following image come to my mind's eye.

**INTENTION:**

I was focused on my breathing and picturing love for humanity, patience, kindness on each exhale flowing out of me, blanketing me in a sort of glowing warmth. I felt/ pictured the earth's energy rising up beneath me, through the bed, to support me. Then I felt the soil again, and my eyes feeling as though they were welling up with tears and it was as if I emotionally took a step back, not quite ready to tackle it yet. And then I saw a freshly dug grave and I felt myself fall into it and it was a deep one. I lay there shocked and scared and looking up and I saw people circle the grave, my mother and sisters, kids from school and they all started shovelling dirt on me, burying me.

And then I shifted, it wasn't adult me in the grave anymore, it was little, child me, around the age of 6 or 7. I was looking up through her eyes, feeling/ hearing her sob and snuffle and the faces looming down at me/ her shovelling dirt on here weren't other people anymore, it was me at varying ages and stages of my life leering at poor little me, trying to bury her essence, her light, the truth of her that never second guessed herself. And I felt myself now, at my 32 years of age holler “ NO” in a loud voice. I clamoured to the edge of the grave, demanded that the me's of other ages stop shovelling and reached down to the little girl me in the grave to pull her/ me out. I experienced this from both perspectives. And I hugged her tight, starting to cry and telling little me how sorry I am, that I was wrong, that it was wrong to try and bury her. I had no right and that I was sorry for hurting her. She/I was crying and hugging me back. I then told little me that she was right, how she just knows what to do and does it.

That it was her instinct, her gut and she should always listen to it. And that other people will try to tell her it's wrong or to do things their way but she needs to be true to herself, to listen to the little voice inside. Little me nodded in understanding and promised to listen to her gut and hugged me tight. I felt a tear roll down my cheek both in the vision and in real life and I hugged little me so close, and then it was as if we melded together, becoming one. I became aware of the kernel in me, and again of being enveloped in a blanket of glowing, healing warmth. I knew I had to write this down. Still now 100% ready to process it all but feeling that little me is slightly older which is good, that healing is beginning and though I'm scared, it will bring forth a better, more balanced and powerful me in time.

While writing this, I am physically aware of tension in my shoulders and neck and periodic tingling / numbness in my right hand.