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Wake up, wake up! The ink hasn't dried.
The story of you/me/them/us
echoes in the pages, in the folds
of what we don't say
and what we choose to hear.

The myth we've called our own,
But a memory sings us back
calls us home
to a place
we recognize
when we're not trying to impress,
when we're not trying to expose, when
we're not trying to believe
in a fairy tale
whispered in our ears
before we fell asleep.

Wake up, wake up! The ink hasn't dried.

-----Irisanya

I recently came across this poem and was so inspired by what it conjured up inside of me, I decide to write this month's column surrounding these concepts. The concept of limitless possibility, of the notion of "story" - that we are once told and for whatever reason chose to believe, the idea of returning to our true selves - that which feels so real and true and loving, wondering where we have been all this time. And finally, the idea that our "story" can be changed at anytime - as soon as we wake up to the realization that the story we're living is no longer true...for us...anymore.

Life is a limitless journey. The idea that there is only one way to live, one way to be successful, one tool with which to measure our success, one path for all people, is really narrow minded and lacking in true and abundant imagination. It is this very notion that creates separation, division, anxiety and war. The idea that anyone would have superiority over another

because they believe so faithfully in one path, and in order to support this decision they need others to affirm and even join them, to make them "right" because if they are not, that means maybe they are wrong and that is just too unbearable to even decipher, is living a life based on fear and lack and ignorance, or maybe innocence. I am all for faith based practices. I am all for your right to choose what is right for you. What I am not for is intolerance, and judgement that leads to hatred. These concepts do not live inside of me and, although I haven't been completely immune to them over the course of my life, I have grown to see (and choose to believe) that life is much bigger than all of this - in true love there are not limits, in true potential there is no lack, in our true essence we are all one.

Our "story" begins even before we are born but that doesn't mean it is always a good fit, and it certainly doesn't mean it is a closed book. Our story encompasses our past - our ancestors and their beliefs, it encompasses evolution - what is going on in the world around us and all that has changed in our short lifetime, and it encompasses our hopes and dreams and beliefs and tenacity, and our ability to envision a world other than the one that feels out of date, a size too small, a road too narrow. Our story is made up of all of this and inherent within it is our right to choose a new path, to design a story of our own making. Recall the story of a young man in an African village whose "story" is supposedly written until he discovers that he loves to run and becomes a great athlete, a marathon runner, and

wins races all over the world! Or a boy in Turkey born with no eyes who becomes a great and prolific artist! Or a youth orchestra in Paraguay where all their instruments are made out of trash! (about which a documentary film is soon to be released called "Landfill Harmonic"). There are countless stories like these

that "should" never have happened....if it weren't for people's ability to rise above their circumstances and envision other possibilities.

And then there is the process of waking up, allowing ourselves to know and to honor the truth and beauty that lies within us. We have such grand potential

and I wish from inception we were all taught about our magnificence rather than reminded of our limitations. Our stories are way too small, our fear of realizing our potential way too great. But, it is never too late to rewrite our stories.....because the ink hasn't dried.....just yet.

SPIRIT, MIND & BODY

Your Story is Not Over, The Ink Hasn't Dried

by Pam Bell

The Sweet Death La Dolce Morte a novel

by James Ellison Wills

One final choice, accidental love, on a one-way cruise.

Local Sonoma Author

TheSweetDeath.com
or on Amazon