

Myself.

I have always felt that the mental, emotional, physical, and sexual abuse that was heaped upon me as a child rendered me inferior to others. The abuse perpetrated on me became my shame. Unable to shed that shame, I have been hiding my damaged self while showing the parts I changed in an effort to become acceptable.

As I meditated a week ago, I noticed two spirits standing in the room. I greeted them and was happy to see it was two men I had known thirty years ago. Lewis was the founder and leader of The Church of Divine Man, and Michael was his near equal. I had become close with both men and after becoming a Reverend in their church and knowing them for three years, I had gone my own way. I continued my daily meditations and used the tools I had learned in their church. It was apparent that they were visiting for a reason, and since I still trusted them implicitly, I surrendered to their care. After several healings over several days by both men, I asked them if I could see myself, which set off this experience.

As I climb out of the valley I've lived in, called home, and into the new valley of my shameless self, I begin to prepare myself again because I stubbornly believe I'm not good enough. This time, however, I no longer care what my inner dissenter says, and as I walk, I cease all preparation and walk forward, finally certain I'm good enough.

I know now that being who I am will create the right environment to attract like-minded people.

As birds of a species flock together, I understand that like is drawn to like.

Knowing I was about to see myself for the first time took my breath away. Even the hairs on my arms were standing up straight. On my first visit, I became too apprehensive as I saw myself from afar, so I asked my spirit guides if I could return tomorrow, which they granted. The second time, I went further than the first, but still not all that far, as my breathing became

labored, and I was fearful I might die a physical death. On my third visit, I greeted myself without fear or apprehension. The scene was similar to when I had looked up at a clear night sky from atop a remote mountain, but the difference was that I was not looking up; now, I was inside, looking around.

The journey for me, the unprepared self, to meet my true self also revealed my past lives, including the sounds, smells, and sights from as far back as centuries ago. My heart beat loudly as I found myself within the galaxy of my existence. I see pictures of my past lives and notice there are many past lives to view. My current life and some past lives are distinct, while other images are faded and in pastel colors or hues. Everything is extraordinarily beautiful and physical, and the feeling of belonging is unavoidable. I want to reach out and touch my past, but I know I'm only seeing my tiny slice of the Akashic records presented for me to view as three-dimensional pictures of my past. Lewis and Michael are truly experienced, caring spirits.

Viewing my past lives gives me context and a historical view of my life and time as a spirit. A farmer, writer, priest, ergokinesis practitioner, healer, and so many more seemingly disparate lives until viewed as a whole.

I'm here, inside me, and to my astonishment, this is all me. There's so much; it's all interconnected, yet things are calm. My many lives are part of, and in tune with, a divine presence and purpose.

The threads from past-life friendships to the threads of present-time have created my very own galaxy of friends and spirits. I notice the energy cords connecting me to all the essential souls I have ever known, yet the cords binding me to everything seem hopelessly entangled. The context of our interconnectedness remains in tune with a power that controls without force.

What hasn't been said will be left unsaid until a not-so-distant future. I will be going on further trips into the galaxy of myself.

Written by Peter Skeels © 4-27-2024