

Barb's Story

During the venus transit I had a dream. A powerful masculine figure was selecting women according to their blood. He looked at me and chose me. I could feel his power and I was about to ask myself whether to allow him to perform a ritual with me or not, when in "real" life, my beloved partner woke me up with an "I love you", pushing me out of the dream world.

Immediately after this enigmatic dream that I couldn't interpret with certainty, my menstruation disappeared for 3 months. I felt it had to do with my femininity and my creativity and for weeks and weeks I explored my inner depths to find what was blocking my creative life ...I found lots of fears of being judged, not accepted. I heard perfectionist voices telling me my ideas were good but I wasn't good for breathing them life and fire.

In my path I tend to receive help in the shape of books that I intuitively pick in the appropriate time and during this summer, I connected through reading Demetra George, with the Dark Goddess, the Dark phase of the Moon, that which is responsible of death and...and...rebirth... She drove me deep inside my underworld, my unconscious mind and although I thought I was trying to find keys to resolve my creative blockage, in fact, the search was much more deeper than that and it finally led me to where it had to lead me, by fate: to realize that in my shadow, in my unconscious world I had locked almost entirely my feminine nature. Yes.....me too ...

The dream with the powerful male figure choosing a woman to perform a ritual because of her blood, her vital force kept coming up to mind and I tried and tried to analyze it, but no interpretation seemed to satisfy me...I was missing the point somewhere along the line...

As a result, I missed part of the understanding and I thought I was travelling the Underworld enacting only a simple version of the myth of Demeter and Persephone. This time, I was Persephone being captured by Hades in the underworld in order to explore its depths. I had to understand fully, from my bones and not intellectually how another time works, the lunar and feminine time, not the solar and Cronos-like one. It seemed as if I had to realize and accept the fact of the rhythms of nature as rhythms of my own life including precisely, the Death period. The time when nothing grows and all seems dead and asleep, is the time when the creative forces are in their highest potentialities but need the help and hand of our inner Persephone to uncover their secret gifts, golden eggs and pearls of creativity, real pregnancies that will grow for summer time if we allow this time of the year and our rhythm to be a self-nurturing time...I realized how much I was afraid of Death since my own mother died when I was 9 years old and how much efforts I did to swim against nature, against the river's stream by fighting death in all its forms. I realize my rejection of death was making me cut the rhythm of my inner cycles and by skipping death I was not allowing rebirth and renewal to take place. I was thus, locking the Old Wise Woman in my unconscious, cutting my link with the most wisest part of my own nature.

I was very happy with my discoveries and my period auspiciously returned in september. Lots of blood I must say! I felt perhaps the Venus transit had requested from me to review my feminine side to realign it. I thought it was all over when in a trip to visit my father, I had the biggest pain I ever felt in my ovaries and uterus and I could hardly grab a taxi and go to the hospital. Alone, in the Urgency area, I felt terrible pain. I realized I was alone in life and would always be alone and if I didnt love myself no one would do it for me. The doctors were running here and there and chatting about their next friday night party, ignoring all the screams and pains of their patients in the urgency departement. I didnt blame them I felt I had to develop inside myself the caretaker, the protector of my own body. I felt an immense love for myself, perhaps for the first time in my life and I comitted myself to BE WITH MY BODY and my whole being in times of suffering. (This was only the begining of a thread of realizations about the body and the way I had conceived it and treat it).

45 minutes later, a ginecologist came to see me and as he made me sit in that wierd chair and open my legs, I expelled a huge coagulation of blood and white tissues. All would be analyzed and two weeks later, the results were shocking: I had been unconsciously pregnant and I had aborted aswell, unconsciously.!!!!! This left me in a state of shock. Although there were no signs of foetus or baby, there were tissues that only grow inside a woman when she is pregnant and the coagulation I expelled was a sort of abortion where I expelled tissues and cells that are typical of a pregnancy...but there was no foetus nor baby there...

I felt wierd. My body was doing things that I couldnt control...I was totally unaware of this process and this revealed how little I am connected to my body...

At home, at my father's place...I felt once more like a stranger...I felt juged and misunderstood by his second family and himself. At the dinner table, celebrating his 75th birthday, I heard all sorts of criticisms and jugements about everything in life. I was shocked at all the negativity being thrown at our empty dishes just before eating the meal and also those vibes. I didn't feel at home and I felt my choices in life in those of my father had driven us very much away from each other...

Back to my own home, I continued this process. As in a synchrony, my awakening to the fact that I had a real problem of communication with my body came along with other realizations and together they formed an immense puzzle that I was somehow forming from unconscious materials in order to bring light to them and let them go, emptying myself from the old patterns of unconscious behaviors and beliefs...before I could move on to the next part of my life.

For the last months and perhaps even the last years, I kept on going back in time, to my childhood to understand some things, but I didnt manage to understand properly the dynamics until ten days ago when I decided I was too tired trying to understand my inner mind or psyche and I gave up. I trully gave

up all the effort in trying to understand. Immediately after, as if I had dispelled a curse, the understanding came by itself, gently and softly without effort...the realization was inside my personal mythological story and here it is briefly:

My mother's mother died in a car accident when my mom was 3 years old. Although she always lied telling us that her father died too in the car crash, that wasn't true. She was hiding a big wound there: her father didn't want to, or couldn't or didn't feel prepared to take care of a little girl like her and he handed her to an aunt, Dulcy with whom she grew up in Australia. My mother had two older brothers, perhaps already independent so she must have felt abandoned by her father, and also, probably, she must have felt that being a girl, a woman, was the cause of her father's abandonment. Later on in life my mother left Australia and travelled and established herself in Europe. She had troubles with men. She was beautiful and men would try to abuse her in the streets and she didn't defend herself. She allowed the abuse to happen as if she didn't have an inner male protective figure. She also had constant moments of deep sadness and she used to cry a lot without telling us what was the cause of her pain... When she married my father, he became God to her. He was everything for her and she soon dismissed her own life for the sake of following my father's dreams.

When my mother got pregnant of me, she wrote letters to him who was then travelling abroad for work. She spoke of me as being a boy, She was so convinced I was a man, that she had a crisis when she gave birth to a girl. She fainted and cried. Today I guess she unconsciously preferred a boy because she felt that being a boy, the baby would not have been abandoned by Daddy as she had been.

I grew up absorbing all these vibes and feeling somehow bad for being a woman. At home, I saw my mother reacting so strongly at my father, as if he was the God Sun and she was a tiny nothing compared to him, that probably I unconsciously inherit her ideas of not being worth and I projected as well onto my Dad, those Godlike ideas. I adopted him as my GOD and I became a sort of Father's daughter. I looked down at my mother's weakness and I hated her ways of not defending herself if a man abused her or tried to. I felt it was better to be like a boy, like my dad.

In 1977, just when the planet of the wounded healer, Chiron was discovered, and when I was nine years old, my mother died by a devastating cancer, a cancer in the eye, the neck the brain that soon turned into a general metastasis. I've always asked myself why...why did she die. Today I think perhaps she betrayed somehow her nature, and her soul languished.

As a result of her death, I blocked my feminine side. I hated women because my mother had abandoned me, therefore I couldn't trust them. My name is Barbara like my mother. I hated this name. I turned once more at my Dad, as THE source of security and love. He was also in shock and as a result he cut off his emotional side. Perhaps his was cut long ago, in his own childhood since he grew up in the middle of II World War and the Spanish civil war and his parents were not very nurturing. In those days being an emotional

kid probably was not the best bet so he focussed rather on his active masculine side, independent and self assertive.

As a result of this, in a way I lived what the Jungian analysts call the Athena myth, the daughter's father and the first part of my life, I copied my father in his dreams and aspirations and I became a journalist, went to the first Gulf war, and was very actively involved in what I thought was MY vocation, my career, my dream...All this soon vanished and in 1992, I fell under a big depression and I almost committed suicide. I had an over-inflated ego and life was in charge of giving me my first big lessons: life's not like daddy said!!!!!!! The hard days came and I had to restart in my profession from the lower positions which was hard for someone who started in the highest one. Little by little I felt as if all of what I thought were my dreams were vanishing almost impossible to obtain and I ended up in the worst possible work: On a television gossip show. I hated gossip but I spent there 5 years because I needed money to pay my bills and debts.

In 2000 I had my spiritual awakening process and I started a process of self reflection and introspection working on all these things until today, when I have realized that me too, I had sent my feminine nature to the dark room of the mind, betraying my mother and following her own self betrayal. I have also realized that I have been truly disconnected from my body since childhood. As a result of finding out that my mother preferred a boy, I probably decided that this vessel, this physical body was no good for my soul to enter it, and thus, I remained partially ungrounded on earth. I had feelings of not belonging to a family, a society, a culture and felt as if I was carrying the heavy weight of the meaning of the name Barbara: The Stranger.

Even today I don't do sports I hardly move my body in a mixture of laziness and perhaps woundedness...I now realize that all the pain I had when my mother died and I hardly expressed, it all went to my body, somatized...my body now is extremely sensitive to pain...it hurts just with nothing...perhaps a sign that it had enough of receiving the wounds that mind and spirit couldn't handle...I felt like Marion Woodman in her chapter 7, of the Pregnant Virgin when in India, in an out of body experience, she has the chance to abandon her body in the floor full of excrements and dirt or go back into the body and take care of it. It's a poignant description on how a woman discovers she has been betraying her body all her life...like me...

And now? well...now it's unknown and uncharted territory for me....I don't know how will I claim my own feminine side. Perhaps I will have to work on my mother's shadow too...her own wounds and fears and then I can perhaps, recreate what my feminine nature looks like, feels like...but perhaps it's best to let things unfold by themselves, spontaneously and keep in the heart this enormous gift of awareness and understanding that all these wounds have brought me...

Ah...I almost forget. The dream. Today, I feel the dream meant that my inner male wanted to marry in a sacred marriage my inner feminine but unconscious reasons that needed to pop up to the surface to be

acknowledged didnt allow this mystic union and thus, the result was a miscarriage, a pregnancy followed by an abortion. It was not time yet...lately my dreams are showing much more balanced masculine and feminine figures. One of the dreams showed me escaping from a prison, in others, I said to myself it was time to put my pearls on, the pearls being my feminine nature or soul nature. In another dream I was an arab woman but I could feel the power in my eyes, a firy power and light coming through and feeling powerful and grounded in my being, some men tried to push me towards them but I remain centered unshakable...

I know this is just one more layer of the onion and that there is more much more to realize and understand in the spiral mouvement towards consciousness...

Love
Barbara