

Excerpts from
The Way Out, Part One
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One day,
caught in a dysfunctional relationship,
I realized my life was in danger.

I was desperate,

and without thinking
I picked up the phone
and called for help.

The hardest phone call ever made.

Every fiber of my being
resisted the idea of going to therapy.

The call
had to be made without thinking

*for thinking
is the problem.*

*the mind
is
the problem*

*the solution
does not come from the mind*

*the way out
of suffering
comes from deeper levels
in one's being*

And so
I went to therapy.

In the beginning I was
clueless.

“My life is normal,
my family is normal,
my childhood was normal,”
I said to my therapist.

Eventually I learned that
abuse,
exploitation,
violence and other beauties
don't make “normal,”

whatever *that* might be.

In the beginning
I was numb.

Then, terrified of feeling
my rage,
my guilt,
my shame,
my pain.

I resisted going into my feelings
with all my might.

And one day I dived in.

And couldn't come out.

Until twenty-nine years later.

Long story.

I must say,
the process of diving
in the oceanic currents of
my inner world has been fascinating.

Not always fun, but fascinating.

And so, for endless years,
I dived in the gunk
exploring
learning
becoming aware of who I was
--of who I am--
and it all helped,
but beyond a certain point
I was still stuck.

The agony wouldn't go away.
Oh shucks.

And the search for healing
continued.

I tried support groups,
 acupuncture,
Bach Flower Remedies,
 aromatherapy,
Feldenkreis,
energy healing and more.

It all helped,

but the pain,
 the misery,
 the memories,
the flashbacks wouldn't go away.

And meds were not an option
 (another long story).

I was still stuck. Oh well.

I read innumerable self-help books
seeing myself reflected
in them,

and moved on to books about
religion and spirituality.

Well, that hit the spot.
I couldn't stop reading.

*I was not reading with my mind,
I was reading with my heart,*

*and my heart
resonated with certain passages,*

*and in the resonance
my heart
was being nurtured*

--I was so hungry, so hungry--

*Some spiritual readings
were filled
with poetry,*

*poetry that reached
my soul*

*poetry that soothed
my broken heart*

*poetry that calmed me
down
bringing me deep into meditation*

*although at the time
I didn't know
what meditation was.*

All the while,

I was hating and blaming
my parents
and others who had hurt me
deeply,

until I came to the recognition
that hatred and blame
feel rotten inside.

Hating and blaming
kept me stuck
and victimized.

*I had to move through
it*

*I consciously began
to
withdraw energy
from the hating and the blaming
and I felt better*

*I had to feel again
my love for my parents
and their love for me*

and so I did

Regarding certain others,
I'm still chewing on them.

So to speak.

Chewing is good.

I made
a commitment
to cleanse myself
from negative thoughts
and emotions.

In that commitment,
--I didn't know it then--
*I claimed back the power
to take charge
of my life.*

I experimented
with
listening to
my inner guidance:

my gut

my intuition

*the still voice
within*

*I practiced following it
even though it
constantly contradicted
my head*

In the beginning,
the head was strong
and the inner guidance was almost inaudible.

Overpowered by the head,
it would remain silent
for long stretches of time.

*I learned
to invite it back*

I learned to ask for guidance

*I learned to listen to it
and follow it*

I learned to trust it

*my inner guidance
knows much more than I do*

Through experimentation,
eventually I learned
that following my big fat head
when intuition indicated otherwise
would always get me in trouble.

Getting to follow my inner guidance
--ignoring my head--
took work.

*The muscle that opposed the head
was very weak;*

*with practice,
it became stronger and stronger;*

*the more
I followed my inner guidance,
the more it spoke to me,
the more it proved itself right*

In spite of all the inner work
I was doing,
the agony wouldn't go away,
and life kept beating me up
until one day ...

*down on my knees,
my soul cried out*

*WHAT DOES GOD WANT
FROM ME?*

*and God
answered me*

It happened
in 2003.

My life had become unmanageable
and journal writing had taken over,

in the shower, in the car,
in the middle of the night.

One day, out of the blue,
*a conversation began with
an inner voice
and a magical world opened up
through my pen,*

*a world in which Jay,
--my wounded inner child--
played and laughed and cried
with God.*

Wow.

I was actually
talking to God,

and God was talking to me.

Right there. On paper.
Like I didn't have enough problems.

I'm still digesting that one.

But it was real,

*for as the conversations
continued*

I felt a loving presence inside.

*I was
no longer alone.*

Shifting back and forth
from agonizing writing
to my magical world with God,

I didn't know it then,

*I was weaving
the wavelength of God
into the wavelength
of my pain.*

Talk about
fascinating processes.

*My insides were getting
transformed
through the Love of God.*

Literally.

Another wow.

*I didn't know
what hope felt like*

*and one day
I felt hope*

*I didn't know
what contentment was*

*and one day
contentment came into my life*

*I couldn't remember
what joy felt like*

*and one day
joy came back*

*my trust
had been shattered*

*and
it was restored*

But first
I had to speak my mind.

(Oh, oh, here comes trouble.)

*I hated God
and
I told him so.*

*And after my hatred was purged
I fell madly in love
with Him.*

Or Her.

And this,
ladies and gentlemen,
is how I finally got unstuck.



In the system of thought
that I've adopted,

the system of thought
that works for me,

God
has no gender,

God
is not a separate entity,

God is consciousness

*the more conscious
I become
the closer I am to God*

the closer I am to God,

*the further away I am
from pain
and suffering*

That simple.

*healing is
in God*

*the path to God
is
through the heart*

*the path to the heart
is found
following the inner currents
of feelings*

and we are back to feelings.

Oh gee.

*my path to God
has been through self-knowledge
and creativity,*

*mine
is the upward spiral path*

*the narrow
path,*

*the path that moves me forward
on the evolution
of the soul*

For the last fourteen years
I've been weaving my broken pieces together
through humor,
poetry
music
art
psychological insight,
conversations with God
and letters
and pictures of me and my family,
all of it contained in books and films
and inspirational songs.

Phew.

Not in my wildest dreams
would I have thought
that life would bring me here.

And yet it did.

Telling my story
through my creative work
over and over again,
I re-traumatized myself, twice,
almost to the point of no return.

The time has come to wrap it all up.

I have done my work.

I no longer need
to keep telling my story.

I no longer need
to carry the heavy load of my past,

a past that has
weighed me down
holding me back for a lifetime.

My memories of trauma
used to call me,
they needed my attention.

They no longer do.

The doors to my past are closing
behind me.

I can let it all go now.
I can let it go.

*There's a new life
waiting for me.*

And the question remains:

“What does God want from me?”

*The answer so far has been
loud and clear:*

*“I want you to write,
I want you to heal,
I want you to deliver a Message:*

*Human suffering
can be conquered.*

It can be conquered.”

there is hope
there is hope