



The Still, Voice Small

Judith Pennington

THE TRANSFORMING POWER OF LOVE

Like many kids in the 1950s, I grew up reading “whodunits” and watching “Inner Sanctum,” a TV show that opened a creaking door to a maniacal question about humanity: “Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?” It doesn’t seem likely that this would teach anyone to blame, but in learning to search for “the culprit,” and, later on, as a free-lance journalist fixated on “why,” I did become a blaming person, both of myself and others and to this day suffer this lingering tendency.

I know a few people who are not blamers, so it doesn’t have to be this way. Author Jack Kornfield tells the story of the Babemba tribe of South Africa. When a Babemba behaves offensively, he or she is placed in the center of the village and everyone gathers ‘round. Each person speaks to the offender, detailing good things done in the past and carefully reciting positive attributes, strengths and kindnesses. The ceremony often lasts for days, and at the end, a joyful celebration takes place and the person is welcomed back into the tribe.

Being shown our higher nature reconnects us with it, doesn’t it, and keeps everyone loving and forgiving. What a wonderful way to live! Yet how many of us do so?

I remember how I blamed God, Jesus and religion for the evils of the world and how this seething hatred polluted my life. Even after my wise, loving soul convinced me of the goodness of Spirit, I was still spitting mad at fundamentalist religions that were giving *my* God a bad name!

Providentially, truth is eternal and, like a magnet, returns again and again until we are ready and able to perceive and plumb the depths of it—without anger, judgment or blame.

For me, blame is the deadliest sin, because it’s such an ingrained habit and is so pervasive in our culture. Buddhist mindfulness is helping me curb this tendency and consciously make choices: I can cast blame and suffer separation from myself and others, or I can recall that only by walking in someone else’s shoes can I know how they felt and why they did what they did. This is an easy choice to make, as I know that the past is over—if we recognize and release its hold on us.

In the summer of 1999, I was able to experience the joy of releasing blame. While living alone for two months to write a book, I spent all my time in prayer, meditation and reflection, and slowly became aware that now I was blaming Jesus for the world’s separation from the God-self within. During a retreat on

Iona, a beautiful, ancient Scottish isle that was the seat of Celtic Christianity, I asked to be rid of this burden of blame.

Shortly after, during a solar eclipse that stirred a mystical healing, I liberated my old angers and intolerance, forgave myself and others, and shed my ego’s protective need to be separate. The voice of my soul erased all of my rage by softly repeating, until I heard, “*It doesn’t matter how we get to God, only that we do.*” Precisely when my blame vanished, my spirit soared into the transcendence of true enlightenment, loving openly and

without reservation as God loves us: with honor and respect for each soul’s journey and the personal freedom of choice that we must have in order to learn.

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This blissful sense of oneness, free of judgment and separation, was the most beautiful experience of my life. It lasted for three days of perfect, joyous peace and still calls me to build with the tools of conscious evolution: the guidance in dreams, signs and symbols, synchronicity, and most importantly, the true teachings of Jesus as shown in the Gospel of Thomas: direct revelation in the light-filled kingdom of God within us, where we are *all* children of a living God.

In workshops on releasing the past, I ask people to write down the most hurtful events in their lives and then list the good things that came out of each. Energy flows where attention goes, so without fail, perceiving every cloud’s silver lining converts anger and blame into open-hearted forgiveness and acceptance. We can do this each day, like the Babembas, walking step by step toward our joy and illumination.

Stepping out in good faith is the beginning of our reconnection with others, for it is the suspicion of inadequacy, fault and evil which holds us apart from one another. Each hand, each heart brought closer to another soul creates a world of beauty and peace, for us and for the generations to come.

(Judith Pennington is a writer, teacher and author of “The Voice of the Soul,” a journey into transformation and enlightenment. 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 or subscription e-zine, OneWorld.)