

## The Art and Entertainment of Life in the Flow

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Right after New Year's, I tuned in intuitively to the energy of 2004 and noticed that my body felt both calm and excited at the same time. I always check my body first, as I've learned it is a microcosmic representation of the larger environment, and gives me an accurate read of whatever I include inside my "personal bubble," be it the physical environment or a larger bubble of time. This year I sensed a quality of solidity, like "I'm prepared now, and ready for whatever may come," as well as a stirring of spring fever about a new level of creativity, a new kind of involvement with life, that seemed likely to emerge in spite of any big dramas in the world.

I was excited because it seemed that "real movement" was at hand, like "the real part" of life was now beginning. Yet I had no concrete conception of what I meant, just a feeling that my "training period" was nearly over and an experience I've known but can only refer to now in these quote-unquote phrases, was about to occur. Certainly we've all been living, learning, growing, creating, and expressing our soul's purpose all along, but it's as though there's been a filmy coating over our view, and we've been cleaning the lens for the whole of our life thus far.

In contrast, last year seemed difficult and compacted. Looking back on the body sensations I had then, and comparing them to what actually occurred, I notice I mainly wanted to hibernate. Even though last year brought financial difficulty, a voice in me kept saying, "Just go about life as usual, do what's necessary, and stay as quiet and as 'in the flow' as possible." My mind would pop up regularly and scream in panic because I wasn't manifesting at the level I was used to, but the other voice was calming and overrode the panic with a kind of unflappable resolve. My mind thought the other voice was really crazy some days—it was SO illogical. I watched many other people going through major changes—making advancements in their careers, moving out of state, going back to school. I TRIED to catalyze change in my own life but my will power just banged up against an invisible wall. My life was moving at a pace independent of my mind.

In retrospect, it feels like there was a reorganization going on in my deeper self, perhaps in the circuitry of my subtle bodies. In the absence of distracting hyperactivity, I was drawn to do smaller, more invisible things, like dissolving ideas that were like wet blanket overlays or ones I was unconsciously "holding" and patterning myself with. These were ideas and pronouncements from people I had defined as authority figures, opinions I had internalized that weren't actually mine, or even more subtle decisions, "vows," and "contracts" that

limited my range of behavior and life experience.

I dissolved, dissolved, dissolved, and faced the blank space that appeared in the absence of my busy thought habits. I practiced converting the emptiness to an experience of pleasurable open space with room to move and breathe and rest. I allowed the possibility that nothing might ever fill me up again, and practiced not going into grief over this thought.

So as I turned my inner eye hopefully toward the future to see what this year might bring, my inner voice said, "NO. Don't look for it. Don't project ahead. Don't plan." Don't plan??? Are you nuts? "Just engage with what presents itself to you from the unified field. Everything you need will come." Arrrrgh! "A thought about creating an event may present itself to you, or someone may call, inviting you to do some work. It doesn't matter whether the source is the internal or external self, the ideas are all coming from the soul, from the Us. Engage with what comes." But, but. . . "And next, you are to keep your attitude and energy field at a frequency that makes you feel the most content, cheerful, enthusiastic, generous, and cooperative." That's all? "That's all. Build faith in this new way of living."

So for the first few months of the year I practiced keeping my worry, even my good-natured grumbling, to a minimum, while keeping my mind firmly in the moment. I noticed the details of what was within arm's reach. I took myself up on all my good ideas, and responded positively to phone calls. And indeed, there were a higher than average number of unsolicited offers to do talks and network with new groups. I was witnessing the magic of synchronicity. When I needed help editing a book proposal, a friend who is a marvelous editor materialized, and wanted to do some mentoring in trade. When I needed a new agent, clients supplied leads. When I needed to plan a trip to Japan, my organizers happened to be making a trip to San Francisco on other business and had a spare afternoon to meet with me.

This magical connectedness penetrated into more subtle realms as well. In a meditation or dream I'd have an insight about my process of growth; the next day a person would visit, speaking about the same themes, mouthing the same phrases, and presenting clues for my next step. I'd be frustrated doing a task at my computer and within hours someone would suggest the solution or a new kind of software that eclipsed my antiquated way of working. I was learning to notice the synchro-mesh way that life functions when you don't get in the way with immobilizing thoughts. I saw that last year had been the beginning of this present-moment-be-in-the-flow practiceÑwhen I was teaching myself to do it without realizing what I was doing. Now I was honing the skills of living in the moment and sharing responsibility for the direction of my life with the collective consciousnessÑwhich arises from each particle of light, in each atom of the physical plane, in each moment.

So far, my instructions for the year went like this:

- *Stay in the moment, don't project into the future.*
- *Engage with what comes; everything you need will be provided by the unified field.*
- *What comes will either look like a thought in your head or an event coming from the*

*world; do what produces the greatest happiness.*

- *Monitor your moods, your internal state; prefer a level of awareness that is closest to your soul frequency and thus allows guidance from your soul to flow to you. Enthusiasm, even mild enthusiasm, cheerfulness, sincerity, innocence, and curiosity work best.*

After several months of living this way, without much increase in the flow of income, I sat back down to have a talk with my inner voice. Was I missing something? I'd been following instructions faithfully. "The opportunities you receive are filtered through your 'state,'" my voice informed me. "The first step in improving your state has been to eliminate negative thinking, raise the frequency of your personal energy, and maintain the consistency of higher thoughts. So far, so good. Now you must be able to distinguish between what your mind has been programmed to want and what your soul really wants. You've been attracting opportunities that embody the partiality of you being in the middle of this learning process—they're not the old opportunities that come from what the mind thinks it wants, and not yet what the soul truly desires. This is why life seems 'sort of good' and not outrageously fabulous.

"By your state, which is the quality of energy in your personal field, you are giving the greater unified field—which is the collective consciousness of all souls—instructions. You may think you're asking for opportunities, but actually you are telling the Field what you want and will accept. To know what instructions you've been giving to the Field, look at what you already have. So the next step in your practice is:

- *Appreciate and use what you have right now; digest it and get all the food value; this is what you told Us you wanted and needed. Nothing new can come until you use what you have."*

I realized how often I was glossing over the gratitude others offered me or the kind things people did for me, how I wasn't really stopping to register the successful completions of projects or the underlying usefulness of periods of high intensity busyness or relaxing downtime. I'd create a new experience, manifest a new bauble, then be on to the next thing, not taking the time to sink into the experience that the beautiful necklace or the talk to women entrepreneurs had facilitated for me. I realized pleasure was a big part of the soul's motive.

I'd complain that I wasn't busy enough, then I'd remember that the previous week I'd wished fervently for some time to myself. Obediently, the Field had brought me a string of emptyish days. Instead of treasuring them and using them to deepen my connection with life, my mind would jump ahead and worry that if this continued, I wouldn't be able to pay the rent. Then the projected lack of money became the new set of instructions I was giving to the Field. And it obediently brought me more scarcity. When I sank into the experience of emptiness and lack of financial flow, and asked what the gift in this was, I understood it did not relate to my self worth at all, nor to the foundering economy. I was showing myself what it felt like to squeeze off the flow, how harboring complaints and anxieties left no room for creativity. I was also showing myself how important it is to allow a "lying fallow time" at the end of long

periods of productivity.

So I developed the habit of asking "Why did I, the soul, bring this moment together in just this way?" And I was able to glimpse my greater intent. Sometimes it was the desire to remove judgments and ossified thoughts by bringing them to light. Sometimes it was to direct me into silence, or into my senses or cellular awareness. My inner voice had more to say, however.

"Learn to be extremely quiet and deeply attentive on a regular basis and often during the day, to listen for the soul's urges. How do they differ from the mind's shoulds? Hint: Listen for a difference in tone; notice if there's tightness—if there is, the idea probably originates with the mind."

When I felt for signs of soul, I repeatedly heard, "May! May is an important month." It had a spotlight shining on it and beyond May, the year seemed to dissolve into a void. As one synchronicity led to another and plans coalesced, I found that the whole of my May would be spent working in Japan.

I deplaned at Narita airport on May 1st and stepped down onto the tarmac into a spring evening in Japan. Overcast and gray, the air close and muggy, I could smell the coming typhoon season near at hand. Here I was again, on my way to counsel, teach, and be transformed in yet another new way by the powerful yet subtle spirit of the Japanese people. I moved inexorably to the limousine bus, which would take us a mile to the terminal, in a tight crowd of Japanese travelers, their bags pushing me politely from every side; we were like toothpaste being squeezed from the tube. I was walking AND we were walking. Life seemed to have me on a conveyor belt, taking me along at a set and measured speed, and no amount of rushing would affect the plan.

I noticed, somewhat offhandedly as I trundled my way forward, that I was immediately in a relaxed mood. How odd, I thought, remembering many previous trips where I usually felt encased in a bubble of heightened self-consciousness and discomfort at not being able to read signs or have enough personal space. The easy feeling continued as the customs inspector smilingly waved me through, and I got a ticket for the Tokyo shuttle that left just minutes after I plunked my bags down at the curb. Standing in line I marveled at how feminine and friendly Japan felt this year; how soft the air was, how ordinary the scenes all were, as though I were still in my normal reality—and this, in a place where I'd always experienced the epitome of foreignness and isolation.

Japan has, for me, been more powerful than any consciousness-raising seminar. Over the past 19 years, it has worn down my rugged American individualism— perhaps "polished it to a soft shine" is more apt. It has taken me years of being submerged in crowds, in the collective subconscious mind of my clients, in the magical way events and synchronicities materialize without will power, to surrender what I was trained to know about the way reality works. Each time I come, I must give up my habitual reality to discover a different way. I hate and love that Japan continually destroys me, then restores me.

This year my organizers had created a trip to Kurashiki; I would be able to leave the concrete jungle of Tokyo, travel 3.5 hours by shinkansen southwest past Nagoya, Kyoto, and Kobe, to a lovely city near the inland sea north of Shikoku Island. We would have five days of a working vacation in this city that was an ancient center for warehousing rice. This wonderful gift of an experience came directly from the Field; like many other smaller opportunities this year, a thought was planted in someone's head, they took action on it, and it involved me. The only "problem" was that after this excursion, the rest of my monthlong stay in Tokyo was virtually devoid of appointments for intuitive consultations. "We won't worry," my trusty organizer Yoshie said. "Let's enjoy!"

Kurashiki had a decidedly feminine feel; the hills were close and low, the buildings were low, the people were friendly and casual, the pace was slow. Flowers were blooming everywhere, and families had come from all around to celebrate Golden Week, a national holiday, in this historic, scenic place. I felt blessed, and as I worked, the faces of the many people I met slowly changed. I no longer saw them as Japanese, or foreign; I felt they looked like me, or I like them. Something in me was shifting, erasing perceptual barriers, dropping more deeply into the quality of being at home in myself and wherever I was. And so, I began to feel that each day was a day with normal, homey rhythms, that everyone was just going about their business, that nothing was more foreign than anything else. I didn't feel like I was on "the other side of the earth."

After my one-day workshop, one of the men asked if he could take us to a power spot he knew. We hopped in his black Jeep and drove half an hour outside town to a rice field. Out here in the middle of nowhere, was a circle of tall poplar trees creating an island in the middle of a flat agricultural landscape. Inside the circle of trees was a shrine called Iwakura (big rocks where the Gods come down). Here were giant granite boulders piled interestingly atop one another to form a cascade of energy that poured down from the highest boulder to a section below where the rocks had been arranged to form a cave. This place had been manmade 10,000 years ago, the rocks hauled from far-off mountains.

I immediately laid my hands and body against the stones, and they reminded me of the "living stones" at Macchu Picchu and in Egypt. There was conscious presence in the them which drew me like a tractor beam. This place felt like an opening where the goddesses, or megumi, of Japan could emerge from under the island, to communicate with people. As I draped myself over a boulder, absorbing energy, the full moon rose in the east! The moment was stunning—it was an opening, a turning point, a soldering together of tiny disconnections in me. On the surface, this evening seemed merely beautiful, but underneath perhaps being in this place was the reason I'd been alerted to May's significance.

Back in Tokyo, people had been signing up for life readings. Still on my conveyor belt, I proceeded to my next public event, a lecture given with popular spiritual teacher Yakiko Yamakawa. Before we began, she informed me that her guidance that morning had told her that she was to let me do eighty percent of the workshop, and that she was to interview me for the audience. Through her generosity, many people signed up for private appointments. After my next talk, which was small, most of the audience signed up for appointments. And yet, the schedule was still half empty; I was sure I would have to cancel plans and return

home early. But Lisa, my other organizer, kept cheerfully emphasizing that we just keep going a little while longer, and by her positive attitude, reminded me to maintain my "state" at a higher level.

When I enter a trance to do readings in Japan, I have always seen and heard a circle of women sitting on a huge lotus flower deep in the earth directly below me. They are singing and their sublime energy rises into me as I work. The only other place I've felt these "women under the earth" is in New Mexico (see "Being a Medium For HER Voice," [www.intuitnow.com/IV12.htm](http://www.intuitnow.com/IV12.htm)). This year, I felt them actively sourcing me—flowing from the soft air, the magic rocks of Iwakura, and even from the earth below Tokyo's concrete and steel. Their love is so ready to be received. I could see that it is really true everywhere, for all of us, if we're willing to let it in. All we are asked to do is stay connected, have faith, be clear about what we want, and practice this new formula for living in the present moment.

Slowly, surely, day by day, people called to make appointments for life readings, and as my schedule came to an end, all the appointments had miraculously filled! I'd not been allowed the luxury of having the future pinned down, but once again was shown how the unified field, which I think of as the body of the divine Mother, provides exactly what we need.

And to top off the gifts from the goddesses, they threw in another bit of entertainment, another teasing validation. For the first couple months of this year, I was obsessed with John Denver, for some odd reason yet to be revealed, and devoted the last issue of *The Visionary Times* to insights I had about his life ("Almost Heaven: For John Denver," [www.intuitnow.com/IV15.htm](http://www.intuitnow.com/IV15.htm)). After putting the editorial and poem I wrote about him on my website, I was deluged with people asking to use the material on other websites, and with photographs of Denver taken by fans. So, here in Tokyo, fully three—count 'em, three—of my Japanese clients, near the end of their readings, said, "I have a strange question I'm almost embarrassed to ask. I have a special connection with John Denver—you, know—the singer? I talk to him all the time, even though he's dead—and he inspires me. Is he really there? Why am I so connected to him?" I just smiled a broad smile, tipped my hat to the synchronicity fairies, and said, "Let me tell you about John Denver. . ."