

Penney Peirce's Intuition eNews
THE VISIONARY TIMES

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A FORUM FOR PRACTICAL VISIONARIES

INTUITIVE LIFE READINGS AND INTUITIVE MENTORING

(<http://www.intuitnow.com/consult.htm>)

Would you like to align yourself with the best the new year can bring? Get a better sense of how to step into your destiny? Need an update on a previous reading? I'm booking in-person and phone sessions from now through the end of April. I'll help you with everything from clearing emotional snags to career transition to dream interpretation to the copy-writing of brochures!

PENNEY'S UPCOMING ACTIVITIES

(<http://www.intuitnow.com/calendar.htm>)

Feb 21: Talk at Consciousness in Action group of the ASTD at JFK University, Pleasant Hill, CA 10am-noon, Sat Feb 21, free. Contact Diane Fleck, 707/421-9376, dfleck@itswithin.com

Feb 24-27: Life Readings in Nevada City, CA, contact Suzie Daggett at 530/265-9591, sdaggett@pacbell.net

Mar 30: Talk on Intuition and Nursing at Sonoma State University, Santa Rosa, CA. Closed to the public.

May: Penney will be in Japan; contact Lisa Vogt (lisavogt@mac.com) or Yoshie Usuba (usuba@scanet.ne.jp)

INTERESTED IN REINCARNATION?

(<http://www.intuitnow.com/whatsnew/htm>)

The transcript of CHAPTER 6: THE THREE LIVES OF PENNEY PEIRCE AND THE INTUITIVE WAY, from RETURN OF THE REVOLUTIONARIES, by Dr. Walter Semkiw, along with photos, is posted on my website on the What's New? page.

BACK ISSUES OF THE VISIONARY TIMES

(<http://www.intuitnow.com/visionarytimes.htm>)

- > Issue #1, Jan-Feb 2002: "Silence, and Integrating the Impact of 9/11"
- > Issue #2, Mar-May 2002: "Deepening Your Dreamstate"
- > Issue #3, Jun-Jul 2002: "The Use of Uncertainty, Ambiguity, and Disorder"
- > Issue #4, Aug-Dec 2002: "Trusting Your Destiny"
- > Issue #5, Win-Spr 2003: "From Polarization to Paradox"
- > Issue #6, Summer 2003: "Becoming Transparent: Preparing to Live in the Permanent Present Moment"
- > Issue #7, Fall 2003: "Being a Medium for HER Voice"

QUOTES

"It's never too late to be what you might have been."

—George Eliot

"So many of us are afraid of meeting ourselves, alone, without distraction. We have been taught to fashion an image of who we think we are supposed to be and show that to the world. Through fear of knowing who we really are we sidestep our own destiny, which leaves us hungry in a famine of our own making....we end up living numb, passionless lives, disconnected from our soul's true purpose. But when you have the courage to shape your life from the essence of who you are, you ignite, becoming truly alive."

—Dawna Markova

INNERVIEWS EDITORIAL

"Almost Heaven"

Commentary by Penney Peirce

There is a mysterious force inside us that directs the flow of our attention. Perhaps it's our soul, perhaps it's the Holy Spirit—the teaching and revealing function of the divine. It causes me to notice a particular sequence of events and have a specific sequence of insights in a day, while you notice an entirely different sequence; thus our realities can be incredibly varied and multitudinous. I'm always in awe when this force causes me to respond to ordinary circumstances in nonordinary ways, and I've learned to trust how it can suddenly turn certain mundane experiences into spiritual teachings. Or how it can keep a theme in the forefront of my attention for a long time, as if to say, "You haven't quite gotten it all yet; look some more."

So it was that I was visiting family in Denver at Christmastime, somewhat dulled from a difficult year, when an ordinary event turned high-gloss. My brother-in-law got tickets for us to see *Almost Heaven*, the relatively new musical about John Denver's life. Ahhh, yes—John Denver. I'd seen him in concert twice, listened to his music in my early years, and always been moved by his voice. And yet, a musical about him? It seemed slightly silly, almost anachronistic, and a weird thing to do at the holidays. Interesting, but weird.

We took our seats, me sitting next to my teenage, heavy metal-loving niece, and the lights went down. Six talented singers, one taking the role as Denver, and six musicians, began weaving Denver's songs together with a narrative of his life, while slides filled a giant screen behind them. There were no pictures of the man, just stunning images of what had been happening in the world during the years he wrote his songs. The sound and images brought a flood of memory about the very real, and very emotional, issues I too had been concerned about in those days, and how much I had cared about so many things that have fallen by the wayside in ensuing years. Before I knew it, I was crying quietly, hoping my niece wouldn't notice her wimpy aunt losing it over a musician nobody in her generation had ever heard of. As song after song was sung, new reserves of tears were tapped, and water literally poured from my eyes. I could not stop it. At intermission, my family appeared quite concerned. I regained my composure, only to fall back into the same release process in the second act.

In the music I heard for the first time how John Denver had truly captured the sound of the goodness, the noble yet earthy qualities in the American soul, much as *Oklahoma!* and *Appalachian Spring* do. And I realized that the sound in so many of his songs marks the path of the recumbent soul who has waited

patiently in the dark body for lifetimes as it finally rises up and seeks to take over the whole of life; seeks that stretch into full activation. As I listened and let myself be affected, my own soul seemed to be saying to me, "When did you forget about your passion? How did you become partially hypnotized by the world's semiconsciousness? How long has it been since you pushed the envelope?"

Denver's life had been one of perpetual exploration and seeking, in spite of what pained him. He certainly stumbled morally and showed us his inner chaos, yet his drive was consistently for heart and more heart. His mind soared yet he grounded his ideas in real action. He did more for the world's hunger problem than almost anyone else and yet, ironically, he was left out of the great gathering of musicians for the "We Are the World" recording session. In just thirty short years he made an indelibly positive mark worldwide, yet he is oddly undervalued and not much remembered in today's shallow celebrity scene. It hadn't occurred to me that as Woodstock exploded on the scene and rock stars like Hendrix and Joplin became idols, John Denver did not allow himself to be coopted; he maintained his integrity, his authenticity, and "kept walking," eventually to reemerge and become a phenomenon himself.

There are lessons for all of us in the way one human being lives a life. I have not been able to stop thinking about what Denver's life and death mean to me since that day my inner Teacher sat me down in that theatre seat and opened my ears. If Denver could maintain his idealism and work practically for what he believed in, involving so many others, so can I in my own way. If he could maintain his connection to his deep artistic reservoir, so can I. If he could pick himself up from loss and sadness, from embarrassment and self-recrimination, so can I. The way John Denver lived his life is a gift to us all—as wonderful a legacy as the music he left us. It's so reassuring to have it modeled in the clay of reality: that you can follow your own dream and see it to fruition when no one else believes in you, that you can have the human foibles that make us all real and at the same time embody a noble message, and that you can accomplish seemingly superhuman feats in a relatively short lifespan.

But there is something in the form of John Denver's death that also pierces me. From the concert program I learned that, besides being a pilot, Denver had qualified to be an astronaut and was slated to go into space on the Challenger, when at the last minute, Christa McAuliffe replaced him on the team. He would have exploded into space over the Atlantic, but for some reason he stayed on a few more years and went out in a less dramatic aerial accident over Monterey Bay. Was part of his life's purpose and impact to die in a way that symbolized his "Rocky Mountain High-Looking for Space-Leaving on a Jet Plane" message?

In his song, *Flying For Me*, written after the Challenger disaster, he says: "As you probably know by now, I was one who wanted to fly. I wanted to ride on that arrow of fire right up into heaven. . . I wanted to carry the dreams of all people right up to the stars. . . I prayed I'd find an answer there, or maybe I'd find the song, giving a voice to all the hearts that cannot be heard. And for all the ones who live in fear, and all those who stand apart—my being there would bring us a little step closer together. They were flying for me. They were flying for everyone. They were trying to see a brighter day for each and every one. They gave us their lives, they gave us their spirit, and all they could be. They were flying for me. And I wanted to wish on the Milky Way and dance upon a falling star. I wanted to give myself, and free myself, and join myself with it all. Given a chance to dream, it can be done. The promise of tomorrow is real. Children of Spaceship Earth, the future belongs to us all. She was flying for me, she was flying for everyone. She was trying to see a brighter day for each and every one. She gave us her life, She gave us her spirit and all she could be. She was flying for me, they were flying for me. They were flying for everyone."

As I listen to this song, I can feel the excruciating emotions Denver must have had then, and I can remember seeing that rocket explode live on television, feeling the lives that had just vaporized. I can feel, too, the moment I heard of Denver's early death at 53 in his experimental plane. My heart contracted, much as it had when John Lennon died. A force for good had left the world and I could feel the void of what wouldn't be created in those years he might have lived. And yet, maybe some souls design their lives so their deaths drive home the meaning and energetic reality they embodied.

It intrigues me how often people know somewhere deep within that they won't have many years on earth. It probably motivates them to do as much as they can and be as real as they can. In an early song, Denver wrote, "I've been lately thinking about my life's time, all the things I've done and how it's been. And I can't help believing in my own mind, I know I'm going to hate to see it end." Later, in *On the Wings of a Dream*, he wrote: "Yesterday I had a dream about dying, about laying to rest and then flying, how the moment at hand is the only thing we really own. And I lay in my bed and I wonder, after all has been said and is done for, 'Why is it thus we are here and so soon we are gone?' . . . There are those who will lead us, protect us each step of the way from beginning to end. For each moment, forever each day, such a gift has been given; it can never be taken away. Though the body in passing must leave us, there is one who remains to receive us. There are those in this life who are friends from our heavenly home. So I listen to the voices inside me, for I know they are there just to guide me, and my faith will proclaim it is so. We are never alone. From the life to the light, from the dark of the night to the dawn, He is so in my heart. He is here, He could never be gone. Though the singer is silent, there still is the truth of the song in the song."

If I were going to die young, I wonder, what would I be more motivated to do? And if I am going to live to be 100, what am I truly motivated to do? There is something in this contemplation that makes me realize it's not how many years we have on earth, but how fully we embody each moment with soul force. As Denver realized, "it's the only thing we really own." There is something here too about there being perhaps as much power in our deaths—as learning experiences for both ourselves and others—as in our lives.

So, my friends think I'm crazy-obsessed, running on about John Denver for a month and a half! But by allowing myself the plunge, and by feeling what he felt, empathically imagining what it is to live a life like his, I have reminded myself of my own life purpose and destiny, of what might be possible for me to accomplish. I have contemplated new paths of action, and somehow amidst the music I've been listening to, I have reclaimed my passion and awakened from my hypnosis. Perhaps this is a long-forgotten practice, to periodically slide inside the skin of a noble life lived by a highly intentional soul, to remember what one person can do when love replaces fear. Then to ask oneself the real questions: How am I doing on these things I hold as admirable?

Just as the Native American plains tribes stay fully present and in their power by saying, "Today is a good day to die," so I remind myself that here is one other flesh and blood person who really went for it, encompassed a large part of what the heart can do, and was successful. And what better motive for stepping into our destinies, to do what we are "built for," than to imagine that someday, after we're gone, someone we never knew may see the way we lived our life, and be moved to slide into our reality for a moment, or a month, to remember their own dream?

FOR JOHN DENVER

I miss him, my kindred soul
 that space man mountain man tree man snow man ocean man
 the man I never knew, but knew
 I sat with him only twice, in the dark
 and he couldn't see me there
 I heard him in my heart
 his voice made the sound of my soul
 and I cried and rode along the notes with him
 kept him company
 lifted off with him gladly
 his voice a rocket
 his path to self, like mine,
 was pioneering and led through audiences
 to lonely moments that suddenly fill with God
 his questions were like mine
 his solace too
 and I know so well the pressure
 he kept on the walls of the known world
 it's the pressure of those who remember
 the diamond light
 and won't pretend opacity is real

in so few years he made a magical mark
 on the world, the whole world
 wove simplicity with daring
 a generous heart with real action
 brought the dream back
 and when eclipsed by others, he stayed true
 and followed the muse
 and followed the muse
 and followed the muse
 to the final surrender in the west
 into the sky again on a fine day
 and on that last day
 over the sparkling bay
 she showed him the joke
 that heaven isn't high
 in fact it's not far at all
 when you just fall in
 but I miss him
 a diamond man in the earth
 is so rare

JOURNAL PROMPT

Write about the times you've been courageous and proud of yourself. When did you expand beyond what you knew? When has your passion been most alive? What does your body feel like when you're in your passion?

EXCERPT FROM *The Present Moment: A Daybook Of Clarity and Intuition*

I welcome the unknown.

Notice what surprises you today, what you're forced to let go of, or what causes you to stretch out for a new understanding. The unknown is really just the bigger you beckoning.

I have left my wallet at a pay phone and now it is gone, along with my official identity. Two weeks ago I went through the airport security scanner and erased the data on an important floppy disk in my purse. Why do I trip myself up like this? I become quiet and feel down deeply into what is going on. There is an "I" in here who knows what She's doing, who is trying to wake up the semi-hypnotised daily me, to educate me, shift my purpose or direction, give me a reward perhaps. As I fall into this deeper self, I realize how much I've been skimming across the surface of life, what a tiny percentage of my perception I've been using—and how bored I actually am. How important was my official identity? Who am I when I'm not being her? How important was that data anyway? Information comes and goes and comes and goes. I'm more than my information. What's important—truly? What do I long for?

My longing is for a kind of forgetfulness and memory that occur at the same time, that I release into fully and faithfully, like falling into a cloud. It is a desire for God, unity, the Home experience, total connection, that warm pool that saturates into you as you sink into it, until there's no more you, or everything is you, and there's no contrast left. It's right here; I don't have to go anywhere to get it—the place of falling in is with me now. I can always fall in. When I do, something catches me and I spread out and become everything. So my longing is for the fullest experience of falling into what I have right now—not to achieve a future goal, but for a loss of separation.

And yet, I'm still interested in this experiment of maintaining the individual "I" and discovering what an "I" can do. I'm not tired yet. Only God knows when to bring me back, and until that happens I won't protest about the so-called losses. The unknown is only the first glimpse of a new known.

VISIONARIES CORNER

"I, standing twenty miles off, see a crimson cloud in the horizon. You tell me it is a mass of vapor which absorbs all other rays and reflects the red, but that is nothing to the purpose, for this red vision excites me, stirs my blood, makes my thoughts flow, and I have new and indescribable fancies, and you have not touched the secret of that influence. If there is not something mystical in your explanation, something unexplainable to the understanding, some elements of mystery, it is quite insufficient. If there is nothing in it which speaks to my imagination, what boots it?"

—Henry David Thoreau, 1851

"Now as I get to know myself better, and find the courage to be who I am and not some other, I approach everything in my life differently. If you're afraid of who you are, you continually deny the expression of your experience."

"For a long time, my greatest fear was that I'd do something that would negate the impact of my music in people's lives. . . I didn't want anyone to know that there was someplace where I was being dishonest with myself, and by extension with the world out there—where I could get caught and risk having my music rejected because of it. . . .but I don't think the music is my life. I think my life is something more than

that. . . I've learned to step back from all the hoopla, to get back to myself. That means sitting down and finding out what resources I really have available; it means being realistic about what I can't do, and how I want to spend the rest of my life. Doing this only depends for me the sense that there's a whole lot here that I seem to have completely lost touch with and about that I'm really sad."

"It's getting cold, a voice inside me says; and it's only going to get colder. At such times a big part of me surfaces that would rather go fishing, that would find it easier to close myself off from the difficulties around me. Maybe I'm not the person I thought I was. What's more important than my life and how I choose to live it, how I choose to give it?"

"I'm not home yet, but I'm getting there."

—John Denver, *Take Me Home: An Autobiography*
written at age 50

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