

How To Bless The Body Temple And Reclaim Your Power

BY CRYSTAL JACKSON

Don't ever let anyone tell you that magic isn't real.

Magic isn't the lie that we feed our children, the spoonful of sugar that makes the medicine go down. "Magic isn't real" is the lie that we tell. We tell children that it's time to grow up now, and we start to remove their belief systems – their Santa Claus and their tooth fairy – telling ourselves that we do it so that they mature.

Of course, so often we keep in place their spiritual mythology, whatever that may be, because we have chosen to assign that as truth and the rest as lies. So we dismantle the magic and tell them that when we said they could be anything that they wanted to be, we didn't really mean it.

Be practical. Choose a reliable career. Because magic isn't real.

Grow up, now. It's time to grow up.

Is it any wonder that so few of us have lost touch with our personal power? Is it tough to hazard a guess as to why we don't love ourselves and don't know how to recognize love in others? I look at a world mixed up about love and desire, who can't tell meaningless sex from meaningful intimacy, and who can't hear the quiet call of intuition over the booming voice of the inner critic.

Our bodies tell the full story. We're always tired, never quite awake until that morning jolt of java. Our bodies manifest the stress of our emotions, telling a story we keep choosing to ignore. But our bodies are temples. Isn't that what we're told? But we trash the temple with hard lives and

fast food and little rest for our weary bones. We get careless, and we forget that temples are supposed to be holy. Temples are supposed to be precious.

We wreck the temple and wonder why we can't find that little slice of inner peace, why we can no longer see the magic that we once believed in.

Wake up. It's time to wake up now.

If our bodies are temples, then we need to bless the temple to reclaim our magic. And first, we must clean them up. Of course, the outside is important. We can mindfully cleanse ourselves, perhaps with fragrant soaps that help us feel at ease. We can softly dry our bodies and anoint them with oil or with a gentle lotion. We can find our most comfortable clothes or the ones we feel the best in, and we can dress the temple like a celebration or a sacred space.

While we're readying the outside, we can be cleaning up the inside. We can sweep out those negative thoughts, that nasty inner critic who never has anything nice to say at all. We can welcome the kind thoughts, the loving ones that scatter through our minds like rose petals falling softly to the temple floor, scenting each soft step inside. We can allow ourselves to believe, and we can sit down with compassion and empathy, kindness and understanding. We can find our best, brightest, most loving selves and commune there.

When our outer temple begins to reflect the inner – and the inner reflects the outer because they are connected – we can begin to go on that inward journey. We can recognize that blessing the temple requires that we listen. To our intuition. To our bodies and the small aches and pains that signal distress.

We can learn to be gentle with ourselves and to only take in what will nourish and bless the temple, so we don't take in unnecessary drama and don't settle for love or desire that comes without holding intimacy or respect. We rest more and learn to say no to things we'd rather not do. We begin to say yes to our hearts' desires, and we make space for the people and things that make our temple glow with brilliance.

When we live lives that bless the temple, we can begin to connect with ourselves and to truly connect with others.

We seek out those who are also reclaiming their personal power, and we can begin to see the magic all around us. We learn that magic is real, and the lie was that we outgrew it. We reclaim our bodies as temples and magic as the blessings that surround us. We welcome them in. And by doing so, by reaching inward to find peace and outward to connect with other blessed hearts, we reclaim the power we've had all along.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Desire Map: A Guide to Creating Goals with Soul](#) .

Sip a little more:

Courage – Rise To The Magic That Was Inside You All Along

How I Found My Magic In The Quiet Spaces

I believe that life is measured in our ability to feel; the deeper and the more raw the feelings, the more authentically we're living.

Zoe Quiney

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