

**MIND BODY, SPIRIT.
AN ENCOUNTER WITH GOD**

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Mind

It comes to my thought in these first lines something that I wrote about the communication that should exist in terms of experiences: “The greatest wealth that you can share is your experience”.

I feel inside me that sharing something of myself can be useful and help in the same way women and men, because it is an irrefutable fact that the process of life affects everyone for good as well as for bad.

Searching inside myself I found that for me the words: sin and religion, went hand in hand; then, I asked to myself, what is their connection? Where does one start and where does the other? Can one survive without the other? For a long time, my religion was catholic and I took the same path followed by a lot of people: going to mass, praying, taking the communion and learning that sin is sometimes punished with terrible horrors.

For me it was like that. Since I was a little girl I went to church with my paternal grandmother, she took me along with my siblings on Sunday mornings; for women, it was obligatory to enter church with the head covered, otherwise would have been – in that time – seen with disapproval. I remember the small handkerchiefs – sometimes made out of paper – that the grandmother took out to cover our heads, at the same time that she would put on her unmistakable

black shawl, although sometimes she would wear the gray one.

The visits to the temple that most impressed me were the occasions when they took us to offer flowers, an indispensable requirement for all the girls who wanted to be blessed by the Virgin, it was exciting for me to place them before the altar; they would put us a scapular, symbol of adoration and commitment before God to be good, and of the assurance that we were doing the right thing, giving a service to Church.

I received the sacrament of baptism and of confirmation, I have always had very clear who was my godfather of baptism and the one of confirmation. In time, I also celebrated my first communion, reaffirming that way my conviction (in those times I could not say if everything that we did was done out of conviction or out of commitment).

As for all the children, the first days in kindergarten seemed weird to me, as well as the beginning of primary school, since because it was a private and religious school, we were asked to kneel at the beginning of classes and pray before starting the learning day; also, it was necessary to do it when we came back from recess.

It was strange to note that we, children, were all asked for love, obedience and high morality – something on which they insisted – and yet the teachers were sometimes cruel in the punishments they imposed on us, as when the tears came out from me when I saw the punishment that my sister Cristy received undeservedly. I remember clearly that the teacher hit her in the hands several times with a ruler for not

knowing how to read. Fortunately, we were changed to a public school.

Now that I am older, I realize that the closer I was to religion, the more present was in me the fear of sinning; therefore, instead of feeling myself close to God, farther away I was, since I felt that I was not worthy to receive Him, I was not convinced that He was in my heart.

Today I can say that what ruled my life was not so much the love towards the religious concepts or the punishments against me, nor the threats to those who misbehaved; what guided me were the principles and values that were transmitted to me through my parents, the advice that they gave me, the experiences they shared with me from their hearts and above all their actions; whether they were or not influenced by religion, I do not know, but I discovered that the example pulls more than the threats.

As my life went by, I discovered that the treasure that had been given to me, I should value it as such; having it made me feel different from others. I can almost swear that I began feeling the love from my parents since the moment of my birth, in November 1959. We were seven siblings (five women and two men).

In these moments I do not consider myself better nor worse than anyone, but I am clear that I was quite restless, I always wanted to give more than what I received, I always wanted to do more than what I was asked, to make sure of things by myself; I can say without being ashamed that I always sought to do things that I liked, to defend my rights and fight for what I considered fair.

I was the daughter of an alcoholic and my father's alcoholism had serious consequences; however, I had the ability to rescue beautiful memories and learn from those that were not very pleasant.

My youth time was healthy, I liked to be responsible, I am sure that my behavior was appropriate for my young age; nevertheless, I feel that I lacked living more fully, without so many responsibilities or commitments that did not quadrate with me then.

When I was between thirteen and fourteen years old I started attending dances with my sisters; I used to see some concern in my mother, she sensed that we were beginning to go through the path of temptation. When I was fourteen years and six months old, I met a twenty-five-year-old boy, with whom I went out for some days, he was a kind and respectful man. After, I met a boy my age, very restless and who insisted on touching my body every time we went out. That made me feel too uncomfortable, we only went out for two months.

I said that my mother felt uneasy to see that I was beginning to have a woman's body, she said constantly: "Beware of men, do not allow them to go beyond kissing, take care of your body". As it may be, it influenced my sisters and me not to allow the announced abuses.

At the age of fifteen, I met a boy of eighteen and we became boyfriend and girlfriend; when we had only a few months of getting to know each other, he came to see me being drunk, which displeased me and I told him to leave, not

to dare to present himself like that again; he begged me, but at that time I did not listen to him.

I already knew the history of the behavior of alcoholics, so I could understand what was happening. Soon, in a dance, he behaved very jealously and I broke up with him. When my mother found out that he was very sad, she talked to me and convinced me to go and see him, I went and we started again our courtship, which lasted for six years; during all that time he insisted to me to give myself to him if I loved him, so our caresses became more daring each time, without consummating the sexual act – I do not know if it was so I would not disappoint my parents or because of the taboo of sin.

He graduated as a Physical Education teacher and I graduated as an educator; on the day of my graduation he gave me the engagement ring, and he asked for me to my parents on October 4th, in order for us to get married on December 19th 1980.

We attended the pre-nuptial talks, we did everything that church asked us for, we prepared everything in detail. No arrangement was missing for the party, the dinner, the dance; everything required great preparations and from big expenses.

Everything was very exciting, even more what had to do with the honey moon; from the beginning I considered it as something very special, because it was the day in which I was going to give myself to him, the first man in my life!

After the religious ceremony it was the turn bound by the usual, of going to the photography; once that was done,

we went to the dinner so later we could open the dance. At the end of it, we invited friends and family to what in the North is classic, tripe stew.

After resting a little and picking up our luggage, we boarded the plane for Mazatlán. Everything was happening as we had planned, everything was very exciting: the wedding, the friends, the celebration, everything was going well.

Once at the hotel, I will never forget that beautiful ocean view from our balcony! It was barely noon, so we went out to eat and take a walk; I liked everything, everything seemed beautiful; we came back in the afternoon and I already felt a little nervous. I imagine that he was too, but pretending we were calm, we decided that we would take a shower, first me and then him.

When coming out of the bathroom, what worried me at that moment was which robe would I wear (it may seem childish, but in that I occupied the time while he was bathing); I had two robes, a short pearl color and a long, white one; I put on the white one, but I was restless, I did not feel comfortable, I felt that I was hiding; besides, something was telling me to use the short nightgown, although the truth, I felt a little embarrassed. It was stopping that part so of me! Being sexy, sensual... at the end I decided to wear the short nightgown.

I must confess that I felt fear, I did not know how to act, I did not know how I was going to feel, what I did know was that I was a virgin for the man of my life, that it had been worth the wait, and that I had not failed my parents, nor my

religion and much less to myself. All these thoughts made me feel good.

In the course of the night, I can say that instead of enjoying it, I was with my senses alert to what my body felt, it was not very pleasant! I was assaulted by the difficulty and the strange thing of feeling him inside me, rather than giving myself to him, I was being careful not to get hurt; it was time after when I found the taste of the sexual intercourse.

We lasted ten days traveling, we enjoyed our honeymoon; the only drawback was that on December 24th he had too much to drink, he vomited all over the room and that made me very angry; once again I felt the threat of alcoholism near me.

When we returned from the trip we rented a small house; my mother gave us a bedroom, one of his sisters gave us the kitchen, we bought the most indispensable and that way started our married life.

After four months of marriage, I got pregnant. During that time, I used to stay at home waiting for him until late at night and he would not arrive; I was completely sad in those moments, I sat on the stairs and started to cry ... I felt lonely.

I gave birth to a girl who was born in January 1982; I dedicated myself to her and that was how I palliated the loneliness and the sadness of knowing myself unprotected. Then, the boy was born, in October 1984; it was a little difficult, the child had to be born by caesarean section. In a visit that my husband made to the hospital, he arrived with a hangover; as he approached to me I noticed clearly a lipstick mark on his shirt; without shame, he said that he came from

celebrating the birth of his son; he had not noticed the stain on his shirt; when I made it evident to him, he was surprised, so I asked him to please leave, that he was a shameless. He did not know what to say.

It was clear that my husband already had problems with alcohol; my children and work were my refuge. I had two shifts, and being busy made my relationship more bearable. I realized that I was trying to excuse his attitudes in a certain way, that I practically closed my eyes and I did not want to see the reality, that is why I took care of other things; I did not want to accept that once again I had an alcoholic around me.

What was happening was strange: on the one hand I tried to hide it and not think much about it, and on the other I felt anger and impotence of not being able to do anything.

At our anniversary of seven years of marriage, I talked to him about quitting drinking; I let him know that I was not willing to attend to drunkenness nor hangovers; in my desperation I threatened him with divorce. For a while, this worked out, it seemed that it was going to be fixed; nevertheless, it was not like that, after a while he was already drunk again.

After thirteen years of marriage we had another marital crisis. He arrived late, sometimes drunk, and sometimes he did not arrive at all. He worked everyday and on the weekend he would go out, on Sunday he only wanted to be asleep because of the hangover and staying awake; sometimes came the moment when I woke him up and demanded him to take us for a walk. He would get up unwillingly.

I did not have the slightest intention of accompanying him to any conviviality or dance, because I knew that he would drink and put himself in shame, later everything would be extremely unpleasant. In December 1991, we organized a New Year's Party at the house and invited our families. On that occasion he became very drunk, at the end of the party he fell and hurt his face, and his sister had to take him to a doctor to be cured. The spectacle was so sad that his family had to come to talk to him the next day, to convince him to go to a group of A.A., he agreed and since then he stopped drinking.

It is fair to say that our relationship improved a bit; however, from there on, his infidelity began to be evident. On one occasion he was invited to Cuba with a volleyball team, he asked me for my opinion and I answered to him that those opportunities should not be missed, I told him to go; even though the end-of-year school ceremonies of our children were close, I told him not to worry, that I would take care of everything.

He left and he lasted a month over there; upon returning, my daughter, excited, opened his suitcase to see what he had brought her, and the first thing she found was condoms; my daughter handed them to me saying: "Look mom, what my dad brings!" My daughter had already graduated high school; she was not a small girl so as not to know what it was about. I just told her: "Leave them there, I will talk to your dad later".

With them in my hand, at night I asked my husband: "What does this mean?". He replied that they were given to

him in the plane, for prevention, of course I did not believe him! Two months later, I was diagnosed with a venereal infection on the Pap test. The trip to Cuba came to my mind, because it is said that prostitution is widely practiced there.

I talked to him and informed him about the result; I asked him again what was going on. I also questioned him about the place where he had been, “keep in mind – I told him – that you have infected me”.

After some time of listening to me and thinking, he accepted and confessed that he had slept with some Cuban women during the trip; I reproached him for that attitude and many others; among the complaints I made to him was why had not he taken care of himself.

He apologized to me and cried, he said that he did not know what was happening, that he was aware that he had everything with me, he asked me for forgiveness. In brief, we made peace once again, the medical treatment for me was long, without mentioning the emotional imbalance that this caused me and that I tried to hide.

Time passed and for approximately two years I took bioenergetics courses; my husband got annoyed because of those classes I was taking, but I kept going, looking for my own improvement.

On one occasion I was approached by a co-worker and she told me that she wanted to talk to me, we agreed and we went for coffee. “Look – said my friend –, I appreciate you and I do not want to hurt you, but please let me tell you something you should know, I appreciate you very much and that is why I am telling you: your husband proposed that we

be a couple, I did not accept. I say this to you so you can take care of him, because although I did not accept, another one could. This is not easy for me and I am sorry to confess it to you, but I know that it is for the best”.

I felt very bad, wounded again; however, I pulled strengths out of weakness and told her not to worry, that I appreciated the information.

That night I confronted my husband, I questioned him and I even offended him, I challenged him to contradict my friend. He could not explain to me why he had to try to cheat on me with co-workers, what was it that he wanted to demonstrate, what was he thinking. Once again he apologized to me; I did not know how to act, I was confused.

To this situation that I was living in my marriage I have to add something which I consider very serious; on an occasion when my sister-in-law, wife of my brother, was visiting, she broke down crying, she told me that she was very sorry but she had to tell me something, that one day my husband had asked her to sleep with him; my sister-in-law told me that she was very scared about me not believing in her or about me thinking badly about her. I had to calm her nerves down and pulling strength out of I do not know where, I told her not to worry, that I was very sorry about this situation and that I was going to talk very seriously to my husband.

That day I spoke to my husband, I asked him: “Where do you want to go? Are you crazy? Do not you realize the magnitude of your actions?”. I ended up saying to him that this was unforgivable, that he abused because my brother

was in the United States. Now I was more confused than ever. With the little breath I had I told him that I was completely disappointed, that I was more ashamed than him.

He was stunned, completely silent, he did not know what to say. I cried, I shouted at him with all the pain of my heart, came to me a deep sadness and at the same time an uncontrollable anger. I continued with him to keep my family together, for my children, but with faith in pieces, completely disappointed.

Sometimes I meditated if what he had made me suffer was not enough; I told myself that the best thing was the separation, but at the same time I was afraid of separating and being left unprotected economically. With the rage, the wounded feelings and the hurt moral ... I had to sleep with him. That caused to me more sadness, I was suffocating my being, my right to decide.

How many women are there like me, who have endured abuse and disrespect, without daring to break those fears that bind us, causing us cancer by the repression of our emotions. How many times do we prefer to look good before society even though we are destroyed inside; what really helps us is the opposite: to bring out the strength, the power and the internal courage to face the external.

Time passed, two or three years, and in 1998 I started to suspect again. My daughter – already a young woman – told me that when I went on a trip because of my work, her dad would get ready and leave, leaving them alone. She told me that on one occasion, a woman called him and told him to pick her up at the truck station.

So the messages went on and the times that we saw him on the street with questionable companionship. My son accidentally saw a message on his beeper, in which he was told that they would see each other in the streets “x” at 11:00, I prepared myself near the door and from there I told him that I would go to the appointment; as soon as I started my car, he left very fast. In that appointment the only thing I found was the decision to speak to him conclusively.

“From now on, you make your life and I make mine – I said to him –, we no longer have any commitment, other than to see for our children. You can do whatever you want! but do not count on me anymore, from now on you will make your life and I will mine”.

I turned around and left him by himself, I no longer had any doubt about what I had to do.

Body

I felt a deep sadness. What I did to distract myself a little from the pain was to coexist with my friends and keep me busy in different activities. In June of the same year, I met a forty-six-year-old man in a cultural event. Seven days later I met him in a coffee shop, I was chatting with my friend Alicia; he sat down with us and showed us the *domi* of his first book. We hanged around for a while and we left because my friend wanted a beer to relax her sorrows. We went to a bar, there were no people and we really enjoyed the moment; he took

me by the hand and I felt a strong energy running through my body, he felt it too and commented that it seemed like a single heartbeat.

He invited us to have a drink in his apartment, because everything was already closed. Alicia and I agreed; we arrived at his apartment, a simple place with open space in which was the bedroom, the kitchen and the living room, in the back was the bathroom; there was just enough to live.

He served us a tequila, I felt a little tired and I lay on the sofa, we were talking and after a while I got thirsty and asked him for water; as he approached with the glass of water I started to straighten up and he said: "Do not get up, I will give it to you"; he approached and placed the glass on my lips, I began to drink the water; curiously, my breathing began to accelerate, in such a way that I left the glass fogged. Our eyes met, we both got aroused; he came closer to me and without talking we said so many things to each other.

Suddenly, I felt his lips on mine and it was as if two burning fires had joined to merge into one. It was inexplicable, we could not let go, our beings wanted to be close; my friend Alicia got up, grabbed the glass, the bottle of tequila and her cigarettes and went out to the patio; we set free our beings, without limiting ourselves, leaving taboos aside and giving to our body what it really wanted at that moment.

It was a beautiful experience! I had not lived something like this with the father of my children; I was surprised at the way that I had given myself such freedom and to give myself like that to a man I was just beginning to know; all I knew was

that he was separated from his wife two years ago, that he had two kids, that he wrote and that he had just finished his first book; that he was from Veracruz and that he lived alone. What surprised me the most was that the presence of my friend Alicia had not inhibited me in the least. Poor friend, she stayed outside for a long time; we lost track of time, thank goodness that in June and in this city there is hot weather.

About four in the morning we went to drop off my friend to her house. On our way back we got aroused again, with a fervent desire to continue together. We went back to his apartment, we made love again, we rejoiced with each other, we were ecstatic, excited, I felt another level of consciousness, I felt more my body, my emotions and my heart, and my senses were very perceptive; almost at dawn when I left, in a few hours I had to go to work. I arrived home and everyone was asleep; the only thing that worried me was my kids.

It was uncomfortable getting home and sleep next to my husband, although I was morally no longer committed to him.

I was like a zombie for three days, I had not landed from the inner ecstasy I was having, suddenly I was saying to myself: "What was it that made me fall into his play?". I pondered again and again and I realized that I had felt great tenderness for him, his sensibility, his carefulness when touching me, all accompanied by soft and beautiful words deeply shook my being.

Days later I got a phone call in my work. It was him, we met again in the afternoon, we had a beautiful, intense encounter; I left at nine o'clock at night.

We used to meet in different places, we went to restaurants, we sat down to talk in the park, we went to cultural meetings. On one occasion that I arrived home, my husband was waiting for me:

-Where are you coming from?

-From work – I responded.

-Where did you go today?

-I went to eat, why?

-With whom?

-With a friend, what is the problem? What, are you investigating me?

-No, but I got a phone call and they informed me that they had seen you.

-Who informed you?

-Sit down, let us talk; in two occasions you have been seen with a man, who is he? do you have something to do with him?

-Yes!

-And what are you thinking to do?

-I, nothing, why?

-Look, I have gotten phone calls from a woman with whom I was going out, to inform me that she had seen you.

-And why should she care?

-it is because she wants us to get back and have a child with me. We already broke up.

-Have you broken up?

-Why do not you break up with him?

-Of course not! I decide that, when I consider it convenient. I already told you, let's separate for a while so both of us can clear up.

-No, if I go away I will do it forever, I will not return!

- I am not willing to leave him!

So we continued each one by its side. Meanwhile, the relationship with my partner continued. On one occasion I told him that one of my fantasies was to make love outdoors, and when I least thought about it, he had already made a bed out to sleep together. We contemplated the moon, we felt the fresh air and I lived my fantasy, it was exciting!

Another day we began to wander the platinum sky, then we darkened with the subtlety of our bodies, feeling how we were in each other, how he kissed my breasts and placing his hand gently in my vagina, how he began to whisper in my ear when he was passing his mouth through all my body. I just vibrated when I felt his body close, I liked very much to stay lying on my back, he talked to me, he talked to me to my ear and gave me the warmth of his body, I felt so much pleasure! Even more when he penetrated me; everything became movement, my sea began to flow, my screams came out without ceasing with great force from my plexus, incredible! the movements were uncontrollable. He was an intelligent man, he knew how to satisfy me and he did it until I was ecstatic.

In my turn, I would please him, I kissed him starting with his face, I kissed him all over his body and I played with my lips and tongue, ending those caresses in the most sensitive

parts of his body. For me it was a pleasure to see how he enjoyed the caresses, that aroused me even more. On one occasion that it was raining, I said to him: "How nice it must be to bathe naked in the rain", he replied: "Do you want to do it?", "I would love it!" I undressed, he put a blanket over me because it was a bit cold and we went out to bathe in the rain. I invited him to be embraced under the blanket, we played with the water; on our way back he dried me up, like when you dry up a girl, very carefully, I did the same thing; and he gave me a tea so that getting us wet would not make us sick.

There were times when after making love I would be relaxed, he would look at me, I felt his gaze, he caressed my face, I would say to him: "Would you tell me a story?", and so he did, until I fell asleep; he cared for my sleep, later he woke me up and said to me: "It is time to go home, you brat". Sometimes we bathe and we lathered each other until we got enough foam; we played with it until we covered our entire body; we caressed and kissed each other, going to bed wet, and we did whatever we could think of at the time.

He was going to go on a trip and he invited me to the mountains. In some ravines we began to shout our name and to communicate by means of the echo, he shouted one thing and I answered to him; we had fun with simple things. We continued our relationship with a lot of intensity and my body talked about the evolution that was being generated in it. I gave myself completely to my partner, we touched moments of fullness; my orgasms were abundant and

continuous, as if an internal spring had been unblocked and now it had to flow.

It was that! Freedom to be, to feel, to love my daring to break internal taboos; my being rejoiced in itself, I felt happy to be in full internal freedom. My energy was abundant; all my being was liberated.

I dare to say that when you have top relationships you maintain an extraordinary level of energy, plus a good sense of humor; an apathetic person, of bad mood and little dynamic, has in its body energetic blockages that prevent from reaching sexual satisfaction.

The bioenergetics courses allowed me to have more awareness of my body. The blockages of energy that are formed in the body are in the throat, in the chest and in the plexus. Unlocking these three parts allows reaching full orgasm.

Occasionally, in the courses that we taught, exercises were done to unblock, generating in people the release of energy and strong emotions, in such a way that some people came as far as to have orgasms.

I learned to distinguish between fear and rage; when my body contracted, there was fear and anxiety, it manifested with constipation and difficulty when speaking; obviously, the sexual surrender was very limited. All expulsion that comes out of the body indicates release of emotions or organic needs: vomit, mucus, sneezing, orgasm, crying, screaming, defecation, sweating, menstruation. That is why when a woman does not have orgasms, there is no liberation in that center of power.

My being rejoiced in itself; for having that inner freedom, my energy flowed in abundance, all my interior was liberated.

However, in the outside world to my body there was a revolution that had nothing to do with freedom, but quite the opposite. The war with the father of my children started; he had realized that he was losing me. His attempts to recover me were over, I faced reality as it was in my family, the father of my children wanted to blackmail me because of the relationship I had. I totally defended my right to love, I had the courage to face whomever and its consequences.

It was very hard for me, especially to face that what I was living was a sin for the Catholic religion and for society; people and relatives came and went to my house with biblical messages, advices, talks; they made an attempt to make me “consider on how bad I was”.

It was a hard phase in which many external and old patterns were broken, in which I had to pay a high price, but the profit was bigger, I had an encounter with myself! I began having control of my life and I started being myself.

The father of my children decided to retreat, he made his life with another woman and currently he has a child with her.

The relationship with my partner lasted a year and a half; we decided to finish it and continue as friends; we learned quite a lot from each other.

After little time I was with a very good friend in a restaurant, and when I went to the bathroom I was intercepted by a gentleman who said to me:

-Good morning, sorry to disturb you, I am Major... -he mentioned his name and handed me a card-, I am interested in getting to know you, when can I chat with you? Will not you answer me?

-Excuse me, I do not know what to answer –I replied.

-Do I expect your call?

-I do not know; I do not know.

-Do not panic, I will wait for your call, or tell me where can I phone you. Later I phoned him and we talked in the hotel lobby. He told me that he had divorced twice; that he lived in Mexico City and he was here on vacation with his daughter. He invited me to lunch and then he took me to my house.

On another occasion we met and talked, he went to Mexico City and phoned me two or three times a week; he said to me that whenever I phoned him I should do it collect call. On one occasion, he invited me to Mexico, I accepted and he sent me the plane tickets. When I arrived there were melon-colored roses, champagne and lit candles waiting.

We shared that night and started a formal relationship, I repeated the trip twice. The gentleman was very kind to me, I even felt sorry for him, because on returning from each trip he would give me money for expenses that I could have; this made me uncomfortable because I felt it as if I was being paid; on another occasion he came to the place where I lived, because I could not go. We stayed at a hotel; the relationship lasted two months, because I felt that it was not my place.

Over the time I started to make friends with a writer; we used to go out to a coffee shop every once in a while to share experiences, as well as some family matters.

In his compartment, I started to get to know his family life; he was married, he talked about his children, especially about his daughters, above all the smallest one, which for him was the reason for his permanence close to his wife, complying above all his duty as a father.

I shared with him my marriage experience and the two previous relationships, in addition to talking to him about my children and my work. By willingness, he began to help me putting in writing the thoughts that were being created, suggesting me what he considered prudent.

On one occasion, he proposed to me that we be a couple, that he was interested in me. For my part, I replied to him that I felt bad by knowing that he was married and I had to put myself in his wife's place; my feeling was that I would not like to play the role of a lover. He made it clear that he had nothing to do with his wife anymore and that he was at home only because of the little girl, that he was going to wait for her to grow up a little and then he would leave from there; I let him see the fear I had of starting a new relationship, I did not want to go through that possibility anymore.

Shortly after we started the relationship as a couple, he visited me at my home because of the book of thoughts with which he helped me and he met my children.

One day I realized that my body was anxious to be with him and I dared to tell him about it. He let me see that he did

not have a place to take me and said he would not like to take me to a public place.

He was looking for an office to take care of his work and that way he would be moving away little by little from his house; he found a place near our respective houses; we tidied the office up and started to coexist as a couple. At first I felt I was not adapting to his sexual rhythm, it seemed that my body needed more, it took a bit of work to adapt myself, but it was interesting; on one occasion he pointed me out the acceleration I was having, but he made me see that I was already overcoming it.

There I discovered that the first relationship I had as a couple after my marriage was at a very fast sexual rhythm, which besides I felt it almost like an addiction to sex and that this was lagging me out of my reality.

Another one of the things that I struggled to understand was that for him it was natural to last for days without communicating, or if we had an appointment he did not attend, without any worries.

I remember that on a walk in the park he made comments that I did not understand why he was doing them; what was clear to me was that my heart was filled with sadness and I repressed the crying in front of him, I felt unfairly scolded. That day he led me to understand that if he got separated from his wife and another woman demanded him to go live with her, he preferred staying without either of them.

I told him that if he wanted to break up with me he should tell me, that there was no problem, that I would not

keep him by my side without his consent, that if I did not stop the father of my children, with whom I had a greater commitment, less to another person.

Another detail that I never understood was one day when I arrived at the office because I saw the light on and I knocked. He opened the door, I went in and we started talking; at a time when we were going to sit down I asked him: "Where do you sit, here or there?", his answer was: "Sit wherever you want, I am sick of you! you seem as if you were my mom".

I remained silent, but I wanted to run away; I stayed a while, then I left; out of some details, I think he is a centered, even-tempered and peaceful person; a mature, serious, helpful and humane man; I liked that and I was attracted to it.

At one time I noticed that he was very busy starting a business with one of his children; there was no time to see us, it all depended on the time he had left free after attending his commitments.

I left him messages, he did not respond; I phoned him to his cell phone, he hung up without answering. That hurt me a lot, I felt that I did not deserve that treatment; I began to analyze the situation and said to myself: "Maybe he does not come upon on how to end his relationship with you and he does not dare to tell you!" Then I said to myself: "I am going to talk to him about what I feel and between the two of us can come to a good decision, just like when we decided to start".

I made an appointment with him but he canceled it, and that same day I went to the office for some things that belonged to me. I left him a message asking him for a book and inviting him to talk when he had time.

I sent him the keys of the office and he sent me my book in an envelope with a message saying "Thank you!".

Spirit

An encounter with God

So many changes had happened in my life, so much internal movement that made me need to do something about it. I also had the need to stop a little and spend more time with myself, avoid places with a lot of movement of energy. It was imperative to find peace and tranquility.

I wanted to be in touch with the cosmos and with nature. It seemed to calm my spirit and clear up my confusions. I began to have more awareness about the importance of the Earth, water, wind, the basic elements to live; the need to appreciate and respect them came to me. I stopped being in the external search, I discovered that what I needed was inside of me.

My inner source was still flowing through messages; my mind liberated itself. I started the path to spirituality, I dedicated myself more to my home, to coexist with my children. As soon as I had the opportunity, I wrote, I rested and tried to meditate daily.

I began to notice that when I was in meditation I received messages which I had the need to write; I share to you the messages that I was receiving.

Message 1

Monday July 31, 2000

Beautiful girl! You must get away from that man, he is a person who does you wrong just by thinking in him, he is a person who until now has not been able to appreciate the magnitude of your greatness in love, in abundance, in forgiveness, in so many and so many things.

Do not you worry, what is happening is that he can not see things, listen, much less appreciate what you can easily see.

He is still in the stage of great need, that is why he requires the attention of many people, many places, many changes, a lot of movement, and what you need is peace, tranquility and stability.

Trust that it is not the time to be at his side, walk away, let go the anxiety to maintain a beautiful friendship, leave everything to time, it is responsible for putting everything in place and to give the right measure and importance to things. You apply yourself to your matters, to yourself, embrace yourself and feel all the richness that you will give in due time to the person that truly corresponds to you.

Everything arrives, nothing remains unfinished, just trust and nothing else, trust and let the things flow so that they take their righteous place.

All emotional burden happens because we are out of time, accelerating the things that still do not correspond to execute. Let things be by themselves, feel that peace and that tranquility and do not push things, situations, because they have to happen by themselves. That does not allow you to stabilize, much less harmonize and love yourself.

Message 2

Monday September 4, 2000

I know that your tears are about to sprout, but it is nothing more than the great inner source that you have, that it is not willing to stop for any reason. Do not fear, you are not alone, although sometimes you think or feel that there is no one at your side, but I am constantly with you watching you grow and everything you have done to achieve it.

Take out all that feeling of loneliness that suffocates you, so that your heart be free and you can feel the love that is coming to you.

Fear not, little one, greatness is about to come, one which you are waiting for with longing, that encounter with yourself that will allow you to enter to that beautiful stage of peace, love and tranquility.

Let your voice come out, let your impetus come out with those movements of courage and audacity, let that inner security come out from the deepest part of your being. What you have been covering for years, those gifts that have been

granted to you and that you know you have and that you have been afraid of bringing them out.

Do not be afraid! Do not be afraid! I am with you.

Message 3

Tuesday February 13, 2001

The year of purification.

Make a ceremony in a very quiet place, close to nature, of pure energy in its environment. You and Abraham will be there in white, the seven white candles, water and white roses will be in front, you will meditate and pray with the message that is sent to each one of you.

It will be a beautiful union, but with a strong commitment that goes beyond the body, you will be protected. You will support each other unconditionally in whatever requires one and the other, without worries, each one will be told what to do or what to ask for.

After a year you two will reunite and make the thank-you-ceremony, each one will be told what their purification is. In the course of time there will be noticeable changes in you two.

Your year of purification will be:

- Not having sex

- Take care of your diet

- Meditate one-hour daily

- Meditate two days every seventh weekend

- Exercise two or three times a week

Rearrange your house to balance and harmonize
Listen to soothing music
Do not drink coffee or alcoholic beverages
Not being where you feel there is too much noise
(movement of energy)

Message 4

Tuesday February 20, 2001

You will put an office, it will be a space where you will do your work as a writer, of therapy, of rest, of meditation, it will be a very cozy, quiet space, with a mystical touch.

You will be supported by a man, it will be an area that both of you will enjoy and need, do not worry in time, it will happen.

Message 5

Friday March 9, 2001

Seven days before the ceremony of March 21, 2001, for the year of purification, you should not have sex; of the seven white candles that you use in the ceremony, you will use each one of them in the meditation that you will do, in the weekend, every seven weeks; you will use the water daily, placing it at the head of your bed in a crystal glass with a few drops, , and filling it up with purified water; about the white roses you will conserve the petals, with them you will make

white candles that are inside and you will use them in special situations for you. The white roses that you use will be 21. Let things flow, do not worry about the person who will accompany you, everything is going to settle in due time, start preparing the things and the car.

Message 6

Saturday March 10, 2001

Blessed are those who repent; remove from your heart the garbage that you have allowed to enter for years, because when getting rid of it the divine light will enter, because in me you will find peace.

Message 7

Saturday March 10, 2001

The candles in circle will be for protection, the candles in triangle will be of consecration. The water, the flowers and the candles of consecration will be offered for the purification of you and the world, offering them to God Almighty, Lord of the Universe, towards the four cardinal points.

The ceremony will be started with seven bell strokes and at the end of another seven, saying: "In the name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Spirit".

Message 8

Tuesday March 13, 2001

Open every possibility that appears before you for the place of the ceremony, if something is visualized that is not going to happen, it is because another possibility is going to come, until it comes the most suitable for the ceremony.

Message 9

Wednesday March 14, 2001

You will purify the land of the place where you will be, sprinkling it with water of roses. The spiritual levels are seven, corresponds to you already to move on to one of greater commitment with yourself, with the Universe, with God.

You will begin to harmonize yourself inside and out, being shared this harmony with the people closest to you, to your heart.

Deeply appreciate being one of the chosen ones, because the welfare of those who live here will depend on it.

Message 10

Saturday March 17, 2001

Your commitment is great, you will preach the message number 6 with all your heart, so that the world will listen to it, because in it is their salvation.

Message 11

Saturday March 17, 2001

Place the water to the sun for three days to fill with energy. Get away from noisy places and people as much as you can, as part of the preparation of the ceremony.

Try to be as calm as possible, getting away from the mundane.

Do not acquire commitments.

Your departure and your stay to and in the place will be of great internal and external peace.

It is time for you and your spiritual guide to unite what you have to unite to fulfill your mission.

I prepared everything as I was told and everything was done fluently. It was a beautiful encounter!

Thank you message

March 27, 2001

Welcome, Lord! I thank you for choosing me among so many people, to receive in my being your light through the sun. it was a wonderful encounter, we were looking at each other with our heart, opening that internal, silent and profound communication.

It was a rejoicing of my soul having felt your greatness inside me.

Blessed and praised be you!

I am fulfilling the commitment I acquired to carry out the year of purification.

In this cluster of experiences, I cleared up my mind, I got to know my body, I received the spirit and I had ***an encounter with God.***