



The Still, Voice Small

Judith Pennington

THE END OF FEAR

In spring and summer I am reminded of the cycles of life, the soul's immortality and how light illuminates the human heart to bring about our blossoming. Neither rain nor storm, drought nor lack of care can prevent love's flowering, for even death yields the seeds of rebirth.

With the myth of death debunked by nature, we can be happy, free and aware that we are not alone, that love is everywhere. Instead, we obsess on fear which, being afraid, hides like the little coward it is and claims to protect us from evil.

Despite our addiction to fear (seen in horror, action and tragedy films), the only real thing to fear is F.E.A.R., identified as False Evidence Appearing Real. As we move into a new vibration of love, it is time for fear to begone. Not by expecting it to crawl out from under the bed or attacking it with a war cry, but by shining light upon it and watching it disappear.

By nurturing the light within us, we cast fear out of every place it grows: the places that are empty of love.

While real fear protects us from danger, it is senseless fear that drives us to competition and conflict. We know deep down that love is unlimited, that there is more than enough for everyone. Yet we allow the specter of fear to shackle us to delusion and suffering.

We can let fear keep us captive, or raise the torch of love and be free, as I discovered in the summer of 1995, while visiting the light-filled Findhorn community in Scotland.

It is a place where darkness flees of its own accord, and so it fled from me as I came face to face with unresolved anger and sorrow from my past. At day's end, I stumbled up a low mountain, wept until empty, and entered a peaceful meditation in which Light emptied my pain and I became more than I'd been before.

It was an hour or two later when I reawakened to a dark, moonless night and the cold, windy stirrings of a storm. No one knew where I was, so fear rose in the blackness as I groped blindly for a path down the hill, at times sliding precariously

close to a rocky edge that dropped hundreds of feet to the ground.

Finally I stood still, closed my eyes and grew quiet. I was standing in a vortex of spiritual energy, a "power point," claimed the community, so I asked for help from the Angel of Findhorn. I didn't believe in angels at the time, even when perceived

as an "energetic pattern of love," yet I opened my eyes to an amazing sight. Just above the ground hovered a soft green vapor tracing several paths down the hill.

I followed one of them back to the lodge and went to bed astonished by what had happened. No matter how I tried to explain it away, I could not. Nor could anyone else.

I've tuned in to the sparkling guidance of love many times since then and now understand that when I open my mind to it, it's always there. Sometimes my logical mind turns a deaf ear to my intuitive heart, and fear gets in the driver's seat. But eventually, I find my Self in meditation and surrender again to love. I know that when real danger is present, I will be shown the way home.

Life comes so much easier when we trust in it and view all events as challenges meant "to thicken the plot," as the Indian poet Ghalib put it. In surrendering fear to love, we step out of duality and "make the two one," said Jesus. When we see with the "single eye of truth," our bodies may be filled with light.

When we are centered in this light, other people's fears cannot control or dominate us. Neither priests nor politicians can drive us to inner or outer conflict and war, since we can see what is true and what is not. Our inner light, like a beacon, shines inwardly and beyond us.

In the fertile warmth of summer, may you spend lots of time in nature. What will spring forth from the heart of your soul is inner peace, joy, freedom and the end of all fear.

*(Judith Pennington is a writer, coast-to-coast teacher and author of "The Voice of the Soul," a personal journey into healing and transformation. Visit her website, EagleLife.com, to listen to a musical guided meditation, read articles related to this one, and sign up for her free e-newsletter and magazine, *The Still, Small Voice and OneWorldSpirit*.)*